# CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Station</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>FIRST STATION</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesus is Condemned to Death</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SECOND STATION</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesus Accepts the Cross from His Executioners</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THIRD STATION</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesus Falls for the First Time Under the Cross</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FOURTH STATION</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesus Meets Mary Most Holy</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FIFTH STATION</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Simon the Cyrene Helps Jesus to Carry the Cross</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SIXTH STATION</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Veronica Wipes the Face of Jesus</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SEVENTH STATION</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesus Falls for the Second Time</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>EIGHTH STATION</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesus Speaks to the Daughters of Jerusalem</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NINTH STATION</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesus Falls the Third Time</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TENTH STATION</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesus is Stripped of His Garments</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ELEVENTH STATION</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesus is Nailed to the Cross</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TWELFTH STATION</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesus Dies on the Cross</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THIRTEENTH STATION</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesus is Laid in the Arms of His Mother</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FOURTEENTH STATION</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesus is Laid in the Tomb</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Thine enemies conspire against Thee, Lord. With little effort, they instigate the ungrateful populace, now seething with hatred, against Thee. Unwarranted, furious, implacable hatred surrounds Thee everywhere. It envelopes Thee like a dense cloud. It assails Thee like a dark, cold storm. Not satisfied with humiliating Thee, covering Thee with shame, and heaping Thee with bitterness, Thine enemies hate Thee so much that they can no longer bear Thy presence among the living and want Thy death. They want to silence the language of Thine examples and the wisdom of Thy teachings. They want Thee dead, annihilated, destroyed. Only then will the clamor of hatred within their hearts...
be stilled.

Centuries before Thy birth, the Prophet had already foreseen the hatred that the light of Thy truths and the divine brilliance of Thy virtues would arouse: “O my people, what have I done to thee, or in what have I molested thee?” (Mich. 6:3). And, interpreting Thy sentiments, the Sacred Liturgy exclaims to the faithful of then and now: “What more should I have done for thee and did not do? Behold I have planted thee as My choicest and most precious vine, and thou hast become very bitter unto Me, for thou hast quenched My thirst with vinegar, and with a lance thou hast pierced thy Savior’s side” (Improperio).

So strong was the hatred against Thee that Rome’s very authority, which judged the whole world, fell back disheartened, retreating and faltering before the hatred of those who, without any cause, wanted to kill Thee. Roman haughtiness, victorious on the Rhine, the Danube, the Nile, and the Mediterranean, now drowned in Pilate’s basin.

“Christianus alter Christus,” a Christian is another Christ. If we were really Christians, that is, really Catholics, we would be other Christs. Inevitably, the gust of hatred that was raised against Thee will also blow against us, furiously.

And, Lord, how it blows! Pity and strengthen, O my God, the poor schoolboy who suffers the hatred of his classmates in the terrible form of mockery, isolation, and contempt because he honors Thy name, and refuses to profane the innocence of his lips with impure words. Fortify, O my God, the student who hesitates to proclaim Thy name in class before a wicked professor and a group of jeering classmates. Toughen, O my God, the young woman who would proclaim Thy name, by refusing to wear the clothes that clash, by their extravagance or immorality, with a true Catholic’s dignity. Confirm, O my God, the intellectuals who see the doors of fame and glory shut before them because they
proclaim Thy doctrine and profess Thy name. Strengthen, O my God, the apostle who suffers the enemy’s merciless assault and hostility upon Thy Church because he does not consent to the weakness and the one-sidedness with which the so-called “prudent” accept the world’s tolerance for their apostolate.

Oh, my God, how wise are Thine enemies! In the language of these so-called “prudent” ones, they read between the lines that Thou dost not hate evil, error, or darkness. And so they applaud the prudent according to the flesh, as they would have applauded Thee in Jerusalem instead of killing Thee had Thou addressed the Sanhedrin in the same language.

Lord, strengthen us: We do not want to strike deals, to retreat, to compromise, to weaken, to allow them to deface the divine integrity of Thy doctrine on our lips. If a wave of unpopularity breaks upon us, may our prayer always be that from Sacred Scripture: “I have chosen to be an abject in the house of my God, rather than to dwell in the tabernacle of sinners” (Ps. 83:11).

