

## Concluding Prayer

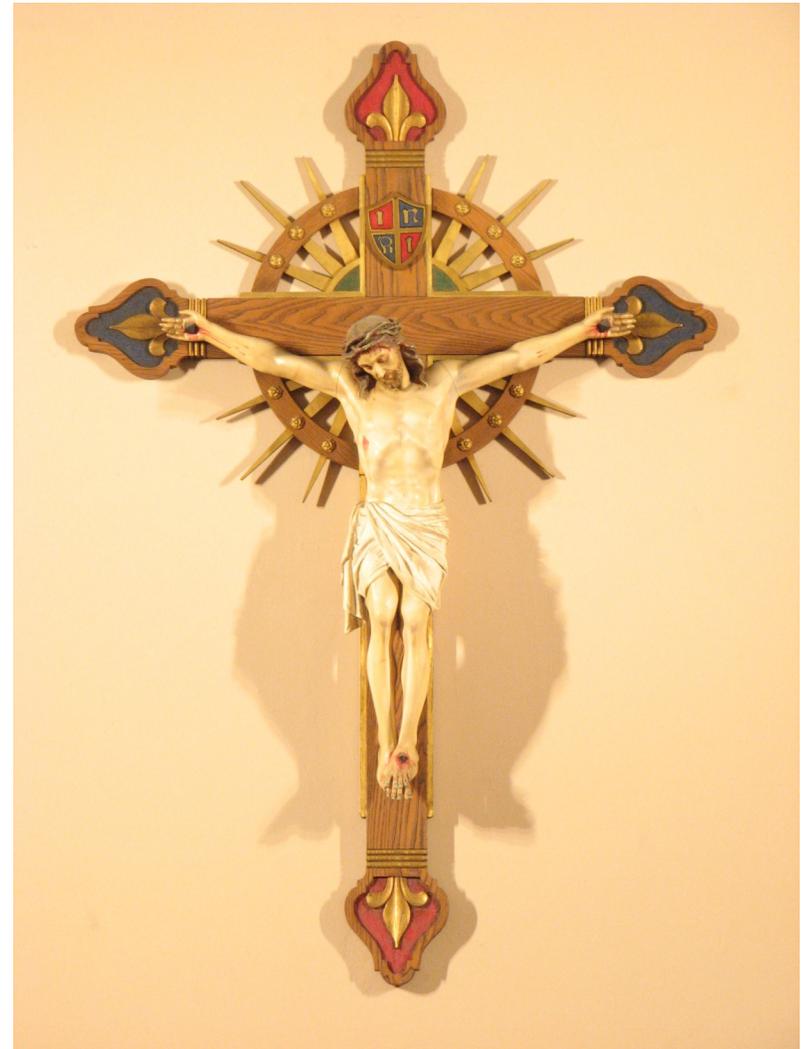
**Leader:** Lord Jesus Christ, we have walked this journey to the Cross with you. As we reflect on your passion and death, we realize ever more that our own stories and sufferings are caught up with yours. All of us must suffer through life, but you have shown us how to suffer and how to rise above suffering. Help us through all the difficult moments of our life, and give us hope in your promise of resurrection and new life. You live and reign forever and ever.

**All:** Amen.

**Leader:** May the Lord bless us, protect us from evil, and bring us into everlasting life!

**All:** Amen.

# Stations of the Cross



**Meditations by members of St. Pius V Parish  
Photos by parishioner Bridgett Wissinger  
Revised Edition**

## Preface to the Revised Edition

The Way of the Cross, or Stations, as they are usually known, describes both the devotion of meditating on the final journey of Jesus to his death on Calvary, and the images or markers that guide us in this meditation.

Thanks to the generosity of our parishioners, the images of the fourteen Stations in St Pius V Church have been restored. You will notice that the figure of Jesus is slightly different in color from the other figures, and that the cross itself is more prominent. In this way, we take the counsel of the Letter to the Hebrews: *looking to Jesus the pioneer and perfecter of our faith, who for the sake of the joy that was set before him endured the cross* (12:2-3, NRSV)

In this edition, verses from the Book of Psalms have been added to the parishioners' meditations, so that this Way of the Cross can be prayed by a community.

As we embrace the journey of the cross with our Lord, may we also experience the hope and joy of His Resurrection.

