

*Good Friday 2021*

*Chicago*

## **Stations of the Cross**



**Basilica of Our Lady of Sorrows**

*Friday, April 2, 2021*

## ■ STABAT MATER

(G.B. Pergolesi)

Stabat Mater dolorosa,  
iuxta crucem lacrimosa,  
dum pendebat Filius.

*The Mother stood there, sorrowful,  
weeping, by the cross  
from which her Son was hanging.*

Cuius animam gementem,  
contristatam et dolentem,  
pertransiuit gladius.

*Her soul, filled with lament,  
with sorrow and grief,  
was being pierced by the sword.*

O quam tristis et afflicta  
fuit illa benedicta  
Mater Unigeniti.

*O how sad and afflicted  
was that blessed woman,  
Mother of the only-begotten One.*

Quae moerebat et dolebat  
et tremebat, dum videbat  
nati poenas incliti.

*She mourned and grieved  
and trembled, as she saw  
the sorrows of her child born for greatness.*

Quis est homo qui non fleret  
Christi Matrem si videret  
in tanto supplicio?

*Who is it that would not weep,  
seeing Christ's Mother  
in such agony?*

Quis non posset contristari  
Piam Matrem contemplari  
dolentem cum Filio?

*Who would not share in her sadness  
while beholding the blessed mother  
in sorrow, and her Son?*

Pro peccatis Suae gentis  
vidit Jesum in tormentis  
et flagellis subditum.

*For the sins of his people  
she saw Jesus in torment  
and subjected to flagellation.*

Vidit suum dulcem Natum  
morientem desolatum  
dum emisit spiritum.

*She saw her sweet son  
who was dying in desolation  
until he gave up his spirit.*

Eia Mater, fons amoris,  
me sentire vim doloris  
fac, ut tecum lugeam.

*Hearken mother, font of love,  
make me feel the power of sorrow,  
that I may grieve with you.*

Fac ut ardeat cor meum  
in amando Christum Deum,  
ut sibi complaceam.

*Grant that my heart may burn  
in the love of Christ my God,  
that I may greatly please Him!*

Sancta Mater, istud agas,  
crucifixi fige plagas  
cordi meo valide.

Tui Nati vulnerati  
tam dignati pro me pati  
poenas mecum divide.

Fac me vere tecum flere  
crucifixo condolere  
donec ego vixero.

Iuxta crucem tecum stare,  
te libenter sociare,  
in planctu desidero.

Virgo virginum praeclara,  
mihi iam non sis amara,  
fac me tecum plangere.

Fac ut portem Christi mortem,  
passionis fac consortem,  
et plagas recolere.

Fac me plagis vulnerari  
cruce hac inebriari  
ob amorem Filii.

Inflammatum et accensum  
per te, Virgo, sum defensum  
in die iudicii.

Fac me cruce custodiri,  
morte Christi praemuniri,  
confoveri gratia.

Quando corpus morietur  
fac ut animae donetur  
paradisi gloria.

Amen.

*Holy Mother, let it be that  
the wounds of the crucified one  
be impressed profoundly on my heart.*

*May your wounded one,  
who deigned to suffer for me,  
share his pains with me.*

*Let me weep with you  
let me share your grief for the crucified one  
as long as I shall live.*

*To stay next to you at the foot of the cross  
with you willingly join  
in weeping do I desire.*

*Oh noble virgin among virgins,  
Do not be hard on me any longer  
allow me to cry with you.*

*Let me bear the death of Christ,  
let me take part in his suffering,  
let me remember always his sores.*

*Let me be pierced by his wounds,  
let me be inebriated of this cross  
for love of your son.*

*Thus inflamed and set on fire,  
may I be defended by you, Virgin,  
on the day of judgment.*

*Let me be guarded by the cross,  
armed by Christ's death  
and cherished by His grace!*

