

## **WAY OF THE CROSS 2021**

Introductory reflection by the Most Rev Dermot Farrell,  
Archbishop of Dublin

### **ANGELUS**

The angel of the Lord declared unto Mary  
And she conceived of the Holy Spirit

Behold the Handmaid of the Lord  
Be it done according to Thy word

And the Word was made flesh  
And dwelt amongst us

Hail Mary....

Pray for us, o Holy Mother of God  
That we may become worthy of the promises of Christ

Let us pray:

Pour forth, we beseech Thee, o Lord, Thy Grace into our hearts, that we, to whom the incarnation of Christ Thy Son was made known by the message of an angel, may by His passion and cross be brought to the glory of His resurrection. Through Christ our Lord.

Amen

### **FIRST STATION**

*Gospel Luke 22: 39-53*

He came out and went, as was his custom, to the Mount of Olives; and the disciples followed him. When he reached the place, he said to them, 'Pray that you may not come into the time of trial.' Then he withdrew from them about a stone's throw, knelt down, and prayed, 'Father, if you are willing, remove this cup from me; yet, not my will but yours be done.' Then an angel from heaven appeared to him and gave him strength. In his anguish he prayed more earnestly, and his sweat became like great drops of blood falling down on the ground. When he got up from prayer, he came to the disciples and found them

sleeping because of grief, and he said to them, 'Why are you sleeping? Get up and pray that you may not come into the time of trial.'

While he was still speaking, suddenly a crowd came, and the one called Judas, one of the twelve, was leading them. He approached Jesus to kiss him; but Jesus said to him, 'Judas, is it with a kiss that you are betraying the Son of Man?' When those who were around him saw what was coming, they asked, 'Lord, should we strike with the sword?' Then one of them struck the slave of the high priest and cut off his right ear. But Jesus said, 'No more of this!' And he touched his ear and healed him. Then Jesus said to the chief priests, the officers of the temple police, and the elders who had come for him, 'Have you come out with swords and clubs as if I were a bandit? When I was with you day after day in the temple, you did not lay hands on me. But this is your hour, and the power of darkness!'

### *"What Wondrous Love is This?"*

What wondrous love is this, O my soul, O my soul!  
What wondrous love is this, O my soul!  
What wondrous love is this, that caused the Lord of bliss  
to bear the dreadful curse for my soul, for my soul,  
to bear the dreadful curse for my soul.

To God and to the Lamb, I will sing, I will sing,  
to God and to the Lamb, I will sing.  
To God and to the Lamb, who is the great I AM,  
while millions join the theme, I will sing, I will sing,  
while millions join the theme, I will sing!

And when from death I'm free, I'll sing on, I'll sing on,  
and when from death I'm free, I'll sing on.  
And when from death I'm free, I'll sing and joyful be,  
and through eternity I'll sing on, I'll sing on,  
and through eternity I'll sing on!

### ***Reading: "The World's Hatred for Christ"***

From "*Generating Traces in the History of the World*", by L.Giussani, S.Alberto, J.Prades

If Christ is a present Event, we meet Him every day. Yet we do not realize it because we are distracted. We meet Him every day. He crosses our path and calls us friends. But alongside a kind of moved

acknowledgment and a vague emotion that most people feel when they hear the name Jesus Christ, there is a hostility towards Him today that there has never been before, except in the earliest days, when they crucified Him and killed His martyrs, when they outlawed His witnesses in the first centuries.

The refrain of one of Tomás Luis de Victoria's most beautiful Responsories for Holy Week says: "My enemies took counsel against me saying, 'Come let us put poison in his bread, so as to remove him from the land of the living'". This is the definition of the hatred of the society that does not accept Him, that does not agree with Him, or acknowledge Him, a society that is hostile towards Him.

To speak of hatred for Christ is no exaggeration. It is one of the most painful themes that Jesus took up in His last discourse before He died; 'as the world hated me, so it will hate you'. This hatred characterizes human history. It is, as it were, the on-going result of the mysterious wound of original sin in human history. It articulates and becomes concrete day by day, through all the powers, as an enormously evil and mendacious possibility.

