

Are you ready for the Cross? The Way of the Cross!

JESUS has many Lovers of His Heavenly Kingdom, but few Cross-bearers. Many desire His Consolation, but few His tribulation. All desire to rejoice with Him, but few will suffer for Him. **Matt 16:24**

If a man wishes to come after Me, he must deny his very self, take up his Cross, and begin to follow in My footsteps"

Remember that Jesus has gone before you bearing His Cross and has given His life for you upon that Cross, so that you may bear your own Cross and long to Die on it for Love of Him. For if you Die with Him, you will also live with Him; and if you have shared His suffering, you will also share His Glory. There is no other way to life and interior peace except by way of the Cross and by daily mortification.

Christ's whole life was a Cross and martyrdom. You make a grave mistake if you look for anything other than suffering; for this mortal life of ours is full of misery and surrounded with Crosses. Prepare yourself, as a faithful servant of Christ, then, to suffer all kinds of adversities and inconveniences in this wretched life; for you cannot avoid them no matter where you go, and they will find you no matter where you hide. St. Paul said:

"I consider the sufferings of the present to be as nothing compared with the Glory to be revealed in us" (Rom 8:18)

For our Lord, speaking of St. Paul, said: *"I Myself shall indicate to him how much he will have to suffer for My Name" (Acts 9:16)*. If you would Love our Lord and serve Him constantly, then suffering remains your lot. Nothing is more pleasing to God, or more profitable for you, than to suffer gladly for Christ.

Our merit and progress in the spiritual life does not consist in the enjoyment of consolations and Heavenly sweetness, but rather in bearing adversities and afflictions. The weaker the flesh becomes through affliction, the stronger the spirit is made by inward Grace. If you are armed with faith and marked with the Cross of Christ, you will not fear your enemy, the devil; for he will have no power over you.

Therefore, *"we must undergo many trials if we are to enter into the reign of God" (Acts 14:22)*. And may our Lord, Jesus Christ, bring us there.

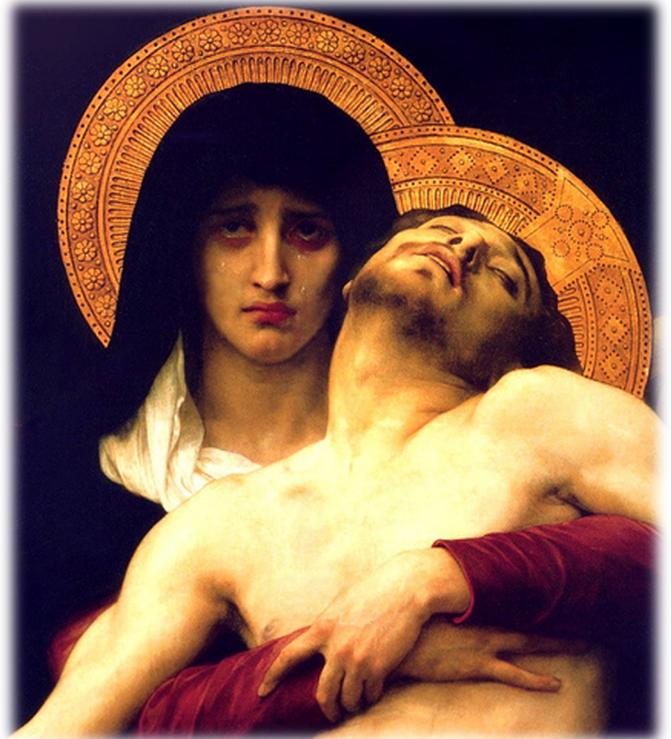
Excerpts from the Imitation of Christ.

We cannot obtain Grace unless we suffer afflictions. Grace comes after tribulation and without the burden of afflictions it is impossible to reach the height of Grace. This is the only true stairway to paradise, and without the Cross you can find no road to climb to Heaven.

From the writings of St. Rose of Lima, virgin.

The Stations of the Cross

Adapted from The Way of the Cross by St. Alphonsus Maria de'Liguori (1696-1787), Father Hardon's Prayer Book & Albert Judy's @ domcentral.org/life/stations.htm.

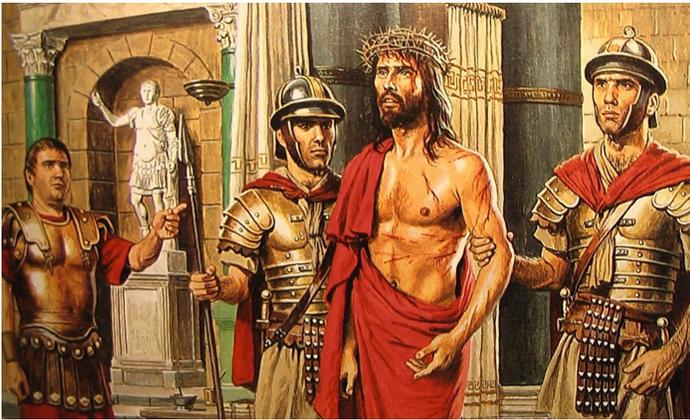


In the name of the **Father** and of the **Son** and of the **Holy Spirit**. Amen.

