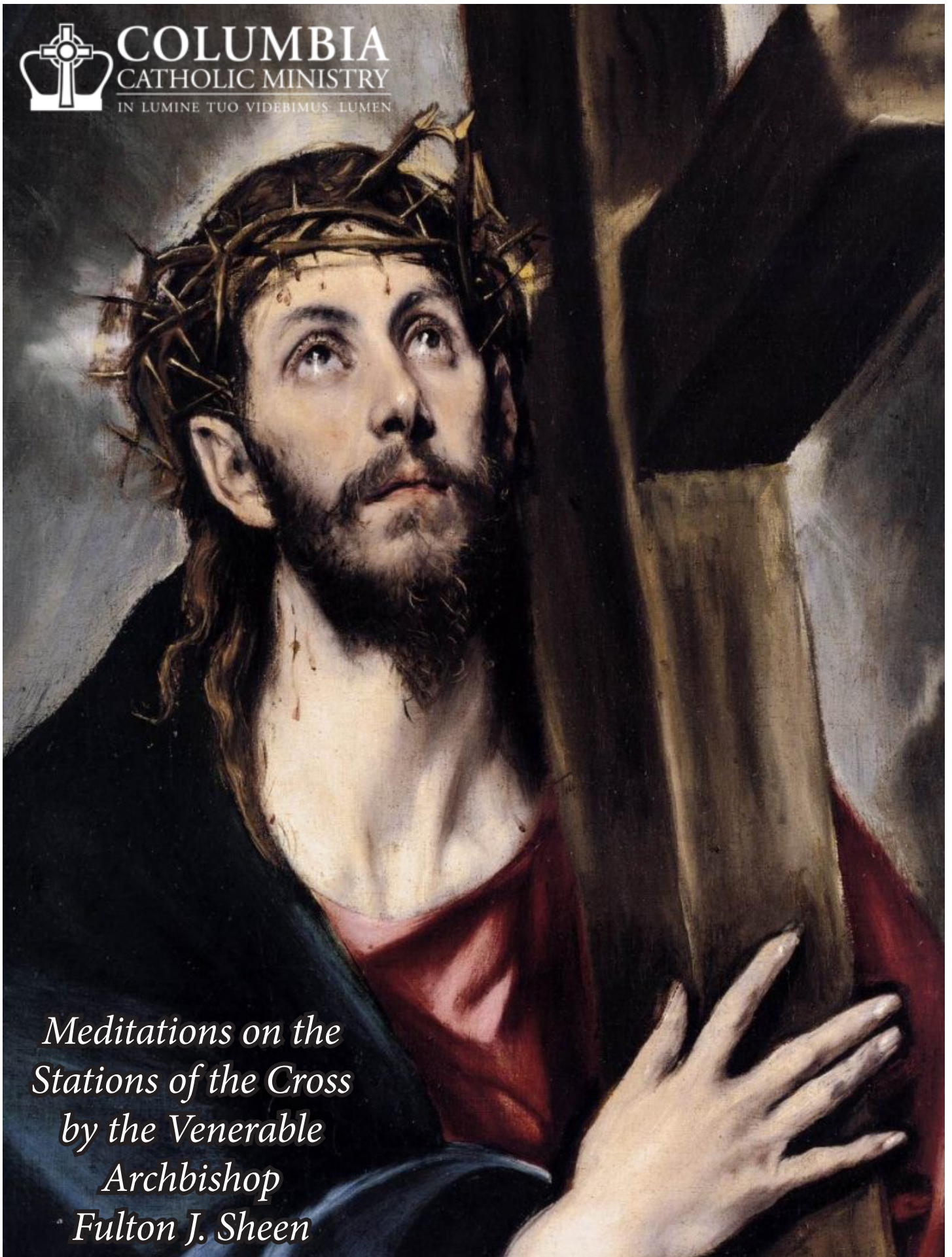




COLUMBIA
CATHOLIC MINISTRY
IN LUMINE TUO VIDEBIMUS LUMEN



*Meditations on the
Stations of the Cross
by the Venerable
Archbishop
Fulton J. Sheen*

OPENING HYMN

When I Survey the Wondrous Cross

1. When I sur - vey the wond - rous cross On which the
 2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the
 3. See from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor - row and
 4. His dy - - ing crim - son, like a robe, Spreads o'er His
 5. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a

Prince of glo - - ry died, My rich - est gain I
 death of Christ my God! All the vain things that
 love flow min - - gled down! Did e'er such love and
 bo - - dy on the tree; Then I am dead to
 pre - - sent far too small; Love so a - - maz - ing,

count but loss, And pour con - tempt on all my pride.
 charm me most, I sac - - ri - fice them to His blood.
 sor - - row meet, Or thorns com - pose so rich a crown?
 all the globe, And all the globe is dead to me.
 so di - vine, De - mands my soul, my life, my all.