Hatred for Jesus is the theme necessary for every power that does not consciously draw its humble and dramatic origin from obedience to the supreme power of the Father who makes all things, from obedience to the destiny of victory and glory which is the destiny of the man Christ, the justice of God, the name that gives the meaning of the plan of the universe and of history.

The last capillary of this hatred for Christ is our self, forgetful and indifferent. The most relevant, most decisive end point, is in me, in us, in our mind and heart. The refusal begins there, forgetfulness is generated and cultivated there, absence and inhospitality harden there - in us, in me.

You don't need to kill or to break all of the Ten Commandments at once to be unchristian. What makes us unchristian is the absence of Christ. The absence of Christ is the absence of His life. This tends to produce an indifference to reality that becomes lack of responsibility for your own personal and collective existence.

But this indifference to reality originates in indifference to the experience of faith, because it is through this that God stirs the soul and calls us to responsibility. Thus life is lost in the confusion in which everything becomes licit and in which everything becomes hostile. Suffering is increased and we are consumed by rebellion or cynicism instead of being stirred to collaboration for rebuilding a people.

**Reflection: Most Rev Dermot Farrell, Archbishop of Dublin**

***Listening: Ach, Ty Step Sirokaja, Traditional Russian (4'35")***

## SECOND STATION

***Gospel***      *Luke 22:54 - 23:1*

Then they seized him and led him away, bringing him into the high priest's house. But Peter was following at a distance. When they had kindled a fire in the middle of the courtyard and sat down together, Peter sat among them. Then a servant-girl, seeing him in the firelight, stared at him and said, 'This man also was with him.' But he denied it, saying, 'Woman, I do not know him.' A little later someone else, on seeing him, said, 'You also are one of them.' But Peter said, 'Man, I am not!' Then about an hour later yet another kept insisting, 'Surely this man also was with him; for he is a Galilean.' But Peter said, 'Man, I do not know what you are talking about!' At that moment, while he was still speaking, the cock crowed. The Lord turned and looked at Peter. Then Peter remembered the word of the Lord, how he had said to him, 'Before the cock crows today, you will deny me three times.' And he went out and wept bitterly. Now the men who were holding Jesus began to mock him and beat him; they also blindfolded him and kept asking him, 'Prophesy! Who is it that struck you?' They kept heaping many other insults on him.

When day came, the assembly of the elders of the people, both chief priests and scribes, gathered together, and they brought him to their council. They said, 'If you are the Messiah, tell us.' He replied, 'If I tell you, you will not believe; and if I question you, you will not answer. But from now on the Son

of Man will be seated at the right hand of the power of God.' All of them asked, 'Are you, then, the Son of God?' He said to them, 'You say that I am.' Then they said, 'What further testimony do we need? We have heard it ourselves from his own lips!' Then the assembly rose as a body and brought Jesus before Pilate.

*When I behold the wondrous cross*

When I behold the wondrous Cross,  
On which the Prince of glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss  
And pour contempt on all my pride.

See from his head, his hands, his feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

His dying crimson like a robe,  
Spreads o'er his body on the Tree;  
Then am I dead to all the globe,  
And all the globe is dead to me.

Were all the realm of nature mine,  
It would be offering far too small;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

***Reading: "Simon, do you love me?"***

From "*Generating Traces in the History of the World*", by L.Giussani, S.Alberto, J.Prades

In the twenty-first chapter of John's Gospel, the disciples were on their way back, at dawn, after a terrible night's fishing on the lake, in which they had caught nothing. As they approach the shore, they see a figure on the beach preparing a fire. All of a sudden, John says to Peter, "That's the Lord!" They all open their eyes and Peter throws himself into the water, just as he is, and reaches the shore first. The others follow suit. They sit down in a circle in silence; no one speaks, because they all know it is the Lord. Sitting down to eat, they exchange a few

