

# The Way of the Cross



*St Alphonsus Liguori*  
*Clarence Enzler*



## **Hymn: Will You Love Me?**

*Will you give me your life forever?  
Will you carry my cross every day?  
Will you walk in the light of my presence?  
Will you follow the truth of my ways?*

### **Refrain**

*Will you love me as I have loved you?  
Will you live with me the darkness as I die?  
For the moon and the stars will be gone like the night,  
And the sun will be shining on you.*

*Like the purest of gold in the furnace,  
Is your love strong enough to endure?  
Does your faith carry on through the shadows?  
Does it shine in the night for the world?*

### **Refrain**

*Can you walk in the footprints of silence?  
Through the wilderness sands in the sun,  
From the desert of doubt and temptation.  
To the glorious mountain of fire?*

### **Refrain**

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

## Preparatory Prayer

**All:** My Lord Jesus Christ, you have made this journey to die for me with love unutterable, and I have so many times unworthily abandoned you; but now I love you with my whole heart, and because I love you, I repent sincerely for ever having offended you. Pardon me, my God, and permit me to accompany you on this journey. You go to die for love of me; I wish also, my beloved Redeemer, to die for love of you. My Jesus, I will live and die always united to you.

*At the Cross her vigil keeping,  
Mary stood in sorrow weeping,  
When her Son was crucified.*



# The First Station

## Jesus is Condemned to Death

**Priest:** We adore you, O Christ, and we bless you.

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

**Priest:** In Pilate's hands, my friend, 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?

**Reader:** 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 blinders from my eyes that I may see that it is you whom I obey in all who govern me. Lord, it is you.

**All:** My adorable Jesus, it was not Pilate, no, it was my sins that condemned you to die. I beseech you, by the merits of this sorrowful journey, to assist my soul in its journey towards eternity. I love you, my beloved Jesus; I repent with my whole heart for having offended you. Never permit me to separate myself from you again. Grant that I may love you always; and then do with me what you will.

*Our Father, Hail Mary, Glory be to the Father, etc.*

*While she waited in her anguish  
Seeing Christ in torment languish,  
Bitter sorrow pierced her heart.*

## The Second Station Jesus Carries His Cross

**Priest:** We adore you, O Christ, and we bless you.

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

**Priest:** 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. 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.

**Reader:** 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, 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.

**All:** My most beloved Jesus, I embrace all the tribulations you have destined for me until death. I beseech you, by the merits of the pain you did suffer in carrying your Cross, to give me the necessary help to carry mine with perfect patience and resignation. I love you, Jesus my love; I repent of having offended you. Never permit me to separate myself from you again. Grant that I may love you always; and then do with me what you will.

*Our Father, Hail Mary, Glory be to the Father, etc.*

*With what pain and desolation,  
With what noble resignation,  
Mary watched her dying Son.*

## The Third Station

### Jesus Falls the First Time

**Priest:** We adore you, O Christ, and we bless you.

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

**Priest:** 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 would be a follower of mine, you also must accept, without complaint, your human frailties.

**Reader:** Lord Jesus, how can I refuse? I willingly accept my weaknesses, my irritations and my moods, my headaches and fatigue, all my defects of 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 and give me strength to struggle after you.

**All:** My beloved Jesus, it is not the weight of the Cross, but my sins, which have made you suffer so much pain. Ah, by the merits of this first fall, deliver me from the misfortune of falling into mortal sin. I love you, O my Jesus, with my whole heart; I repent of having offended you. Never permit me to separate myself from you again. Grant that I may love you always; and then do with me what you will.

*Our Father, Hail Mary, Glory be to the Father, etc.*

*Ever patient in her yearning,  
Though her tear-filled eyes were burning,  
Mary gazed upon her Son.*

## The Fourth Station

### Jesus Meets His Sorrowful Mother

**Priest:** We adore you, O Christ, and we bless you.

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

**Priest:** 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 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.

**Reader:** 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 unto good. They must!

**All:** My most loving Jesus, by the sorrow you did experience in this meeting, grant me the grace of a truly devoted love for your most holy Mother. And you, my Queen, who was overwhelmed by sorrow, obtain for me, by your intercession, a continual and tender remembrance of the Passion of your Son. I love you, Jesus my love; I repent of ever having offended you. Never permit me to offend you again. Grant that I may love you always; and then do with me what you will.

*Our Father, Hail Mary, Glory be to the Father, etc.*

*Who, that sorrow contemplating,  
On that passion meditating,  
Would not share the Virgin's grief?*

## The Fifth Station

### Simon Helps Jesus to Carry the Cross

**Priest:** We adore you, O Christ, and we bless you.

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

**Priest:** My strength is gone; I can no longer bear the cross alone. And so the legionaries make Simon give me aid. This Simon is like you, my friend. 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.

