

Praying the Stations
with
Mary, the Mother of Jesus



Richard Furey.

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.

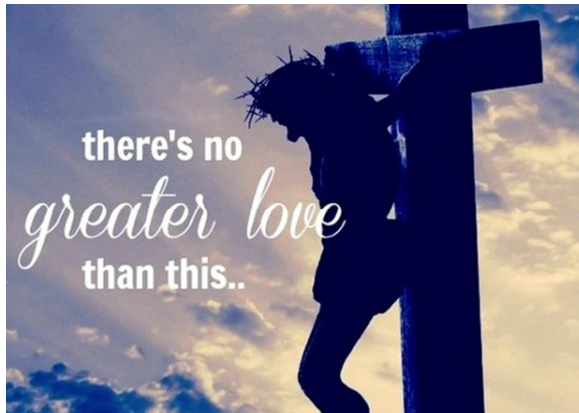
At the end of each reflection we say:

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.

Mary I could only be most grateful for the sacrifice of my son for us.

Speaks: Yet, what emptiness I felt trying to live without him whom I loved so!

But, only two days later that emptiness

was filled beyond belief– he had Risen!

Our Saviour had opened the doors to a new life.

This is the way it had to be– because his undying love for you

would not stop at anything less.

I could rejoice forever, but not in silence.

I reply: My Saviour, thank you!

Thank you for such endless love that helps me to rise out of my sinfulness.

I will try again to live a better life.

Help me always to remember that love.

Mary, Mother of our risen Saviour, teach me to be like you,

and in my love for others, love him in return.

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.

Isn't the Way of the Cross the way of every person's life? Doesn't every life have suffering, falls, hurts, rejections, condemnations, death, burial..... And resurrection?

It has been a Catholic tradition through the centuries to meditate on the Way of the Cross, so that it becomes our way of life.

Mary, the Mother of Jesus, made that first Way of the Cross. These stations attempt to present that viewpoint. In this booklet we see through Mary's eyes what Jesus was going through on the way to Calvary. Then we try to make practical applications to our own lives.

This booklet and these words are not the heart of the matter; the heart of the matter is to go deeper into the sufferings of Christ so that we might come out of this spiritual journey with an appreciation of what Christ did for us, and a deeper love for him and for our brothers and sisters.



The First Station: Jesus is condemned to death.

Mary It was early Friday morning when I saw my son.

Speaks: That was the first glimpse I had of him since they took him away.

His bruised and bleeding skin sent a sword of pain deep into my heart
and tears down my cheeks.

Then Pilate, from his chair of judgement, asked the crowd why
they wanted my son executed. All around me they shouted, "Crucify him!"

I wanted to plead with them to stop, but I knew this had to be.

So I stood by and cried silently.

I reply: Lord Jesus, it is hard for me to imagine

The anguish your Mother felt at your condemnation.

But what about today, when I hold a grudge? "Crucify him!"

When I judge others "Crucify him!"

Doesn't this bring tears of anguish to both you and your Mother?

Forgive me, Jesus.

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 placed in the tomb.

Mary We brought Jesus' body to a tomb

Speaks: and I arranged it there myself,
silently weeping, silently rejoicing.

I took one more look at my loving son,
and then walked away.

They closed the tomb and before I left, I thought,
I knew this had to be..... It had to be for you!

I would wait in faith, silently.

I reply: Yes, my Lord, this had to be because you love me,
and for no other reason.

All you ask is that I live a good life.

You never said such a life would be easy.

I am willing to leave sin behind and live for you alone,
in my brothers and sisters.

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.

Mary The crowd has gone; the noise has stopped.

Speaks: I stood quietly with one of Jesus' friends
and looked up at the dead body
of our Saviour, my son.

Then two men took the body from the cross
and placed it in my arms.

A deep sorrow engulfed my being.

Yet, I also felt deep joy.

Life had ended cruelly for my son,
but it had also brought life to all of us.

I knew this had to be, and I prayed silently.

I reply: Lord, your passion has ended.

Yet, it still goes on
whenever I choose sin over you.

I have played my part in your crucifixion
and now, my Saviour,

I beg your forgiveness with all my heart.