*Fr. Paul J. Niemann  
Lent, 2018*

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He was laid in a new tomb where no one had been buried yet, and his women friends could see where it was. So they could return after the Sabbath and finish the work these two had begun.

*Bridgett Wissinger*

**All:** [Psalm 16: 7-11]

I bless the LORD who gives me counsel;  
in the night also my heart instructs me.  
I keep the LORD always before me;  
because he is at my right hand, I shall not be moved.  
Therefore my heart is glad, and my soul rejoices;  
my body also rests secure.  
For you do not give me up to Sheol,  
or let your faithful one see the Pit.  
You show me the path of life.  
In your presence there is fullness of joy;  
in your right hand are pleasures for evermore.

Glory be...

Lord Jesus Crucified, have mercy on us.



## *The Stations of the Cross*

Meditations by members of St. Pius V Parish  
Photos by parishioner Bridgett Wissinger

### *The Fourteenth Station The Burial of Jesus*

**Leader:** We adore you, O Christ, and we praise you.

**All:** Because by your holy cross,  
you have redeemed the world.

**Leader:** Jesus' closest friends aren't on the scene, out of terror or despair. They can't see through to the Resurrection as we can. All their hopes are gone. It is time for two relative strangers to step up and claim the body as well as their place in the Body of Christ. Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus probably had a great deal to lose by coming forward as Jesus' supporters, before or after his death. Joseph begs for the body of Jesus, which Pilate grants, and Nicodemus brings 100 pounds of myrrh and aloe to anoint the body. Neither of these men were public followers of Jesus. They aren't his brothers or family members, neighbors or friends. They are men with power who saw an opportunity to serve. This was something they could do. They had too much fear or too much to lose or too wide a chasm to cross to become public disciples while Jesus fed the 5,000 and told his parables. But now, this was their place. They had power, influence, money. They took these resources and used them the best they could. Working quickly before the Sabbath began, the two prepared the body for burial. They probably thought it was small in comparison to what had just happened. They probably both wondered if there was anything they could have done before Jesus was condemned. They were both probably filled with doubt, grief, guilt. But because of Joseph and Nicodemus, Jesus wasn't buried in an unmarked potter's field.

The origins of the Stations of the Cross are traceable to pilgrims visiting the various sites in Jerusalem associated with Jesus' suffering and death. Many made the pilgrimage to Jerusalem to follow the actual path that Jesus walked, but not all could make this journey to the Holy Land. When the Franciscans took over the custody of the Christian shrines in the Holy Land in 1342, they saw it as part of their mission to propagate devotion to these places; soon a series of shrines, or stations, erected to commemorate Christ's passion became commonplace throughout Europe. Today Stations of the Cross can be found in nearly every Catholic Church and chapel, and they are a popular devotion for the faithful, especially during Lent.

The Stations of the Cross at St. Pius V date from the early 1920's when our Church was built. Generations of Catholics have used them to reflect on the final sufferings and death of the Lord. Our parish is proud that they still grace the walls of our Church; the pictures in this booklet show that the Stations at St. Pius V are timeless and inspirational works of art. But our Stations of the Cross are more than just works of art; they are a call to reflection, meditation, and prayer. This booklet is a compilation of the prayers and reflections of some of our present-day parishioners at St. Pius V. By looking at these Stations and by offering these reflections, we hope that many people will reflect more deeply on the love of our Lord Jesus Christ, shown to us perfectly by his suffering and death.



*The First Station  
Jesus is Condemned to Death*

**Leader:** We adore you, O Christ,  
and we praise you.

**All:** Because by your holy cross,  
you have redeemed the world.

**Leader:** Words can often condemn us to a path that we do not want to travel. As we hear the words, our bodies recoil; our minds panic; our emotions freeze:

“You have cancer . . .”

“Your child is very ill . . .”

“There has been an accident . . .”

We envision what we will have to endure in the days ahead, and we want to flee. We do not want to hear the words.

“Crucify him,” said the crowd, and Pilate handed you, our Lord, over for crucifixion. His words decided your final hours.

Lord, you know the panic that this life can bring. You know the agony of a cup that will not pass—from which we must drink. Help us to drink the bitterness of this life with your strength, your dignity, and your love as an example to us. Be with us as we walk the difficult and unwanted paths of our lives.