*When my body dies,  
let my soul be given  
the glory of Paradise! Amen.*

*Amen.*

## ■ INTRODUCTION

(Bishop Mark Bartosic)

“So sad, so grave, so beautiful.” So reads one comment on a recording published on YouTube of Pergolesi’s *Stabat Mater*. And yet, the “Amen” that concludes the work which we have just heard, is neither grave nor sad. It is charged with a red-blooded and hard-working joy. May it be this “Amen” that reverberates in our hearts as we follow the Cross this morning; may the sadness and gravity of the Cross inspire in us a creativity of spirit in union with that Spirit who espoused the Virgin Mary for the redemption of the sad history of the world. This is the point through which the creativity of the Mystery passes, the very creativity of God, the salvation that Christ continually brings, pressing itself upon the heart of every man. Let us follow Mary in her sentiments, throughout today’s journey.



We are the glory of Christ, but at the same time, we are also His suffering; we are Christ’s suffering because we are not aware that the purpose of our daily life is the glory of Christ. The Italian writer, Cesare Pavese, said in his poem *Nocturne*: “In your eyes gleams the strangeness of a sky that isn’t yours.” Our companionship follows the natural attractions, not recognized as reality, in which the sky of Christ gleams. We can affirm that the relationship between Christ and us runs the risk of always being strange. The Bible expresses this situation in speaking of God’s wrath: “*Dies irae*” (A day of wrath).

## ■ REQUIEM KV 626

(W.A. Mozart)

### **Dies irae**

Dies irae, dies illa,  
solvetsaeclum in favilla,  
teste David cum Sibylla.  
Quantus tremor est futurus,  
quando Judex est venturus,  
cuncta stricte discussurus!

*A day of wrath, that day;  
it will dissolve the ages into ashes,  
as attested by David together with the Sibyl.  
What trembling will there be,  
when the Judge shall come  
to examine everything in strict justice!*

Out of the conceivable wrath of God, the most unthinkable, surprising, and moving thing is established, that is, God's forgiveness: "Qui salvandos salvas gratis" (You who grant salvation to those to be saved); "Voca me cum benedictis" (call me along with the blessed); "Gere curam mei finis" (take my destiny to heart).

### **Rex tremendae maiestatis**

Rex tremendae maiestatis,  
qui salvandos salvas gratis,  
salva me, fons pietatis.

*King of awesome majesty,  
who grants salvation to those to be saved,  
save me, o fount of piety.*

### **Confutatis maledictis**

Confutatis maledictis,  
flammis acribus addictis:  
voca me cum benedictis.  
Oro supplex et acclinis,  
cor contritum quasi cinis:  
gere curam mei finis.

*Once the accursed have been judged  
and sentenced to acrid flames,  
call me along with the blessed.  
I prostrate myself, supplicating,  
my heart in ashes, repentant;  
take my destiny to heart!*

"Lacrimosa dies illa" (that day will be one of weeping), on which shall rise from the embers the guilty man, to be judged. Therefore spare him, O God. Merciful Lord Jesus, grant them rest. Amen.

Reason and human confidence could never imagine someone to whom these words could be addressed. Let us stand and pray together, listening to the "Lacrimosa".

*(We stand)*

### **Lacrimosa**

Lacrimosa dies illa,  
qua resurget ex favilla  
iudicandus homo reus.  
Huic ergo parce, Deus.  
Pie Jesu Domine,  
dona eis requiem. Amen.

*That day will be one of weeping  
on which shall rise again from the embers  
the guilty man, to be judged.  
Therefore spare him, O God.  
Merciful Lord Jesus,  
grant them rest. Amen.*

*(We sit down)*

## ■ REFLECTION

(Fr. Thomas Byrne)



The woman from whom Christ was born is the humanity that participated most in the suffering mercy of Christ.