Our Father. Hail Mary. Glory Be.

V. Have mercy on us, Lord.

R. Have mercy on us.

V. May the souls of the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace.

R. Amen.
SECOND STATION
Jesus Accepts the Cross from His Executioners

V. We adore Thee, O Christ, and we bless Thee.
R. Because by Thy holy Cross Thou hast redeemed the world.

But, Lord, this takes patience, the type of patience whereby with folded arms and resigned heart one allows the flood to fall upon one’s head. Patience is a virtue whereby one suffers for a greater good. Patience is the capacity to suffer for good. Those who are crushed by an incurable illness and accept with resignation the pain it imposes need patience. Those who bend over for the pains of others, imitating Thee as Thou consoled those who sought Thee, need patience. Those who dedicate themselves to the apostolate with invincible charity and who lovingly attract to Thee those souls who vacillate in the paths of heresy, or in the swamp of concupiscence, need patience. The cru-
sader who takes the cross and battles the Holy Church’s enemies, needs patience.

Lord, Thou were a model of patience. However, Thy patience did not consist in dying, crushed beneath the Cross as it was laid upon Thee. A pious revelation says that when Thou received Thy Cross from the executioners’ hands Thou kissed it lovingly and, taking it upon Thy shoulders, Thou carried it to the heights of Golgatha.

Give us, Lord, this capacity for suffering, for suffering greatly, for suffering anything, for suffering heroically, not only for withstanding suffering, but also for going out to meet it, seeking it, and carrying it until the day we receive the crown of eternal victory.

*Our Father. Hail Mary. Glory Be.*

**V.** Have mercy on us, Lord.

**R.** Have mercy on us.

**V.** May the souls of the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace.

**R.** Amen.
It is easy to speak of suffering. It is difficult to suffer. Thou proved this, Lord. How different is Thy divine suffering from the pointless and artificial heroism of so many soldiers of darkness. Thou did not smile in the face of pain. Thou wert not one of those who taught that life is best spent smiling. When Thy time came, Thou trembled. Thou were troubled. Thou sweated blood before the prospect of impending suffering. Yet in this flood of overwhelming and well founded apprehension, is the consecration of Thy heroism. Thou overcame the most imperious cries to recoil, and the most atrocious panic. Everything gave way before Thy human and divine will. But over and above all

V. We adore Thee, O Christ, and we bless Thee.
R. Because by Thy holy Cross Thou hast redeemed the world.
was Thine inflexible determination to accomplish what Thou wert sent for by Thy Father. And when Thou carried Thy Cross along the way of bitterness, thy natural strength gave out once. Thou fell, because Thou had no more strength. Thou did fall, but Thou did not let Thyself fall until it was entirely impossible to go on. Thou fell, but Thou did not retreat. Thou fell, but Thou did not forsake the Cross. Thou kept it with Thee as the visible and tangible expression of Thine intention of carrying it to the heights of Golgatha. O my God, grant us graces, so that, though we may fall beneath the cross during the battle against sin, we never forsake either the way of duty or the arena of the apostolate. Without Thy grace, Lord, we can do absolutely nothing, but if we keep with Thy grace, we can do everything. Lord, we want to keep with Thy grace.

*Our Father. Hail Mary. Glory Be.*

**V.** Have mercy on us, Lord.

**R.** Have mercy on us.

**V.** May the souls of the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace.

**R.** Amen.
FOURTH STATION

Jesus Meets Mary Most Holy

V. We adore Thee, O Christ, and we bless Thee.
R. Because by Thy holy Cross Thou hast redeemed the world.

Carrying the cross means, many times, renunciation. It means renouncing not only the illicit and sinful, but also the licit and the admirable, when these become bad or less than perfect given certain circumstances.