words, but they are all fearful at the exceptional presence of Jesus, the Risen Jesus, who had already appeared to them at other times. Simon, whose many errors had made him humbler than all the others, sat down, too, before the food prepared by the Master. He looks to see who is next to him and is terrified to see that it is Jesus Himself. He turns his gaze away from Him and sits there, all embarrassed. But Jesus speaks to him. Peter thinks in his heart, "My God, My God, what a dressing-down I deserve! Now he is going to ask me, 'Why did you betray me?' "The betrayal had been the last great error he had made, but, in spite of his familiarity with the Master, his whole life had been a stormy one, because of his impetuous character, his instinctive stubbornness, his tendency to act on impulse. He now saw himself in the light of all his defects. That betrayal had made him more aware of all his other errors, of the fact that he was worthless, weak, miserably weak. "Simon." - who knows how he must have trembled as that word sounded in his ears and touched his heart? - "Simon" - here he would have begun to turn his face towards Jesus - "do you love me?" Who on earth would have expected that question? Who would have expected those words?

"Simon, do you love me?" "Yes, Lord, I love You." How could he say such thing after all he had done? That *yes* was an affirmation acknowledging a supreme excellence, an undeniable excellence, a sympathy that overwhelmed all others. Everything remained inscribed in that look. Coherence or incoherence seemed to fall into second place behind the faithfulness that felt like flesh of his flesh, behind the form of life which that encounter had moulded. In fact, no reproof came, only the echo of the same question: "Simon, do you love me?" Not uncertain, but fearful and trembling, he replied again, "Yes, I love You." But the third time, the third time that Jesus threw the question at him, he had to ask confirmation from Jesus Himself: "Yes, Lord, You know I love You." All my human preference is for You, all the preference of my mind, all the preference of my heart; You are the extreme preference of life, the supreme excellence of things. I don't know, I don't know how, I don't know how to say it and I don't know how it can be but, in spite of all I have done, in spite of all I can still do, I love You.

## **Reflection**

*Listening: Rex Tremendae, Mozart, Requiem (2'22")*

### THIRD STATION

**Gospel**     *Luke 23: 2-25*

They began to accuse him, saying, 'We found this man perverting our nation, forbidding us to pay taxes to the emperor, and saying that he himself is the Messiah, a king.' Then Pilate asked him, 'Are you the king of the Jews?' He answered, 'You say so.' Then Pilate said to the chief priests and the crowds, 'I find no basis for an accusation against this man.' But they were insistent and said, 'He stirs up the people by teaching throughout all Judea, from Galilee where he began even to this place.' When Pilate heard this, he asked whether the man was a Galilean. And when he learned that he was under Herod's jurisdiction, he sent him off to Herod, who was himself in Jerusalem at that time. When Herod saw Jesus, he was very glad, for he had been wanting to see him for a long time, because he had heard about him and was hoping to see him perform some sign. He questioned him at some length, but Jesus gave him no answer. The chief priests and the scribes stood by, vehemently accusing him. Even Herod with his soldiers treated him with contempt and mocked him; then he put an elegant robe on him, and sent him back to Pilate. That same day Herod and Pilate became friends with each other; before this they had been enemies.

Pilate then called together the chief priests, the leaders, and the people, and said to them, 'You brought me this man as one who was perverting the people; and here I have examined him in your presence and have not found this man guilty of any of your charges against him. Neither has Herod, for he sent him back to us. Indeed, he has done nothing to deserve death. I will therefore have him flogged and release him.' Then they all shouted out together, 'Away with this fellow! Release Barabbas for us!' (This was a man who had been put in prison for an insurrection that had taken place in the city, and for murder.) Pilate, wanting to release Jesus, addressed them again; but they kept shouting, 'Crucify, crucify him!' A third time he said to them, 'Why, what evil has he done? I have found in him no ground for the sentence of death; I will therefore have him flogged and then release him.' But they kept urgently demanding with loud shouts that he should be crucified; and their voices prevailed. So Pilate

gave his verdict that their demand should be granted. He released the man they asked for, the one who had been put in prison for insurrection and murder, and he handed Jesus over as they wished.

### *Soul of My Saviour*

Soul of my Saviour, sanctify my breast;  
Body of Christ, be thou my saving guest;  
Blood of my Saviour, bathe me in thy tide,  
Wash me ye waters streaming from his side.

Strength and protection may thy passion be;  
O blessed Jesus, hear and answer me;  
Deep in thy wounds, Lord, hide and shelter me;  
So shall I never, never part from thee.