If you, O LORD, should mark iniquities,  
Lord, who could stand?  
But there is forgiveness with you,  
so that you may be revered.

I wait for the LORD, my soul waits,  
and in his word I hope;  
my soul waits for the Lord  
more than those who watch for the morning,  
more than those who watch for the morning.

O Israel, hope in the LORD!  
For with the LORD there is steadfast love,  
and with him is great power to redeem.  
It is he who will redeem Israel  
from all its iniquities.

Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit,  
as it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be,  
world without end. Amen.

Lord Jesus Crucified, have mercy on us.

*The Thirteenth Station*  
*Jesus is Taken Down from the Cross*

**Leader:** We adore you, O Christ, and we praise you.

**All:** Because by your holy cross,  
you have redeemed the world.

**Leader:** Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus take the body of Jesus from the cross. Mary's divine Son is placed, just as when he was a baby, with his head to rest upon his mother's breast. This time, it is she who softly cries. With tender mourning, Mary held Jesus in her arms. He has died; a profound sacrifice—complete.

O Mary, blessed mother, as you bear this only Son in your arms, give us a share of your most holy sorrow so that we may realize the suffering that our sins have caused. Dear Mary, pray for us and hold all that we love in your arms as you held your beloved Son. Comfort us, as you could not be comforted. Be with us during our times of trial as you were with Jesus during his trials. Pray for us, that just as you held him lifeless in death, Jesus will bear us up on the hour of our death, in his warm and everlasting embrace.

Jesus, I pray, accept me as your servant and have compassion on my brokenness. In your mercy, allow me to love you, for I wish only this, and nothing more.

*Maura J. Jekel*

**All:** [Psalm 131]

Out of the depths I cry to you, O LORD.

Lord, hear my voice!  
Let your ears be attentive  
to the voice of my supplications!

**All:**

[Psalm 25: 1-5]

To you, O LORD, I lift up my soul.

O my God, in you I trust;

do not let me be put to shame;

do not let my enemies exult over me.

Do not let those who wait for you be put to shame;

let them be ashamed who are wantonly treacherous.

Make me to know your ways, O LORD;

teach me your paths.

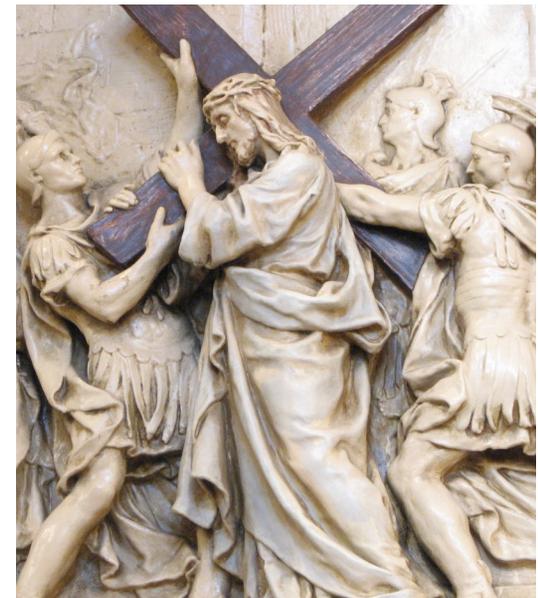
Lead me in your truth, and teach me,

for you are the God of my salvation;

for you I wait all day long.

Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit,  
as it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be,  
world without end. Amen.

Lord Jesus Crucified,  
have mercy on us.



*The Second Station*  
*Jesus Takes His Cross*

**Leader:** We adore you, O Christ, and we praise you.

**All:** Because by your holy cross,  
you have redeemed the world.

**Leader:** Jesus had done this before. He had many crosses to bear in his life: when his life was in danger and he fled with his parents to Egypt; when he preached to his disciples and they didn't understand; when his friends betrayed and abandoned him; when the crowds turned against him; when he was whipped and crowned with thorns. This was the first time he literally took up the cross, but it was not the first cross he had to bear.

We all have our crosses to accept, to bear, to pick up. Our crosses come in different sizes. Our cross may be something as simple and inconvenient as a winter cold or as difficult and demanding as cancer. Your cross may be the grandchild who doesn't call or the sister you haven't spoken to in forty years.