My Lord and My God, under the Loving Eyes of our Mother, we are ready to accompany You along this Path of Sorrow which was the price paid for our Redemption. We wish to Suffer all that You Suffered, to Offer You our Poor Contrite Hearts, because You are Innocent, and yet You Died for us, who are the only really Guilty ones. My Jesus, I will Live and Die always united to You.

My Mother, Virgin of Sorrows, help us to relive those bitter hours, which your son wished to spend on earth, so that we, who were made from a handful of clay, may finally live in the freedom and Glory of the Children of God.

The First Station Jesus is Condemned to Death



Jesus, hearing His sentence, has only one resolve at Heart: to complete His mission in spite of all the offences of nature.

Should I, His companion, abandon my resolutions in order to follow my whims? I desire to be perfect, a saint and an apostle according to my vocation. For Love of God alone, I will become indifferent to everything. A man of Eternity, yet doomed to Die, I am impatient to fulfill my mission: to Glorify God and save my soul. Since I am on the road to Heaven, I must ascend by Calvary, the Way of the Cross, which is the only way there.

**We Adore you, O Christ, and we Bless You.
Because by Your Holy Cross You have Redeemed the World.**

Consider how Jesus Christ, having been Scourged and Crowned with Thorns, was unjustly Condemned by Pilate to Die on the Cross.

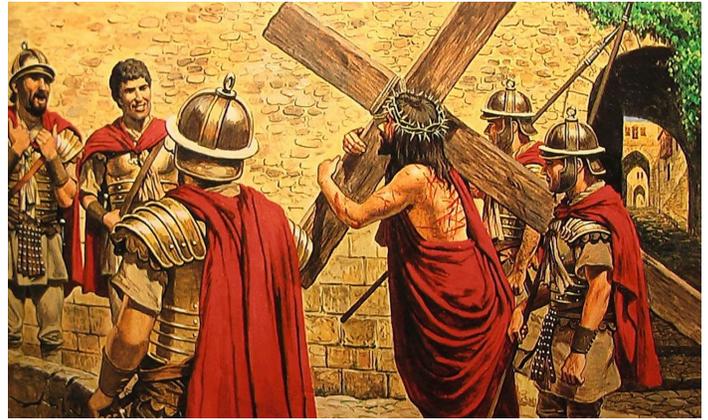
The crowd, incited by their leaders kept shouting, "Crucify him, crucify him!" Pilate spoke to them, wishing to release him, "Why? What evil has this man done? I find no crime in him deserving of death." They persisted with their cries, "Crucify him, crucify him!", and they prevailed.

We are not mere onlookers. As sinners, we, too, shout with the crowd, "Crucify him!" May our voice instead be hushed in a humble Prayer for forgiveness: "Out of the depths I cry to you, O Lord; Lord hear my voice . . . for with you is forgiveness and plenteous redemption" (Ps. 130). "Have Mercy on me, O God, in your goodness; in the greatness of your compassion wipe out my offense. Thoroughly wash me of my guilt, and cleanse me of my sin" (Ps. 51).

My Adorable Jesus, it was not Pilate; no, it was my Sins that Condemned You to Die. Because of this Sad Journey of Yours, I beg You to help me on the Journey that my Soul is making toward Eternity. I Love You, Jesus, My Love, more than I Love myself. With all my Heart I am Sorry that I have Offended You. Never let me be Separated from You again. Please Grant that I may always Love You, and then do with me what You Will.

Our Father + Hail Mary + Glory...
At The Cross, Her Station Keeping
Stood The Mournful Mother Weeping,
Close To Jesus To The Last.

The Second Station Jesus is Made to Bear the Cross



Jesus receives His Cross as from the hand of His Father. Embracing it lovingly, He eagerly takes it upon Himself.

And I, His servant, also desire from now on, to receive everything from the hand of God, my Father. As I meet every Cross, whether in my spiritual life or my daily duties, in my relationships with myself or with my neighbor, I will only say: "Be it done according to Your Will! And Thank you, Lord!"

**We Adore you, O Christ, and we Bless You.
Because by Your Holy Cross You have Redeemed the World.**

Consider how Jesus Christ, as He walked this Road with the Cross on His Shoulder, was thinking of you and Offering for you to God the Death He was about to Suffer.

The Soldiers had their sport in taunting him, "Hail to the King of the Jews." They mocked him with a purple cloak and the crown of thorns. Then when their fun diminished, they laid the hard, dead wood on his shoulders, His sacrificial Altar. He then kissed it and lovingly embraced It.