Lord, along the way of Thy Passion, Thou gave a formidable, shining, and admirable example of renouncing the licit. What could be more licit, Lord, than the affection and the attention of Thy Blessed Mother? She wants to console Thee and grieve with Thee. What could be more legitimate than that Thou take Thy time along the sorrowful way to console Thyself and to console her. However, the moment of separation after this quick meeting arrives all too soon. O, the cruel
heartbreak. But it is necessary to separate and go on. Neither she, nor Thee, procrastinate. The sacrifice continues its course, and she remains by the wayside, watching Thee bleeding, tottering painfully in search of the ultimate and supreme sacrifice. Mary’s heart goes out to Thee. She follows Thee with her eyes, watching as Thou went alone, at the mercy of Thy executioners and enemies. Who is there to console Thee? Oh, the irresistible, overpowering impulse to follow Thy steps, to say tender words to Thee, as only she knows how to say, to support Thy Divine body. Oh how she wished that she could place herself between Thee and the executioners and on her knees, as if begging for the most precious of alms, beseech for herself a few of the blows they give Thee, so they will wound Thee a little less, so they will hurt Thy innocent flesh a little less. O Motherly heart, how thou suffered in this decisive moment!

Mothers of priests, missionaries, and religious, when you have felt the weight of such cruel separation, think of Mary Most Holy, who left her Divine Son alone to follow the course that God’s will had set for Him. Ask that she console you in your fortunate sorrow.

There are other abandoned mothers, a thousand times more unfortunate. Mothers of wicked men, of libertines and sinners, they also remain alone, in sorrow’s way, while their children travel the roads of perdition. Beseech Our Lady to console you, to grant you relief and perseverance, and to offer part of the sorrow she suffered at this juncture so that your children may some day return to you. Think of Holy Mary and you will never despair. For your wayward children, Our Lady will be the Stella Maris, the Star of the Sea, leading them to port, sooner or later.

_Our Father. Hail Mary. Glory Be._

_V._ Have mercy on us, Lord.  _R._ Have mercy on us.

_V._ May the souls of the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace.  _R._ Amen.
Simon the Cyrene came from afar. He knew not the nature of the uproar that at times came to him on the wind. A great feast, he thought, such was the laughter, shouts and voices that reached his ears. He drew near. Strong, young, full of life, he was the antithesis of the poor Being dressed in a white tunic—the garment of fools—wearing a crown of thorns, covered with blood and wounds, patiently and slowly dragging His Cross. The contrast inspired the executioners; they seized Simon the Cyrene to help Christ carry the Cross. The Cyrene accepted: at first, perhaps, by constraint, but afterward out of pity. He gained a place in history and, more than this, he conquered the kingdom.
of heaven for himself.

How frequent is this scene! In the course of our life, we see the Church, persecuted, beaten, slandered, hated, weak, vacillating, agonizing, and sometimes even betrayed by many who claim to be children of light; whereas in reality, it is divinely strong, like Jesus. But we, with the eyes of our flesh, see only the weakness. So nearsighted is our Faith, that we discern with difficulty the invincible, divine strength that will preserve the Church forever. To our eyes, it seems that the Church will be defeated and die. Should I put my strength, youth, and enthusiasm in the service of this Persecuted One, this Slandered One, this Defeated One? Of course not! We walk away. We are not Cyrenes. We care only for our interests. We will be prosperous lawyers, rich merchants, prestigious engineers, important doctors, famous journalists, or renowned professors. Only on Judgement Day will we understand what we lost when the Holy Church passed our way, and we did not help!

Apostolate, apostolate, apostolate! Apostolate filled with prayer, imbued with sacrifice. It is thus we must be Cyrenes of the Holy Church.

My Lord, make us as faithful to this grace as Simon the Cyrene himself. O blessed Cyrene, pray for us.