About These Meditations — Archbishop Fulton J. Sheen, the greatest Catholic preacher in the history of the United States, first composed these meditations for the *Way of the Cross* for Palm Sunday in 1932 for the National Council of Catholic Men. He wrote that he composed them with a two-fold purpose: “The first is that they may enkindle in souls a flaming love for the Crucified Christ who, through His passion and death, revealed to us that it is only through the Cross that we are ever ushered into glory and eternal life. The second purpose is that those who meditate on the great love of Our Lord for sinners will be kind enough to say a prayer for the author.” In 2012, Pope Benedict named him Venerable, saying that he had lived the virtues of the Christian life to a heroic degree, doubtless because of his willingness to follow Christ step-by-step along the Way of the Cross. This booklet was designed by Fr. Roger Landry, to foster the devotion of his parishioners at St. Bernadette Parish in Fall River and to promote devotion to Archbishop Sheen. The images of the 14 Stations are taken from St. Bernadette’s Parish in Fall River, Massachusetts, the art is taken from El Greco, Velasquez and the Shroud of Turin, and the verses sung between the Stations come from the *Stabat Mater. Ave, Crux, Spes unica!*

PRAYER BEFORE THE WAY OF THE CROSS

O Lord Jesus,

The curtain is now about to go up on the awful and abiding drama of your redemptive love. And as I hear your words "Take up your cross daily and follow me," I stand affrighted, lest its burden be too great and its shame too bitter.

If I could but see that your command to follow you to Calvary was not just an iron law of cruel fate, but a condition of everlasting happiness, perhaps I could better make the journey. But I fear, dear Jesus, that in having you I must have nothing else besides.

Let my fear be dispelled in seeing death as the condition of life. For through your apostle Paul, you have told us it is the joy at the end of the journey that makes us endure the Cross. I shall, then, take up my cross.

O Jesus, why must we love you so?

*At the Cross her station keeping,
Stood the mournful Mother weeping,
Close to Jesus to the last.*

*Through her heart, His sorrow sharing,
All His bitter anguish bearing,
Now at length the sword had passed.*

THE FIRST STATION

Jesus is Condemned to Die



P: We adore you, O Christ, and we praise you.

A: Because by your holy Cross you have redeemed the world!

Meditation

Pilate, the time-serving politician, stepped forward on his sunlit portico. On his right stood Christ, the Just One, who came to give His life for the redemption of many. On his left stood Barabbas, the wicked one, who has incited a revolt and taken a life. Pilate asked the mob to choose between the two: “Whom do you want me to release to you, Barabbas or Jesus?”

How would I have answered that question had I been in the courtyard that Good Friday morning? I cannot escape answering by saying that the question belongs only to the past, for it is as actual now as ever. My conscience is the tribunal of Pilate. Daily, hourly, and every minute of the day, Christ comes before that tribunal, as virtue, honesty, and purity. Barabbas comes as vice, dishonesty, and uncleanness. As often as I choose to speak the uncharitable word, do the dishonest action, or consent to the evil thought, I say in so many words, “Release unto me Barabbas.” And to choose Barabbas means to crucify Christ.

Prayer

O Jesus, many times in my life I have preferred Barabbas to you. There is no way that I can undo those choices but I can make my way to your feet and beg your forgiveness. That, however, is humiliating, for you wear the garment of a fool, and you bear in your hand the reed scepter of a mock king! It is so hard for me to do penance and to admit that I am guilty! It is so hard to be seen with you, wearing your crown of thorns. It is hard! But let me see, Jesus, that it is harder to wear the crown of thorns.

P: Lord Jesus, Crucified! **A:** Have Mercy on us!

*O, how sad and sore distress'd,
Was that Mother highly blest
Of the sole-begotten One!*

THE SECOND STATION



Jesus Takes Up His Cross

P: We adore you, O Christ, and we praise you.

