

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 on Thursday nights, Oak Park and Hyde Park on Wednesday nights, and Wheaton on Tuesday nights.

To know more about Communion and Liberation:

- us.clonline.org | (312) 725-2320 | com.lib.chi@gmail.com

Way of the Cross Dinner

Please join us for a friendly meal to continue the experience of the 2018 Way of the Cross through Downtown Chicago. It will be an opportunity to meet with the organizers, as well as a moment to share some fellowship together.

When: Saturday, April 7th, 2018, 6:00 p.m.

Where: Catholic Charities
Vincent Hall, First Floor
721 N. LaSalle St, Chicago, IL

For details and RSVP: (312) 725-2320 | info@wayofthecrosschicago.org



It is possible to live
like Jesus

The Lay Ecclesial Movements of the Archdiocese of Chicago

The many volunteer groups and associations that have arisen within the Church, mostly in the twentieth century, are referred to as “Lay Ecclesial Movements and New Communities.” Thousands of Chicago-area Catholics are members of these movements, which follow a long tradition in the Church’s history. These are diverse groups that, in responding to the needs of the time, pursue mission-oriented and educational activities. Saint John Paul II described the more recent development of the Lay Ecclesial Movements, particularly after the Second Vatican Council, as “a new era of group endeavors of the lay faithful.” The Archdiocese of Chicago has 21 active Lay Ecclesial Movements, each with its own “charism,” or defining characteristic.

This is the list of the Catholic movements in the Archdiocese:

Ambassadors Of Mary / Pilgrim Virgin Apostolate
Apostolate For Family Consecration
L’arche
Catholic Charismatic Renewal Center For Chicago (Ccrrc)
Renovación Carismática Católica Hispana (Rcch)
Christian Family Movement
Communion And Liberation
Couples For Christ
Couples For Christ Foundation For Family And Life
Cursillo Movement
Domowy Kosciol – Rdk
Escuela De La Cruz / School Of The Cross
Focolare Movement
Legion Of Mary
Militia Of The Immaculata
Neocatechumenal Way
Regnum Christi
Salesian Cooperators
Schoenstatt Apostolic Movement
World Apostolate Of Fatima (Blue Army)
Worldwide Marriage Encounter

For more information on each of the movements in our Archdiocese:
www.archchicago.org/offices-and-ministries/lay-ecclesial-movements

Way of the Cross through Downtown Chicago 2018

Presiding: Fr. Paolo Prosperi, FSCB

Choir: The choir of Communion and Liberation
directed by Urszula Lukaszuk

Organized by: Communion and Liberation

With the The Lay Ecclesial Movements of the Archdiocese of
Support of: Chicago

We wish to thank:

- His Eminence Blase Card. Cupich and the staff of the Archdiocese of Chicago
- Fr. Jeffrey Grob, Archbishop's Liaison to the Lay Ecclesial Movements and New Communities
- Msgr. Greg Sakowicz, Rector, Holy Name Cathedral
- Fr. Pat Marshall, Chaplain, JPII Newman Center at UIC
- Fr. Steven Bauer, Associate Pastor, St. Luke Parish, River Forest
- All the Lay Ecclesial Movements of the Archdiocese of Chicago
- The Missionaries of Charity, Chicago
- The Bilingual Club of Morton East High School, Cicero, IL
- The City of Chicago and the Chicago Police Department
- All the people who contributed to and/or supported the Way of the Cross in any way or form

If you would like to support or contribute in any way to the 2019 Way of the Cross through Downtown Chicago, or have any suggestion you would like to share, please contact us at: info@wayofthecrosschicago.org, (312) 725-2320

Your help is greatly appreciated.

ARCHDIOCESE OF CHICAGO



Office of the Archbishop
835 North Rush Street
Chicago, IL 60611-2030
312.534.8230
archchicago.org

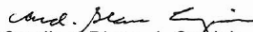
Dear Sisters and Brothers in Christ,

Greetings and best wishes to all those gathered for the annual *Way of the Cross through Downtown Chicago* organized by Communion & Liberation with the support of the Lay Ecclesial Movements in the Archdiocese. Re-enacting Christ's journey to Calvary in prayer, song and meditation draws attention in a powerful way to the paradox of the Cross: Christ's self-giving love which transforms our lives, our communities and our world.

The injustice of Good Friday grips us and sears our hearts; it also challenges and emboldens us. Pope Francis often reminds us that Jesus rose from the dead 2,000 years ago, but is risen, active and alive in the world, leading the Church today. As he puts it, "Christ is always doing something new." Our Holy Father also emphasizes discernment as central to the Christian life and encourages us to be ever attentive to Christ's call to each of us to be more fully fashioned into his likeness.

As you make your way through the heart of Chicago, may this ancient tradition deepen your commitment to Jesus Christ and inspire those you encounter along the way. Together let us continue to build up the Church as we walk with the Lord and with one another, intent on sharing his love and message of mercy, reconciliation and hope. With prayers and every good wish, I remain,

Sincerely yours in Christ,


Cardinal Blase J. Cupich
Archbishop of Chicago

Way of the Cross through Downtown Chicago
Good Friday
March 30, 2018

Introductory Music

Stabat Mater

Giovanni Battista Pergolesi, 1736

Stabat Mater dolorosa, Juxta crucem lacrimosa Dum pendebat Filius.	The Mother stood there, sorrowful, weeping, by the cross from which her Son was hanging.
Cujus animam gementem Contristatam et dolentem Pertransivit 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.
[...]	
Eja 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!
[...]	
Inflammatum et accensum Per te, virgo, sim defensum In die iudicii.	Thus inflamed and set on fire, may I be defended by you, Virgin, on the day of judgment.
Fac me cruce custodiri Morte Christi praemuniri, Confoveri gratia!	Let me be guarded by the cross, armed by Christ's death and cherished by His grace!
Quando corpus morietur, Fac ut animae donetur Paradisi gloria! Amen.	When my body dies, let my soul be given the glory of Paradise! Amen.