**Our Father. Hail Mary. Glory Be.**

**V.** Have mercy on us, Lord.

**R.** Have mercy on us.

**V.** May the souls of the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace.

**R.** Amen.
V. We adore Thee, O Christ, and we bless Thee.  
R. Because by Thy holy Cross Thou hast redeemed the world.

All of them laughed at Thee; all of them wounded and insulted Thee. Thy divine face, formerly radiantly handsome, is now entirely disfigured. It expresses only sorrow, in its sharpest, most touching form. What could a person wishing to console Thee by taking Thy side and declaring himself Thine expect from this crazed mob? He would attract the hatred, scorn, and humiliation hurled upon Thee. Veronica saw this, but she was not afraid. She drew near Thee. She consoled Thee. And what a divine reward, Thy divine face remained forever fixed upon the veil she used to wipe Thy face.

My God, may my heart console Thee always. Give me strength to console Thee, especially when everyone is ashamed of Thee,
that I may proclaim Thee loudly and clearly as my Divine King. In return, I want nothing but to have Thy face fixed on my heart.

*Our Father. Hail Mary. Glory Be.*

V. Have mercy on us, Lord.  
R. Have mercy on us.

V. May the souls of the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace.  
R. Amen.

**SEVENTH STATION**

*Jesus Falls for the Second Time*

V. We adore Thee, O Christ, and we bless Thee.  
R. Because by Thy holy Cross Thou hast redeemed the world.

Thou fell once again, Divine Lord. How hard is the way of the Cross! It was most hard for Thee. It will also be very hard for Thy followers.
At times all avenues seem blocked, heaven is shrouded, all hope disappears, and dark ghosts fill our imagination. Strength ebbs. We can move no more. Although we fall beneath the Cross, once again we beseech Thee, by Thy Most Sacred Heart, by Thy love for Thy Mother, by the most cruel sorrow Thou suffered in this step, do not allow us to quit the road of suffering and virtue and cast our cross aside. Help us then, my Lord of mercy, for what we want is the entire fulfillment of our duty.

But hear, kind God, the plea of our weakness. By all that Thou suffered, by the superabundance of Thine infinite merits, lessen if possible our suffering, lighten our cross, be Thyself our merciful Cyrene to the full extent that our sanctification and the supreme interests of Thy glory allow. This is what we ask Thee, through the omnipotent intercession of Thy Mother.

**Our Father. Hail Mary. Glory Be.**

V. Have mercy on us, Lord.

R. Have mercy on us.

V. May the souls of the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace.

R. Amen.
Ord, Thou had the comfort of Veronica’s gesture and the price-
less, though heart rending, consolation of Thy Mother. Also
at this step, other women approached Thee. They weep,
moan, and pity Thee!

What were the names of these good women? The Gospel does
not say. How did the soldiers and the mob that martyred Thee
treat them? Again, the Gospel is silent, but had they spoke in
today’s language, they would have jeered, certainly. O, those pious
churchgoers.

Pious churchgoers! How often is this said harshly and scornfully
of those good women who faithfully and consistently are at the foot
of the often abandoned altars and religious ceremonies? Without them, many churches would be empty. Rain or shine, early morning or evening, one finds those churchgoing women walking hurriedly to church since they have work or house duties to return to. They pray, and their prayers are so pleasing that many sinful cities would be much unhappier were it not for those prayers.

Granted, there may be excess, abuse, and misunderstanding about many things. But why generalize the rule? Why look only at the stains, without seeing the light of this persevering and inextinguishable piety? See how much gold there is in this residue! After contemplating these souls and hearing so-called well educated criticism of such simple piety, we feel like saying, “Lord, see how much residue there is in this gold.”

This true, genuine and sincere piety, was already at the foot of the Cross, weeping and moaning.

Lord, accept and bless these prayers that were uttered throughout Thy Passion. Thou gave to these pious women their vocation: “Weep.” Their great vocation is to weep for the chastisements that just and innocent men suffer as a result of collective sins. O Lord, may this weeping, inspired by Thee, fill the churches with truly pious and blessed people. Lord, conquer and attract to Thee all souls by the prayers, example, and words of untiring faithful souls.

Our Father. Hail Mary. Glory Be.

