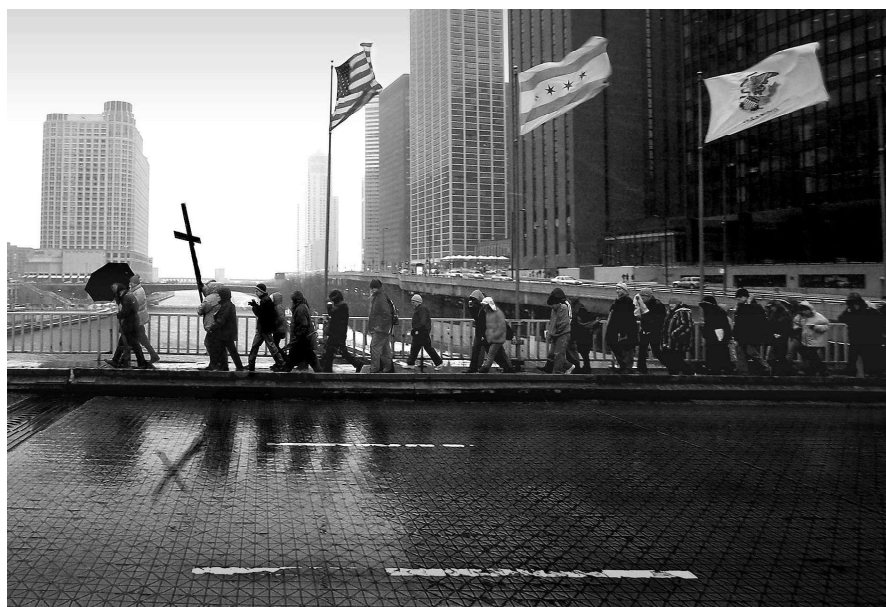


# The Way of the Cross

DOWNTOWN CHICAGO, GOOD FRIDAY 2025

From St. Peter's in the Loop to Holy Name Cathedral

April 18, 2025



It is possible to live  
like Jesus

# ARCHDIOCESE OF CHICAGO



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

April 18, 2025

Dear Friends in Christ,

Greetings to all who are participating in the Way of the Cross on Good Friday.

Scripture scholars point out that the literature of the Gospels is unique, not replicated in any other form because they are written not just as a history to recount the life of Jesus. Rather, they are inspired in such a way so future generations who would proclaim them would have the very same experience that the early disciples had of Jesus, that they would be brought into that moment and allow the full impact of who Jesus was in his passion, death and resurrection to be theirs as well. Today as you listen to the Gospel texts, may you join Pope Francis in his Good Friday prayer, "Lord Jesus, help us to see in Your Cross all the crosses of the world."

As you remember and contemplate what Christ's suffering and death means for us, your prayerful procession in the heart of the city is a powerful witness of our synodal church walking together with faith and hope in Christ and with love and concern for our sisters and brothers, especially those who are suffering. I join my prayers to yours for peace in the world, especially in the Holy Land, in Ukraine and for migrants throughout the world.

We are grateful to the members of the lay ecclesial movement *Communion and Liberation* in the Archdiocese of Chicago for organizing this annual the Way of the Cross. Thanks also to Bishop Mark Bartosic for accompanying those on this solemn journey, and to Father Patrick Gorman for offering reflections along the way. Be assured of my blessing for you today and throughout this Jubilee Year as we are called to be "Pilgrims of Hope."