Our crosses come in different weights. One's cross may be an impending deadline; another's might be the death of a spouse. Your cross may be an unrequited love or the pain of separation or divorce.

Our crosses come in different materials. Crosses aren't usually made of wood these days, but they are made from disappointment, anger, hurt, shame, and unmet expectations.

Our crosses come at different times. We may see them being handed to us or we may suddenly and unexpectedly feel their weight on our shoulders.

Jesus died the way he did because of the way he lived. We don't often think of Jesus receiving gifts of the Holy Spirit, like the gift to preach, or heal, or minister to. We all have gifts, but do we give them completely? Do we pour out our lives for others so that when even faced with death, we still give? Jesus gave completely of his giftedness; his life spoke the kingdom of God through the way he lived—what he said and what he did. He died because of it. “May I never boast of anything, save the cross of the Lord.”

*Sr. Mary Henry, CCVI*

**All:** [Psalm 31:1-5]

In you, O LORD, I seek refuge;  
do not let me ever be put to shame;  
in your righteousness deliver me.  
Incline your ear to me;  
rescue me speedily.  
Be a rock of refuge for me,  
a strong fortress to save me.  
You are indeed my rock and my fortress;  
for your name's sake lead me and guide me,  
take me out of the net that is hidden for me,  
for you are my refuge.  
Into your hand I commit my spirit;  
you have redeemed me, O LORD, faithful God.

Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit,  
as it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be,  
world without end. Amen.

Lord Jesus Crucified, have mercy on us.

*The Twelfth Station  
Jesus Dies on the Cross*

**Leader:** We adore you, O Christ, and we praise you.

**All:** Because by your holy cross,  
you have redeemed the world.

**Leader:** Is it too human to consider our own death while we contemplate the death of Jesus? Though he suffered a brutal death, his was still a human death. This was a man, a very human man, giving up his life—his mortal body—to something that was, even to him, completely unknown. Jesus taught us, through his living and dying, that if we trust completely and love completely, then the unknown that we fear can be embraced with total acceptance—because we believe. We can look easily at the death of Jesus, and our own, because we believe in the Resurrection. Through the Resurrection we know that nothing—not even death—can win. “Oh death where is your victory; oh death where is your sting.”



We think of Jesus taking up his cross as a one-time event, but wasn't it Jesus who said, "If anyone wishes to be my disciple, he or she must take up the cross *every day*." Did Jesus somehow know that all of us have crosses to bear, every day, all our life? Do we realize that by accepting our cross, every day, we are becoming Christ's disciples?

*Fr. John Rogers Vien*

**All:** [Psalm 38:1-2,4, 17-22]

O LORD, do not rebuke me in your anger,  
or discipline me in your wrath.  
For your arrows have sunk into me,  
and your hand has come down on me.  
For my iniquities have gone over my head;  
they weigh like a burden too heavy for me.

For I am ready to fall,  
and my pain is ever with me.

I confess my iniquity;  
I am sorry for my sin.  
Those who are my foes without cause are mighty,  
and many are those who hate me wrongfully.  
Those who render me evil for good  
are my adversaries because I follow after good.

Do not forsake me, O LORD;  
O my God, do not be far from me;  
make haste to help me,  
O Lord, my salvation.

Glory be...  
Lord Jesus Crucified, have mercy on us.



***The Third Station  
Jesus Falls the First Time***

**Leader:** We adore you, O Christ, and we praise you.

**All:** Because by your holy cross,  
you have redeemed the world.

**Leader:** It is here that we are reminded of the humanity of Christ. We acknowledge this humanity at every Mass in the recitation of our profession of faith. However, it is here that Jesus' humanity is most observable. He falls. I am reminded that heroes do not fall. Certainly a hero faces difficulty. He might stumble but never does he fall. Yes, Jesus fell. Why? He fell because he became a human being. He experienced the fullness of life as a person, even the process of falling.

Every so often we fall. Falls are not the graceful things that great people are supposed to do. We fall. Christ fell. Through him we see that it is a part of being human and that while uncomfortable, the greatest of all can, and do fall.

*Charles Gasper*

of us, and the work we must bind ourselves to with the strength of your love.

