

Everyone's Way of the Cross.

Clarence Enzler.



The following texts repeat themselves throughout.

After each station is announced the leader says:

P/ We adore thee, Oh Christ and we praise thee.

R/ For by thy holy cross thou hast redeemed the world.

Then we reflect upon each station.

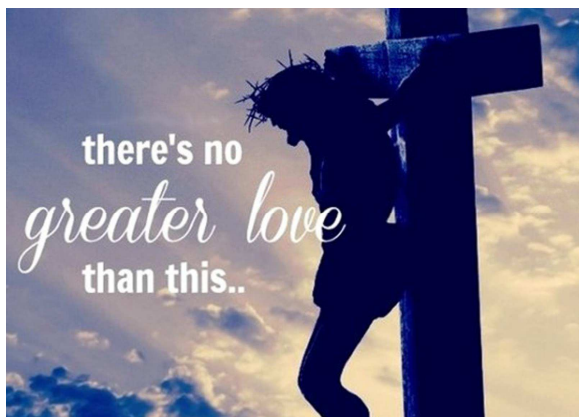
At the end of each reflection we say:

R/ I love you Jesus, my love above all things.

I repent with my whole heart at having offended thee.

Never permit me to separate myself from thee again.

Grant that I may always love thee
and then do with me what thou will.



Conclusion.

Christ I told you at the start, my other self, my life was not complete

Speaks: until I crowned it by 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 compete your way.

Prayers for Our Holy Father:

One Our Father,

One Hail Mary,

One Glory Be.

In the name of the Father, and of the + Son, and of the Holy Spirit, Amen.

Introduction.

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

I walk with you.

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.



The First Station: Jesus is condemned to death.

Christ In Pilate's hands, my other self, I see my Father's will.

Speaks: Though Pilate is unjust, he is the lawful Governor
and he has power over me.

And so the Son of God obeys.

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?

I reply: My Jesus Lord, obedience cost you your life.

For me it costs an act of will-no more-
and yet how hard it is for me to bend.

Remove the blinds from my eyes that I may see that it is you
whom I obey in all who govern me.

Lord, it is you.



R/ I love you Jesus.....

R/ Hail Mary, full of grace.....

We sing: At the cross her station keeping,
stood the mournful mother weeping,
close to Jesus to the last.

The Fourteenth Station: Jesus is buried.

Christ So ends my mortal life. But now another life begins

Speaks: for Mary, and for Magdalen, for Peter and for John, and you.

My life's work 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.

I reply: My Jesus, Lord, you know my spirit is as willing
as my flesh is weak.

The teaching you could not impart,
the suffering you could not bear,
the works of love you could not do in your short life on earth,
let me impart, and bear, and do through you.

But I am nothing, Lord. Help me!

R/ I love you Jesus.....

R/ Glory be to the Father.....

We sing: By the cross with thee to stay,
there with thee to weep and pray,
is all I ask of thee to give.



The Thirteenth Station: Jesus is taken down from the cross.

Christ The sacrifice is done. Yes, my Mass is complete;

Speaks: but not my Mother's and not 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 in my Calvary. Your grief can also be the price of souls.



I reply: I beg you, Lord, help me accept the partings that must come—
from friends who go away, my children leaving home,
and most of all, my dear ones when you shall call them to yourself.
Then, give me grace to say: “As it has pleased you, Lord,
to take them home, I bow to your most holy will.
And if by just one word I might restore their lives against your will,
I would not speak.” Grant them eternal joy.

R/ I love you Jesus.....

R/ Hail Mary, full of grace.....

We sing: Let me mingle tears with thee,
mourning him who mourned for me,
all the days that I may live.

The Second Station: Jesus takes up his cross.

Christ This cross, this chunk of tree,

Speaks: is what my father chose for me.

The crosses you must bear are largely products of your daily life.
And yet, my father chose 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.