A: Because by your holy Cross you have redeemed the world!

Meditation

Our Blessed Lord had been a visitor to our earth but forty days when Simeon, with prophetic vision, declared that this Child would someday become a sign of contradiction. That day had now come, for “He came unto His own, and His own received Him not.”

As a symbol of the world’s rejection of His life-giving message, His enemies gave Him a Cross, in which one bar is at variance with, or contradicts, the other: the horizontal bar symbolizing death (for all death is flat and prostrate), the vertical bar symbolizing life (for all life is upright and erect).

But by a divine act, Our Lord made the sign of contradiction the sign of redemption, and converted the Cross into the Crucifix. The Cross is the problem of pain and death, but the Crucifix is the solution. For when the God-man had ennobled it by His presence, He revealed that pain is the condition of pleasure, that death is the prelude to life, and that unless we take up our own crosses and follow Him we cannot be His disciples.

Prayer

I know, dear Lord, how crosses are made. Your will is the vertical bar; my will is the horizontal bar. When I place my will against your will, I make a cross. Up to this point, dear Jesus, I have done nothing but fashion crosses by disobeying your holy law and asserting my own selfish desires. Grant that I may make you no more crosses, but henceforth may place the bar of my will *alongside* the bar of your will, and make a yoke that will always be sweet and a burden that will always be light.

P: Lord Jesus, Crucified! **A:** Have Mercy on us!

*Christ above in torment hangs;
She beneath beholds the pangs
Of her dying glorious Son.*

THE THIRD STATION

Jesus Falls for the First Time



P: We adore you, O Christ, and we praise you.

A: Because by your holy Cross you have redeemed the world!

Meditation

Three times Our Savior was tempted on the mountain, and three times He fell on the way to Mount Calvary. Thus did He atone for our three falls — to the temptations of the flesh, the world, and the devil.

After fasting forty days in the desert, our blessed Lord was hungry. Satan tempted Him first on the part of the flesh, by asking Him to do the natural thing when hungry, namely, to use His power to command that the stones become bread. But the Master rebuked Satan, saying that the food that satisfies the longings of our hearts comes not from the flesh, but from the Spirit of God.

Many times we, too, have been tempted to give way to the demands of our lower nature when the spirit should have been served. But unlike our divine Master, we fell by consenting to the promptings of the flesh instead of to the urges of grace, by doing what is supernatural. And, alas, we have found it always true that giving in to selfish impulses has left us hungry, rather than satisfied. On the bread of lower desires, no one can live.

Prayer

When my bodily frame is buffeted by the power of Satan, seal my senses, O Lord, and keep me mindful that my body is a temple of the Holy Spirit, and that only the clean of heart shall see you. Grant henceforth that by the merits of this fall under the cross, I may be saved from the falls of the flesh — not by bread made from stones, but by the Bread of Life

P: Lord Jesus, Crucified! **A:** Have Mercy on us!

*Is there one who would not weep,
Whelm'd in miseries so deep
Christ's dear Mother to behold?*

THE FOURTH STATION



Jesus Meets His Sorrowful Mother

P: We adore you, O Christ, and we praise you.

A: Because by your holy Cross you have redeemed the world!

Meditation

At the marriage feast of Cana, when Mary first noted the embarrassment of the hosts and asked her divine Son to work His first miracle, He answered: “My hour has not yet come.” But at her request, He anticipated the hour, and changed water into wine.

His hour, He said, had “not yet come.” But His hour was her hour, too, and now it had come! At Cana, He had changed water into wine. On the road to Calvary, the wine is changed into blood. It is the solemn hour of consecration by which she unites herself with the suffering of her beloved Son, to save the world from the terrible embarrassment of sin and from the want of the redemptive wine of His love. It was the hour in which the world’s idea of love was reversed — in which the Son summoned His mother to suffer. Love, then, does not mean “to have”; it means “to be had.” It is the giving of oneself for another. No other human being ever loved Jesus as much as Mary did; so we must say that no one else ever suffers for Jesus as Mary did.