*George Fortier*

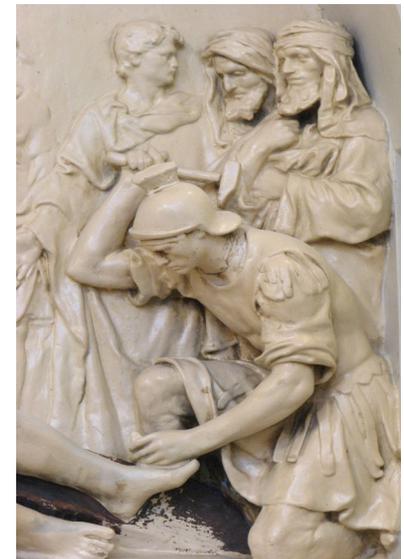
**All:** [Psalm 57: 1-5]

Be merciful to me, O God, be merciful to me,  
for in you my soul takes refuge;  
in the shadow of your wings I will take refuge,  
until the destroying storms pass by.  
I cry to God Most High,  
to God who fulfils his purpose for me.  
He will send from heaven and save me,  
he will put to shame those who trample on me.  
God will send forth his steadfast love and his faithfulness.  
I lie down among lions  
that greedily devour human prey;  
their teeth are spears and arrows,  
their tongues sharp swords.

Be exalted, O God, above the heavens.  
Let your glory be over all the earth.

Glory be...

Lord Jesus Crucified,  
have mercy on us.



*The Eleventh Station  
Jesus is Nailed to the Cross*

**Leader:** We adore you, O Christ, and we praise you.

**All:** Because by your holy cross,  
you have redeemed the world.

**Leader:** Jesus, a carpenter's son, would have known the species of wood, their best uses according to their strengths. He spent time in the workshop, saw the way that wood parts for a nail driven in, felt the heft and power of a hammer in his own hand, and day after day smelled the green scent of freshly cut wood. And he would have sweat, been stung by splinters, occasionally spilled some blood in this work, Joseph's trade, in acts of creation on a small, human scale.

But then, in his last hours, to see those same hammers in the hands of torturers, see the glint of the nails meant for him, smell his own sweat and feel the weight of his flesh pressed down onto the wood of the cross. With each nail, the world would have turned into one red field of pain, absolute terror and an inescapable sense of isolation and abandonment. His flesh parted for those nails, his bones cracked beneath the hammer, his human body was broken and reformed into the shape of his cross.

Jesus, how could you have seen the usefulness of this sacrifice, Your vision blurred by tears and sweat? How could you have embraced this cross, nailed to it by our sin, with your blood rushing and pounding and dripping from your body?

Jesus, you never released yourself from this act of sacrifice. Then and now, you are the instrument of our salvation, the work of divine hands, the craftsman and the craft of love. Help us to embrace our own usefulness, the sacrifices you ask

**All:** [Psalm 37: 1-6, 23-24]

Do not fret because of the wicked;  
do not be envious of wrongdoers,  
for they will soon fade like the grass,  
and wither like the green herb.

Trust in the LORD, and do good;  
so you will live in the land, and enjoy security.  
Take delight in the LORD,  
and he will give you the desires of your heart.

Commit your way to the LORD;  
trust in him, and he will act.  
He will make your vindication shine like the light,  
and the justice of your cause like the noonday.

Be still before the LORD, and wait patiently for him;  
do not fret over those who prosper in their way,  
over those who carry out evil devices.

Our steps are made firm by the LORD,  
when he delights in our way;  
though we stumble, we shall not fall headlong,  
for the LORD holds us by the hand.

Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit,  
as it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be,  
world without end. Amen.

Lord Jesus Crucified,  
have mercy on us.

*The Fourth Station  
Jesus Meets His Mother*

**Leader:** We adore you, O Christ, and we praise you.

**All:** Because by your holy cross,  
you have redeemed the world.

**Leader:** Our eyes meet only briefly as my Son is pushed  
onward by the soldiers. In that short encounter, sorrow mingled  
with love penetrates to the depths of both of our souls. He not  
wanting me to see him like this—only to prevent me from  
experiencing the pain he knows it will cause me, to see him so  
tormented. My heart, a true mother's heart, that only wants to  
protect her child from evil, desires to take his place; to suffer for  
him. If only I could! So, a sword pierces my heart and I am  
united to all those mothers throughout time who have grieved  
for their children. And I comfort them!