With every good wish, I remain

Sincerely yours in Christ,

  
Archbishop of Chicago

*Way of the Cross  
Good Friday 2025*

## Introductory Music

### Stabat Mater

Giovanni Battista Pergolesi, 1736

Stabat Mater dolorosa, iuxta crucem lacrimosa, dum pendebat Filius.	<i>The Mother stood there, sorrowful, weeping, by the cross from which her Son was hanging.</i>
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<i>[ Cuius animam gementem, contristatam et dolentem, pertransivit gladius. ]</i>	<i>Her soul, filled with lament, with sorrow and grief, was being pierced by the sword.</i>
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O quam tristis et afflicta fuit illa benedicta Mater Unigeniti.	<i>O how sad and afflicted was that blessed woman, Mother of the only-begotten One.</i>
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<i>[ Quae moerebat et dolebat et tremebat, dum videbat nati poenas incliti. ]</i>	<i>She mourned and grieved and trembled, as she saw the sorrows of her child born for greatness.</i>
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<i>[ Quis est homo qui non fleret Christi Matrem si videret in tanto supplicio? ]</i>	<i>Who is it that would not weep, seeing Christ's Mother in such agony?</i>
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<i>[ Quis non posset contristari Piam Matrem contemplari dolentem cum Filio? ]</i>	<i>Who would not share in her sadness while beholding the blessed mother in sorrow, and her Son?</i>
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<i>[ Pro peccatis Suae gentis vidit Jesum in tormentis et flagellis subditum. ]</i>	<i>For the sins of his people she saw Jesus in torment and subjected to flagellation.</i>
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<i>[ Vidit suum dulcem Natum morientem desolatum dum emisit spiritum. ]</i>	<i>She saw her sweet son who was dying in desolation until he gave up his spirit.</i>
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<i>[ Eia Mater, fons amoris, me sentire vim doloris fac, ut tecum lugeam. ]</i>	<i>Hearken mother, font of love, make me feel the power of sorrow, that I may grieve with you.</i>
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<i>[ Fac ut ardeat cor meum in amando Christum Deum, ut sibi complaceam. ]</i>	<i>Grant that my heart may burn in the love of Christ my God, that I may greatly please Him!</i>
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*[ Sancta Mater, istud agas,  
crucifixi fige plagas  
cordi meo valide. ]*

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

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

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

*[ Fac me vere tecum flere  
crucifixo condolere  
donec ego vixero. ]*

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

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

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

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

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

*[ Fac ut portem Christi  
mortem, passionis fac  
consortem et plagas recolere.]* let me remember always his sores.

*Let me bear the death of Christ,  
let me take part in his suffering,*

*[ Fac me plagis vulnerari  
cruce hac inebriari  
ob amorem Filii. ]*

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

*Inflamatus et accensus  
per te, Virgo, sim defensus  
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.*

**PART ONE**  
***Church of St. Peter's in the Loop***

**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?

**Reflection**

**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.  
 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 began 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.

### **Amicus Meus**

Tomás Luis De Victoria (1548-1611)

*(Choir only)*

Amicus meus osculi me tradidit signo.	<i>My friend betrayed me with the sign</i>
Quem osculatus fuero, ipse est,	<i>of a kiss. "He whom I kiss, that is He:</i>
tenete eum.	<i>hold Him fast."</i>
Hoc malum fecit signum, qui	<i>This is the wicked sign given by the one</i>
per osculum adimplevit homicidium.	<i>who committed murder by a kiss.</i>



Infelix praetermisit pretium sanguinis, *The unhappy wretch repaid the price*  
et in fine laqueo se suspendit. *of blood, and in the end hanged himself.*

Bonum erat ei *It had been better for that man*  
si natus non fuisset homo ille. *if he had never been born.*

Infelix praetermisit pretium sanguinis, *The unhappy wretch repaid the price*  
et in fine laqueo se suspendit. *of blood, and in the end hanged himself.*

## **Gospel**

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."

## **Reflection**

### **Voi Ch'amate lo Criatore**

*Laudario Magliabechiano, 14<sup>th</sup> century*

*(Solo)*

Voi ch'amate lo Criatore, *O ye who love the Creator,*  
Ponete mente a lo meo dolore. *Please pay heed to my sorrow.*

Ch'io son Maria co lo cor tristo, *For I am Mary, whose heart is doleful,*  
La quale avea per figliuol Cristo; *whose cherished son was Christ;*  
La speme mia et dolce acquisto, *He, my hope and my sweet gain*  
Fue crocifisso pe' li peccatori! *Was crucified for sinners!*

Capo bello et delicato, *O beautiful and delicate head,*  
Come ti vegio stare 'nkinato! *Lo, I see you lying on one side!*  
Li tuoi cappelli, di sangue intrecciati, *Your hair is woven with blood*  
Fin a la barba ne va i'rigore! *And even your beard is bedewed!*

Bocca bella et delicata, *O beautiful and delicate mouth,*  
Come ti vegio stare asserrata! *Lo, I see you utterly shut! You were*  
Di fiele e aceto fosti abeverata, *quenched with gall and vinegar;*  
Trista et dolente, dentr'al mio core. *How sad and sorrowful is my heart.*

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

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

### **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?

### **Cristo al Morir Tendea**

Br. Marc'Antonio da San Germano, 16<sup>th</sup> 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 leave Him for another love?"*

"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 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."*

"Dunque, dilette 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 draw you to the heavens,  
will you leave Him for another love?"*

## **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.

## **Reading**

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.

## **Reflection**

### **Stabat Mater**

Zoltán Kodály, 1898

*(Choir only)*

Stabat Mater dolorosa,  
Juxta crucem lacrimosa  
Dum pendebat Filius.

Cujus animam gementem  
Contristatam et dolentem  
Pertransivit gladius.