## ■ THE MYSTERY OF THE CHARITY OF JOAN OF ARC

(Ch. Péguy)

His mother Mary thought it was all right.  
She was happy, she was proud of having such a son.  
Of being the mother of a son like hers.  
Of such a son.  
And she gloried perhaps a little in herself and she magnified God.  
*Magnificat anima mea.*  
*Dominum.*  
*Et exultavit spiritus meus.*  
*Magnificat. Magnificat.*  
Until the day when he had begun his mission.

But since he had begun his mission,  
Perhaps she no longer said *Magnificat*.  
For the last three days she wept.  
She wept and wept.  
As no other woman has ever wept.  
No woman.  
That is what he had brought to his mother.  
No boy had ever cost his mother so many tears.  
No boy had ever made his mother weep so much.  
That is what he had brought to his mother.  
Since he had begun his mission.

Because he had begun his mission.  
For the last three days she wept.  
For the last three days, she wandered, she followed.  
She followed the procession.  
She followed the events.  
She followed as you follow a funeral.  
But it was a living man's funeral.  
A man who was still alive.  
She followed what went on.

She followed as if she had been part of the procession.  
Of the ceremony.  
She followed like a follower.  
Like a servant.  
Like one of those Roman weepers.  
At Roman funerals.  
As if it had been her  
profession. To weep.  
She followed like a poor woman.  
Like a regular attendant in the procession.  
Like a follower of the procession.  
Like a servant.  
Already like a regular attendant.  
She followed like a pauper.  
Like a beggar woman.  
They who had never asked anyone for anything.  
Now she asked for charity.  
Without seeming to, she asked for charity.  
Since without seeming to, without even knowing it, she asked for the charity of  
mercy.

Mercy of a kind.  
A certain mercy.  
*Pietas.*  
That is what he had done to his mother.  
Since he had begun his mission.  
She followed, she wept.  
She wept and wept.  
All that women know is to weep.  
You saw her everywhere.  
In the procession and somewhat apart from the procession.  
Under the porticoes, under the arcades, in drafty places.  
In the temples, in the palaces.  
In the streets.  
In the yards and in the back yards.  
And she had also gone up to Calvary.  
She too had climbed up to Calvary.  
Which is a steep mountain.  
And she did not even feel that she was walking.  
She did not even feel that her feet were carrying her.  
She did not feel her legs under her.  
She too had gone up her Calvary.  
She too had gone up and up.

In the mob, lagging a little behind.  
Gone up to Golgotha.  
On Golgotha.  
On top.  
Up to the top.  
Where he was now crucified.  
Nailed by his four limbs.  
Like a night bird nailed to a barn door.  
He the King of Light.  
At the place called Golgotha.  
That is to say the place of the Skull.  
That is what he had made of his mother.  
His motherly mother.  
A woman in tears.  
A pauper.  
A pauper of distress.  
A pauper in distress.  
A sort of beggarwoman begging for mercy.



The path of the Cross and of forgiveness that Christ takes with man is a path that expresses the absolute summit of the mystery of God. The summit of the mystery of God cannot be imagined more dramatically than what actually happened, both for God and for man. Our Father, forgive us our sins: “Tatăl Nostru.”

### ■ TATĂL NOSTRU

(*Our Father*, Romanian Liturgy)

Tatăl nostru carele ești în ceruri  
sfîntească-se numele tău  
vie împărăția ta,  
facă-se voia ta  
precum în cer și pre pământ.  
Pâinea noastră cea de toate zilele  
dă ne-o nouă astăzi  
și ne iartă greșalele noastre  
precum și noi iertăm greșiților noștri  
și nu ne duce pre noi în ispită  
ci ne izbăvește de cel rău.  
Amin.

*Our Father, who art in heaven,  
hallowed be Thy name;  
Thy kingdom come,  
Thy will be done  
on earth as it is in heaven.  
Give us this day  
our daily bread  
and forgive us our trespasses  
as we forgive those who trespass against us;  
and lead us not into temptation,  
but deliver us from evil.  
Amen.*



We will now continue by listening to the “Responsories” for Holy Week by the great composer Tomás Luis De Victoria, which represent, in the most moving way, the drama of the relationship between man and Christ. Let us follow the pieces attentively, reading along in the booklet.