**Reader:** Lord, make me realize that every time I wipe a dish, pick up an object off the floor, assist a child in some small task, or give another 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.

**All:** My most sweet Jesus, I will not refuse the Cross, as the Cyrenian did; I accept it; I embrace it. I accept in particular the death you have destined for me; with all the pains that may accompany it; I unite it to your death, I offer it to you. You have died for love of me; I will die for love of you and to please you. Help me by your grace. I love you, Jesus my love; I repent of having offended you. Never permit me to offend you again. Grant that I may love you always; and then do with me what you will.

*Our Father, Hail Mary, Glory be to the Father, etc.*

*Christ she saw, for our salvation  
Scourged with cruel acclamation,  
Bruised and beaten by the rod.*

## The Sixth Station

### Veronica Wipes the Face of Jesus

**Priest:** We adore you, O Christ, and we bless you.

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

**Priest:** Can you be brave enough to wipe my bloodied 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, in 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.

**Reader:** 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 and act in me and love in me, and not in me alone - in all men - so that we may reveal no more your bloodied but your glorious face on earth.

**All:** My most beloved Jesus, your face was beautiful before, but in this journey it has lost all its beauty, and wounds and blood have disfigured it. Alas, my soul also was once beautiful, when it received your grace in Baptism; but I have disfigured it since by my sins. You alone, my Redeemer, can restore it to its former beauty. Do this by your Passion, O Jesus. I repent of having offended you. Never permit me to offend you again. Grant that I may love you always; and then do with me what you will.

*Our Father, Hail Mary, Glory be to the Father, etc.*

*Christ she saw with life-blood falling,  
All her anguish unavailing,  
Saw him breathe his very last.*

# The Seventh Station

## Jesus Falls the Second Time

**Priest:** We adore you, O Christ, and we bless you.

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

**Priest:** This seventh step 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." Trust me and carry on.

**Reader:** 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.

**All:** My most gentle Jesus, how many times have you pardoned me, and how many times have I fallen again, and begun again to offend you! Oh, by the merits of this new fall, give me the necessary help to persevere in your grace until death. Grant that in all temptations which assail me I may always commend myself to you. I love you, Jesus my love; I repent of having offended you. Never permit me to offend you again. Grant that I may love you always; and then do with me what you will.

*Our Father, Hail Mary, Glory be to the Father, etc.*

*Mary, fount of love's devotion,  
Let me share with true emotion  
All the sorrow you endured.*

# The Eighth Station

## The Women of Jerusalem Weep over Jesus

**Priest:** We adore you, O Christ, and we bless you.

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

**Priest:** How often have I longed to take the children of Jerusalem and gather them to me. But they refused. But now these women weep for me and my heart mourns for them - mourns for the sorrows that will come. I comfort those who seek to solace me. How gentle can you be, how kind?

**Reader:** 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.

**All:** My Jesus, laden with sorrows, I weep for the offences I have committed against you, because of the pains they have deserved, and still more because of the displeasure they have caused you, who have loved me so much. It is your love, more than the fear of hell, which causes me to weep for my sins. My Jesus, I love you more than myself; I repent of having offended you. Never permit me to offend you again. Grant that I may love you always; and then do with me what you will.

*Our Father, Hail Mary, Glory be to the Father, etc.*

*Virgin, ever interceding  
Hear me in my fervent pleading;  
Fire me with your love of Christ.*

## The Ninth Station

### Jesus Falls the Third Time

**Priest:** We adore you, O Christ, and we bless you.

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

**Priest:** Completely drained of strength I lay, 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, your body may be broken, but no force on earth and none in hell can take away your will. Your will is yours.

**Reader:** My Lord, I see you take a moment's rest then rise and stagger on. I can do the same 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.

**All:** Ah, my outraged Jesus, by the merits of the weakness you did suffer in going to Calvary, give me strength sufficient to conquer all human respect, and all my wicked passions, which have led me to despise your friendship. I love you, Jesus my love, with my whole heart; I repent of having offended you. Never permit me to offend you again. Grant that I may love you always; and then do with me what you will.

*Our Father, Hail Mary, Glory be to the Father, etc.*

*Mother, may this prayer be granted:  
That Christ's love may be implanted  
In the depths of my poor soul.*

# The Tenth Station

## Jesus is Stripped of His Garments

**Priest:** We adore you, O Christ, and we bless you.

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

**Priest:** Behold, 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 ever been so rich? Possessing nothing, I own all - be not solicitous about your food, your clothes, your life.

**Reader:** My Lord, I offer you my all - whatever I possess, and more, myself. Detach me from craving prestige, position, wealth. Root out of me all trace of envy of my neighbor 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.