I reply: My Jesus, Lord, I take up 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, cares.
Remind me often that in carrying my cross,
I carry yours with you.
And though I bear a sliver only of your cross,
you carry all of mine, except a sliver, in return.

R/ I love you Jesus.....

R/ Glory be to the Father.....

We sing: Through her heart, his sorrow sharing,
all his bitter anguish bearing,
now at length the sword has passed.



The third station: Jesus falls for the first time.

Christ The God who made the universe,

Speaks: and holds it in existence by his will alone,

becomes a man, too weak to bear a piece of timber's weight.

How human in his weakness is the Son of God.

My Father willed it thus, I could not be your model otherwise.

If you would be my other self,

you also must accept without complaint your human frailties.

I reply: Lord Jesus, how can I refuse?

I willingly accept my weaknesses, my irritations and my moods, my headaches and fatigue, all the 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.



R/ I love you Jesus.....

R/ Our Father, who art in heaven.....

We sing: Oh, how sad and sore distressed,

was that mother highly blest,

of the sole begotten one.

The Twelfth Station: Jesus dies.

Christ The cross becomes the pulpit now- "Forgive them, Father..."

Speaks: You will be with me in paradise.. There is your Mother....

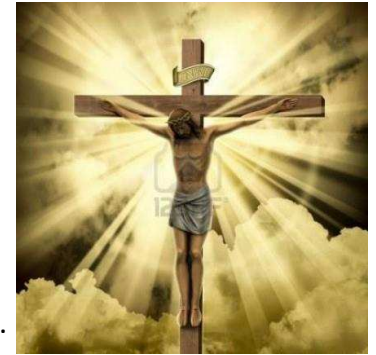
There.... Your Son.... I thirst..... It is complete."

To speak I have to raise myself

by pressing on my wrists and feet,
and every move engulfs me in new
waves of agony.

And then, when I have borne
enough, have emptied my

humanity, I let my mortal life depart.



I reply: 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 life's span.

I offer you my death for my own sins
and for those of all humanity.

My God! My God! Forsake us not. We know not what we do.

R/ I love you Jesus.....

R/ Our Father.....

We sing: Let me share with thee his pain

who for all my sins was slain,

who for me in torments died.

The Eleventh Station: Jesus is Crucified.

Christ Can you imagine what Crucifixion is?

Speaks: My executioners stretch my arms;

they hold my hand and wrist against the wood

and press the nail until it stabs my flesh.

Then with one heavy hammer smash, they drive it through-and pain

bursts like a bomb of fire in my brain.

They seize the other arm; and agony again explodes.

Then raising up my knees so that

my feet are flat against the wood, they hammer them fast, too.

I reply: My God, I look at you and think: is my soul worth this much?

What can I give you in return?

I here and now accept for all my life

whatever sickness, torment, agony may come.

To every cross I touch my lips.

O blessed cross that lets me be-with you– a co-redeemer of humanity.

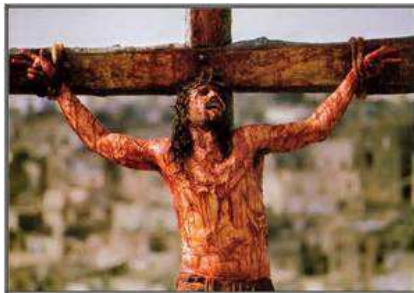
R/ I love you Jesus.....

R/ Glory be to the Father.....

We sing: Holy Mother, pierce me through,

in my heart each wound renew

of my Saviour crucified.



The fourth Station: Jesus meets his Mother.

Christ My Mother sees me whipped.

Speaks: She sees me kicked and driven like a beast.

She counts my every wound.

But though her soul cries out in agony, no protest or complaint escapes her lips or even enters her thoughts.

She shares my martyrdom– and I share hers.

We hide no pain, no sorrow, from each other's eyes.

This is my Father's will.

I reply: 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 my 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 for the good.

R/ I love you Jesus.....