Bitter disappointment, friendship betrayed: “Amicus meus” (My friend).

## ■ RESPONSORIES

(T.L. De Victoria)

### Amicus meus

Amicus meus osculi me tradidit signo.  
Quem osculatus fuero, ipse est, tenete eum.  
Hoc malum fecit signum,  
qui per osculum adimplevit homicidium.  
Infelix praetermisit pretium sanguinis,  
et in fine laqueo se suspendit.

Bonum erat ei si natus non fuisset  
homo ille.  
Infelix praetermisit pretium sanguinis,  
et in fine laqueo se suspendit.

*My friend betrayed me with the sign of a kiss.  
"He whom I kiss, that is He,; hold Him fast."  
He who committed murder  
by a kiss gave this wicked sign.  
The unhappy wretch repaid the price of blood  
and in the end hanged himself.*

*It had been better for that man  
if he had never been born.  
The unhappy wretch repaid the price of blood  
and in the end hanged himself.*

Simeon's prophecy.

*(We stand)*

## ■ LUKE 2:33-35

The child's father and mother were amazed at what was said about him; and Simeon blessed them and said to Mary his mother, "Behold, this child is destined for the fall and rise of many in Israel, and to be a sign that will be contradicted (and you yourself a sword will pierce) so that the thoughts of many hearts may be revealed."

*(We sit down)*

The solitude and impotence of Christ: “Eram quasi agnus” (I was like a lamb).

■ **RESPONSORIES**

(T.L. De Victoria)

**Eram quasi agnus**

Eram quasi agnus innocens;  
ductus sum ad immolandum, et nesciebam  
concilium fecerunt inimici mei  
adversum me, dicentes:  
Venite, mittamus lignum in panem eius  
et eradamus eum de terra viventium.

*Behold, I was like an innocent lamb;  
I was led to the slaughter, and I knew it not.  
My enemies have conspired together  
against me, saying:  
Come, let us put poison into His bread,  
and let us cut Him out of the land of the living.*

Omnes inimici mei adversum me  
cogitabant mala mihi  
verbum iniquum mandaverunt  
adversum me, dicentes:  
Venite, mittamus lignum in panem eius  
et eradamus eum de terra viventium.

*All my enemies  
have thought evil things about me;  
they have spoken evil words  
against me, saying:  
Come, let us put poison into His bread,  
and let us cut Him out of the land of the living.*

■ **REFLECTION**

(Fr. Thomas Byrne)



Mary's drama.

■ **THE MYSTERY OF THE CHARITY OF JOAN OF ARC**

(Ch. Péguy)

She wept and wept, and because of it she had grown ugly.  
And the greatest Beauty in the world.  
The mystical Rose.  
The Tower of ivory.  
*Turris eburnea.*  
The Queen of beauty.  
In three days had become dreadful to see.  
People said that she had put on ten years.  
They knew nothing about it.

She had put on more than ten years.  
She knew, she felt, that she had put on more than ten years.  
She had aged the space of her lifetime.  
Fools.  
By the space of her whole lifetime.  
She had aged by her entire life and by more than her life, by more than a lifetime.  
For she had grown older by an eternity.

She had aged by her eternity.  
Which is the first eternity after God's eternity.  
For she had aged by her eternity.

She had become Queen.  
She had become the Queen of the Seven Sorrows.

She wept and wept, she had grown so ugly.  
In three days.  
She had become dreadful.  
Dreadful to behold.  
So ugly, so dreadful.  
That they would have laughed at her.  
Surely.  
If she had not been the mother of the condemned.