*Pat Hinton*

**All:** [Psalm 131]

O LORD, my heart is not lifted up,  
my eyes are not raised too high;  
I do not occupy myself with things  
too great and too marvelous for me.  
But I have calmed and quieted my soul,  
like a weaned child with its mother;  
my soul is like the weaned child that is with me.

O Israel, hope in the LORD  
from this time on and for evermore.

Glory be ...

Lord Jesus Crucified, have mercy on us.

goodness and dignity within each of us. Help us to be  
honest in our relationships, to love humbly, and forgive  
generously.

*Ruth Ebresman*

**All:** [Psalm 22: 1-2, 7-11, 16b-18]

My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?

Why are you so far from helping me, from the words of  
my groaning?

O my God, I cry by day, but you do not answer;  
and by night, but find no rest.

All who see me mock at me;  
they make mouths at me, they shake their heads;  
'Commit your cause to the LORD; let him deliver—  
let him rescue the one in whom he delights!'  
Yet it was you who took me from the womb;  
you kept me safe on my mother's breast.  
On you I was cast from my birth,  
and since my mother bore me you have been my God.  
Do not be far from me,  
for trouble is near  
and there is no one to help.

My hands and feet have shrivelled;  
I can count all my bones.  
They stare and gloat over me;  
they divide my clothes among themselves,  
and for my clothing they cast lots.

Glory be...

Lord Jesus Crucified, have mercy on us.

*The Tenth Station  
Jesus is Stripped of His Garments*

**Leader:** We adore you, O Christ, and we praise you.

**All:** Because by your holy cross,  
you have redeemed the world.

**Leader:** After being scourged and ridiculed, Jesus' garments are ripped from his body, cruelly and painfully. We have no complete record of how Jesus responded to this and the other cruel acts he suffered. The passion narratives tell us that Jesus was sometimes bold, sometimes gentle, sometimes fearful . . . His range of emotions seems very honest to me. Imagine that as he experienced the events leading up to his death, he was being "stripped" from the very beginning.

Jesus experienced the disappointment of betrayal and desertion by his friends. He, who had been hailed as king and honored as prophet, healer and miracle worker, now was being put to death as a common criminal.

We all work to clothe ourselves—literally and figuratively. Style, color, name brands and expensive jewels create an image of who we are. We carefully construct images of ourselves as competent, smart and successful, to impress our co-workers and friends. We wall off our vulnerability and our imperfections from those around us. It is difficult for us to own who we really are. Yet God, who knows us better than we know ourselves, loves us beyond all imagining.

Jesus, help us to have the courage to accept others and ourselves. Take away our fear of being stripped of our outer façade and our inner defenses. Help us to recognize the



*The Fifth Station  
Simon of Cyrene Helps Jesus Carry the Cross*

**Leader:** We adore you, O Christ, and we praise you.

**All:** Because by your holy cross,  
you have redeemed the world.

**Leader:** It is interesting and perhaps symbolic that the apostle Simon Peter and Simon of Cyrene shared the same name. They also shared a love of the Lord, although they both failed him at times of danger and stress. Simon Peter denied him three times during his Passion, not through lack of love, but because fear overtook him. Simon of Cyrene showed reluctance about helping to carry the cross through the streets.

I can identify in my life with both of these failures. Perhaps in your lives, you may have failed to show your allegiance to the Lord. Thank you, Rabboni, for faithful love for both Simons, even when they let you down. Thank you for loving us all the days of our lives, and forgiving our many failures to serve you.

*Starr Hermann*

**All:** [Psalm 70]

Be pleased, O God, to deliver me.  
O LORD, make haste to help me!  
Let those be put to shame and confusion  
who seek my life.  
Let those be turned back and brought to dishonour  
who desire to hurt me.  
Let those who say, 'Aha, Aha!'  
turn back because of their shame.

Let all who seek you  
rejoice and be glad in you.  
Let those who love your salvation  
say evermore, 'God is great!'  
But I am poor and needy;  
hasten to me, O God!  
You are my help and my deliverer;  
O LORD, do not delay!

Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit,  
as it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be,  
world without end. Amen.

Lord Jesus Crucified,  
have mercy on us.

**All:** [Psalm 54]

Save me, O God, by your name,  
and vindicate me by your might.  
Hear my prayer, O God;  
give ear to the words of my mouth.  
For the insolent have risen against me,  
the ruthless seek my life;  
they do not set God before them.

But surely, God is my helper;  
the Lord is the upholder of my life.  
He will repay my enemies for their evil.  
In your faithfulness, put an end to them.

With a freewill-offering I will sacrifice to you;  
I will give thanks to your name, O LORD, for it is good.  
For he has delivered me from every trouble,  
and my eye has looked in triumph on my enemies.

Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit,  
as it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be,  
world without end. Amen.

Lord Jesus Crucified,  
have mercy on us.



***The Ninth Station  
Jesus Falls the Third Time***

**Leader:** We adore you, O Christ, and we praise you.

**All:** Because by your holy cross,  
you have redeemed the world.

**Leader:** Weak from torture and loss of blood, staggering under the weight of the cross on which he was to die, Jesus falls the third time.

O Jesus, though innocent, you bear the weight of our sins upon your shoulders. Despite the agony and appearance of having been forsaken, you continue your journey purely out of love for us.

We, the true sinners, continue to stagger and fall under the weight of our humanity. Grant that we may never lose sight of your sacrifice and the love that drove you on to death for our redemption. Give us the grace to get up again after we have fallen; and strengthened by the knowledge of your love for us, lead us to the final victory of the cross.

*Dave Murphy*

***The Sixth Station  
Veronica Wipes the Face of Jesus***

**Leader:** We adore you, O Christ, and we praise you.

**All:** Because by your holy cross,  
you have redeemed the world.

**Leader:** Our western church tradition has for centuries given us the reflection of a woman named Veronica, meeting Christ Jesus at this station and wiping his face. At that time, as in too many cases today, the one condemned to die had no rights; all dignity stripped away. Anyone who dared to comfort the condemned likewise becomes the victim of the mob and the executioners. However, Veronica refused to comply with society's expectations. She stepped forth from the crowd and gave all she had at the painful encounter. With a healing touch, given with compassion, she wiped away some of the blood, sweat and tears of Jesus, our Lord. Veronica received a sort of taboric experience that has become a glimpse of the face of God, an icon image if you will, of the face of God among us for all time.

Veronica became an image of the One whose eyes she encountered. We too are ever-given this same opportunity to respond to Jesus by gazing into those eyes with our own eyes of compassion and love toward anyone God sends our way, especially the outcast. Oh, it will cost us—perhaps we too will be outcast, rejected, our “veils” soiled, and held up to public ridicule.

Christ Jesus, give us brave and generous hearts toward the most needy among us. With Veronica, we too want to give our best. We want to bear your image, and we want to share it with others as we leave our mark on all who enter our history. We know that the blood, sweat and tears which suffering

persons leave on our handkerchief are your image. We desire to respond with mercy to the face of suffering humanity and thereby behold the face of God's loving and compassionate look upon our own hearts.

*Sr. Roberta Cusack, OSF*

**All:** [Psalm 80]

Give ear, O Shepherd of Israel,  
you who lead Joseph like a flock!  
You who are enthroned upon the cherubim, shine forth  
before Ephraim and Benjamin and Manasseh.  
Stir up your might,  
and come to save us!

Restore us, O God;  
let your face shine, that we may be saved.  
O LORD God of hosts,  
how long will you be angry with your people's prayers?  
You have fed them with the bread of tears,  
and given them tears to drink in full measure.  
You make us the scorn of our neighbours;  
our enemies laugh among themselves.

Restore us, O God of hosts;  
let your face shine, that we may be saved.

Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit,  
as it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be,  
world without end. Amen.

Lord Jesus Crucified,  
have mercy on us.

before us. Let us weep freely, knowing God will wipe every tear from our eye.

*Marie Andrews*

**All:**

[Psalm 42: 1-6]

As a deer longs for flowing streams,  
so my soul longs for you, O God.  
My soul thirsts for God,  
for the living God.  
When shall I come and behold  
the face of God?  
My tears have been my food  
day and night,  
while people say to me continually,  
'Where is your God?'