Help me to live a life worthy of you
and your Mother.

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.

Mary Regaining a little strength,

Speaks: I walk with the crowds to the entrance of the square

A door flew open and my Son stumbled out,
the guards laughing at him.

Two men dragged over a heavy wooden cross
and dropped it on his shoulders.

Then they shoved him down the road.

My pain for him was unbearable.

I wanted to take the cross from him and carry it myself.

But I knew this had to be, so I walked on silently.

I reply: Lord Jesus,

I beg you to forgive me for the many times

I have added more weight to your cross by closing my eyes
to the pain and loneliness of my neighbour.

Forgive me for gossiping and for always trying to find excuses
to avoid certain people who wish to talk with me.

Help me to be like Mary,

always seeking to lighten the crosses of others.

Forgive me, Jesus.

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.

Mary I followed close behind my son as he stumbled toward Calvary.

Speaks: Nothing ever hurt me more than to see him in such pain.

I saw the cross digging into his shoulders.

My heart dropped when I saw him fall face to the ground,
the heavy cross landing squarely on his back.

For a moment I thought my beloved son was dead.

Now, my whole body began to tremble.

Then the guards kicked him.

He rose slowly and began to walk again,
yet still they whipped him.

I wanted to protect him with my own body.

But, I knew this had to be, so I walked on and wept silently.

I reply: Lord, how often have I seen you fall,
and unlike Mary, have left you there without concern?
How often have I seen people make mistakes and laugh at them?
How often do I find myself getting angry
when someone does things differently than I?
Mary offered you her support through your entire passion.
Help me to do the same for you by the support I give to others.
Lord have mercy on me.

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 on the cross.

Mary What greater pain is there for a mother

Speaks: than to see her son die right before her eyes!

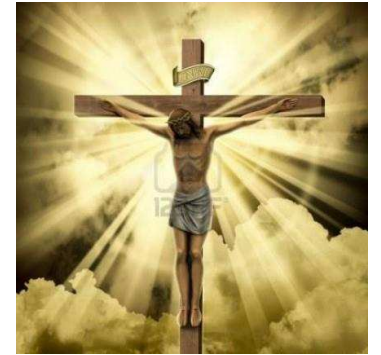
I, who had brought this Saviour into the world
and watched him grow,

stood helplessly beneath his cross
as he lowered his head and died.

His earthly anguish was finished,
but mine was greater than ever.

Yet this had to be
and I had to accept it.

So I stood by and I mourned silently.



I reply: My Jesus, have mercy on me
For what my sins have done to you and to others.
I thank you for your great act of love.
You have said that true love is laying down your life
for your friends.
Let me always be your friend.
Teach me to live my life for others, and not fail you again.

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 nailed to the cross.

Mary As they threw Jesus on the cross,

Speaks: he willingly allowed himself to be nailed.

As they punctured his hands and his feet

I felt the pain in my heart.

Then they lifted up the cross.

There he was, my son, whom I love so much,

being scorned as he struggled

for the last few moments of his earthly life.

But I knew this had to be, so I stood by and prayed silently.

I reply: Lord, what pain you endured for me.

And what pain your mother went through,

seeing her only son die for love of me!

Yet, both you and she are ready to forgive me

as soon as I repent of my sin.

Help me, Lord, to turn away from my sinfulness.

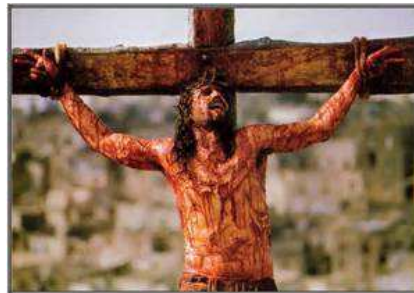
R/ I love you Jesus.....

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.

Mary I managed to break through the crowds

Speaks: and was walking side by side with my son.

I called to him through the shouting voices.

He stopped.

Our eyes met, mine full of tears of anguish,

his full of pain and confusion.

I felt helpless; then his eyes said to me,

“Courage! There is a purpose for this.”

As he stumbled on, I knew he was right.

So I followed and prayed silently.

I reply: Lord Jesus, forgive me the many times our eyes met

and I turned mine away.