Quando corpus morietur,  
Fac ut animae donetur  
Paradisi gloria!  
Amen.

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

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

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

## Gospel

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.”

### **His mother Mary thought it was all right**

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

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.

### **Ognun m'entenda**

Anonymous, from the *Codice Ven. Marciana*, 15th century

*(Duet)*

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

*Let all listen to me devoutly  
 about 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  
 and nailed to the Cross already.*

### **Reading**

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.

## **Reflection**

### **My Song is Love Unknown**

Lyrics: Samuel Crossman, 1664; music: John Ireland, 1925

*(All)*

My song is love unknown,  
my Savior's love to me:  
love to the loveless shown,  
that they might lovely be.  
But who am I, that for my sake  
my Lord should take frail flesh and die?

He came from His blest throne  
salvation to bestow,  
but men made strange, and none  
the longed-for Christ should know.  
But O, my Friend, my Friend indeed,  
who at my need His life should spend.

Here might I stay and sing:  
no story so divine,  
never was love, dear King,  
never was grief like Thine!  
This is my Friend, in whose sweet praise  
I all my days should gladly spend.

### **Stabat Mater**

Giovanni Battista Pergolesi, 1736

(See page 4)

*Please exit the church in silence following the cross.  
Proceed on the sidewalks and maintain silence.*

## PART TWO

### *Holy Name Cathedral*

#### **Crux Fidelis**

*Gregorian chant*

*(Choir only)*

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

*(All)*

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

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

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

*(Choir only)*

Pange lingua gloriosi  
lauream certaminis,  
et super crucis tropheo  
dic triumphum nobilem,  
qualiter Redemptor orbis  
immolatus vicerit.

*Sing, my tongue, the glorious battle  
sing the last, the dread affray  
o'er the Cross, the victor's trophy,  
sound the high triumphal lay:  
Tell how Christ, the world's Redeemer  
as a victim won the day.*

Crux fidelis...

*(All)*

*Dulce lignum...*

*Faithful Cross...*

*Dearest wood...*

*(Choir only)*

Felle potus ecce languet  
spina, clavi, lancea;  
mite corpus perforarunt,  
unda manat et cruor.  
Terra, pontus, astra, mundus,  
quo lavantur flumine.

*He endured the nails, the spitting,  
vinegar, and spear, and reed;  
from that holy body broken  
blood and water forth proceed.  
Earth, and stars, and sky, and ocean,  
by that flood from stain are free.*

Crux fidelis...

*(All)*

*Dulce lignum...*

*Faithful Cross...*

*Dearest wood...*

*(Choir only)*

Flecte ramos, arbor alta,  
tensa laxa viscera,  
et rigor lentescat ille,  
quem dedit nativitas,  
et superni membra Regis  
tende miti stipite.

*Bend thy boughs, tree of glory,  
thy relaxing sinews bend,  
for awhile the ancient rigor  
that thy birth bestowed, suspend,  
and the King of heavenly beauty  
on thy bosom gently tend.*



Crux fidelis...

*(All)*

*Dulce lignum...*

*Faithful Cross...*

*Dearest wood...*

*(Choir only)*

Sola digna tu fuisti  
fêrre mundi victimam  
atque portum præparare  
arca mundo naufrago  
quam sacer cruor perunxit  
fusus agni corpore.

*Tree, which solely wast found worthy  
this world's victim to sustain;  
harbor from the raging tempest  
ark, that saved the world again.  
Tree, with sacred blood anointed  
of the Lamb for sinners slain.*

Crux fidelis...

*(All)*

*Dulce lignum...*

*Faithful Cross...*

*Dearest wood...*

*(Choir only)*

Sempiterna sit beatae  
Trinitati gloria,  
aequa Patri Filioque,  
par decus Paraclîto.  
Unius trinique nomen  
laudet universitas.

*Blessing, honor, everlasting,  
to the immortal Deity;  
to the Father, Son, and Spirit,  
equal praises ever be;  
glory through the earth and heaven  
to trinity in unity.*

Crux fidelis...

*(All)*

*Dulce lignum...*

*Faithful Cross...*

*Dearest wood...*

## **O Côr Soave**

Anonymous, 16<sup>th</sup> century

*(Choir only)*

O côr soave, côr del mio Signore,  
Ferito gravemente  
Non da coltel pungente,  
Ma dallo stral che fabbricò l'Amore,  
che fabbricò l'Amore.

*O gentle heart, heart of my Lord,  
gravely wounded,  
not by a sharp knife,  
rather by the dart which Love made,  
which Love made.*

O côr soave, quand'io ti rimiro  
Post'in tant'agonia,  
Manca l'anima mia,  
Ne voce s'ode più ne mai sospiro,  
ne più ne mai sospiro.