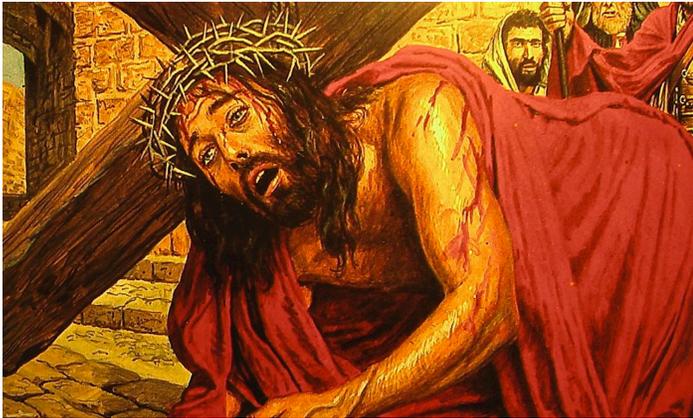
Jesus had said, "Whoever does not bear his own Cross and come after me, cannot be My disciple. He who finds his life will lose it, and he who loses his life for My sake will find it"

My most Admirable Jesus, I embrace all the Trials and Tribulations that You have Destined for me until Death. Because of the Pain you did Suffer in Carrying Your Cross, I Beg you to give me the Strength to Carry mine with Perfect Peace and Resignation. I Love you, Jesus, My Love, with all my Heart. I am Sorry that I have Offended You. Never let me be separated from You again. Please Grant that I may always Love You, and then do with me what You Will.

Our Father + Hail Mary + Glory...

Through Her Heart, His Sorrow Sharing,
All His Bitter Anguish Bearing,
Now At Length The Sword Had Passed.

The Third Station Jesus Falls the First Time



Jesus, exhausted with fatigue from His lack of food and sleep, from blows, and from loss of blood, falls because of His weakness, suffers from His fall, but rises and again continues onward.

How many times do I, His servant, also fall from weakness; yes, but a guilty weakness! I let myself grow weak because of my negligence in my spiritual life.

I will arise, therefore, and replenish my strength by an increase of spiritual food: Prayer, meditation, reading, devout reception of the Sacraments, and monthly confession.

We Adore you, O Christ, and we Bless You.
Because by Your Holy Cross You have Redeemed the World.

Consider the first fall of Jesus. Loss of blood from the scourging and crowning with thorns had so weakened Him that He could hardly walk. As the Soldiers forced Him on, He fell to the ground under the weight of the heavy Cross.

St. Paul has spoken of the Cross as being a stumbling block, as foolishness. But to those who are called, this broken Jesus is the Christ, the power and the Wisdom of God. For *"God's foolishness is wiser than human wisdom, and God's weakness is stronger than human strength"* (I Cor. 1).

We all are burdened in mind and body. Illness and weariness, the pace of our days, the pressures of our responsibilities, are the Crosses we have to carry. Jesus speaks to us, *"Come to me, all you who labor and are burdened, and I will give you rest. For My yoke is easy and My burden light"* (Mt. 11).

My beloved Jesus, it is not the weight of the Cross, but the weight of my sins that make You suffer so much. Because of this first fall, save me from falling into mortal sin. I Love you, my Jesus, with all my Heart. I am Sorry that I have Offended You. Never let me Offend You again. Please Grant that I may always Love You, and then do with me what You Will.

Our Father + Hail Mary + Glory...

***Oh, How Sad and Sore Distressed
Was That Mother Highly Blessed
Of The Sole Begotten One!***

The Fourth Station Jesus Meets His Mother



Jesus associates Mary with Himself on His Way of the Cross in order to give her to me as my mother, that she may protect and strengthen me. I will Practice devotion to Mary, not from routine; petition everything through her, both for myself and for others; prepare for all her feasts; recite the Rosary imitating Jesus saluting Mary. May her name always be on my lips, remembrance of her always in my Heart.

We Adore you, O Christ, and we Bless You.
Because by Your Holy Cross You have Redeemed the World.

Consider how the Son met His Mother on His way to Calvary. Jesus and Mary gazed at each other, and the woeful sight pierced their loving Hearts with arrows of grief.

Jesus' mother was so much the center of the beginning of this redemptive mystery; she was with him for many of his preaching and healing missions; she would stand beneath the Cross at the end, and through her interior communications with our Lord, would suffer with Him.

In the temple, the prophet Simeon told Mary, *"This child is destined to be a sign that is rejected -- and a sword will pierce your own soul too"* (Lk.2). Be with us, Mary, on our earthly journey. Show us how to be close to your son. Pray for us now and at the hour of our death.

My dearest Jesus, by the pain You did feel in this meeting, Please Grant me the Grace of being truly devoted to your Holy Mother. My sorrowful Queen, obtain for me through your intercession an ever-affectionate remembrance of the Passion of your Son. I Love You, Jesus, My Love. I am Sorry that I have Offended You. Never let me Offend You again. Please Grant that I may always Love You, and then do with me what You Will.

Our Father + Hail Mary + Glory...

***Christ Above In Torment Hangs,
She Beneath Beholds The Pangs,
Of Her Dying, Glorious Son.***

The Fifth Station Simon Helps Jesus



Jesus, in order to teach us that the Cross should be carried both by the Redeemer and the Redeemed, wished to share His Cross with Simon. I wish to constrain Jesus to carry my Cross with me, directing all my efforts that I may be united with Him: united in intellect by making all His decisions mine; united in will and action, by allowing Jesus to Will and work in me and through me. The consummation of this union occurs daily at the Communion of the Mass.