She wept and wept.  
Her eyes, her poor eyes.  
Her poor eyes were reddened with tears.  
And never would see properly.  
After.  
Since.  
Afterwards.  
Nevermore.  
From now on never would she see properly.  
To work.  
And yet she would have to work to earn her living.  
Her poor living.  
Work some more.  
After as before.  
Until she died.  
Mend stockings, socks.  
Joseph would go on wearing out his clothes.  
In a word all a woman has to do in her household.  
You have such a time making a living.

She wept, she had become dreadful.  
Her eyelashes stuck together.

Her eyelids, the upper one and the lower one.  
Swollen, bruised, tinged with blood.  
Her cheeks devastated by grief.

Her furrowed cheeks.  
Her cheeks all seamed.  
Her tears had, as it were, ploughed her cheeks.  
Tears on either side had worn a furrow in her cheeks.

Her eyes smarted and burned.  
Never had anyone wept so much.  
And yet it was a relief for her to weep.  
Her skin smarted and burned.  
And during that time, on the cross, his Five Wounds burned.  
And he had fever.  
She too had fever.  
And thus shared his Passion.

She wept, she looked so strange, so dreadful.  
So dreadful.  
That you would certainly have laughed.  
And you would have made fun of her.  
Certainly.  
Had she not been the mother of the condemned.  
Even the street urchins looked away.  
When they saw her.  
Turned their heads away.  
Turned their eyes away.  
So as not to laugh.  
So as not to laugh in her face.  
And you never can tell, perhaps, too, so as not to cry. [...]

And they had set him on his way to death.  
To that death.  
They had a firm hold on him.  
This time.  
And they would not let him go.

They would never let him go any more.  
Ah, he no longer shone among the doctors.  
Seated among the doctors.  
He did not shine.  
And yet he shone forever.

More than he ever shone.  
More than he ever shone anywhere.

And such was his reward.  
You are sometimes strangely rewarded in life.  
You sometimes get strange rewards.  
And they got along so well together.  
The boy and his mother.

They had been so happy in those days.  
The mother and her boy.

Such was her reward. Thus was she rewarded.

For having borne. Given birth to.  
Fed at the breast.  
Carried.  
In her arms.  
Him who died for the sins of the world.

For having borne.  
Given birth to.  
Fed at the breast.  
Carried.  
In her arms.  
Him who died for the salvation of the world.

For having borne.  
Given birth to.  
Fed at the breast.  
Carried.  
In her arms.  
Him through whom the sins of the world will be forgiven.



The reasons for our mercy.

*(We stand)*

■ 1 PETER 2:21-25

For to this you have been called,  
because Christ also suffered for you,  
leaving you an example  
that you should follow in his footsteps.

“He committed no sin,  
 and no deceit was found in his mouth.”  
 When he was insulted, he returned no insult;  
 when he suffered, he did not threaten;  
 instead, he handed himself over to the one who judges justly.  
 He himself bore our sins in his body upon the cross,  
 so that, free from sin, we might live for righteousness.  
 By his wounds you have been healed.  
 For you had gone astray like sheep,  
 but you have now returned to the shepherd  
 and guardian of your souls.

*(We sit down)*

“Voi ch’amate lo Criatore” (You who love the Creator).

### ■ VOI CH’AMATE LO CRIATORE

(Anonymous, from the *Laudario Magliabechiano*, 14<sup>th</sup> century)

*Voi ch’amate lo Criatore,  
 ponete mente a lo meo dolore.*

You who love the Creator,  
 Please heed my sorrow.

Ch’io son Maria co’ lo cor tristo,  
 la quale avea per figliuol Cristo;  
 la speme mia e dolce acquisto  
 fue crocifisso per li peccatori.

*I am Mary, whose heart is filled  
 With sadness; Christ was my son;  
 He, my hope and my sweet gain  
 Was crucified for sinners!*

Capo bello e delicato,  
 come ti vegio stare inkinato!  
 Li tuoi capelli di sangue intrecciati,  
 fin’a la barba ne va i’ rrigore.