### **Reading: by Pope Francis, from the Extraordinary Moment of Prayer in front of St Peter's Basilica, Friday, 27<sup>th</sup> March 2020**

“Why are you afraid? Have you no faith”? Faith begins when we realise we are in need of salvation. We are not self-sufficient; by ourselves we founder: we need the Lord, like ancient navigators needed the stars. Let us invite Jesus into the boats of our lives. Let us hand over our fears to him so that he can conquer them. Like the disciples, we will experience that with him on board there will be no shipwreck. Because this is God's strength: turning to the good everything that happens to us, even the bad things. He brings serenity into our storms, because with God life never dies.

The Lord asks us and, in the midst of our tempest, invites us to reawaken and put into practice that solidarity and hope capable of giving strength, support and meaning to those hours when everything seems to be floundering. The Lord awakens so as to reawaken and revive our Easter faith.

We have an anchor: by his cross we have been saved. We have a rudder: by his cross we have been redeemed. We have a hope: by his cross we



have been healed and embraced so that nothing and no one can separate us from his redeeming love. In the midst of isolation when we are suffering from a lack of tenderness and chances to meet up, and we experience the loss of so many things, let us once again listen to the proclamation that saves us: he is risen and is living by our side. The Lord asks us from his cross to rediscover the life that awaits us, to look towards those who look to us, to strengthen, recognize and foster the grace that lives within us.

Embracing his cross means finding the courage to embrace all the hardships of the present time, abandoning for a moment our eagerness for power and possessions in order to make room for the creativity that only the Spirit is capable of inspiring. It means finding the courage to create spaces where everyone can recognize that they are called, and to allow new forms of hospitality, fraternity and solidarity. By his cross we have been saved in order to embrace hope and let it strengthen and sustain all measures and all possible avenues for helping us protect ourselves and others. Embracing the Lord in order to embrace hope: that is the strength of faith, which frees us from fear and gives us hope.

## **Reflection**

***Listening:*** G.B.Pergolesi, *Stabat Mater Dolorosa* (4'35)

## **FOURTH STATION**

**Gospel**     *Luke 23: 26-32*

As they led him away, they seized a man, Simon of Cyrene, who was coming from the country, and they laid the cross on him, and made him carry it behind Jesus. A great number of the people followed him, and among them were women who were beating their breasts and wailing for him. But Jesus turned to them and said, 'Daughters of Jerusalem, do not weep for me, but weep for yourselves and for your children. For the days are surely coming when they will say, "Blessed are the barren, and the wombs that never bore, and the breasts

that never nursed.” Then they will begin to say to the mountains, “Fall on us”; and to the hills, “Cover us.” For if they do this when the wood is green, what will happen when it is dry?’ Two others also, who were criminals, were led away to be put to death with him.

Stabat Mater (Z Kodaly)

<p>Stabat Mater dolorosa, Iuxta crucem lacrimosa, Dum pendebat filius.</p>	<p><i>The grieving mother stood At the foot of the cross in tears, While her son was nailed.</i></p>
<p>Cuius animam gementem, Contristatam et dolentem, Pertransivit gladius.</p>	<p><i>Her trembling soul, Saddened and grieving, Was pierced by a sword.</i></p>
<p>O quam tristis et afflicta Fuit illa benedicta Mater Unigeniti.</p>	<p><i>O how sad and afflicted Was that blessed Mother of the only Begotten Son.</i></p>
<p>Quando corpus morietur Fac ut animae donetur Paradisi Gloria.</p>	<p><i>When my body dies Let my soul be granted The glory of Paradise.</i></p>

**Reading: by Pope Francis, 24<sup>th</sup> March 2021**

Mary is always present at the bedside of her children when they depart this world. If someone is alone and abandoned, she is Mother, she is there, near, as she was next to her Son when everyone else abandoned him.

Mary was and is present in these days of the pandemic, near to the people who, unfortunately, have concluded their earthly journey all alone, without the comfort of or the closeness of their loved ones. Mary is always there next to us, with her maternal tenderness.