We Adore you, O Christ, and we Bless You.
Because by Your Holy Cross You have Redeemed the World.

Consider how his Persecutors, Fearing that Jesus might Expire from Weakness on the Way, when they wished to see Him Die the Infamous Death of the Cross, Forced Simon of Cyrene to Carry the Cross after our Lord.

Jesus had not enough strength to support his Cross. His spirit was willing, but his flesh -- our flesh -- was weak. In a short while, the Cross would embrace him.

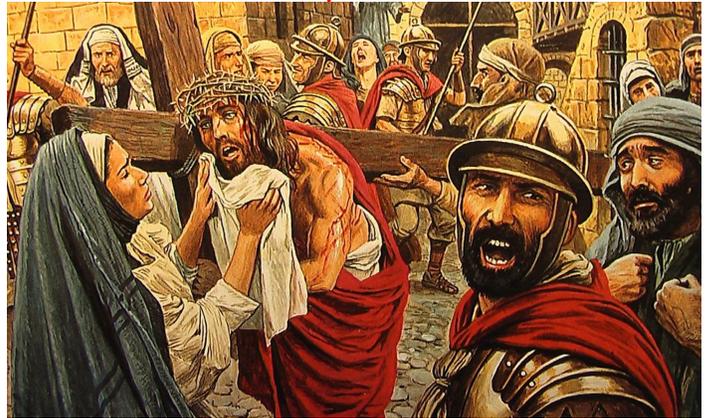
"Why me?" protested Simon, and we have said it too. It can be hard to bear the burden of discipleship. Sometimes it is thrust upon us. Paul says, *"Each one has his own load to carry,"* and yet we are called also to *"help bear one another's burdens"* (Gal. 6).

My sweetest Jesus, I do not wish, like the Cyrenean, to Refuse the Cross; I Accept especially the Death that is Destined for me, with all the Pains that may Accompany it.

I unite it to Your Death and Offer it to You. You Died for Love of me; I wish to Die for Love of You and to Please You. Help me by your Grace. I Love you, Jesus, My Love. I am Sorry that I have Offended you. Never let me Offend you again. Please Grant that I may always Love You, and then do with me what You Will.

Our Father + Hail Mary + Glory...
Is There One Who Would Not Weep,
Whelmed In Miseries So Deep,
Christ's Dear Mother To Behold?

The Sixth Station Veronica Wipes Jesus' Face



Jesus, abandoned, surrounded with outrages, is consoled not by the apostles, but by Holy Veronica. In recompense He imprints His Sacred Face on her veil with the sweat, the blood, and the spittle of His Passion.

Therefore, the two devotions I will most practice are reparative adoration to the Sacred Heart of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, and devotedness to the Holy Mother Church. The only recompense I desire is that the likeness of my Jesus may be reproduced in me with His sweat, blood, and spittle, in my work, my sufferings, and my humiliations.

We Adore you, O Christ, and we Bless You.
Because by Your Holy Cross You have Redeemed the World.

Consider how the Holy Woman, Veronica (Seraphia), seeing Jesus in such Distress, with His Face Bathed with Sweat and Blood, Offered Him a towel, and how, in Drying Himself with it, our Lord left His Sacred Image Impressed Upon It.

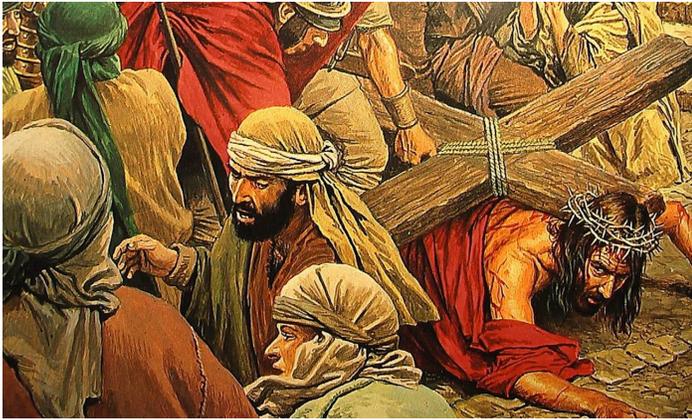
The name "Veronica" means "True Image."

We are not embarrassed at a legend that tells so well the Gospel message. Legends can be lived. Mother Theresa of Calcutta wiped the sores of the hopeless and the dying, because she saw the image of Christ in them, not in her towel. *"As long as you did it for one of these, the least of my brothers and sisters, you did it for me."*

My Beloved Jesus, Your face was Beautiful Before; yet, on this Journey it no longer Appears Beautiful but Disfigured with Wounds and Blood. Alas! My Soul also was once Beautiful, when it Received your Grace in Baptism, but I have since then Disfigured it with my Sins. You Alone, My Redeemer, can Restore it to its Former Beauty. Do this by Your Passion!

