

The Way of the Cross



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INTRODUCTION

CHRIST SPEAKS:

These fourteen steps
that you are now about to walk,
you do not take alone.

Though you are you
and I am I,
yet, we are truly one---
one Christ.

And therefore
My way of the cross
two thousand years ago
and your way now
are also one.

But note this difference:
My life was incomplete
until I crowned it with My death.
Your fourteen steps
will only be complete
when you have crowned them
by your life.

1 Jesus is Condemned to Death



Christ Speaks

In Pilate's hands,
My other self, I see My Father's will.
Though Pilate is unjust,
he is the lawful governor
and he has power over Me.
And so, the Son of God obeys
a son of man.
If I can bow to Pilate's rule
because this is My Father's will,
can you refuse obedience
to those whom I place over you?

Man Replies

My Jesus, Lord
obedience cost you Your life.
For me, it cost an act of will—
no more—
and yet how hard it is for me to bend.
Remove the blinders from my eyes
that I may see that it is You
whom I obey
in all who govern me.
Lord, it is You.

2 Jesus Takes His Cross

Christ

This cross,
this chunk of tree
is what My Father
chose for Me.



The crosses you must bear
are largely products of your daily life.
Yet My Father choose them too for you.
Receive them from His hands
Take heart, My other self,
I will not let your burdens grow
one ounce too heavy for your strength.

Man

My Jesus, Lord, I take my daily cross.
I welcome the monotony
that often marks my day; discomforts of all kinds,
the summer's heat, the winter's cold,
my disappointments, tensions,
setbacks and cares.
Remind me often that in carrying my cross,
I carry Yours with You,
and though I bear only a sliver of Your cross,
You carry all of mine
Except a sliver in return.

3 Jesus Falls the First Time



Christ

The God who made
the universe and holds it in existence
by His will alone,
becomes – as man—too weak
to bear a piece of timber's weight.
How human in His weakness is the Son of Man.
My Father willed it thus.
I could not be your model otherwise.

If you should be My other self, you also must
accept without complaint your human frailties.

Man

Lord Jesus, how can I refuse?
I willingly accept my weaknesses,
my irritations and my moods,
my headaches and fatigue,
all defects of my body, mind and soul.
Because they are Your will for me,
these “handicaps” of my humanity,
I gladly suffer them.

Make me content with all my discontents
but give me strength to struggle after You.

4 Jesus Meets His Mother



Christ

My mother
sees Me whipped.
She sees Me kicked
and driven like a beast.
She counts My every wound;
but though her soul cries out in agony,
no protest nor complaint escapes her lips
or even enters her thoughts.
She shares in My martyrdom; and I share hers.
We hide no pain, no sorrow from each other's eyes.
This is My Father's will

Man

My Jesus, Lord, I know what You are telling me.
To watch the pain of those we love
is harder than to bear our own.
To carry the cross after You,
I, too must stand and watch
the sufferings of my dear ones:
the heartaches, sicknesses and grief of those I love.
And I must let them watch mine too.
I do believe—for those who love You,
all things work together unto good.
They must!

5 Simon Helps Jesus



Christ

My strength is gone.
I can no longer bear
the cross alone.

So the legionnaires make Simon help Me.

This Simon is like you, My other self.

Give Me your strength.

Each time you lift some burden from another's back,
you lift as with your very hand
the cross' awful weight that crushes Me.

Man

Lord, make me realize
that every time I wipe a dish,
pick up an object off the floor,
assist anyone in some small task
or give preference in traffic or the store,
each time I feed the hungry,
clothe the naked, teach the ignorant
or lend my hand in any way—
it matters not to whom—
my name is Simon.
And the kindness I extend to them
I really give to You.

6 Veronica Wipes Jesus' Face



Christ

Can you be brave
enough, My other self,
to wipe My bloody face?

“Where is My face?” you ask?
At home or wherever eyes fill with tears,
at work or where tensions rise,
on playgrounds, in the slums,
the courts, the hospitals, the jails—
wherever suffering exists,
My face is there and I look for you
to wipe away My blood and tears.

