

The Stations of The Cross

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(undated)

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The Stations of The cross

The Stations of The Cross (or Way of the Cross (Latin - Via Crucis); also called the Via Dolorosa (Way of Grief, or Way of Suffering), or simply, The Way) are to help the faithful to make, in spirit as it were, a pilgrimage to the chief scenes of Christ's final sufferings and death; and this has become one of the most popular of Catholic devotions.

The "pilgrimage" is carried out by passing from Station to Station with certain prayers at each, and humble meditation on the various events as they unfold.

It is usual, when the devotion is performed publicly, to sing a stanza of the "Stabat Mater" while passing from one Station to the next.

The 14 Stations of the Cross are:

- 1) Jesus is condemned to death.
- 2) He is made to bear his cross.
- 3) His first fall under the cross.
- 4) Jesus meets his sorrowing mother.
- 5) Simon of Cyrene helps to bear the cross.
- 6) Veronica wipes the face of Jesus.
- 7) Jesus falls the second time.
- 8) Jesus speaks to the women of Jerusalem.
- 9) Jesus falls the third time
- 10) He is stripped of his garments.
- 11) He is nailed to the cross.
- 12) He gives up the ghost.
- 13) He is taken down from the cross.
- 14) Jesus is laid in the sepulchre.

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Stabat Mater

For interest here is the "Stabat Mater":

At the Cross her station keeping,
stood the mournful Mother weeping,
close to her son to the last.

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

O how sad and sore distressed
was that Mother, highly blest,
of the sole-begotten One.

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

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

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

For the sins of His own nation,
She saw Jesus wracked with torment,
All with scourges rent:

She beheld her tender Child,
Saw Him hang in desolation,
Till His spirit forth He sent.

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.

Holy Mother! pierce me through,
in my heart each wound renew
of my Saviour crucified:

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

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

By the Cross with thee to stay,
there with thee to weep and pray,
is all I ask of thee to give.

Virgin of all virgins blest!,
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.

Wounded with His every wound,
steep my soul till it hath swooned,
in His very Blood away;

Be to me, O Virgin, nigh,
lest in flames I burn and die,
in His awful Judgment Day.

Christ, when Thou shalt call me hence,
by Thy Mother my defense,
by Thy Cross my victory;

When my body dies,
let my soul be granted
the glory of Paradise. Amen.

End

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