Concluding Prayer

Look, all-powerful God, upon our humanity exhausted due to its mortal weakness, and make it so our humanity receives life anew through the passion of Your only Son. He lives and reigns with You, in the unity of the Holy Spirit, for ever and ever.

Blessing

Lift High the Cross

George W Kitchin and Sydney H Nicholson, 1916

(All)

*Lift high the cross, the love of Christ proclaim,
Till all the world adore His sacred name.*

(Choir)

Led on their way by this triumphant sign,
The hosts of God in conquering ranks combine.

Each newborn servant of the Crucified
Bears on the brow the seal of Him who died.

O Lord, once lifted on the glorious tree,
As Thou hast promised draw the world to Thee.

So shall our song of triumph ever be:
Praise to the Crucified for victory.

Manca l'anima mia,	then faints my soul,
Ne voce s'ode più ne mai sospiro,	and no more voice is heard, nor ever
ne più ne mai sospiro.	sighing; no more, nor ever sighing.

A Reason Every Day for Hope in Life

Msgr. Luigi Giussani (1922-2005), *Easter homily*

“Lord, free our hearts of every worldly sadness” says the reading, and it’s right, because everything dies. I was looking at the plants outside my window destroyed by the frost. All things, if not for the force of God, would end, if not for the Power of God wanting to make itself seen. In the same way, the Power of God says to each of us: “I was like you, I was unjustly condemned and killed, and I accepted it so that you understand that I was a participant in the trial that you’re now undergoing.” Life is a land of trial, but the Mystery appeared as one of us; nothing is excluded – even death. His resurrection is life’s cry that wants to resound in everyone: this is the goodness and ultimate reasonableness of all things. “I assure you, I have risen from the dead to make you certain that everything will not die”. Like Mary Magdalene, we don’t know how, but we have been told that God, by rising from the dead, invites us to purify our hearts of sadness, a sadness which would be justified if God hadn’t become a man and died and rose for us. It’s what gives a reason every day for the hope in life. Every morning, let’s take up the positivity of things so that what we value we will never lose again.

The Lord’s Prayer

Aita Gurea (Our Father in Basque)

Fr. Francisco de Madina Igarzábal, 1946

(Choir only)

Aita gurea zeruetan zaudena	Our Father, who art in heaven,
Santifikatua izan bedi zure izena.	Hallowed be thy name.
Betor gugana zure erreinua	Thy kingdom come,
Egin bedi zure borondatea	Thy will be done
Zeru ta lurrean.	On earth as it is in heaven.

Eman eiguzu eguneroko ogia	Give us this day our daily bread
Barka zaizkiguzu gure zorrak	And forgive us our trespasses
Guk gure zordunei	As we forgive those
Barkatzen diegun bezela.	Who trespass against us,
Ez gaitzazu utzi tentazioetan erortzen,	And lead us not into temptation
Baizikan libra gaitzazu gaitzetatik.	But deliver us from evil.
Amen.	Amen.

Introduction (Daley Plaza)

Were you there

African-American spiritual

(All)

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?

Welcome

Attende Domine

Gregorian chant

(All)

*Attende Domine, et miserere
 quia peccavimus tibi.*

*Hear us, Lord, and have mercy,
 For we have sinned against you.*

(Choir)

Ad te Rex summe, omnium redemptor,
 oculos nostros sublevamus flentes:
 exaudi, Christe, supplicantum preces.

To You, Sovereign King, Redeemer
 of all, we raise our eyes with
 weeping. Christ, graciously hear
 the pleas of the supplicant sinners.

Dextera Patris, lapis angularis,
 via salutis, ianua caelestis,
 ablue nostri maculas delicti.

You are the Right Hand of God the
 Father, the Keystone, the Way of
 salvation and Gate of Heaven:
 cleanse the stains of our sins.

Rogamus, Deus, tuam majestatem:
 auribus sacris gemitus exaudi:
 crimina nostra placidus indulge.

O God, we beseech Your majesty
 to mercifully hear our groans;
 to graciously forgive our sins.

Way of the Cross in the Heart of the City

The Way of the Cross in the heart of a city where millions of people carry their daily cross, most of the time dreadfully alone, thinking: “If God exists, He has nothing to do with my daily life”. This is the true cross of every day, the cross of a person abandoned only to himself in his most inner need for a never-ending love, truth, beauty, and justice.

We need the presence of “God-with-us,” Jesus, *every day*. And Jesus, because of the sacrifice of His cross and because of His resurrection, dwells among us, *every day*.

There is noise and confusion in the streets today. It is the very noise and confusion of our city, where we spend our days. We need to desire great attention in order to follow Jesus and to fix our gaze on the event of His passion. It is that very same attention that is needed to look at the event of His presence among us every day.

This is why we suggest maintaining silence all along the Way of the Cross, a silence in front of God dying for us, a silence that isn’t merely not speaking, but is the simplest, purest way to beg to recognize His presence in our daily life.

We now need to enter not so much into a thought, but rather into an event. We need to live a form of memory, the key to which may be found in how seriously our hearts are focused on the content of this memory. The walking, the words, the singing will make our meditation more alive, more ready, more possible. Let us not be surprised if we find ourselves distracted for a few minutes; let’s rather regain attention right away.

May our possible sadness during this journey spur us to an active and constructive and creative joy, through the image and the reality of Our Lady, and through what she represents for the history of the world. Through Our Lady, God’s own creativity - the Mystery’s creativity - comes about. Through her, Christ continually brings about salvation, by challenging every person’s heart to embrace Him.