Prayer

Mary, dear Mother, in this your hour of sorrow, you are paying dearly for the privilege of your Immaculate Conception! Your present sorrows are the pains of childbirth by which you are to become the mother of mankind, just as in Bethlehem you became the Mother of Jesus, your First Born. You are, then, really my Mother, too. Teach me, Mother, to see that Jesus calls to suffering those whom He loves. And grant that just as Jesus keeps the best wine of His love for the hour when we need it most, so, too, may He keep you near us when we need you most — in all trials and temptations, but especially at the hour of death.

P: Lord Jesus, Crucified! **A:** Have Mercy on us!

*Can the human heart refrain
From partaking in her pain,
In that Mother’s pain untold?*

THE FIFTH STATION

Simon of Cyrene Helps Jesus to Carry His Cross



P: We adore you, O Christ, and we praise you.

A: Because by your holy Cross you have redeemed the world!

Meditation

It was not merely death that sinful people wished our blessed Savior; it was a particular kind of death upon the sign of contradiction. Fearing that exhaustion and weakness would rob them of unfurling Him, like a banner of warning, on top of Mount Calvary, they forced Simon of Cyrene to help Him with His task. Simon saw in the Cross only a shameful burden of wood, but not the burden of the world's sins. Hence he became at first an unwilling helper. But a few minutes in the sweet company of Jesus changed his outlook; his slavery became freedom, his constraint became love, and his reluctance became sweet abandon.

We, too, are like Simon in his first moments: we know about Jesus, but we do not know Jesus. We have feared to be a sharer of His cross, and hence have loved Him little, because we have known Him only a little. We have too often insisted on beginning with pleasure, when it is with pleasure that we should have ended.

Prayer

Give me, O Jesus, an understanding of this great mystery: that it is only at a distance that the Cross frightens, that its shadow is really more terrible than its reality, that its splinters are more terrifying than its beams, that the whole of it is easier to carry than a part. You have told us, dear Savior, that we must each take up our cross daily and follow you. Grant, then, that when a cross comes between you and me, as it did between you and Simon, I may be willing to follow your footsteps as Simon did, until at last I shall be forevermore an uncaught captive in your loving hands.

P: Lord Jesus, Crucified! **A:** Have Mercy on us!

*Bruis'd, derided, cursed, defiled,
She beheld her tender Child:
All with bloody scourges rent.*



Veronica Wipes the Sacred Face of Jesus

P: We adore you, O Christ, and we praise you.

A: Because by your holy Cross you have redeemed the world!

Meditation

Simon the Cyrenean helped Jesus with His burden. For us, this is a sign that every person is called to the sublime vocation of carrying a cross. On that dread day, Veronica, with a woman's own special vision, looked on a countenance bruised and stained with dust and blood, and saw in it the very Face of Divinity.

Ignoring what others might think, she touched a towel to Jesus' face; and as if to remind us that the likeness between Christ and us is most perfect in suffering and sorrow, the Divine Savior, on His way to Calvary, left the impression of that divinely sorrowful face. By that one act, our blessed Lord revealed that we can never become like Him in the nobility of His birth, when angels sang to shepherds, nor in the glory of His Transfiguration, when His face shone like the sun and His garments were as white as snow. There is only one way we can become exactly like Him, and that is by suffering.

Prayer

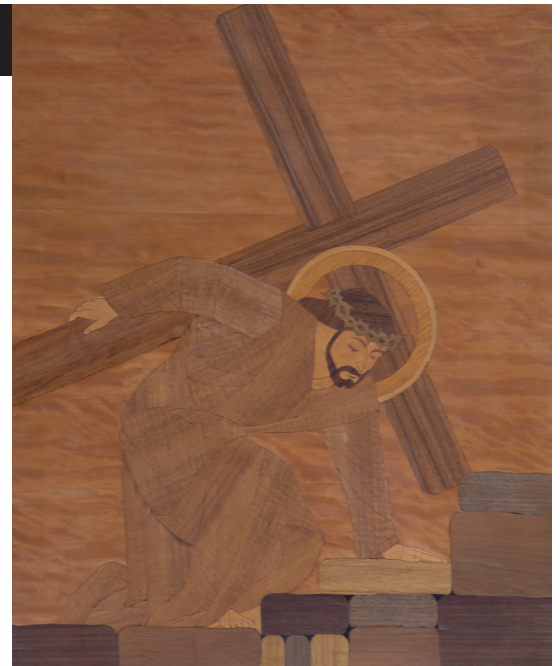
O Lord, the day I was born anew of water and the Holy Spirit, the image of your Cross was stamped on my soul, and the inscription of your sorrow was engraved on my heart. Today you ask me: "Whose inscription is written thereon?" If it be yours, then let me render to God the things that are God's. Grant that, like Veronica, I may confront all human respect in order to carry your image about with me, not on a veil but on the tablet of my heart. Bestow on me the grace to be so much like you that others among whom I live may see something of you in me, as the maidservant saw something of you in Peter. If they do not see in me the marks of your passion, let them at least see the sparks of your love.