Our Father + Hail Mary + Glory...
Can The Human Heart Refrain
From Partaking In Her Pain,
In That Mother's Pain Untold?

The Seventh Station Jesus Falls the 2nd Time



Jesus comes to an ascent in the street and falls again, despite the assistance of Simon, the Cyrenian.

How many times have I, His companion, guiltily fallen as a result of obstacles in my path. Here, a Sacrifice that I obstinately refuse God; a limit I set to advancement in my Spiritual Life; a bad habit; perhaps some stubborn, selfish Love that I persevere in.

I wish unreservedly to be more Humble, and at times asking for, and then pursuing that which I most dislike not because I dislike it, but in order to be more and more like my suffering Lord and Master.

**We Adore you, O Christ, and we Bless You.
Because by Your Holy Cross You have Redeemed the World.**

Consider how the second fall of Jesus under the Cross Renews the Pain of all the Wounds in the Sacred Head and Body of our Afflicted Lord.

"We had all gone astray like sheep, each following his own way; but the Lord laid upon Him the guilt of us all"(Isa. 53).

"For our sake God made Him who knew no sin to be sin, so that in Him we might become the Righteousness of God"(2 Cor. 5:21).

Laden with our sin, Jesus fell again.

Lord, we who call ourselves by Your name and sign ourselves with Your saving Cross, continue to stumble and fall. You said to the paralytic, *"Get up and walk . . . your sins are forgiven you"(Mk. 2)*. Heal our weaknesses with Your saving Word so we, like you, can get up again and complete our journey.

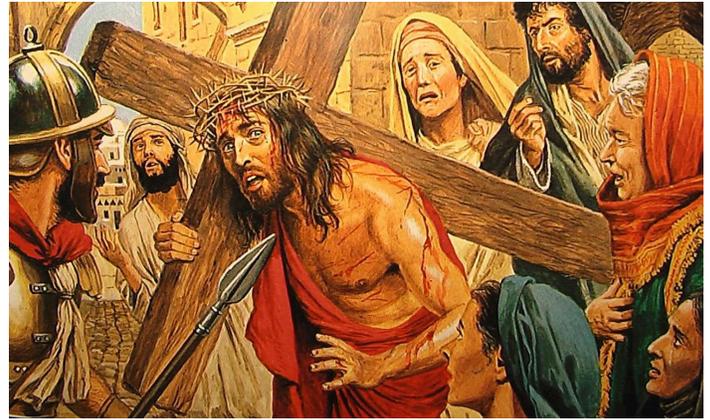
My most Gentle Jesus, how often have You Forgiven me, and how often have I again Fallen and Offended You! Because of this new Fall, give me the Strength to Persevere in your Grace until Death. Please Grant that in all the Temptations that will Assail me, I may always have Recourse to You.

I Love you, Jesus, My Love, with all my Heart. I am Sorry that I have Offended You. Never let me Offend You again. Please Grant that I may always Love You, and then do with me what You Will.

Our Father + Hail Mary + Glory...

***Bruised, Derided, Cursed, Defiled,
She Beheld Her Tender Child,
All With Bloody Scourges Rent.***

The Eighth Station Jesus Meets the Women



Jesus forgets Himself and His pains to think only of His mission, His mission of doing good to others.

And I, His companion, will forget myself, will constrain myself to be self-sacrificing, in order to think only of souls, to seek only after their welfare. I will be an apostle always, especially in conversation both public and private, in spite of distaste, my dislike, or my weariness.

**We Adore you, O Christ, and we Bless You.
Because by Your Holy Cross You have Redeemed the World.**

Consider how the Women, seeing Jesus so Distressed and Dripping with Blood as He Walked Along, Wept with Compassion for Him. But Jesus said to them, *"Weep not for me, but for your children."*

"For the days will surely come when people will say: Happy are those who are barren, the wombs that have never borne, the breasts that have never nursed.' then they will begin to say to the mountains, Fall on us'; to the hills, Cover us!' For if men use the green wood like this, what will happen when it is dry?" (Lk. 23).

We have watered the Way of the Cross with our tears. For whom do we weep? For Him, or for ourselves? Jesus is the green wood, the living vine, scorched by his agony. Apart from Him, we are dead branches and doomed. Through Him, and with Him, and in Him, we have hope.

My Sorrowful Jesus, I Weep for the Offenses I have Committed because of the Punishment I Deserve for them, but still more because of the Displeasure they have given You, who has Loved me so much. It is Your Love more than the Fear of Hell that makes me Weep for my Sins. My Jesus, I Love You more than myself. I am Sorry that I have Offended You. Never let me Offend You again. Please Grant that I may always Love You, and then do with me what You Will.

Our Father + Hail Mary + Glory...