Let us today, along all of our walk, follow the image of Our Lady and her human feelings in front of these events.

Gospel

Mark 15:33-47

At noon darkness came over the whole land until three in the afternoon. And at three o’clock Jesus cried out in a loud voice, “*Eloi, Eloi, lema sabachthani?*” which is translated, “My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?” Some of the bystanders who heard it said, “Look, he is calling Elijah.” One of them ran, soaked a sponge with wine, put it on a reed, and gave it to him to drink, saying, “Wait, let us see if Elijah comes to take him down.” Jesus gave a loud cry and breathed his last. The veil of the sanctuary was torn in two from top to bottom. When the centurion who stood facing him saw how he breathed his last he said, “Truly this man was the Son of God!”

There were also women looking on from a distance. Among them were Mary Magdalene, Mary the mother of the younger James and of Joses, and Salome. These women had followed him when he was in Galilee and ministered to him. There were also many other women who had come up with him to Jerusalem.

When it was already evening, since it was the day of preparation, the day before the sabbath, Joseph of Arimathea, a distinguished member of the council, who was himself awaiting the kingdom of God, came and courageously went to Pilate and asked for the body of Jesus. Pilate was amazed that he was already dead. He summoned the centurion and asked him if Jesus had already died. And when he learned of it from the centurion, he gave the body to Joseph. Having bought a linen cloth, he took him down, wrapped him in the linen cloth and laid him in a tomb that had been hewn out of the rock. Then he rolled a stone against the entrance to the tomb. Mary Magdalene and Mary the mother of Joses watched where he was laid.

Reflection

O Côr Soave

Anonymous, 16th century

(Choir only)

O côr soave, côr del mio Signore,	O gentle heart, heart of my Lord,
Ferito gravemente	gravely wounded,
Non da coltel pungente,	not by a sharp knife,
Ma dallo stral che fabbricò l’Amore,	rather by the dart which Love made,
che fabbricò l’Amore.	which Love made.

O côr soave, quand’io ti rimiro	O gentle heart, when I behold thee
Post’in tant’agonia,	placed in so much agony,

What mattered to him the nails in the hollow of the hand;
The piercing of nails in the hollow of both his hands.

His aching throat.
Smarting.
Burning.
Tearing apart.
His parched throat all athirst.
His parched gorge.
His gorge athirst.
His left hand that burned.
And his right hand.
His left foot that burned.
And his right foot.
Because his left hand was pierced.
And his right hand.
And his left foot was pierced.
And his right foot.
All of his four limbs.
His poor four limbs.
And his side that burned.
His pierced side.
His pierced heart.
And his heart that burned.
His heart consumed with love.
His heart devoured with love.
Peter's denial and the Roman spear;
The spitting, the insults, the crown of thorns;
The scourging reed, the scepter made of a reed;
The shouts of the people and the Roman tormentors.
The blow on his face. For it was the first time he had been struck in the face.

He had not cried out under the Roman spear;
He had not cried out under the kiss of perjury;
He had nor cried out under the storm of abuse;
He had not cried out under the Roman tormentors.
[...]
He had not cried out in the face of perjury;
He had not cried out in the face of abuse;
He had not cried out in the face of the Roman tormentors.
So why did he cry out; before what did he cry out.

Tristis, tristis usque ad mortem;
Sorrowful unto death; but unto what death;
Unto dying.

First Station (Daley Plaza)

Voi Ch'amate lo Criatore

Laudario Magliabechiano, 14th century

(Solo)

*Voi ch'amate lo Criatore,
Ponete mente a lo meo dolore.*

*O ye who love the Creator,
Please pay heed to my sorrow.*

Ch'io son Maria co lo cor tristo,
La quale avea per figliuol Cristo;
La speme mia et dolce acquisto,
Fue crocifisso pe' li peccatori!

For I am Mary, whose heart is doleful,
whose cherished son was Christ;
He, my hope and my sweet gain
Was crucified for sinners!

Capo bello et delicato,
Come ti vegio stare 'nkinato!
Li tuoi capelli, di sangue intrecciati,
Fin a la barba ne va i' rigore!

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

Bocca bella et delicata,
Come ti vegio stare asserrata!
Di fiele e aceto fosti abeverata,
Trista et dolente, dentr'al mio core.

O beautiful and delicate mouth,
Lo, I see you utterly shut! You were
quenched with gall and vinegar;
How sad and sorrowful is my heart.

Prayer to Our Lady

Fr. Léonce De Grandmaison (1868-1927)

(Presider)

Holy Mary, Mother of God,

(All)

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.

Gospel

Mark 14:17-31

When it was evening, he came with the Twelve. And as they reclined at table and were eating, Jesus said, "Amen, I say to you, one of you will betray me, one who is eating with me." They began to be distressed and to say to him, one by one, "Surely it is not I?" He said to them, "One of the Twelve, the one who dips with me into the dish. For the Son of Man indeed goes, as it is written of him, but woe to that man by whom the Son of Man is betrayed. It would be better for that man if he had never been born."

While they were eating, he took bread, said the blessing, broke it, and gave it to them, and said, "Take it; this is my body." Then he took a cup, gave thanks, and gave it to them, and they all drank from it. He said to them, "This is my blood of the covenant, which will be shed for many. Amen, I say to you, I shall not drink again the fruit of the vine until the day when I drink it new in the kingdom of God." Then, after singing a hymn, they went out to the Mount of Olives.

Then Jesus said to them, "All of you will have your faith shaken, for it is written: 'I will strike the shepherd, and the sheep will be dispersed.' But after I have been raised up, I shall go before you to Galilee." Peter said to him, "Even though all should have their faith shaken, mine will not be." Then Jesus said to him, "Amen, I say to you, this very night before the cock crows twice you will deny me three times." But he vehemently replied, "Even though I should have to die with you, I will not deny you." And they all spoke similarly.