V. Have mercy on us, Lord.
R. Have mercy on us.
V. May the souls of the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace.
R. Amen.
Lord, certain mysteries are not narrated in Thy holy Gospels. Among these, I would like to know if I am mistaken to suppose that Thy third fall was meant to expiate and save the souls of the “prudent.”

Prudence is a virtue whereby we choose the adequate means for obtaining the end we have in mind. Thus, great acts of heroism can be as prudent as strategic retreats. If the goal is to win, advancing is more prudent in ninety percent of the cases than retreating. It is the same within the evangelical virtue of Prudence.

Nevertheless, some understand that prudence consists only in the art of retreating. This systematic and methodical retreat be-
came the only attitude recognized as prudent by many of Thy friends, my Lord.

And because of this they retreat too much. Is the accomplishment of a great work for Thy glory quite painful? Is sanctification very difficult? Does growth in virtue multiply the struggles instead of diminishing them? To avoid great catastrophes, retreat to the quagmire of mediocrity is deemed “prudent.” Is health endangered? Abandon, out of “prudence”, all, or almost all, apostolate, and moderate the interior life, because life was made, above all, to be long. Living long, rather than living well, becomes the ideal. The eulogy would no longer be that of Scripture: “Being made perfect in a short space, he fulfilled a long time” (Wisdom 4:13), but, on the contrary, would be, “he had a long life, for he had the wisdom to renounce occupying himself overmuch in the ways of apostolate and virtue.” Long lives, small works.

How was Thy prudence, O divine Model of all virtues? How many friends would have counseled Thee to desist when Thou fell the first time? The second time, they would be legion. And seeing Thee fall the third time, how many would not abandon Thee scandalized? They would think Thee rash, lacking good sense, and believe Thou to be violating God’s express designs.

May this step of Thy Passion obtain for us graces to be invincibly constant in good, seeing clearly the way to true heroism, which can reach its utmost and loftiest limits without ever being mistaken for a vile and presumptuous temerity.

*Our Father. Hail Mary. Glory Be.*

V. Have mercy on us, Lord.

R. Have mercy on us.

V. May the souls of the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace.

R. Amen.
TENTH STATION
Jesus is Stripped of His Garments

V. We adore Thee, O Christ, and we bless Thee.
R. Because by Thy holy Cross Thou hast redeemed the world.

hou would not be spared this supreme affront, my God. That divinely chaste body that the Blessed Virgin always protected with the clothes and tunics she made for Thee, had to be exposed to all eyes!

My God, how can one not help think, that at this step of Thy Passion, Thou atoned for the sins against chastity? The martyrdom of nakedness is immense for a pure soul. There was a time when, in Carthage, the Christians, who miraculously had overcome the beasts, were subject in the arena to a greater martyrdom. The magistrates ordered them to be exposed naked before the spectators claiming they knew that Christians would, a thou-
sand times, rather be torn by beasts than be thus exposed. And they were right. If the martyrs suffered thus, how didst Thou suffer, my God?

And if Thy divine horror of impurity and immodesty is so great, with what hatred do Thou not hate those who abuse their wealth by propagating indecent fashions, through cinematographic and theatrical presentations, media, and the bad example the rich give to the humble? How do Thou not hate those who abuse their authority by forcing their employees, their daughters, and even their wives to dress indecently, to follow the fantasies of the time? The Gospel says of them: “It were better for them that a millstone should be hanged around their necks, and that they should be drowned in the depth of the sea” (Matt. 18:6).

Grant the necessary courage, my God, to all those who have the obligation to fight immoral fashions—to fathers, mothers, teachers, employers and members of religious associations.

Our Father. Hail Mary. Glory Be.

V. Have mercy on us, Lord.

R. Have mercy on us.

V. May the souls of the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace.

R. Amen.
ELEVENTH STATION

Jesus is Nailed to the Cross

V. We adore Thee, O Christ, and we bless Thee.
R. Because by Thy holy Cross Thou hast redeemed the world.

When Abraham, obeying Thy will, brandished the sacrificial knife over Isaac, Thou stayed, mercifully, the sacrifice. However, Thou did not act thus with Thy Son. On the contrary, Thy sacrifice was offered to the end. After carrying the Cross to the heights of Calvary, Thou are nailed to it.