*O beautiful and delicate head,  
 I see you lying on one side!  
 Your hair is woven with blood  
 And even your beard is soaked!*

Bocca bella e delicata,  
 come ti vegio stare asserrata!  
 Di fiele e aceto fosti abbeverata, trista e  
 dolente, dentr’al mio core.

*O beautiful and delicate mouth,  
 I see you utterly shut.  
 You were given gall and vinegar;  
 How sad and sorrowful is my heart.*

*Voi ch’amate lo Criatore,  
 ponete mente a lo meo dolore.*

You who love the Creator,  
 Please heed my sorrow.

The drama is consummated in tragedy: “Tenebrae factae sunt” (Darkness came).

## RESPONSORIES

(T.L. De Victoria)

### Tenebrae factae sunt

Tenebrae factae sunt,  
dum crucifixissent Jesum Judaei;  
et circa horam nonam  
exclamavit Jesus voce magna:  
Deus meus,  
ut quid me dereliquisti?  
Et inclinato capite, emisit spiritum.

*Darkness came  
when the Jews crucified Jesus;  
and around the ninth hour,  
Jesus cried with a loud voice:  
My God,  
why have you forsaken me?  
And, bowing His head, He gave up His spirit.*

Exclamans Jesus voce magna, ait:  
Pater, in manus tuas  
commendo spiritum meum.  
Et inclinato capite, emisit spiritum.

*Jesus cried with a loud voice and said:  
Father, into Your hands  
I commend my spirit.  
And, bowing His head, He gave up His spirit.*

## ■ REFLECTION

(Fr. Thomas Byrne)



Our heart, even unconsciously, has an urgent question. “Everyone who has this hope based on Him makes himself pure, as He is pure” (1 Jn 3:3). Let us stand and recite together the prayer of Fr. De Grandmaison.

*(We stand)*

*Holy Mary, mother of God,  
preserve in me the heart of a child,  
pure and clean like spring water;  
a simple heart that does not remain absorbed in its own sadness,  
a loving heart that freely gives with compassion,  
a faithful and generous heart*

*that neither forgets good nor feels bitterness for any evil.  
 Give me a sweet and humble heart  
 that loves without asking to be loved in return,  
 happy to lose itself in the heart of others,  
 sacrificing itself in front of your Divine Son;  
 a great and unconquerable heart  
 which no ingratitude can close and no indifference can tire,  
 a heart tormented by the glory of Christ,  
 pierced by His love with a wound  
 that will not heal until Heaven.*

*(We sit down)*

Christ asked for His own death for love of the happiness of man.

### ■ CRISTO AL MORIR TENDEA

(Brother Marc'Antonio of San Germano, 16<sup>th</sup> century)

Cristo al morir tendea,  
 ed ai più cari suoi Maria dicea:  
 «Or, se per trarvi al ciel dà l'alma e 'l core,  
 lascieretelo voi per altro amore?».

«Ben sa che fuggirete  
 di gran timor, e alfin vi nascondrete:  
 ed ei, pur come agnel che tace e more,  
 svenerassi per voi d'immenso amore».

«Dunque, diletti miei,  
 se a dura croce, in man d'iniqui e rei,  
 dà per salvarvi il sangue, l'alma e 'l core,  
 lascieretelo voi per altro amore?».