P: Lord Jesus, Crucified! **A:** Have Mercy on us!

*For the sins of His own nation,
Saw Him hang in desolation,
Till His spirit forth He sent.*

THE SEVENTH STATION

Jesus Falls for the Second Time



P: We adore you, O Christ, and we praise you.

A: Because by your holy Cross you have redeemed the world!

Meditation

In the second temptation on the mount the devil asked our Blessed Lord to abandon Himself wholly to God and to take no care or thought of Himself, saying: “Cast yourself down, for the angels will bear you up.” But the Savior answered: “You shall not tempt the Lord, your God,” reminding Satan, and us, that God never saves us against our will, but only when we cooperate with His grace.

This temptation came not from the flesh, but from the world, which so many times has said to us: “Cast yourself down on the rocks of sin; abandon yourself to God; God is merciful; He will bear you up; there is plenty of time for repentance; God will take care of you.” And many times we, unlike the Master, have given in to such whisperings. We have sinned by presumption, then made a half-hearted resolution to amend our lives. and then we sinned again.

Prayer

Dear Savior, by this your second fall, you atoned for my excessive love of the world and for the many times I abused your mercy and goodness as an excuse for sinning again. By lifting yourself up again, you have merited for me the grace of lifting myself up once more and continuing the journey with you to Calvary. Free me from the spirit of the world. Let me see that it profits me nothing to gain the whole world and lose my immortal soul. You have told me that the world will hate me if I love you. I ask that I may be consoled by the memory that it has hated you before it hated me.

P: Lord Jesus, Crucified! **A:** Have Mercy on us!

*O thou Mother! fount of love!
Touch my spirit from above;
Make my heart with thine accord.*

*Make me feel as thou hast felt;
Make my soul to glow and melt,
With the love of Christ my Lord.*

THE EIGHTH STATION



Jesus Meets the Weeping Women of Jerusalem

P: We adore you, O Christ, and we praise you.

A: Because by your holy Cross you have redeemed the world!

Meditation

Of all things on earth, what we know least is ourselves. We know the sins and the defects of others a thousand times better than we know our own. We see immediately the mote in our neighbor's eye, but not the beam in our own eyes.

That great truth was illuminated on the way to Calvary.

The pious women of Jerusalem, quite unafraid to show their piety before impious men, saw only the suffering Jesus whom they loved; they did not see the loving Christ who suffered for them. They sympathized with His pain, but they did not see themselves as the cause of that pain. It was their sins — and ours as well — which He took upon Himself. and, as if to bring that truth home to us all, there welled up from the depths of His Sacred Heart these words: “Weep not for me, but weep for yourselves and your children.”

Prayer

O Jesus, let me see the connection between my sins and your Calvary. Let me not weep for you *apart from* me, but for you *on account of* me. Let me see that if I had been less proud, the crown of thorns would have been less piercing; that if I had been less selfish, the cross would have been less heavy; that if I had been less sinful, the road to Calvary would have been shorter. Give me the grace to weep for my sins. And may my fountain of tears become, through the example of your love, a fountain of everlasting joy.

P: Lord Jesus, Crucified! **A:** Have Mercy on us!

*Holy Mother! pierce me through;
In my heart each wound renew
Of my Savior crucified.*

THE NINTH STATION

Jesus Falls for the Third Time



P: We adore you, O Christ, and we praise you.

A: Because by your holy Cross you have redeemed the world!

Meditation

The third temptation on the mount was not temptation by the flesh or by the world, but by the devil himself. Satan asked our blessed Lord to fall down and adore him, promising to give Him all of earth's kingdoms. But Jesus said to him, "The Lord your God shall you adore, and Him alone shall you serve."