Cristo al Morir Tendea

Br. Marc'Antonio da San Germano, 16th century

(Choir only)

Cristo al morir tende ed ai più cari suoi Maria dicea: "Or se per trarvi al ciel dà l'alma e l core, lasceretelo 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 forsake him then for another love?"
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"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."	"He well knows that you shall flee with great fear, and finally will hide: and yet, like a quiet dying lamb, he will shed his blood out of His immense love."
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The cry that made the Church militant totter;
In which the suffering Church too recognized its own fear;
Through which the Church triumphant experienced its triumph;
The cry ringing at the heart of all humanity;
The cry ringing at the heart of all Christendom;
O culminating cry, everlastingly valid.

Cry as if God himself had sinned like us;
As if God himself had despaired;
O culminating cry, everlastingly valid.

As if even God had sinned like us.
Committing the greatest sin.
Which is to despair.
[...]

Louder than the two thieves hanging beside him;
And who howled at death like famished dogs.
The thieves howled but a human howl;
The thieves howled but a cry of human death;
Also they slavered but human slaver:

The Just One alone uttered the everlasting cry.

But why? What was the matter with him?

The thieves uttered but a human cry;

For they knew but human distress;
They had experienced but human distress.
He alone could utter the superhuman cry;
He alone then knew that superhuman distress.

That is why the thieves uttered only a cry that was quenched in the night.

And he uttered the cry that will sound forever, eternally forever, the cry that
will eternally never be quenched.
In any night. In any night of time and eternity.

For the thief on the left and the thief on the right
Felt only the nails in the hollow of their hands.

What mattered to him the thrust of the Roman spear;
What mattered to him the strain of nails and the hammer;
The piercing of nails, the piercing of the spear;

Why Did He Come?

Charles Péguy (1873-1914), *Véronique*

He had no need of us at all. And even Jesus must have been resting quite peacefully, in the heavens. [...] He was indeed peaceful in His heavens, and He had no need of us at all.

Why did He come? Why did he come into the world? One has to believe, my friend, that I have a certain importance, I who am nothing. One has to believe that the arrangement of time, the arrangement in time, had a certain importance. One has to believe that man and the creation and the destination of man and the vocation of man and the sin of man and the freedom of man and the salvation of man — all the mystery, all the mysteries of man — had a certain importance. Otherwise, contrary-wise, it would have been so simple, and over with in no time. It would have been finished in advance. One just had to not create man, one just had to not create the world. That way, no more decline, no more fall; neither fall nor redemption. No more history at all, no more bother at all. The whole world would have just stayed home. How is it possible that I'm not great, my friend, for having bothered such a world, disordered such a world, and so great of a world. For having started such a tragic history.

A God, my friend, God bothered Himself, God sacrificed Himself for me. That is Christianity.

Quién Nos Separará

Fr. Marco Frisina, 1991

(Choir only)

¿Quién nos separará de su amor,	Who will separate us from his love?
La tribulación, quizá la espada?	The tribulation, perhaps the sword?
Ni muerte o vida nos separará	Neither death nor life will separate us
Del amor de Cristo Señor.	From the love of Christ the Lord.

¿Quién nos separará de su bondad,	Who will separate us from his goodness?
La persecución, quizá el dolor?	The persecution, perhaps the pain?
Ningún poder nos separará	No power will separate us
Del amor de Cristo Señor.	From the love of Christ the Lord.

Like All Little Children He Played with Pictures

Charles Péguy, *The Mystery of the Charity of Joan of Arc*, 1910

Like all little children he played with pictures.

(Very suddenly:)

The cry still ringing in all humanity;

"Dunque, diletti miei,
se a dura croce, in man d'iniqui e rei,
dà per salvarvi 'l sangue, l'alma
e 'l core,
lasceretelo voi per altro amore?"

"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 forsake him then for another
love?"

Gospel

Mark 14:32-42

Then they came to a place named Gethsemane, and he said to his disciples, "Sit here while I pray." He took with him Peter, James, and John, and began to be troubled and distressed. Then he said to them, "My soul is sorrowful even to death. Remain here and keep watch." He advanced a little and fell to the ground and prayed that if it were possible the hour might pass by him; he said, "Abba, Father, all things are possible to you. Take this cup away from me, but not what I will but what you will." When he returned he found them asleep. He said to Peter, "Simon, are you asleep? Could you not keep watch for one hour? Watch and pray that you may not undergo the test. The spirit is willing but the flesh is weak." Withdrawing again, he prayed, saying the same thing. Then he returned once more and found them asleep, for they could not keep their eyes open and did not know what to answer him. He returned a third time and said to them, "Are you still sleeping and taking your rest? It is enough. The hour has come. Behold, the Son of Man is to be handed over to sinners. Get up, let us go."

Jesus on the Way to Calvary

Msgr. Luigi Giussani (1922-2005), *Meditation on the Rosary*

God who came among men goes to the scaffold: defeated, a failure; a moment, a day, three days of nothingness, in which everything is finished. This is the condition, the condition of sacrifice in its most profound meaning: it appears to be a failure, it appears not to succeed, it appears that the others are right. Remaining with Him even when it seems that everything is finished or has finished; staying next to Him as His Mother did—only this faithfulness brings us, sooner or later, to the experience that no one outside the Christian community can have in this world, the experience of the Resurrection. And we can leave Him for another love, we can leave this Christ who moves into death to deliver us from evil so that we may change, so that the Eternal Father may regenerate in us what the crime of forgetfulness has outstripped! This man throws himself onto the cross to brandish it, to embrace it, to be nailed on it, to die, to be one with that wood: "Will we leave him for another love?" This man pours out his blood for us and shall we leave him for another love?