My Jesus, now the Cross is on the ground and Thou are stretched upon it. Cruelly, the executioners increase Thy pains, now so acute, that without supernatural help Thou wouldst die. But Thy strength grows in the measure of Thy divine mission. Thou will have all that is necessary to accomplish the immolation.

Lord, such a scene is too much for the “prudent”. They retreat,
infected with determinism, they are unaware that God’s grace can multiply the otherwise insignificant strength of the human will. Thus they recoil before evident duty on the excuse of invincible inhibitions, where often there is only a lack of mortification. Thus many spiritual battles are given up and ascribed to honorable loss of war. In the spiritual life, one does not sustain honorable losses. Honor only comes with victory. And winning consists in not abandoning the cross even when one falls beneath it. It consists in persevering amid the apparent failures of external works, amid adversity, in the exhaustion of all strength. It consists in carrying the cross to the heights of Calvary and letting oneself be crucified.

Thou lie upon Thy Cross, O my God. What an apparent failure of the Savior of the world, thrust to the ground like a worm, disfigured like a leper, and crucified like a criminal! My God, how ample and how splendid a victory is the realization of Thy designs despite all these obstacles!

Once again, meditating on Thy Passion, our smallness cries out within us. Take away the chalice from us if it be possible, but if it be indispensable, grant us strength to reach the crucifixion.

**Our Father. Hail Mary. Glory Be.**

_V._ Have mercy on us, Lord.

_R._ Have mercy on us.

_V._ May the souls of the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace.

_R._ Amen.
TWELFTH STATION
Jesus Dies on the Cross

V. We adore Thee, O Christ, and we bless Thee.
R. Because by Thy holy Cross Thou hast redeemed the world.

Thou are no longer on the ground, my God. The Cross was raised slowly, not to exalt Thee, but to make Thine shame, defeat, and extermination known.

Nevertheless, it was the moment to fulfill what Thou had announced: “And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all things to myself” (John 12:32). On Thy Cross, humiliated, wounded and agonizing, Thou begin to reign over the earth. In a prophecy, Thou saw all the pious souls of all ages who came to Thee; the honesty and the modesty of the holy women who partook of Thy sorrow and were sanctified with this spiritual nourishment; Saint Peter and the Apostles’ meditations on Thy
crucifixion; and the meditations of Agnes, Anastasia, Cecilia, Clement, Cletus, Cornelius, Cyprian, Linus, Sixtus, all of the saints whom Thy Providence wanted commemorated, daily, throughout the whole world in the Sacrifice of the Mass, for the oblation of their sanctity was made together with the oblation of Thy crucifixion.

Thou saw the Benedictine missionaries who took Thy cross through Europe’s forests, conquering more lands than the Roman legions ever did. Saint Francis, who adored Thee from Mount Alverne; Saint Ignatius, burning with zeal for the crucifix; uniting around Thee the multitudes of retreat attendants of the Spiritual Exercises; the missionaries propagating Thy Cross throughout the New World; Saint Teresa weeping at Thy feet; Thy Cross shining on royal crowns; and Thou heard Saint Dominic’s preaching. My God, Thy glory began on the Cross, not at the Resurrection. Thy nakedness is a royal mantle. Thy crown of thorns is a priceless diadem, and Thy wounds are Thy royal purple. O Christ the King, how proper to consider Thee on the Cross as a King. But how certain it is that no symbol better expresses the authenticity of this royalty than the historic reality of Thy nakedness, Thy misery, and Thine apparent defeat!

**Our Father. Hail Mary. Glory Be.**

**V.** Have mercy on us, Lord.

**R.** Have mercy on us.

**V.** May the souls of the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace.

**R.** Amen.
The Redemption is accomplished and Thy sacrifice is complete. The head suffered everything it had to suffer. It remained for the body to suffer as well. Mary stood by the Cross. How can we try to describe her suffering when the Holy Ghost Himself seems to have avoided describing the depth of the pain that flooded Mary Most Holy, as the reflection of the pain that abounded in the Son? He only said, “O all ye that pass by the way, attend, and see if there be any sorrow like to my sorrow” (Lam. 1:12). Only this can describe it: There was none equal to it in all the pure creatures of God.