*Christ was on the verge of dying,  
 and Mary to his dearest ones was uttering:  
 "Now, if he gives his soul and heart to draw  
     you to the heavens,  
 will you leave him for another love?"*

*"He well knows that you will flee  
 with great fear, and in the end will hide:  
 and yet, like a quiet dying lamb,  
 he will shed his blood out of His immense love."*

*"Therefore, my most cherished ones,  
 if on a hard cross, by the hand of unjust and  
     evil people,  
 he gives his blood and soul and heart to save you,  
 will you leave him for another love?"*

*(We stand)*



## ■ JOHN 12:23-27

Jesus answered them, “The hour has come for the Son of Man to be glorified. Amen, amen, I say to you, unless a grain of wheat falls to the ground and dies, it remains just a grain of wheat; but if it dies, it produces much fruit. Whoever loves his life loses it, and whoever hates his life in this world will preserve it for eternal life. Whoever serves me must follow me, and where I am, there also will my servant be. The Father will honor whoever serves me. I am troubled now. Yet what should I say? ‘Father, save me from this hour?’ But it was for this purpose that I came to this hour.”

*(We sit down)*

## ■ STABAT MATER

(G.B. Pergolesi)

### Quando corpus morietur

Quando corpus morietur  
fac ut animae donetur  
paradisi gloria.

*When the body shall die  
let it be that my soul be given  
the glory of Paradise.*

Amen.

*Amen.*

But our freedom must also desire our happiness.

*(We stand)*

## ■ 1 THESSALONIANS 5:1-11

Concerning times and seasons, brothers, you have no need for anything to be written to you. For you yourselves know very well that the day of the Lord will come like a thief at night. When people are saying, “Peace and security,” then sudden disaster comes upon them, like labor pains upon a pregnant woman, and they will not escape. But you, brothers, are not in darkness, for that day to overtake you like a thief. For all of you are children of the light and children of the day. We are not of the night or of darkness. Therefore, let us

not sleep as the rest do, but let us stay alert and sober. Those who sleep go to sleep at night, and those who are drunk get drunk at night. But since we are of the day, let us be sober, putting on the breastplate of faith and love and the helmet that is hope for salvation. For God did not destine us for wrath, but to gain salvation through our Lord Jesus Christ, who died for us, so that whether we are awake or asleep we may live together with him. Therefore, encourage one another and build one another up, as indeed you do.

*(We sit down)*

### ■ REFLECTION

(Fr. Thomas Byrne)



On Good Friday, the price of our salvation remains the death of Christ.

### ■ OGNUN M'ENTENDA

(Anonymous, from the Codice Ven. Marciana, 15<sup>th</sup> century)

Ognun m'entenda divotamente  
lo pianto che fece Maria dolente  
del suo figliol tanto dilicato.

*Let all listen devoutly to  
the cry of sorrowful Mary  
for her most mild son.*

O Jesu Christo, bello mio figlio,  
o Jesu bello, bianco e vermiglio,  
o de la trista Madre el consiglio  
su ne la croce già conficato.

*O Jesus Christ, my beautiful son,  
O beautiful Jesus, white and scarlet,  
O counsel of thy saddened Mother  
already nailed to the Cross.*

### ■ MIGUEL MAÑARA

(O.V. Milosz)

The sweat of death stealeth across His Eyes.  
He walks under the Cross without seeing His last day.  
And what then is the glorious sight here to see,  
Say unto us, Son of Man?  
The water of this land is like to the eye of a blind man,  
The stone of this land is like to the heart of the King,

The tree of this land maketh a stake of torture  
For Thee, Love, Son of Heaven.  
He hath broken the bread, He hath poured the wine.  
Behold the Flesh, and the Blood.  
Who hath ears  
Let him hear!  
He hath prayed and risen:  
His dearly-beloved have lain 'neath the olive-tree.  
"Simon, dost thou sleep?"  
He hath cried and risen:  
His little children lay 'neath the olive-tree.  
"Sleep henceforth!" saith the Son of Man.

They have come with swords and with lanterns:  
"Master, hail!"  
Brother hath kissed brother upon the cheek.  
The right ear was cut off  
And behold! it was healed: that man might understand.  
The cock hath crowed twice:  
There is no more love, all is forgotten.  
The cock hath crowed in the solitude  
Of Thy Heart, Son of Man.

The crown is on His Head,  
The reed is in His Hand,  
The Face is blind with spittle and with Blood.  
Hail, King of the Jews.