***For The Sins Of His Own Nation
She Saw Him Hang In Desolation
Till His Spirit Forth He Sent.***

The Ninth Station
Jesus Falls the 3rd Time



Jesus, having arrived almost at the end, exhausted from His journey, falls again. How many times have I, His companion, fallen into discouragement and weariness! A few hours after my Spiritual Exercises, a few weeks after my confession and retreats, I stop, exhausted and discouraged. Then I make more effort and more progress; but in spite of it all my life remains lukewarm and easygoing, lacks self-examination, the practice of penance, a spiritual outlook, and a recollected spirit.

Therefore, I will strive to become a Holy disciple by my practice of daily Mortification and Examination of Conscience.

**We Adore you, O Christ, and we Bless You.
 Because by Your Holy Cross You have Redeemed the World.**

Consider how Jesus Christ, Weak and Exhausted, Fell for the Third Time, while the Cruel Executioners tried to make Him Walk Faster, though He Hardly had Strength to Move.

Keep me, O Lord, from a total collapse of the spirit.
 Yet, *"Strength is made perfect in weakness"* (2 Cor. 12).

I must come to know that *"My strength and my courage is the Lord"* (Ps. 113). *"They who hope in the lord will renew their strength; they will run and not grow weary, walk and not grow faint"* (Isa. 40).

Outraged Jesus, because of the Weakness You Suffered on the Way to Calvary, give me enough Strength to Overcome all Human Respect and all my Vicious Inclinations, which have led me in the past to Despise Your Friendship.

I Love You, Jesus, My Love, with all my Heart. I am Sorry that I have Offended You. Never let me Offend You again. Please Grant that I may always Love You, and then do with me what You Will.

Our Father + Hail Mary + Glory...
*O Sweet Mother! Font Of Love,
 Touch My Spirit From Above,
 Make My Heart With Yours Accord.*

The Tenth Station
Jesus is Stripped of His Garments



Jesus, having arrived at the summit of Calvary, is completely stripped. His clothes, to which pieces of flesh adhere, are violently torn off His body.

If I wish to become perfect, I must rip out everything in my life that is the result of sin or that may lead to it. In other words, I must strip myself of the desire for material things, by embracing a life of poverty, claiming nothing as my own and having as little as possible; the desires of the flesh, by angelic chastity, safeguarded by continual mortification; and the pride of life, by a humility that sincerely rejoices when I am continually criticized.

**We Adore you, O Christ, and we Bless You.
 Because by Your Holy Cross You have Redeemed the World.**

Consider how Jesus, in being Stripped by the Executioners, had His Garments pulled off so Roughly that His Lacerated Flesh was Torn Away with the Cloth to which it Adhered.

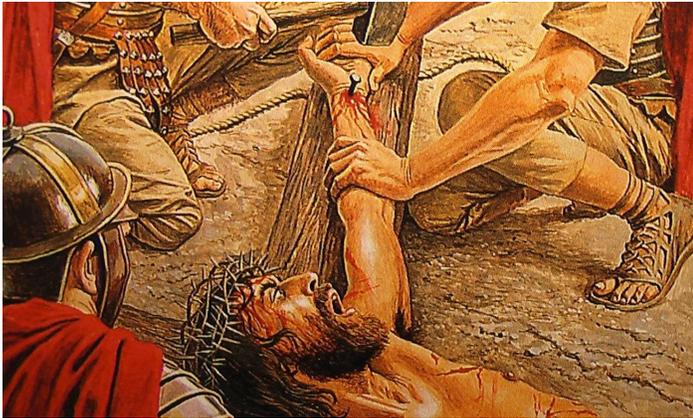
This was the place of the skull, Golgotha. What was left of the condemned prisoner? His Honor was shattered in the courtyard by the Soldiers' taunts; his strength was left behind in every step of the death-march. Only his sense of modesty remained, and not that, too, is torn away with his clothing. His stained, but seamless robe is still worth a soldier's bet. No one bet on his fate. That was certain.

"His state was divine, yet he did not cling to his equality with God, but emptied himself to assume the condition of a slave, and became as men are; and being as all men are, He was humbler yet, even to accepting death, death on a Cross".

My Innocent Jesus, because of the Pain You Suffered then, help me to Strip myself of all Affection for the things of Earth, that I may place all my Love in You, who are more than Worthy of all my Love. I Love You with my whole Heart. I am Sorry that I have Offended You. Never let me Offend You again. Please Grant that I may always Love You, and then do with me what You Will.

Our Father + Hail Mary + Glory...
*Make Me Feel As You Have Felt;
 Make My Soul To Glow And Melt
 With The Love Of Christ, My Lord.*

The Eleventh Station Jesus is Nailed to the Cross



Jesus obediently stretches Himself on the Cross, and gives His feet, His hands, His entire body wholly to the executioners.

Obedience ought to crucify me, His servant, also, and nail me to the Cross with Jesus by my commitments, my rules, and my superiors. My feet and my hands must be crucified by my actions, my will by the Sacrifice of my personal freedom, my judgment by giving up my own opinions. By obedience I must be crucified, an obedience which embraces all my other virtues.