There have been countless occasions in our lives when we have exchanged the priceless treasure of divine grace for some passing toy or pleasure. Unlike Christ, we have believed the devil's lies and traded away eternity for time, peace for remorse, and our freedom as children of God for the terrible slavery of sin. And each time we have learned that while Satan promises a kingdom of pleasure, he actually gives only a wasteland of unhappiness and pain.

Prayer

Many times, dear Jesus, I promised you after having fallen to temptation by the flesh and the world that I would never fall again. Your third fall, dear Jesus, is a witness that I have indeed fallen time and again by the snares of the devil. But by rising, you have given me another reason to hope. You have taught me that there are two kinds of person I can be: a person who falls down and stays down, or a person who falls but gets up again. By this, your third fall, you purchased for me the grace of rising again each time I fall. The devil would give up the world to make me his own. You gave up your very life to keep me for yourself, to show me that I am worth saving.

P: Lord Jesus, Crucified! **A:** Have Mercy on us!

*Let me share with thee His pain,
Who for all my sins was slain,
Who for me in torments died.*

THE TENTH STATION



Jesus is Stripped of His Garments

P: We adore you, O Christ, and we praise you.

A: Because by your holy Cross you have redeemed the world!

Meditation

God's dealing with humanity has been a continuous process kept in motion by His overflowing goodness. The first overflowing was in giving things existence, and that was Creation. The second overflowing was in His telling us the secret of His love for us, and that was Revelation. Finally, this love that has no limits resulted in the Incarnation. As Saint Paul wrote, God "emptied Himself," cast His glory into the background, and took upon Himself the human form and habit of a man.

Now, on the hill called Calvary, Jesus willed not only to empty Himself of His divine glory, but to abandon His claim to any earthly possessions. He, the Heavenly Vagabond who had nowhere to lay His head, was stripped of His garments, so that in death He might have nothing, but give all.

Prayer

Jesus, my Savior, if you emptied yourself so that I could have divine life, did you not intend that I should be filled with it? Grant, then, dear Jesus, that I may empty myself of selfishness so that I may be filled with your selflessness; that I may empty myself of sin and be filled with your graces; and that I may empty myself of earthliness and be filled with heavenliness. Strip from me the garments of the world and clothe me in the white robe of baptism. Through poverty in earthly things, make me rich in spirit. Strengthen me so that I may welcome sacrifice and accept bodily suffering as my way of repaying you for, and joining you in, the merit of your Passion.

P: Lord Jesus, Crucified! **A:** Have Mercy on us!

*Let me mingle tears with thee,
Mourning Him who mourned for me,
All the days that I may live.*

THE ELEVENTH STATION

Jesus is Nailed to the Cross



P: We adore you, O Christ, and we praise you.

A: Because by your holy Cross you have redeemed the world!

Meditation

Our blessed Lord mounts His pulpit for the last time.

This time, it is not Peter's boat or the Galilean hills, but the pulpit of the Cross. Like the words He shall utter from it, this pulpit will itself be eloquent even when time shall end.

The Preacher is the living Word of God. The congregation is made up of soldiers who play at dice for his seamless garment, of unbelievers whose mouths are trumpets of hate and blasphemy, and of three faithful ones, Mary, Magdalen, and John. Those three faithful ones are the three types of souls always to be found beneath the Cross; they represent innocence, penitence, and priesthood.

The last words of Jesus are spoken first on behalf of the mockers and blasphemers: "Forgive them, for they know not what they do." Next, to sinners: "This day you shall be with me in paradise." And finally, to saints: "Mother, behold your son."

Prayer

Dear Jesus, the words you spoke from the Cross reveal your tremendous thirst for the salvation of all your human creatures. From your example I begin to see what love really is, and to become aware how often I have crucified Love. Your hands, raised to bless me, I have nailed fast. Your feet, which have sought me when I was caught in the snares of sin, I have pierced with an iron stake. Your lips, which have so often called me from the paths of wickedness, I have blistered with dust. Your words of forgiveness I am only now beginning to hear. And I am beginning to understand that when I have pierced your heart, it was my own that I was slaying. So now I return to the Cross, the chalice of all miseries, the hope of nearly hopeless sinners. I stand beneath your Cross, O Lord, so that I can learn that it takes little time to become a saint, but much love. And I understand, now, that if I had never sinned, I could never call you "Savior."

P: Lord Jesus, Crucified! **A:** Have Mercy on us!