Our Lady of Mercy! Thus the faithful call upon Our Lady when
they contemplate her seated with the divine corpse of her Son on her lap. Mercy, because her whole being is nothing but compassion: compassion for her Son, and compassion for her children, because she has not only one son. His Mother became the Mother of all men, and she has compassion not only on her Son, but also on her children. She sees our pains, sufferings, struggles. She smiles upon us in danger; she weeps with us in sorrow. She relieves our sadness and sanctifies our joy. Proper to a mother’s heart is an intimate participation in everything that stirs her children’s hearts. Our Lady is our Mother. She loves each of us, even the most miserable and sinful, much more individually than the combined love of all mothers of the world could love one child. Let us be convinced of this. This love is for each one of us. It is for me, with all my miseries, infidelities, and unpardonable defects. She loves me, and she loves me intimately. Unlike a queen who lacks the time to learn about the life of each of her subjects and so, generally, follows their activities, she follows me in all the details of my life. She knows my small sorrows, joys and desires. She is indifferent to nothing. If we knew how to ask, if we understood evangelical importunity as an admirable virtue, we would know how to be filially insistent with Our Lady. Then she will give us, in the order of nature and, principally, in the order of grace, much more than we would ever dare to expect.

Our Lady of Mercy! This is the same, or almost the same, as saying Our Lady of Holy Daring. For what can most encourage a poor sinner to be humbly and submissively daring in his prayer than to know that his all-caring Mother can do everything?

_Our Father. Hail Mary. Glory Be._

_V._ Have mercy on us, Lord.

_R._ Have mercy on us.

_V._ May the souls of the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace. _R._ Amen.
While the tomb’s heavy stones conceal the Body from everyone’s eyes, the Faith vacillates in the few who remained faithful to Our Lord.

But there is a light that does not burn out, or flicker, and it alone burns fully in this universal darkness. It is Our Lady, in whose soul the Faith shines as intensely as ever. She believes entirely, without reservations or restrictions. Although all seems to have failed, she knows that nothing has failed. In peace, she awaits the Resurrection. Our Lady represented and epitomized the Holy Church in these days of such wide-spread desertion.

Our Lady, guardian of the Faith. This is the present medita-
tion’s theme: guardian of the Faith and of the spirit of faith, that is, of the Catholic sense. In the eyes of many today, the possibilities of a full restoration of everything, according to Our Lord Jesus Christ’s law and doctrine, seems irremediably entombed as Our Lord seemed to the apostles. However, those who are devoted to Our Lady receive from her the inestimable gift of the Catholic sense. Because of this, they know that everything is possible and that the apparent inviability of great and daring apostolic dreams will not impede a true resurrection if God has mercy on the world and if the world corresponds to God’s grace.

Our Lady teaches us perseverance in the Faith, in the Catholic sense, and in the virtue of dauntless apostolate—“Fides intrepida”—Daring Faith, even when everything seems lost. The Resurrection will soon come. Happy are those who knew how to persevere as she did and with her. Theirs will be the joys, the glories in a certain measure, of the day of the Resurrection.

*Our Father. Hail Mary. Glory Be.*

**V.** Have mercy on us, Lord.

**R.** Have mercy on us.

**V.** May the souls of the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace.

**R.** Amen.
O MY PEOPLE,
WHAT HAVE I DONE UNTO THEE, OR IN WHAT HAVE I OFFENDED THEE? (Mich. 6:3)

Read by Richard W. Fatherley
Recording: Chapman Studios

AMERICA NEEDS FATIMA
P.O. BOX 341, HANOVER, PA 17331
(888) 317-5571 • ANF@ANF.ORG • WWW.ANF.ORG

© 2012 Foundation for a Christian Civilization, Inc.