Man

Lord, what You ask is hard.
It calls for courage and self-sacrifice
and I am too weak.
Please give me Your strength.
Don't let me run away because of fear.

Lord, live in me;
act in me and love in me.
Not just me alone but in all men;
so we may reveal no more
Your bloodied but Your glorious face on earth.

7 Jesus Falls the Second Time



Christ

This seventh step,
My other self,
Is one that tests your will.
From this fall, learn to persevere in doing good.

The time will come when
all your efforts seem to fail
and you will think, "I can't go on."
Then turn to Me,
My heavy laden one,
and I will give you rest.
Trust Me and carry on.

Man

Give me Your courage, Lord.
When failure presses heavily on me
and I am desolate,
reach out Your hand to lift me up.

I know I must not cease
but persevere in doing good.
But help me, Lord.
Alone there's nothing I can do.
With You, I can do anything You ask.
I will.

8 Jesus Consoles the Women



Christ

How often had I hoped
to take the children of Jerusalem
and gather them to Me but they refused.
Now these women weep for Me
and My heart mourns for them—
mourns for their sorrows that will come.

I comfort those who seek to solace Me.
How gentle can you be, My other self?
How kind?

Man

My Jesus, Your compassion
in Your passion is beyond compare.
Lord, teach me, help me learn.
When I would snap at those
who hurt me with their ridicule,
those who misunderstand or hinder me
with some misguided helpfulness;
those who intrude on my privacy,
Help me to curb my tongue.

May gentleness become my cloak.
Lord, make me kind like You.

9 Jesus Falls the Third Time



Christ

Completely drained
of strength,

I lie collapsed upon the cobblestones.

My body cannot move.

No blows, no kicks can rouse it up.

And yet, My will is Mine. And so is yours.

Know this, My other self,

your body may be broken, but no force on earth
and none in hell can take your will.

Your will is yours.

Man

My Lord, I see You take a moment's rest
then rise and stagger on.

I can do this too because my will is mine.

When all my strength is gone

and guilt and self-reproach press me to earth
and seem to hold me fast,

protect me from the sin of Judas.

Save me from despair

Lord, never let me feel that any sin of mine
is greater than Your love.

No matter what my past has been, I can begin anew.

10 Jesus is Stripped



Christ

Behold, My other self,
the poorest King
who ever lived

Before My creatures, I stand stripped.

The cross—My deathbed— even this is not My own.

Yet who has been so rich?

Possessing nothing, I own all— My Father's love.

If you too would own everything,
be not solicitous about your food,
your clothes, your life.

Man

My Lord, I offer You my all—

whatever I possess and more—myself.

Detach me from the craving
for prestige, position and wealth.

Root out of me all trace of envy of my neighbour
who has more than I.

Release me from the vice of pride,
my longing to exalt myself
and lead me to the lowest place.

May I be poor in spirit, Lord,
so that I can be rich in You.

11 Jesus is Crucified



Christ

Can you imagine
what a crucifixion is?

My executioners stretch My arms;
hold My hand and wrist against the wood
and press the nail until it stabs My flesh.
Then with one hammer smash, they drive it through—
and pain bursts like a bomb of fire in My brain.
They seize the other arm
and agony explodes again.
Then raising My knees so that My feet are flat
against the wood, they hammer them fast too.

Man

My God, I look at You and think,
“Is my soul worth this much?”

What can I give You in return?
Here and now, I accept for all my life
whatever sickness, torment
and agony may come.
To every cross, I touch my lips.

Oh blessed cross that lets me be with You—
a co-redeemer of my fellowmen

12 Jesus Dies on the Cross



Christ

The cross becomes
a pulpit now:

“Forgive them Father...

You will be with Me in Paradise...

There is your mother... There... your son...

I thirst... It is complete.”

To speak, I have to raise Myself
by pressing on My wrists and feet.

And every move engulfs Me
with new waves of agony.

