

The Way of The Cross — Part II



The Eighth Station Jesus Meets the Women of Jerusalem

The women of Jerusalem, and their children, come out to comfort and thank Jesus. They had seen his compassion and welcomed his words of healing and freedom. He had broken all kinds of social and religious conventions to connect with them. Now they are here to support him. He feels their grief. He suffers, knowing he cannot remain to help them more in this life. He knows the mystery of facing the separation of death. He speaks, 'Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me but for yourselves and for your children.'

O Lord, hear my prayer and let my cry come unto you. Let me reach out to each person who suffers through my prayer and Lord, may your compassion be the tears of my concern.



The Ninth Station Jesus Falls the Third Time

This last fall is devastating. Jesus can barely proceed to the end. Summoning all this remaining strength, supported by his inner trust in God, Jesus collapses under the weight of the cross. His executioners look at him as a broken man, pathetic yet paying a price he deserves. They help him up so he can make it up the hill of crucifixion.

The brokenness that makes me whole. The surrender that gives me life. I pause to experience and receive how completely he loves me. He is indeed completely poured out for me. This is his mission.



The Tenth Station Jesus is Stripped

Part of the indignity is to be crucified naked. Jesus is completely stripped of any pride. The wounds on his back are torn open again. He experiences the ultimate vulnerability of the defenceless. No shield or security protects him. As they stare at him, his eyes turn to heaven.

Jesus, true prophet, stripped of what little you had of this world's goods, we have been baptised into your prophetic power. Lead me to a place that will never allow my possessions to dim my eyes to the focus of suffering in the world.



The Eleventh Station Jesus is Nailed to the Cross

Huge nails are hammered through his hands and feet to fix him to the cross. He is bleeding much more seriously now. As the cross is lifted up, the weight of his life hangs on those nails. Every time he struggles to pull himself up to breathe, his ability to cling to life slips away.

This is for me. Nailed to a cross to forever proclaim liberty to captives. What sorrow and gratitude fill my heart. May the nails of your crucifixion make the Eucharist my personal sacrifice on behalf of those who hunger and thirst.