Reflection

Stabat Mater

Mainz Gesangbuch, 1661

(All)

At the Cross her station keeping
Stood the mournful mother weeping
Close to Jesus 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 blessed
Of the sole begotten One.

Li soi compagni l'abandonaro,
Tutti fugiero e lui lasciaro;
Stando tormento forte et amaro
De lo suo corpo, per la gente.
Molt'era trista Sancta Maria
quando suo figlio en croce vedea,
Cum gran dolore forte piangea,
dicendo: "trista, lassa, dolente."

His companions abandoned him,
all of them fled and left him,
he felt a strong and bitter torment
on his own body, for the people.
Holy Mary was utterly sorrowful,
as she saw her son on the cross;
she was sobbing in great pain,
saying: "my sorrow and my grief."

Fifth Station (Holy Name Cathedral)

By the Mark

Gillian Welch and David Rawlings, 1996

(Duet)

When I cross over
I will shout and sing
I will know my savior
By the mark where the nails have been.

(All)

*By the mark where the nails have been
By the sign upon his precious skin
I will know my savior when I come to him
By the mark where the nails have been.*

A man of riches
May claim a crown of jewels
But the king of heaven
Can be told from the prince of fools.

By the mark...

On Calvary's Mountain
Where they made him suffer so
All my sin was paid for
A long, long time ago.

By the mark...

Gospel

Mark 15:21-32

They pressed into service a passer-by, Simon, a Cyrenian, who was coming in from the country, the father of Alexander and Rufus, to carry his cross. They brought him to the place of Golgotha (which is translated Place of the Skull). They gave him wine drugged with myrrh, but he did not take it. Then they crucified him and divided his garments by casting lots for them to see what each should take. It was nine o'clock in the morning when they crucified him.

The inscription of the charge against him read, "The King of the Jews." With him they crucified two revolutionaries, one on his right and one on his left. Those passing by reviled him, shaking their heads and saying, "Aha! You who would destroy the temple and rebuild it in three days, save yourself by coming down from the cross." Likewise the chief priests, with the scribes, mocked him among themselves and said, "He saved others; he cannot save himself. Let the Messiah, the King of Israel, come down now from the cross that we may see and believe." Those who were crucified with him also kept abusing him.

De la Crudel Morte del Cristo

Laudario Cortonese, 13th century

(All)

*De la crudel morte del Cristo
ogn'hom pianga amaramente.*

*For the cruel death of Christ
every man should weep bitterly.*

(Solo)

Quando Iuderi Cristo pilliaro,
D'ogne parte lo circondaro,
le sue mane stretto legaro,
como ladro villanamente.
Trenta denari fo lo mercato
Ke fece Juda, et fo pagato;
Melio li fora non esser nato
K'aver peccato si' duramente!

When the Jews seized Jesus
they surrounded him on all sides,
they tied his hands tight
like a thief, in a rough manner.
Judas made an agreement
for thirty coins, and he was paid;
he'd be better not having been born
than to commit such a grave sin.

A la colonna fo spoliato,
per tutto 'l corpo flagellato,
d'ogne parte fo 'nsanguinato,
como falso amaramente.
Tutti gridaro alta voce:
moia 'l falso moia veloce,
sbrigatamente sia posto en croce,
Ke non turbi tutta la gente.

He was stripped of his garments,
and scourged at the pillar,
all his body was covered with blood
as a liar, treated with resentment.
All cried out in a loud voice:
let the liar die, let him die soon,
let him be quickly put on a cross,
so as not to trouble all the people.

Second Station (Veterans' Memorial)

Crux Fidelis

Gregorian chant

(All)

Crux fidelis inter omnes,
Arbor una nobilis:
Nulla silva talem profert,
Fronde, flore, germine.

Faithful Cross, above all other,
One and only noble tree:
None in foliage, none in blossom
None in fruit your peer may be.

*Dulce lignum, dulces clavos,
Dulce pondus sustinet. Amen.*

*Dearest wood and dearest nails,
Dearest weight is hung on thee. Amen.*

He Had Been a Good Workman

Charles Péguy, *The Mystery of the Charity of Joan of Arc*, 1910

He had been a good workman.
A good carpenter.
As he had been a good son.
A good son to his mother Mary.
A nice good child.
Nice and docile.
Nice and dutiful.
Nice and obedient to his father and mother.
A child.
Such as all parents would like to have.
A good son to his father Joseph.
To his foster father Joseph.

The old carpenter.
The master carpenter.

As he had been a good son also to his father.
To his father who art in heaven.

As he had been a good comrade to his little comrades.
A good schoolmate.
A good playmate.
A good play companion.
A good fellow workman.
A good fellow carpenter.
Among all other fellows.

Fellow carpenters.
For all fellows.
Fellow carpenters.
As he had been a good poor man.
As he had been a good citizen.

He had been a good son to his father and mother.
Until the day when he had begun his mission.
His preaching.
A good son to his mother Mary.
Until the day when he had begun his mission.
A good son to his father Joseph.
Until the day when he had begun his mission.
In short all had gone very well.
Until the day when he had begun his mission.

He was generally liked.
Everybody liked him.
Until the day when he had begun his mission.
Comrades, friends, fellow workmen, authorities,
Citizens,
Father and mother
Thought it was all right,
Until the day when he had begun his mission.

Comrades thought him a good comrade.
Friends a good friend.
Fellow workmen a good fellow.
Not proud.
Citizens thought him a good citizen.
His equals a good equal.
Until the day when he had begun his mission.