*By the Cross with thee to stay;
There with thee to weep and pray;
Is all I ask of thee to give.*

THE TWELFTH STATION



Jesus Dies on the Cross

P: We adore you, O Christ, and we praise you.

A: Because by your holy Cross you have redeemed the world!

Meditation

The great funeral pyre of suffering gradually burns itself out, and the blood of the God-man dries on the wood of the Cross, as a sign of His passing. His garments are consigned to His executioners, His blood to the earth, His body to the grave, His mother to John, and His soul to His Heavenly Father. Having finished the last word of His testament, He bows His head and dies. His spirit descends into Sheol, and His escort there is a thief. All is finished now. God has had His revenge on Satan and sin.

Three things cooperated in the fall of the human race: the disobedient man, Adam; the proud woman, Eve; and the tree. To restore that grace to us, God relied on the obedient man, Christ; the humbled woman, Mary; and the tree of the Cross. But at the moment of Christ's death, His triumph was still hidden from human eyes. A mocking voice cried out, "Others He saved. Himself He cannot save."

Prayer

O Jesus, how truly you have taught us: no man can save himself if he is to save another. Your weakness in the face of death was but a sign of the obedience that the law of sacrifice requires. The acorn cannot save itself if it is to become the oak. So it seems, dear Jesus, that you could not save yourself from death if you were to save us from sin. May I have an everlasting love for the redemption you have won for me. And may I always remember that by accepting my own Cross in this life, I will — oh, strangest of paradoxes — save my life for eternity.

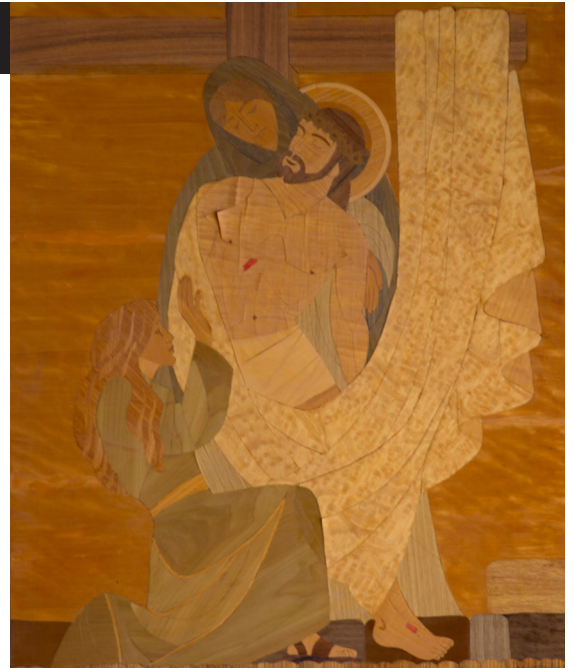
P: Lord Jesus, Crucified! **A:** Have Mercy on us!

*Virgin of all virgins best,
Listen to my fond request:
Let me share thy grief divine.*

*Let me, to my latest breath,
In my body bear the death
Of that dying Son of thine.*

THE THIRTEENTH STATION

Jesus is Taken Down from the Cross



P: We adore you, O Christ, and we praise you.

A: Because by your holy Cross you have redeemed the world!

Meditation

More than thirty years earlier, Jesus had left His Father's heavenly home and traveled to this world. We may think of Him as God's Prodigal Son, who went off to a foreign country and spent Himself for the good of the people of that country. He opened their blind eyes to God's light, and He opened their ears to the words of the Gospel. Finally, on a small mound of earth called Calvary, He gave away the substance of His body and blood on behalf of that sinful people.

Taken down from the cross of execution, His body was placed in the arms of His mother, who still recalled the first time she held Him in her arms at Bethlehem. Is it possible that she recalled also that the pierced hands of Jesus had once been warmed by the breath of oxen? Is it possible that her eyes filled with new tears as she remembered that she had once nourished His body with food from her own?

Prayer

Yes, Mary, this is not Bethlehem, but Calvary. Those hands that once accepted the gifts of the Magi have now been pierced with rude nails. That brow on which divine majesty made its throne is now wearing a crown of piercing thorns. Those infant feet that were once too small to bear the weight of divine omnipotence are now again unable to walk. Between Bethlehem and Calvary, dear Mary, lies the chasm of sin. Be my intercessor at the throne of justice and mercy, O Mother of Sorrows and Help of Sinners. I come now to you, Mary, as a repentant prodigal, wishing to draw from your heart the seven swords.