Forgive me the times things did not go my way

and I let everyone know about it.

Forgive me the times I brooded over little inconveniences

or became discouraged and did not heed your call to courage!

Yes, Lord, our eyes have met many times, but fruitlessly.

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.

Mary I could now see almost complete helplessness on the face of my son

Speaks: as he tried to carry his heavy load.

Each step looked as if it would be his last.

I felt his every pain in my heart and I wanted the whole thing to end.

Then I noticed some commotion near Jesus.

The guards had pulled a protesting man from the crowd.

They forced him to pick up the back of the cross

to help lighten my son's load.

He asked the guards why this had to be.

I knew, and so followed silently.

I reply: Lord Jesus, I have many times refused to help you.

I have been a selfish person who has often questioned your word.

Don't let me remain like Simon,

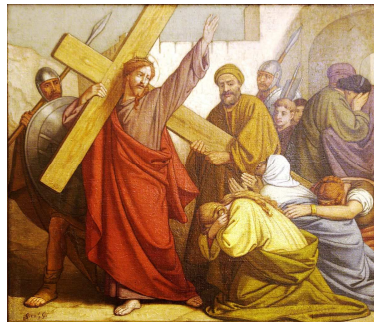
but help me to be like your Mother, Mary,

who always silently followed and obeyed.

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.

Mary With my son finally relieved of the weight of the cross,

Speaks: I thought he would have a chance to rest.

But the guards immediately started to rip his clothes
off his blood-clotted skin.

The sight of my son in such pain was unbearable.

Yet, since I knew this had to be,

I stood by and cried silently.

I reply: Lord, in my own way I too have stripped you.

I have taken away the good name of another by foolish talk,
and have stripped people of human dignity by my prejudice.

Jesus, there are so many ways I have offended you
through the hurt I have caused others.

Help me to see you in all people.

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.

Mary This fall of Jesus was agony to me.

Speaks: Not only had he fallen on the rocky ground again,
but now he was almost at the top of the hill of crucifixion.
The soldiers screamed at him and abused him,
almost dragging him the last few steps.
My heart pounded as I imagined what they would do to him next.
But, I knew this had to be,
so I climbed the hill silently behind him.

I reply: My loving Jesus, I know that many times
I have offered my hand to help people
but when it became inconvenient or painful to me
I left them, making excuses for myself.
Help me, Lord, to be like your Mother, Mary,
and never take my supporting hand
away from those who need it.

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.

Mary As I continued close by Jesus,

Speaks: a woman pushed past the guards,
took off her veil
and began to wipe my son's sweating, bloody face.
The guards immediately pulled her back.
Her face seemed to say,
"Why are you doing this to him?"
I knew.
So I walked on in faith, silently.

I reply: Lord, this woman gave you the best she could.
On the other hand, I have wanted to take more than I give.
So many opportunities arise every day for me to give to you
by giving to others– but I pass them by.
My Saviour, never let me ask why again,
but help me to give all I have to you.

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.

Mary Again, my son fell,

Speaks: and again my grief was overwhelming

at the thought that he might die.

I started to move toward him, but the soldiers prevented me.

He rose and stumbled ahead slowly. Seeing my son fall,

get up again, and continue on, was bitter anguish to me.

But since I knew this had to be, I walked on silently.

I reply: Lord, of all people

Mary was your most faithful follower,

never stopping in spite of all the pain she felt for you.

I have many times turned away from you by my sins

and have caused others to turn away from you.

I beg you to have mercy on me.

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.

Mary I was walking a few steps behind Jesus when I saw him stop.

Speaks: Some women were there crying for him and pitying him.

He told them not to shed tears for him.

They had the opportunity to accept him as the Messiah;

like many others, they rejected him instead.

He told them to shed tears for themselves,

tears that would bring their conversion.

They did not see the connection

between that and his walk to death.

I did, and as he walked on, I followed silently.

I reply: My Saviour, many times have I acted like these women,

always seeing the faults of others and pitying them.

Yet, very rarely have I seen my own sinfulness

and asked your pardon.

Lord, you have taught me through these women.

Forgive me, Lord, for my blindness.

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.