**All:** My innocent Jesus, by the merits of the torment you have felt, help me to strip myself of all affection to things of earth, in order that I may place all my love in you, who art so worthy of my love. I love you, O Jesus, with my whole heart; I repent of having offended you. Never permit me to offend you again. Grant that I may love you always; and then do with me what you will.

*Our Father, Hail Mary, Glory be to the Father, etc.*

*At the Cross, your sorrow sharing,  
All your grief and torment bearing,  
Let me stand and mourn with you.*

# The Eleventh Station

## Jesus is Nailed to the Cross

**Priest:** We adore you, O Christ, and we bless you.

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

**Priest:** Can you imagine what a crucifixion is? 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.

**Reader:** 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 - co-redeemer of my fellowman.

**All:** My Jesus! Loaded with contempt, nail my heart to your feet so that they may ever remain there, to love you, and never quit you again. I love you more than myself; I repent of having offended you. Never permit me to offend you again. Grant that I may love you always; and then do with me what you will.

*Our Father, Hail Mary, Glory be to the Father, etc.*

*Fairest maid of all creation,  
Queen of hope and consolation,  
Let me feel your grief sublime.*

## **The Twelfth Station**

### **Jesus is Raised upon the Cross and Dies**

**Priest:** We adore you, O Christ, and we bless you.

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

**Priest:** 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 in new waves of agony. And then, when I have borne enough, have emptied my humanity, I let my mortal life depart.

**Reader:** My Jesus, my 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 those of all my fellowmen. My God! My God! Forsake us not. We know not what we do.

**All:** O my dying Jesus, I kiss devoutly the Cross on which you died for love of me. I have merited by my sins to die a miserable death; but your death is my hope. Ah, by the merits of your death, give me grace to die, embracing your feet, and burning with love for you. I yield my soul into your hands. I love you with my whole heart; I repent of ever having offended you. Never permit me to offend you again. Grant that I may love you always; and then do with me what you will.

*Our Father, Hail Mary, Glory be to the Father, etc.*

*Virgin, in your love befriend me,  
At the judgement day defend me,  
Help me by your constant prayer.*

## **The Thirteenth Station**

### **Jesus is Taken Down from the Cross**

**Priest:** We adore you, O Christ, and we bless you.

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

**Priest:** The sacrifice is done. Yes, my Mass is complete; but not my mother's and not yours. 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 bereavement, think of this: a multitude of souls were saved by Mary sharing in my Calvary. Your grief can also be the price of souls.

**Reader:** I beg You, Lord, help me accept the partings that must come - from friends who go away, from children leaving home, and most of all, from 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.

**All:** O Mother of sorrow, for the love of this Son, accept me for your servant, and pray to him for me. And you, my Redeemer, since you have died for me, permit me to love you; for I wish but you, and nothing more. I love you, my Jesus, and I repent of ever having offended you. Never permit me to offend you again. Grant that I may love you always; and then do with me what you will.

*Our Father, Hail Mary, Glory be to the Father, etc.*

*Saviour, when my life shall leave me,  
Though your mother's prayers receive me  
With the fruits of victory.*

# The Fourteenth Station

## Jesus is Laid in the Sepulchre

**Priest:** We adore you, O Christ, and we bless you.

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

**Priest:** So ends my mortal life. But now another life begins for Mary, and for Magdalen, for Peter and for John, and for 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.

**Reader:** My Jesus, Lord, You know my spirit is as 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 on earth, let me impart, bear, and do through you. But I am nothing, Lord, help me!

**All:** Oh, my buried Jesus, I kiss the stone that encloses you. But you did rise again the third day. I beseech you, by your resurrection, make me rise glorious with you on the last day, to be always united with you in heaven, to praise you and love you forever. I love you, and I repent of ever having offended you. Never permit me to offend you again. Grant that I may love you always; and then do with me what you will.

*Our Father, Hail Mary, Glory be to the Father, etc.*

*Let me to your love be taken,  
Let my soul in death awaken  
To the joys of Paradise.*

*(Jesus, remember me when you come into your Kingdom!  
Jesus, remember me when you come into your Kingdom!) 3x*

## **Concluding Prayer**

**All:** Behold, O kind and most sweet Jesus, I cast myself upon my knees in your sight, and with the most fervent desire of my soul I pray and beseech you that you would impress upon my heart, lively sentiments of faith, hope and charity, with true contrition for my sins, and a firm purpose of amendment. While with deep affection and grief of soul I ponder within myself and mentally contemplate your five wounds, having before my eyes that which David, your prophet, put on your lips concerning you: "They have pierced my hands and my feet; they have numbered all my bones."

## **Prayer for the Intentions of our Holy Father Pope Francis**

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come, thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven.  
Give us this day our daily bread and forgive us our trespasses. As we forgive those who trespass against us, and lead us not into temptation but deliver us from evil. Amen.

Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee. Blessed art thou amongst women and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus.  
Holy Mary, mother of God, pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death. Amen.

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.

## **Blessing**



## ***Hymn: O Sacred Head Sore Wounded***

*O sacred head sore wounded,  
with grief and shame weighed down;  
O kingly head surrounded with thorns Thine only crown.  
Death's pallor now comes o'er Thee, the glow of life decays,  
Yet hosts of heaven adore Thee and tremble as they gaze.*

*What language shall I borrow to praise Thee, heavenly friend,  
For this Thy dying sorrow, Thy pity without end?  
O agony and dying! O love to sinners free!  
Jesus, all grace supplying, turn Thou Thy face to me.*

*In this Thy bitter Passion, Good Shepherd, think of me  
With Thy most sweet compassion, unworthy though I be:  
Beneath Thy cross abiding forever would I rest,  
In Thy dear love confiding, and with Thy presence blest.*

*Be Thou my consolation, my shield, when I must die;  
Remind me of Thy Passion when my last hour draws nigh.  
Mine eyes shall behold Thee, upon Thy cross shall dwell,  
My heart by faith enfold Thee; who dieth thus, dies well.*

# Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament

*Jesus, my Lord, my God, my all! How can I love Thee as I ought?  
And how revere this wondrous gift, so far surpassing hope or thought?*

*Sweet Sacrament, we Thee adore!  
Oh, make us love Thee more and more.  
Oh, make us love Thee more and more.*

*Had I but Mary's sinless heart to love Thee with, my dearest King,  
Oh with what bursts of fervent praise Thy goodness Jesus would I sing!*

*Sweet Sacrament, we Thee adore!  
Oh, make us love Thee more and more.  
Oh, make us love Thee more and more.*

## Homily

## Benediction

Tantum ergo Sacramentum  
Veneremur cernui:  
Et antiquum documentum  
Novo cedat ritui:  
Praestet fides supplementum  
Sensuum defectui.

Genitori, Genitoque  
Laus et iubilatio,  
Salus, honor, virtus quoque  
Sit et benedictio:  
Procedenti ab utroque  
Compar sit laudatio.  
Amen.

Down in adoration falling,  
this great Sacrament we hail.  
Ancient types have long departed,  
newer rites of grace prevail.  
Faith for all defects supplying,  
where the feeble senses fail.

Glory let us give and blessing  
to the Father and the Son,  
Honour, might and praise  
addressing while eternal ages run.  
Equal praise to him confessing,  
who proceeds from both as one  
Amen.

**V.** Panem de caelo praestitisti eis.

**R.** Omne delectamentum in se habentem.

Oremus: Deus, qui nobis sub sacramento mirabili, passionis tuae memoriam reliquisti: tribue, quaesumus, ita nos corporis et sanguinis tui sacra mysteria venerari, ut redemptionis tuae fructum in nobis iugiter sentiamus. Qui vivis et regnas in saecula saeculorum.

**R.** Amen.

**V.** You have given them bread from heaven

**R.** Having in itself all delight.

Let us pray: O God, who in this wonderful Sacrament left us a memorial of your Passion: grant, we implore you, that we may so venerate the sacred mysteries of your Body and Blood, as always to be conscious of the fruit of your Redemption. You who live and reign forever and ever

**R.** Amen.

## **Blessing with the Holy Eucharist**

## **Divine Praises**

Blessed be God

Blessed be His Holy Name

Blessed be Jesus Christ, true God and true Man

Blessed be the Name of Jesus

Blessed be His Most Sacred Heart

Blessed be His Most Precious Blood

Blessed be Jesus in the Most Holy Sacrament of the Altar

Blessed be the Holy Spirit, the Paraclete

Blessed be the great Mother of God, Mary most Holy

Blessed be her Holy and Immaculate Conception

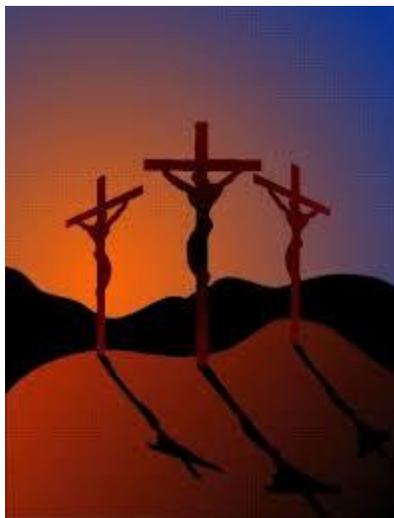
Blessed be her Glorious Assumption

Blessed be the Name of Mary, Virgin and Mother

Blessed be St. Joseph, her most chaste spouse

Blessed be God in His Angels and in His Saints

Adoration continues until 11 pm



## **ST MICHAEL'S CATHOLIC CHURCH, HURSTVILLE**

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