When I have borne enough
and have emptied my humanity,
I let My mortal life depart.

Man

My Jesus, God, what can I say or do?

I offer You my death with all its pains accepting now
the time and kind of death in store for me.

Not by a single instant would I lengthen my lifespan.

I offer You my death for my own sins
and those of my fellowmen.

My god, my God, forsake us not”

We do not know what we are doing.

13 Jesus is Taken Down



Christ

The Sacrifice is done.

Yes, My Mass is complete

but not My mother's nor yours, My other self.

My mother still must cradle in her arms
the lifeless body of the Son she bore.

You too, must part from; those you love
and grief will come to you.

In your bereavements, think of this:

a multitude of souls were saved

by Mary's sharing My Calvary.

Your grief must also be the price of souls.

Man

I beg You, Lord, help me accept the partings
that must come— from friends who go away;
the children leaving home; and most of all,
my dear ones when You should call them to Yourself.

Then give me the grace to say,

“As it pleases You, Lord, take them home.

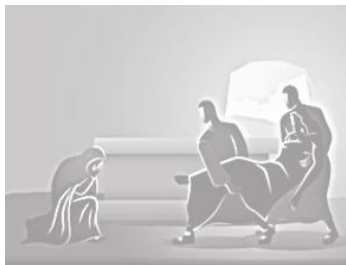
I bow to Your holy will.”

And if just by one word I might restore

their lives against Your will, I would not speak.

Grant them eternal joy.

14 Jesus is Buried



Christ

So ends My mortal life.

But now another life
begins for Mary and for Magdalene
for Peter, for John and you.

My work as Man is done.
My work within and through My Church
must now commence.

I look to you, My other self,
day in day out, from this time forth,
be My apostle—victim—saint.

Man

My Lord Jesus, You know my spirit is willing
as my flesh is weak.
The teaching You could not impart,
the sufferings You could not bear,
the works of love You could not do
in Your short life here on earth,
let me impart, bear and do through You.
But I am nothing, Lord
Help me!

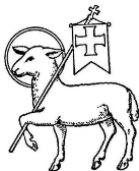
CONCLUSION

I told you at the start, My other self,
My life was not complete
Until I crowned it with My death.
Your “way” is not complete
unless you crown it by your life.

Accept each moment as it comes to you
with faith and trust
that all that happens has My mark on it.
A simple fiat, this is all it takes;
a breathing in your heart,
“I will it, Lord.”

So seek Me not in far-off places.
I am close at hand.
Your workbench, office, kitchen,
these are altars where you offer love
and I am with you there.

Go now! Take; up your cross
and with your life complete your way..



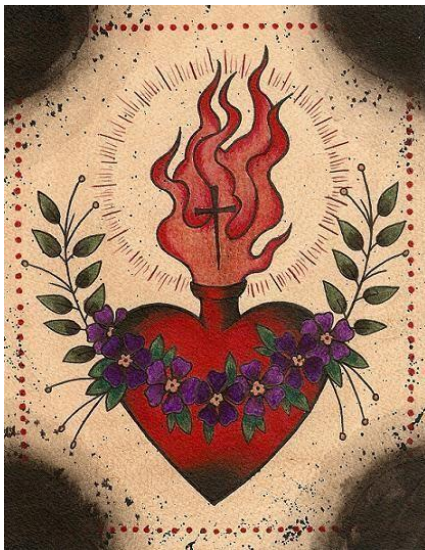
PRAYER FOR LOVE

Eternal Father, help us to learn
that love comes from You.
When we fail to understand Your will,
and sometimes live in hate,
help us to desire
to fulfil Your will for us.

Once our hearts open up to love,
the face of the world will change.
The person next to us
will no longer be someone to shun,
but someone to love.

Loving Father, teach us to love—
not selfishly as when we
think only of ourselves;
but generously as when
we are tender and kind
and devoted to others.
Amen.

LEGION OF LITTLE SOULS (PHILIPPINES)



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Oct 2021 – Private Circulation
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