Citizens thought he was a good citizen.
Until the day when he had begun his mission.
Until the day when he had showed himself another citizen.
The founder, the citizen of another city.
For He was a citizen of the heavenly City.
And of the everlasting City.
The authorities thought it was all right.
Until the day when he had begun his mission.
The authorities considered he was a man of order.
A serious young man.
A quiet young man.
A young man with good habits.

Since it had yet needed the crowning of that death.

Since it needed the fulfilling of that martyrdom.

Since it needed the attestation of that testimony.

Since it needed the consummation of that martyrdom and of that death.

Since it needed, since it had needed the completion of that three day agony.

Since it needed the exhausting of that supreme agony and of that horrifying anguish.

And the descent from the cross, and the burial; the three days in the sepulture, the three days in the tomb, the three days in limbo, until the resurrection; and the strange *post-mortem* life, the pilgrims at Emmaus, the ascension on the fortieth day.

Since it had to be.

For the Son of God knew that the sufferings
Of the son of man are unable to save the damned,
And going mad with despond even more than they,
Dying Jesus wept over the forsaken.

Mad with the common despond.

Matko Najświętsza

Henryk Mikołaj Górecki (1933-2010)

(Choir only)

Matko najświętsza, do Serca Twego,	Mother most holy, whose Heart was pierced
Mieczem boleści wskroś przeszyciego,	By a sword of anguish and sorrow,
Wołamy wszyscy, z jękiem, ze łzami:	We call contritely with moans and tears,
Ucieczko grzesznych, módl się za nami!	Refuge of sinners, pray for us!

Gdzie my, o Matko, ach, gdzie	Where else should we go, O holy Mother,
pójdziemy,	
I gdzie ratunku szukać będziemy?	And where shall we look for rescue?
Twojego ludu nie gardź prośbami,	Please, scorn not the requests of thy people;
Ucieczko grzesznych, módl się za nami!	Refuge of sinners, pray for us!

Did his apostles, his apostles love him as much as his enemies hated him.
His father knew.
Did the eleven love him as much as the twelfth, as the twelfth hated him.
Did the eleven love him as much as the twelfth, as the twelfth had betrayed him.
His father knew.
His father knew.

What then was man.
That man.
Whom he had come to save.
Whose nature he had put on.
He did not know.
As man, he did not know.
Because no man knows man.
Because a man's life.
A human life, as man, is not sufficient to know man.
So great is he. And so small.
So high up. And so low.
What then was man.
That man.
Whose nature he had put on.
His father knew.

And those soldiers who had arrested him.
Who had taken him from judgment hall to judgment hall.
And from judgment hall to public square.
And those executioners who had crucified him.
People who went about their work.
Those soldiers who cast dice.
Who divided his clothes.
Who cast dice for his clothes.
Who drew lots for his robe.
They were those who even so bore no grudge against him,

That thirty years of hard work and three years of hard work,
That thirty years in retreat and three years in public,
Thirty years in his family and three years among the people,
Thirty years in the workshop and three years in public,
Three years of public life and thirty years of private life
Had not crowned,

Thirty years of private life and three years of public life,

[...]

Easy to govern.
Giving back to Caesar what is Caesar's.

Until the day when he had begun disorder.
Introduced disorder.
The greatest disorder in the world.
The greatest disorder there ever was in the world.
The greatest order there had been in the world.
The only order.
There had ever been in the world.

Until the day when he had gone out of his way.
And in going out of his way he had disturbed the world.
Until the day when he had showed himself
The only Government of the world.
The Master of the world.
The only Master of the world.
And when he appeared to all.
When his equals plainly saw.
That he had no equal.
At that moment the world begun to think that he was too great.
And to bother him.

And until the day when he undertook to render unto God what belongs to God.

Gospel

Mark 14:53-65

They led Jesus away to the high priest, and all the chief priests and the elders and the scribes came together. Peter followed him at a distance into the high priest's courtyard and was seated with the guards, warming himself at the fire. The chief priests and the entire Sanhedrin kept trying to obtain testimony against Jesus in order to put him to death, but they found none. Many gave false witness against him, but their testimony did not agree. Some took the stand and testified falsely against him, alleging, "We heard him say, 'I will destroy this temple made with hands and within three days I will build another not made with hands.'" Even so their testimony did not agree. The high priest rose before the assembly and questioned Jesus, saying, "Have you no answer? What are these men testifying against you?" But he was silent and answered nothing. Again the high priest asked him and said to him, "Are you the Messiah, the son of the Blessed One?" Then Jesus answered, "I am; and 'you will see the Son of Man seated at the right hand of the Power and coming with the clouds of heaven.'" At that the high priest tore his garments

and said, “What further need have we of witnesses? You have heard the blasphemy. What do you think?” They all condemned him as deserving to die. Some began to spit on him. They blindfolded him and struck him and said to him, “Prophecy!” And the guards greeted him with blows.

Now My Soul Is Sorrowful

Msgr. Luigi Giussani (1922-2005), *Meditation on the Rosary*

“Now my soul is sorrowful; and what must I say, ‘Father, save me from this hour [faced with the thought of sacrifice, the thought of death, of self-denial...]’? But it is for this that I have come to this hour [for this, for this condition have I been chosen, called, lovingly taught by the mystery of the Father, by the charity of the Son, by the warm light of the Spirit. Now my soul is sorrowful and what must I say, ‘Father, save me from this hour’? ‘Take away this condition, Father, take away this condition.’ Must I say this? But it is precisely for this that I have come to this hour!].” Thus I can say at the end, “Father, glorify Your name [glorify Your will, bring about, realize Your plan], which I do not comprehend [because He did not comprehend the great injustice]. Father, glorify Your name in front of which I stand in fear and trembling, in obedience – that is to say, in love. My life is Your plan, it is Your will.” How many times – praying to the Spirit and the Virgin Mary – will we have to reread this passage in order to identify with the most lucid and fascinating instant in which the consciousness of the Man Christ, Jesus, expressed itself. We can come upon this by surprise, from its deepest recesses to the highest peaks of His example of love for Being, of respect for the objectivity of Being, of love for His origin and His destiny, and for the contents of the plan of time, of history. “Father, if possible, let me not die; however, not my but Your will be done.” This is the supreme application of our acknowledgment of Mystery, adhering to the Man-Christ kneeling and sweating blood from the pores of His skin in His agony in Gethsemane. The condition for being true in a relationship is sacrifice.