**We Adore you, O Christ, and we Bless You.
Because by Your Holy Cross You have Redeemed the World.**

Consider how Jesus, Thrown Down on the Cross, Stretched out His Arms and Offered to His Father the Sacrifice of His Life for our Salvation. Then they Nailed His Hands and Feet, Raised the Cross, and left Him to Die in Anguish.

The feet which carried the good news from town to village, the hands which so often were raised in praise and Blessing, which so often reached down to raise up the lowly, are now fixed in an everlasting embrace of all peoples of all times. Had he not said, "Now has judgment come upon this World, now will this World's prince be driven out, and I, once I am lifted up from the earth, will draw all people to myself," (Jn. 12).

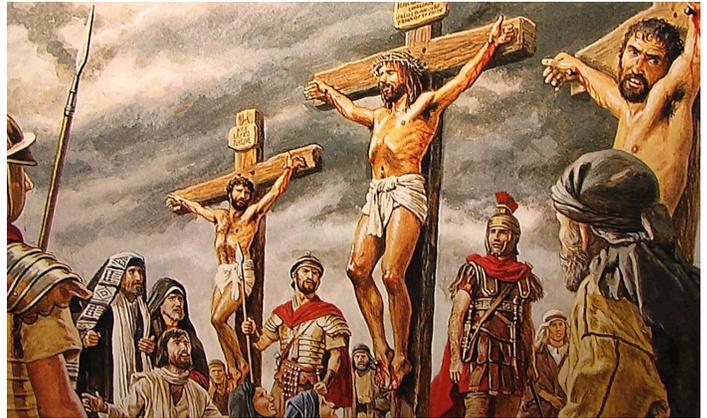
The script of the psalm is played out. "Here am I, now more worm than a man, scorn of mankind, jest of the people, all who see me jeer at me, they toss their heads and sneer, He relied on the Lord, let the Lord save him!... I am like water draining away, My bones are all disjointed, My Heart is like wax, melting inside me; My palate is drier than a clay pot, and My tongue is stuck to My jaw" (Ps. 22).

My Despised Jesus, Nail this Heart of Mine to Your Feet, so that I may always Remain there to Love You and never Leave You again. I Love You more than myself. I am Sorry that I have Offended You. Never let me Offend You again. Please Grant that I may always Love You, and then do with me what You Will.

Our Father + Hail Mary + Glory...

**Holy Mother, Pierce Me Through,
In My Heart Each Wound Renew
Of My Savior Crucified.**

The Twelfth Station Jesus Dies on the Cross



Jesus on His Cross between Heaven and earth, stripped of His clothes, at the greatest point of humiliation and suffering cries out: "I thirst!" He thirsts and desires to do still more!

I, His servant, wish to live with this ideal of perfection always in mind: we two, crucified to the World. I desire to keep my Heart thirsting ever to do more; and not to descend from, but to stay on the Cross, between Heaven and earth, rejoicing at my despoliation, my sufferings, and my humiliations. This is the means chosen by Jesus to Glorify God, to acquire merit, and to save souls. Without the Cross, there is no Salvation; perfection is unattainable.

**We Adore you, O Christ, and we Bless You.
Because by Your Holy Cross You have Redeemed the World.**

Consider how your Jesus, after Three Hours of Agony on the Cross, finally Overwhelmed with Sufferings, lets His Body go, Bows His Head, and Dies. (Pause for Silence)

Jesus was crucified with two criminals. Pilate had a sign posted saying, "Jesus the Nazarene, King of the Jews." The chief priests, the scribes and elders continued their mockery. Mary and the faithful women stood in silence. "At last Jesus cried out with a loud voice and said, Father, into Your hands I commend My Spirit. Having said this He Died."

"My God, my God, why have You deserted me? How far from saving me, the words I groan! I call all day, my God, but you never answer, all night long I call and cannot rest. They have pierced My hands and My feet: I can count all My bones. They look on Me and gloat. They divide My garments among them, and for My vesture they cast lots" (Ps. 22).

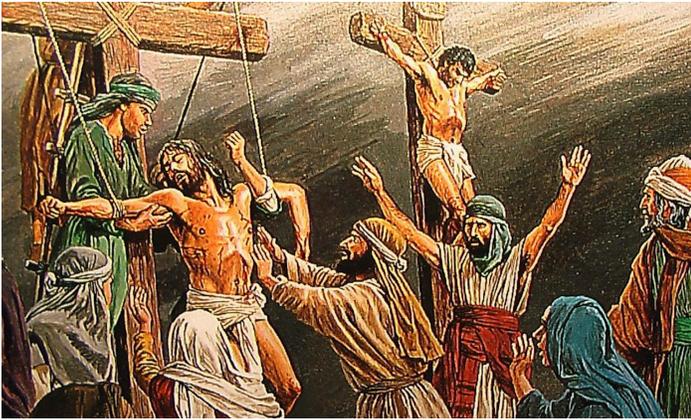
O my Loving Jesus, I tenderly Kiss this Cross on which You Died for me. I Deserve, because of my Sins, to Die a Miserable Death. But your Death is my Hope. By the Merits of your Death, give me the Grace to Die, Embracing Your Feet and Burning with Love of You. Into Your Hands I Commend my Soul. I Love You with all my Heart. I am Sorry that I have Offended You. Never let me Offend You again. Please Grant that I may always Love You, and then do with me what You Will.