R/ Hail Mary, full of grace.....

We sing: Christ above in torment hangs;

she beneath beholds the pangs

of her dying glorious Son.



The Fifth Station: Simon helps Jesus.

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

Speaks: And so the legionnaires make Simon give me aid.

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.

I reply: Lord, make me realise that every time I wipe a dish,

pick up an object off the floor,

assist a child 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.

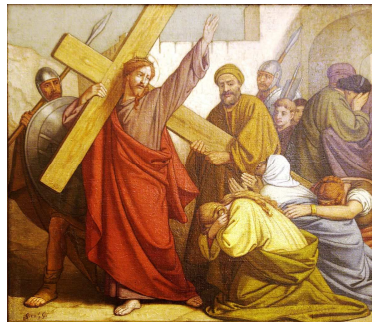
R/ I love you Jesus.....

R/ Glory be to the Father.....

We sing: Is there one who would not weep,

whelmed in miseries so deep,

Christ's dear mother to behold?



The Tenth Station: Jesus is stripped of his garments.

Christ Behold, my other self, the poorest king who ever lived.

Speaks: Before my creatures I stand stripped.

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

Yet who has ever been so rich?

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

If you, too, would own everything,

be not solicitous about food, clothes, and even your life.

I reply: My Lord, I offer you all—

whatever I possess, and more, my self.

Detach me from the craving for prestige, position, 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.

R/ I love you Jesus.....

R/ Hail Mary, full of grace.....

We sing: Make me feel as thou has felt;

make my soul to glow and melt

with the love of Christ my Lord.



The Ninth Station: The Third Fall.

Jesus Completely drained of strength I lie, collapsed upon the cobblestones.

Speaks: 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 or in hell can take away your will.

Your will is yours.

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

So I can do 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.

R/ I love you Jesus.....

R/ Our Father.....

We sing: O thou mother! Fount of love!

Touch my spirit from above,

make my heart with thine accord.



The Sixth Station: Veronica wipes the face of Jesus.

Christ Can you be brave enough, my other self,

Speaks: to wipe my bloody face? Where is my face, you ask?

At home whenever eyes fill up with tears,

at work when tensions rise, on playgrounds, in the slums,

the courts, the hospitals, the jails— wherever suffering exists—

my face is there.

And there I look for you to wipe away my blood and tears.

I reply: Lord, what you ask is hard.

It calls for courage and self-sacrifice, and I am weak.

Please, give me strength.

Don't let me run away because of fear.

Lord, live in me, act in me, love in me.

And not in me alone—in all of us— so that we may reveal

no more your bloody but glorious face on earth.

R/ I love you Jesus.....

R/ Our Father.....

We sing: Can the human heart refrain

from partaking in her pain,

in that Mother's pain untold?



The Seventh Station: Jesus falls a second time.

Christ This seventh step, my other self, is one that tests your will.

Speaks: 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 in me and carry on.

I reply: Give me your courage, Lord.

When failure presses heavily on me and I am desolate,
stretch 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.

R/ I love you Jesus.....

R/ Hail Mary, full of grace.....

We sing: Bruised, derided, cursed, defiled,
she beheld her tender child,
all with bloody scourges rent.



The Eighth Station: Jesus consoles the women of Jerusalem.

Christ How often have I longed to take the children of Jerusalem

Speaks: and gather them to me. But they refused.

But now these women weep for me
and my heart still mourns for them-
mourns for the sorrows that will come.
I comfort those who seek to solace me.
How gentle can you be, my other self? How kind?

I reply: My Jesus, your compassion,

in your passion is beyond compare.
Lord, teach me, help me to 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 upon my privacy-
then help me curb my tongue.
May gentleness become my cloak. Lord, make me kind like you.

R/ I love you Jesus.....

R/ Glory be to the Father.....

We sing: For the sins of his own nation,
saw him hang in desolation,
till his spirit forth he sent.