P: Lord Jesus, Crucified! **A:** Have Mercy on us!

*Wounded with His every wound,
Steep my soul till it hath swoon'd,
In His very blood away.*

*Be to me, O virgin, nigh,
Lest in flames I burn and die,
In His awful Judgment day.*



THE FOURTEENTH STATION

Jesus is Laid in the Holy Sepulcher

P: We adore you, O Christ, and we praise you.

A: Because by your holy Cross you have redeemed the world!

Meditation

The world showed little hospitality to our blessed Lord, who is Master of life and death.

For His birth, there was available only a rough-and ready shelter for animals. For death, He was given the hard bed of the cross, with a crown of thorns as a pillow — and His hands and feet were tucked into that bed with nails.

The glory of His birth was hidden in the least of the cities of Israel. The meaning of His death was hidden from human eyes in the greatest city of this world.

Born in a stranger's cave, buried in a stranger's grave: thus did Christ teach us that human birth and human death were equally foreign to Him. For those things are foreign to God.

Prayer

Sweet Jesus, now I understand —as your lifeless body is placed in the tomb of a stranger — that the law of life is also the law of death, that everything that lives must also die, and that nothing dies without something coming into life. You have shown me by your life that unless there is a Cross, there can be no empty tomb; unless there is a crown of thorns, there can be no heavenly crown; and unless the body be scourged, it can never be glorified. With the joy of your Resurrection before me, I ask for the strength to endure my Cross and to share in your suffering, until that next resurrection day, when, in the heavenly Jerusalem, all tears shall be wiped away. I pray also, O Lord, for all whom this world rejects, and to whom it denies any hospitality: welcome them, my Savior, into your kingdom, where you reign forever and ever. Amen.

P: Lord Jesus, Crucified! **A:** Have Mercy on us!

*Christ, when Thou shalt call me hence,
Be Thy Mother my defense,
Be Thy cross my victory.*

*While my body here decays,
May my soul Thy goodness praise,
Safe in Paradise with Thee.*

PRAYER AFTER THE WAY OF THE CROSS

Dear Jesus,

You are the living Word of God.

You have told us that the Word of God is a seed that brings forth life only if it falls to the ground.

You are the seed of everlasting life, and you fell to the earth by your death on that first Good Friday. But you rose to glorious life on that first Easter, and await us in your heavenly kingdom.

Grant that on the last day, when you come again in glory upon the clouds of heaven to judge the living and the dead, bearing your Cross as the sign of your triumph over sin and death, I may be able to show you my Cross and hear you say: "Come, you blessed of my Father, into the kingdom prepared for you from all eternity." Amen.

CONCLUDING HYMN

Lift High the Cross

Refrain

Lift high the cross, the love of Christ pro - claim,

Till all the world a - dore His sac - red Name.

Verse

1. Come, breth - ren, fol - low where our Cap - tain trod,
2. Led on their way by this tri - um - phant sign,
3. Each new - born ser - vant of the Cru - ci - fied
4. This is the sign which Sa - tan's le - gions fear
5. Saved by this Cross where - - - on their Lord was slain,

To Refrain

our King vic - tor - ious, Christ the Son of God.
The hosts of God in con - quering ranks com - bine.
Bears on the brow the seal of Him Who died.
and an - gels veil their fa - ces to re - vere.
the sons of A - dam their lost home re - gain.

6. From north and south, from east and west they raise
in growing unison their songs of praise. Refrain

7. O Lord, once lifted on the glorious tree,
as thou hast promised, draw the world to thee. Refrain

8. So shall our song of triumph ever be:
Praise to the Crucified for victory. Refrain

9. Let every race and every language tell
of him who saves our souls from death and hell. Refrain

10. From farthest regions let their homage bring,
and on his Cross adore their Savior King. Refrain

11. Set up thy throne, that earth's despair may cease
beneath the shadow of its healing peace. Refrain

12. For thy blest Cross which doth for all atone
creation's praises rise before thy throne. Refrain

ישוע בן עמרם מלך יהודים
IHSOVS NAZOVS BATHAEME IOYALICN
IESVS NAZARENVS REX IVDÆORVM