These things I remember,  
as I pour out my soul:  
how I went with the throng,  
and led them in procession to the house of God,  
with glad shouts and songs of thanksgiving,  
a multitude keeping festival.  
Why are you cast down, O my soul,  
and why are you disquieted within me?  
Hope in God; for I shall again praise him,  
my help and my God.

Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit,  
as it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be,  
world without end. Amen.

Lord Jesus Crucified, have mercy on us.

*The Eighth Station  
Jesus Meets the Women of Jerusalem*

**Leader:** We adore you, O Christ, and we praise you.

**All:** Because by your holy cross,  
you have redeemed the world.

**Leader:** A great crowd of people followed him, including women who beat their breasts and lamented over him. Jesus turned to them and said: “Daughters of Jerusalem, do not weep for me. Weep for yourselves and for your children.”

At first, Jesus’ words seems puzzling: “Weep not for me.” Are we not to mourn for the afflicted? If we look closely perhaps we will see a deeper meaning. It’s Jesus’ clarity of who he is that has led him to this road to Calvary. Pilate gives him ample opportunity to deny himself and walk away unscathed. But Jesus does not choose this path. He is not afflicted. He remains true to himself as God’s only begotten. This clarity is no cause for lamentation, no matter what it brings.

Perhaps that is why Jesus says, “Weep for yourselves and for your children.” He knows of our failure to see and act clearly. This is a great loss and a cause requiring much lamentation. Let us weep freely for ourselves and our children—for each time we fail to realize that we too are God’s beloved, who have been graced with many talents and blessings. Let us weep for each time this blindness leads to a life cut short by violence, death and war. Let us weep also for each life that is not lived fully because we fail to see clearly the gift of the other God has so graciously placed



*The Seventh Station  
Jesus Falls the Second Time*

**Leader:** We adore you, O Christ, and we praise you.

**All:** Because by your holy cross,  
you have redeemed the world.

**Leader:** Jesus has been carrying the huge cross uphill for some time now. Already, he has fallen once under the heavy burden. The crown of thorns bears down on his head with ever-increasing pain, and the wounds of his body from the beatings he endured have caused him to lose much blood. In this weakened condition, Jesus stumbles forward.

Suddenly he falls heavily to the ground a second time. As he lies there with the cross bearing down on him, vision blurred with blood, body weak and filled with pain, repulsed by the thought of his destination, Jesus begins to think that he may never be able to get up again.

As I contemplate you, my Jesus, I can feel your complete exhaustion and loss of power to carry on with this heavy burden. I know that feeling of helplessness, of powerlessness to even want to try. Yet I know that somehow you did manage to go on and I thank you for that.

When tempted, Lord, to hopelessness and despair, show me how I may follow in your footsteps. So often I feel discouraged by repeating the same faults, not just a second time, but over and over again. In these moments, Jesus, give me the renewed strength and courage I need to continue on. For all tempted to despair, be with them Jesus, with your understanding, compassion and love. Grant to all of us who fall again and again, your strength and purpose. Especially we ask you to motivate our lives with your great love.

*Sr. Mary Funge, SH*

**All:** [Psalm 56]

Be gracious to me, O God, for people trample on me;  
all day long foes oppress me;  
my enemies trample on me all day long,  
for many fight against me.  
O Most High, when I am afraid,  
I put my trust in you.  
In God, whose word I praise,  
in God I trust; I am not afraid;  
what can flesh do to me?

All day long they seek to injure my cause;  
all their thoughts are against me for evil.  
They stir up strife, they lurk,  
they watch my steps.  
As they hoped to have my life,

so repay them for their crime;  
in wrath cast down the peoples, O God!

You have kept count of my tossings;  
put my tears in your bottle.  
Are they not in your record?  
Then my enemies will retreat  
on the day when I call.  
This I know, that God is for me.  
In God, whose word I praise,  
in the LORD, whose word I praise,  
in God I trust; I am not afraid.  
What can a mere mortal do to me?

My vows to you I must perform, O God;  
I will render thank-offerings to you.  
For you have delivered my soul from death,  
and my feet from falling,  
so that I may walk before God  
in the light of life.

Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit,  
as it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be,  
world without end. Amen.

Lord Jesus Crucified,  
have mercy on us.