Our Father + Hail Mary + Glory...

**Let Me Share With You His Pain,
Who For All Our Sins Was Slain,
Who For Me In Torments Died.**

The Thirteenth Station

Jesus is Taken Down from the Cross



Mary bends over that Heart which has just been pierced, reads in the wounds of Jesus how His Love has so truly shown itself, and draws from this Divine contact overflowing Love for God and man. She receives the strength to say her Magnificat again, an act that puts the crown of perfection on her Virtues.

As a companion of Jesus and a child of Mary's sorrows, I also want to place myself near to their Hearts, to draw from there an ever-increasing Love for God and man, to learn under their guidance how True Love Sacrifices itself, ready even to Die for those it Loves.

**We Adore you, O Christ, and we Bless You.
Because by Your Holy Cross You have Redeemed the World.**

Consider how our Lord, after He had Died, was taken Down from the Cross by two of His disciples, Joseph and Nicodemus, and Laid in the Arms of His Afflicted Mother, who Held Him Tenderly.

How violently was He nailed to the Cross. How tenderly did his friends remove Him.

"We had all gone astray like sheep, each following his own way; but the Lord laid upon Him the guilt of us all. Oppressed and condemned, He was taken away, and who could have thought any more of His destiny? When He was cut off from the land of the living, and smitten for the sin of His people" (Isa. 53).

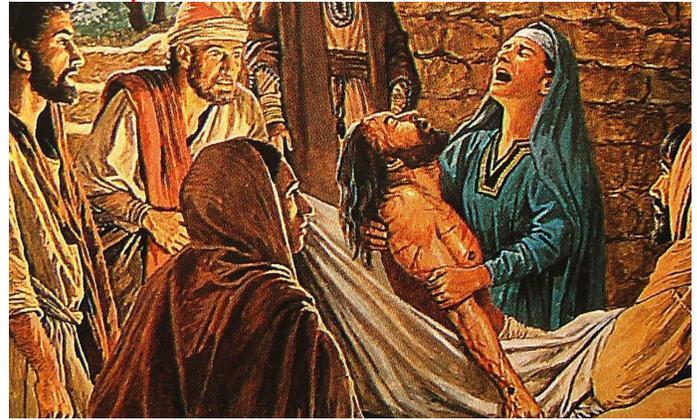
O Mother of Sorrow, for the Love of this Son, Accept me as your Slave and Pray to Him for me. And you, my Redeemer, since for me You Died, allow me to Love You, for I want You Alone and Nothing More. I Love you, my Jesus, and I am Sorry that I have Offended You. Never let me Offend You again. Please Grant that I may always Love You, and then do with me what You Will.

Our Father + Hail Mary + Glory...

*Let Me Mingle Tears With You,
Mourning Him Who Mourned For Me,
All The Days That I May Live.*

The Fourteenth Station

Body of Jesus is Laid in the Tomb



Jesus in the Holy Sepulcher no longer lives as man. In the calm and silence He keeps only His Divine Life and the Life of His human soul.

For me, His companion, here is the picture of my life, a tomb in which I also ought to be dead to the World, but living for God a life of Faith and Confidence.

I will monitor my actions in silence and modesty, and interior recollection in a careful watch over my senses; and I will practice Divine life in Purity of Soul and the practice of the greatest virtues: Faith, Hope, Charity, and Patience. May sensuality, selfishness, and pride cease living in me. Jesus and His Grace, from now on, will be my Life.

**We Adore you, O Christ, and we Bless You.
Because by Your Holy Cross You have Redeemed the World.**

Consider how the Disciples Carried away our Lord's Body for Burial, while His Holy Mother went with them and Arranged it in the Sepulcher with her Own Hands. They then Closed the Tomb, and Withdrew.

We have joined You, O Jesus, on the Way of the Cross. The hours of suffering are over, "It is finished." From the hill of the Skull we move to the garden of burial. Hardly breathing, we wait for the Father's response to the loving and obedient gift of Your life. On Easter morning You will rise again, the pledge of the Father fulfilled, a pledge you offer to us. *"For if we have been united with You in the likeness of Your death, O Lord, we shall be so in the likeness of Your resurrection" (cf. Rom. 6).*

O my Buried Jesus, I Kiss this Stone that Encloses You. But You Rose from there on the Third Day. I beg You, by Your Resurrection, to Make me Rise with You in Glory on the Last Day, so that I may Always be United with You in Heaven, to Praise You and Love You Forever. I Love You and I am Sorry that I have Offended You. Never let me Offend You again. Please Grant that I may always Love You, and then do with me what You Will.

Our Father + Hail Mary + Glory...

*By The Cross With You To Stay,
There With You To Weep And Pray,
Is All I Ask Of You To Give.*