The garments are parted,  
The thieves are dead.  
"I thirst," crieth the Heart of Life.  
But the sponge hath fallen  
And the side is pierced  
And all is consummated.

Now do we know henceforth that He is the Son of the Living God and that  
He is with us henceforth till the end of the world. Amen.

## ■ DULCIS CHRISTE

(Michelangelo Grancini, 17<sup>th</sup> century)

Dulcis Christe, o bone Deus,  
o amor meus, o vita mea,  
o salus mea, o gloria mea.

*Sweet Jesus, good God,  
my love, my life,  
my salvation, my glory.*

Tu es Creator,  
Tu es Salvator mundi.

*You are the Creator,  
You are the Savior of the world.*

Te volo, te quaero,  
te adoro, o dulcis Amor,  
te adoro, o care Jesu.

*I want you, I love you,  
I adore you, O sweet Love,  
I adore you, O dear Jesus.*

Let us sum up all of the thought and the just affection of which our heart has been made capable.

## ■ WERE YOU THERE

(African-American spiritual)

Were you there when they crucified my Lord?  
Were you there when they crucified my Lord?  
Oh! Sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble.  
Were you there when they crucified my Lord?

Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?  
Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?  
Oh! Sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble.  
Were you there when they nailed him to the tree?

Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?  
Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?  
Oh! Sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble.  
Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?

## ■ FINAL BLESSING

(Bishop Mark Bartosic)

## Stations of the Cross – Chicago 2021

Organized by:	Communion and Liberation
Presiding:	His Excellency Mark Bartosic Auxiliary Bishop of Chicago Vicariate II
Reflections by:	Fr. Thomas Byrne Director of Chicago Seminarians University of St. Mary of the Lake
Cantors:	Members of the choir of Communion and Liberation

We wish to thank:

- His Excellency Mark Bartosic, auxiliary bishop of Chicago, for his prayerful presence, his blessing, and his paternal support
- Fr. Thomas Byrne, director of Chicago seminarians at St. Mary of the Lake seminary in Mundelein, IL, for sharing his reflections with us today.
- Fr. Chris Krymski, OSM, the Servite community, and all the staff and parishioners of the Basilica of Our Lady of Sorrows, for graciously making it possible for us to celebrate the Stations in this beautiful church this year.

## Communion and Liberation

Communion and Liberation (CL) is a lay movement of the Roman Catholic Church. Begun in 1954 when Msgr. Luigi Giussani, a priest of the Archdiocese of Milan, Italy, sparked an unexpected friendship among the students he was teaching at the Berchet High School, CL has since grown into an international movement, reawakening devotion to Christ in men and women of all age groups, cultures and walks of life. CL is present in numerous cities in the United States.

We focus our attention on an educational method to Christianity based on the religious sense present in the heart of every person, and on the reasonableness of Faith as the recognition of the Presence of the Lord here and now in an ecclesial companionship.

In the Chicago area, we meet weekly for groups of catechesis and discussion (the “School of Community”) in various locations and times, including downtown Chicago, Hyde Park, Oak Park, and Wheaton (currently via video calls; we will resume in-person whenever practical).

To know more about Communion and Liberation:

- **[us.clonline.org](http://us.clonline.org)** | (312) 725-2320 | **[com.lib.chi@gmail.com](mailto:com.lib.chi@gmail.com)**

For more information on all the Lay Ecclesial Movements and New Communities in our Archdiocese:

- **[www.archchicago.org/offices-and-ministries/lay-ecclesial-movements](http://www.archchicago.org/offices-and-ministries/lay-ecclesial-movements)**



If you would like to support or contribute in any way to the 2022 Way of the Cross through Downtown Chicago, or have any suggestion you would like to share, please contact us at: **[info@wayofthecrosschicago.org](mailto:info@wayofthecrosschicago.org)**, (312) 725-2320

Your help is greatly appreciated.