

Everyone's Way of the Cross
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Ave Maria Press
Notre Dame, IN
www.avemariapress.com

Introduction

Christ speaks:

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
by My death.
Your fourteen steps
will only be complete
when you have crowned them
by your life.

***WE SING: At the cross her station keeping,
stood the mournful Mother weeping,
close to Jesus to the last.***

THE FIRST STATION: JESUS IS CONDEMNED

KNEEL

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

Assembly: Because by your holy cross you
have redeemed the world.

STAND

Christ speaks:

In Pilate's hands, my other self,
I see my Father's will.
Though Pilate is unjust,
He has earthly power over me.

And so the Son of God obeys.

If I can bow to my Father's will,
can you also submit, even in the face of
injustice?

I reply:

My Jesus, Lord,
Obedience cost you your life.
For me it cost 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 alone whom I
obey.
Lord, it is you.

***WE SING: Through her heart,
His sorrow sharing,
all His bitter anguish bearing,
now at length the sword has passed.***

THE SECOND STATION: JESUS TAKES HIS CROSS

KNEEL

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

Assembly: Because by your holy cross you have redeemed the world.

STAND

Christ speaks:

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.

I reply:

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

***WE SING: O how sad and sore distressed,
was the Mother highly blest,
of the sole begotten One.***

THE THIRD STATION: JESUS FALLS THE FIRST TIME

KNEEL

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

Assembly: Because by your holy cross you have redeemed the world.

STAND

Christ speaks:

The God who made the universe, 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 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,
but give me strength
to struggle after you.

***WE SING: Christ above in torment hangs,
she beneath beholds the pangs,
of her dying, glorious Son.***

THE FOURTH STATION: JESUS MEETS HIS MOTHER

KNEEL

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

Assembly: Because by your holy cross you have redeemed the world.

STAND

Christ speaks:

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.

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 unto good.

WE SING: *Is there one who would not weep,
whelmed in miseries so deep,
Christ's dear mother to behold?*

THE FIFTH STATION: SIMON HELPS JESUS

KNEEL

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

Assembly: Because by your holy cross you have redeemed the world.

STAND

Christ speaks:

My strength is gone;
I can no longer bear the cross alone.
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's awful weight
that crushes me.

I reply:

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.

WE SING: *Can the human heart refrain,
from partaking in her pain,
in that Mother's pain untold?*

THE SIXTH STATION: VERONICA HELPS
JESUS

KNEEL

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

Assembly: Because by your holy cross you
have redeemed the world.

STAND

Christ speaks:

Can you be brave enough, my other self,
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 and act in me and love in
me.
And not in me alone – in all of us-
So that we may reveal no more your bloody
But your glorious face on earth.

WE SING: Bruised, derided,
cursed, defiled,
she beheld her tender Child,
all with bloody scourges rent.

THE SEVENTH STATION: JESUS FALLS A
SECOND TIME

KNEEL

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

Assembly: Because by your holy cross you
have redeemed the world.

STAND

Christ speaks:

This seventh step, my other self,
Is one that tests your will.
From this fall learn to preserve in doing
good.

The time will come
When all your efforts seem to fail
and you think,
“I can't go on.”
Then turn to me,
my heavy-laden one,
and I will give you rest.
Trust 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.

WE SING: For the sins of His own nation,
saw Him hang in desolation,
till His spirit forth he sent.

THE EIGHTH STATION: JESUS CONSOLES THE WOMEN

KNEEL

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

Assembly: Because by your holy cross you have redeemed the world.

STAND

Christ speaks:

How often had 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 their 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 learn.
When I would snap at those who hurt me
with their ridicule,
those who misunderstand, or hinder me
with some unguided helpfulness,
those who intrude upon my privacy-
then help me curb my tongue.
May gentleness become my cloak.
Lord, make me kind like you.

***WE SING: O thou Mother fount of love,
touch my spirit from above,
make my heart from thine accord.***

THE NINTH STATION: JESUS FALLS A THIRD TIME

KNEEL

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

Assembly: Because by your holy cross you have redeemed the world.

STAND

Christ speaks:

Completely drained of strength
I lie, 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 my other self,
Your body may be broken, but no force on
earth
And none 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.

***WE SING: Make me feel as thou has felt;
make my soul to glow and melt,
with the love of Christ, my Lord.***

THE TENTH STATION: JESUS IS STRIPPED OF
HIS CLOTHES

KNEEL

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

Assembly: Because by your holy cross you
have redeemed the world.

STAND

Christ speaks:

Behold, my other self,
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 it all-
My Father's love.

If you, too, would own everything,
be not solicitous about your food, your
clothes your life.

I reply:

My Lord,
I offer you my all-
whatever I possess, and more, myself.
Detach me from the craving for prestige,
position, wealth.
Root out of me
all trace of envy of my neighbor who has
more than I.
Release from me 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.

WE SING: *Holy Mother,
pierce me through,
in my heart each wound renew,
of my Savior crucified.*

THE ELEVENTH STATION: JESUS IS
CRUCIFIED

KNEEL

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

Assembly: Because by your holy cross you
have redeemed the world.

STAND

Christ speaks:

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.

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.

WE SING: *Let me share with thee His pain,
who for all my sins was slain,
who for me in torment died.*

THE TWELVE STATION: JESUS DIES

KNEEL

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

Assembly: Because by your holy cross you have redeemed the world.

STAND

Christ speaks:

The cross becomes a pulpit –
“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.

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.

WE SING: *Let me mingle tears with thee,
mourning Him who mourned for me,
all the days that I may live.*

THE THIRTEENTH STATION: JESUS IS TAKEN DOWN FROM THE CROSS

KNEEL

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

Assembly: Because by your holy cross you have redeemed the world.

STAND

Christ speaks:

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

WE SING: *By the cross with thee to stay;
there with thee to weep and pray,
all I ask of thee to give.*

THE FOURTEENTH STATION: JESUS IS
BURIED

KNEEL

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

Assembly: Because by your holy cross you
have redeemed the world.

STAND

Christ speaks:

So ends my mortal life.

But now another life begins
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 sufferings you could not bear,
the works of love you could not do
in your short time on earth,
let me impart, and bear, and do
through you.

But I am nothing, Lord. Help me!

***WE SING: Virgin of all Virgins blest!
Listen to my fond request:
Let me share thy grief divine.***

CONCLUSION

Christ speaks:

I told you at the start, my other self,
my life was not complete
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
complete your way.