He Was Oppressed

Carl Halter, 1953

(Choir only)

*He was oppressed, and he was afflicted,
Yet He opened not His mouth.*

And the Lord has laid on Him
The iniquity of us all.

He was oppressed, and he was afflicted,
Yet He opened not His mouth.

Fourth Station (Holy Name Cathedral)

Crux Fidelis

Gregorian chant

(All)

Crux fidelis inter omnes,
Arbor una nobilis:
Nulla silva talem profert,
Fronde, flore, germine.

Faithful Cross, above all other,
One and only noble tree:
None in foliage, none in blossom
None in fruit your peer may be.

*Dulce lignum, dulces clavos,
Dulce pondus sustinet. Amen.*

*Dearest wood and dearest nails,
Dearest weight is hung on thee. Amen.*

Were you there

African-American spiritual

(All)

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?

Did His Friends Love Him

Charles Péguy, *The Mystery of the Charity of Joan of Arc*, 1910

Did his friends love him as much as his enemies hated him.
His father knew.
His disciples did not defend him so much as his enemies pursued him.
Did his disciples, his disciples love him as much as his enemies hated him.
His father knew.
His apostles did not defend him so much as his enemies pursued him.

excedens omne gaudium
et omne desiderium.

surpassing all the joys we know,
and all we can desire.

Mane nobiscum, Domine,
et nos illustra lumine,
pulsa mentis caligine,
mundum reple ducedine.

Remain with us, Lord,
and enlighten us with your light;
dispel the darkness of our minds,
fill the world with your sweetness.

Reflection

Stabat Mater

Mainz Gesangbuch, 1661

(All)

O thou Mother! Font 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.

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

Gospel

Mark 14:66-72

While Peter was below in the courtyard, one of the high priest's maids came along. Seeing Peter warming himself, she looked intently at him and said, "You too were with the Nazarene, Jesus." But he denied it saying, "I neither know nor understand what you are talking about." So he went out into the outer court. Then the cock crowed. The maid saw him and began again to say to the bystanders, "This man is one of them." Once again he denied it. A little later the bystanders said to Peter once more, "Surely you are one of them; for you too are a Galilean." He began to curse and to swear, "I do not know this man about whom you are talking." And immediately a cock crowed a second time. Then Peter remembered the word that Jesus had said to him, "Before the cock crows twice you will deny me three times." He broke down and wept.

Peter's Denial

Charles Péguy, *The Mystery of the Charity of Joan of Arc*, 1910

Peter's denial, Peter's denial. You have nothing to say but this: Peter's denial. [...] You put this forward, this denial, you say this to disguise, to hide, to excuse our own denials. To make ourselves forget, to forget, to make ourselves forget our own denials. In order to speak about something else. To change the subject. Peter denied Him three times. So what. We've denied Him hundreds and thousands of times because of sin, because of the bewilderment of sin, in the denials caused by sin.

Dulcis Christe

Michelangelo Grancini, 17th century

(Duet)

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

Sweet Christ, O good God:
You my love, my life,
my salvation and 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 desire You, I seek You,
I adore You, O sweet Love,
I adore You, O dear Jesus.

Reflection

Stabat Mater

Mainz Gesangbuch, 1661

(All)

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?

For the sins of His own nation,
Saw Him hang in desolation
Till His spirit forth He sent.

crown of thorns, placed it on him. They began to salute him with, "Hail, King of the Jews!" and kept striking his head with a reed and spitting upon him. They knelt before him in homage. And when they had mocked him, they stripped him of the purple cloak, dressed him in his own clothes, and led him out to crucify him.

Hail, King of the Jews

Oscar Vladislav Milosz, *Miguel Mañara, 1912*

The sweat of death runs in his eyes.
He walks under the cross toward his last day.
And what is there that is beautiful to see here, tell us, Son of Man?
The water of this country is like the eye of a blind man,
The rock of this country is like the heart of the King,
The tree of this country is a torture pole for you, Love, son of Heaven.
He broke the bread, He poured the wine.
This is the flesh, this is the blood.
He who has ears, hear!
He prayed and He got up: His beloved were lying under the olive tree.
Simon, are you sleeping?
He cried out and he arose: his little children dreamt under the olive tree.
Sleep now, says the Son of Man.
They came with swords and lanterns; "Hail, Master."
Brother has kissed brother upon the cheek.
The right ear was cut off, and then healed in order that man might hear.
The cock crowed thrice: there is no more love, all is forgotten.
The cock crowed in the loneliness of your heart, Son of Man.
The crown is upon the head, the reed is in the hand, the face is covered in spit and blood.
Hail, King of the Jews.

Jesu Rex Admirabilis

Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina, 1586

(Choir only)

Jesu, rex admirabilis	Jesus, wondrous king
et triumphator nobilis,	and noble conqueror,
dulcedo ineffabilis,	ineffable delight,
totus desiderabilis.	wholly desirable.

Jesu, dulcedo cordium,	O Jesus! Sweetness for the heart!
fons vivus, lumen mentium,	Thou font of life, and light for the intellect!