Prayers said to her are not in vain. The Woman who said “yes”, who promptly welcomed the Angel’s invitation, also responds to our supplications, she hears our voices, even those that remain closed in our hearts that haven’t the strength to be uttered but which God knows better than we ourselves do.

She listens as Mother. Just like, and more than, every good mother, Mary defends us from danger, she is concerned about us even when we are concentrated on our own things and lose a sense of the way, and when we put not only our health in danger, but also our salvation. Mary is there, praying for us, praying for those who do not pray. To pray with us. Why? Because she is our Mother.

## **Reflection**

*Listening :*      *Caligaverunt Oculi Mei* (T. L. Da Victoria) (4’00)

## **FIFTH STATION**

**Gospel**      *Luke 23: 33-46*

When they came to the place that is called The Skull, they crucified Jesus there with the criminals, one on his right and one on his left. Then Jesus said, ‘Father, forgive them; for they do not know what they are doing.’ And they cast lots to divide his clothing. And the people stood by, watching; but the leaders scoffed at him, saying, ‘He saved others; let him save himself if he is the Messiah of God, his chosen one!’ The soldiers also mocked him, coming up and offering him sour wine, and saying, ‘If you are the King of the Jews, save yourself!’ There was also an inscription over him, ‘This is the King of the Jews.’ One of the criminals who were hanged there kept deriding him and saying, ‘Are you not the Messiah? Save yourself and us!’ But the other rebuked him, saying, ‘Do you not fear God, since you are under the same sentence of condemnation? And we indeed have been condemned justly, for we are getting what we deserve for our deeds, but this man has done nothing wrong.’ Then he said,

‘Jesus, remember me when you come into your kingdom.’ He replied, ‘Truly I tell you, today you will be with me in Paradise.’ It was now about noon, and darkness came over the whole land until three in the afternoon, while the sun’s light failed; and the curtain of the temple was torn in two. Then Jesus, crying with a loud voice, said, ‘Father, into your hands I commend my spirit.’ Having said this, he breathed his last.

*Dulcis Christe*, (M Grancini)

Dulcis Christe, o bone Deus, O amor meus, o vita mea, O salus mea, o gloria mea.	<i>Sweet Jesus, o good God, My love, my life, My salvation, my glory.</i>
Tu es Salvator, tu es Creator mundi. Te volo, Te quaero, Te adoro O dulcis amor. Te adoro, o care Jesu.	<i>You are the Saviour, you are the Creator of the world. It is You I want, You I search for You I adore, o sweet Love. I adore you, o dear Jesus.</i>

**Reading: “Jesus dies on the Cross”, By Mgr Luigi Giussani, Meditations  
Along the Way of the Cross**

We cannot forget at what price we have been saved, every day. Sacrifice is not an objection, not even human defeat is an objection, but is rather the root of the Resurrection; it is the possibility of a true life.

The event that re-occurs here and now and, if it is first and foremost a fact – a fact that you cannot reduce to nothing, that you cannot censor, that you cannot cancel – if it is first and foremost a fact, it is a fact for you, a fact of supreme interest to you. It is a fact for you! For you, for me, for me! “For you” is the voice that springs forth from the heart of the Crucified One. “For me” is the echo of my heart that suffers, of my awareness that suffers. Everything would fall into death without this voice, without this Presence.

**Reflection**

**Final Blessing – Mgr Ciaran O’Carroll**

## **Easter Poster:**

Ultimately, people—young and not so young—need one thing: the certainty of the positivity of their time and of their lives, the certainty of their destiny.

To say “Christ is risen” is to affirm that reality is positive; it is to lovingly affirm reality. Without Christ’s Resurrection, there is only one possibility: nothingness.

Christ makes Himself present as the Risen one in every period of time, throughout the whole of history. The Spirit of Jesus, that is to say the Word made flesh, becomes an experience possible for ordinary man, in His power to redeem the whole existence of each person and human history, in the radical change that He produces in the one who encounters Him and, like John and Andrew, follows Him.

*Luigi Giussani*



Giovanni Francesco Romanelli, "St. John and St. Peter at Christ's Tomb" (detail), 1640. © Los Angeles County Museum of Art.