The government and the people.
 So that the government bore him a grudge as did the rudest of carters.
 As much as the rudest of carters.
 And the rudest of carters like the government.
 As much as the government.
 That was awful luck.
 When you have one for you and the other against you, you come through
 sometimes.
 You get out of it.
 You can get out of it.
 You can come through.
 But he would not come through.
 Surely he would not come through.
 When you have everyone against you.
 But what had he done to everyone.

I am going to tell you:
 He had saved the world.

Gospel Mark 15:1-20

As soon as morning came, the chief priests with the elders and the scribes, that is, the whole Sanhedrin, held a council. They bound Jesus, led him away, and handed him over to Pilate. Pilate questioned him, "Are you the king of the Jews?" He said to him in reply, "You say so." The chief priests accused him of many things. Again Pilate questioned him, "Have you no answer? See how many things they accuse you of." Jesus gave him no further answer, so that Pilate was amazed.

Now on the occasion of the feast he used to release to them one prisoner whom they requested. A man called Barabbas was then in prison along with the rebels who had committed murder in a rebellion. The crowd came forward and began to ask him to do for them as he was accustomed. Pilate answered, "Do you want me to release to you the king of the Jews?" For he knew that it was out of envy that the chief priests had handed him over. But the chief priests stirred up the crowd to have him release Barabbas for them instead. Pilate again said to them in reply, "Then what do you want me to do with the man you call the king of the Jews?" They shouted again, "Crucify him." Pilate said to them, "Why? What evil has he done?" They only shouted the louder, "Crucify him." So Pilate, wishing to satisfy the crowd, released Barabbas to them and, after he had Jesus scourged, handed him over to be crucified.

The soldiers led him away inside the palace, that is, the *praetorium*, and assembled the whole cohort. They clothed him in purple and, weaving a

Third Station (Wrigley Building Plaza)

Crux Fidelis *Gregorian chant*

(All)

Crux fidelis inter omnes,	Faithful Cross, above all other,
Arbor una nobilis:	One and only noble tree:
Nulla silva talem profert,	None in foliage, none in blossom
Fronde, flore, germine.	None in fruit your peer may be.

<i>Dulce lignum, dulces clavos,</i>	<i>Dearest wood and dearest nails,</i>
<i>Dulce pondus sustinet. Amen.</i>	<i>Dearest weight is hung on thee. Amen.</i>

Caligaverunt Tomás Luis De Victoria (1548-1611)

(Choir only)

Caligaverunt oculi mei a fletu meo,	My eyes have grown dim with weeping,
quia elongatus est a me	for he is being taken away from me,
qui consolabatur me.	the one who was consoling me.
Videte omnes populi:	See this, all ye peoples:
si est dolor similis,	whether there is a similar sorrow
sicut dolor meus.	such as this sorrow of mine.

O vos omnes qui transitis per viam,	O all ye who travel along this way,
attendite et videte:	attend and see:
si est dolor similis,	whether there is a similar sorrow
sicut dolor meus.	such as this sorrow of mine.

Poor Woman Charles Péguy, *The Mystery of the Charity of Joan of Arc*, 1910

They even said: *poor woman*.
 And at the same time they struck at her son.
 Because man is like that.
 Man is made that way.
 The world is like that.
 Men are what they are and you will never be able to change them.
 She did not know that on the contrary he had come to change man.
 That he had come to change the world.
 She followed, she wept.

And at the same time they were hitting her boy.
 She followed and followed.
 Men are like that.
 You can't change them.
 You can't make them over.
 You can never make them over.
 And he had come to change them.
 To make them over.
 To change the world.
 To make it over.
 She followed, she wept.
 Everybody respected her.
 Everybody pitied her.
 They said: *poor woman*.
 Because they weren't perhaps really bad.
 They weren't bad at heart.
 They fulfilled the Scriptures.
 What was curious about it was that everybody respected her.
 Honored, respected, admired her grief.
 Only a little did they push her aside, did they push her away.
 With special attentions.
 Because she was the mother of the condemned.
 They thought: It's the family of the condemned.
 They even said so in a low voice.
 They said it among themselves,
 With a secret admiration.
 And they were right, it was all his family.
 His family according to the flesh and his chosen family.
 His family on earth and his family in heaven.
 She followed, she wept.
 Her eyes were so blurred that daylight would never seem bright to her.
 Never again.
 For the last three days people had been saying: She looks ten years older.
 I just saw her.
 I just saw her last week.
 In three days she has put on ten years.
 Never again.
 She followed, she wept, she didn't quite understand.
 But she understood very well that the government was against her boy.
 And that is a very bad business.
 That the government was putting him to death.
 Always a very bad business.
 And one which could not turn out well.
 All the governments were together against him.
 The government of the Jews and the government of the Romans.

The government of judges and the government of priests.
 The government of soldiers and the government of parsons.
 He would surely not get out of it.
 Certainly not.
 Everyone was against him.
 Everyone was for his death.
 For putting him to death.
 Wanted his death.
 Sometimes you had one government for you.
 And another against you.
 And so you could get out of it.
 But he had all the governments against him.
 All the governments to begin with.
 Then the government and the people.
 It was that which was strongest.
 It was principally that which was against you.
 The government and the people.
 Who as a rule never agree.
 And then you take advantage of that.
 You are in position to take advantage of it.
 It very seldom happens that the government and the people agree.
 And then he who is against the government.
 Is with the people.
 For the people.
 And he who is against the people.
 Is with the government.
 For the government.
 He who is backed by the government.
 Is not backed by the people.
 He who is upheld by the people.
 Is not upheld by the government.
 So leaning on one or the other.
 On one against the other.
 You could sometimes get out of it.
 You might sometimes come to an agreement.
 But they had no luck.
 She saw very well that everyone was against him.
 The government and the people.
 Together.
 And that they would get him.
 [...]

Everybody was against him.
 Everybody wanted him to die.
 It is curious.
 People who are not usually together.