*O gentle heart, when I behold thee  
placed in so much agony,  
then faints my soul,  
and no more voice is heard, nor ever  
sighing; no more, nor ever sighing.*

## **Gospel**

John 19:16b-24

So they took Jesus, and carrying the cross himself he went out to what is called the Place of the Skull, in Hebrew, Golgotha. There they crucified him, and with him two others, one on either side, with Jesus in the middle.

Pilate also had an inscription written and put on the cross. It read, "Jesus the Nazorean, the King of the Jews." Now many of the Jews read this inscription, because the place where Jesus was crucified was near the city; and it was written in Hebrew, Latin, and Greek. So the chief priests of the Jews said to Pilate, "Do not write 'The King of the Jews,' but that he said, 'I am the King of the Jews.'" Pilate answered, "What I have written, I have written."

When the soldiers had crucified Jesus, they took his clothes and divided them into four shares, a share for each soldier. They also took his tunic, but the tunic was seamless, woven in one piece from the top down. So they said to one another, "Let's not tear it, but cast lots for it to see whose it will be," in order that the passage of scripture might be fulfilled that says: "They divided my garments among them, and for my vesture they cast lots." This is what the soldiers did.

## **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.

## **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.

## **Gospel**

John 19:25-30

Standing by the cross of Jesus were his mother and his mother's sister, Mary the wife of Clopas, and Mary of Magdala. When Jesus saw his mother and the disciple there whom he loved, he said to his mother, "Woman, behold, your son." Then he said to the disciple, "Behold, your mother." And from that hour the disciple took her into his home.

After this, aware that everything was now finished, in order that the scripture might be fulfilled, Jesus said, "I thirst." There was a vessel filled with common wine. So they put a sponge soaked in wine on a sprig of hyssop and put it up to his mouth. When Jesus had taken the wine, he said, "It is finished." And bowing his head, he handed over the spirit.

## **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.

## **Reflection**

### **Dulcis Christe**

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

*(Duet)*

Dulcis Christe, o bone Deus,	<i>Sweet Christ, O good God:</i>
O amor meus, o vita mea,	<i>You my love, my life,</i>
O salus mea, o gloria mea.	<i>my salvation and my glory.</i>

Tu es Creator,	<i>You are the Creator,</i>
Tu es Salvator mundi.	<i>You are the Savior of the World.</i>

Te volo, Te quaero,	<i>I desire You, I seek You,</i>
Te adoro, o dulcis Amor	<i>I adore You, O sweet Love,</i>
Te adoro, o care Jesu.	<i>I adore You, O dear Jesus.</i>

### **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.

## **Way of the Cross through Downtown Chicago 2025**

Organized by the lay ecclesial movement Communion and Liberation

- Presiding: His Excellency Bishop Mark Bartosic
- Reflections: Fr. Patrick Gorman
- Readings: Patrick Lambert, Margaret Laracy, and the seminarians of the Propaedeutic Stage
- Choir: The choir of Communion and Liberation directed by Matteo Sabato

We wish to thank:

- His Eminence Blase Card. Cupich, Archbishop of Chicago, and the staff of the Archdiocese of Chicago
- His Excellency Bishop Mark Bartosic, Auxiliary Bishop of Chicago
- Msgr. Greg Sakowicz, Rector, Holy Name Cathedral
- Fr. Michael Fowler OFM and the staff of St. Peter's in the Loop
- Fr. Patrick Gorman, administrative secretary to the Archbishop
- Fr. Matt Alexander and the seminarians of the Propaedeutic Stage
- The City of Chicago and the Chicago Police Department
- All the people who contributed to the Way of the Cross and who supported it in any way or form

## **Communion and Liberation**

Communion and Liberation (CL) is a lay movement of the Roman Catholic Church. It began in 1954 when the Servant of God Msgr. Luigi Giussani, a priest of the Archdiocese of Milan, Italy, sparked an unexpected friendship with his students at the Berchet High School, inviting them to rediscover the reasonableness of the Christian faith in the modern world.

The name “Communion and Liberation” was born as a response to the growing restlessness and intensifying demands for meaning and freedom: true liberation comes from the communion with Jesus Christ in an ecclesial companionship – the fulfillment of the religious sense present in every person.

CL has since grown into an international movement, awakening the recognition of Christ’s presence as an event here and now, with an emphasis on communal life as the supreme sign of His love, and on the necessity for engaging with all cultural expressions in light of the encounter with Him.

CL is now present in all major cities and throughout the United States. In the Chicago area, we meet weekly for groups of catechesis and discussion (the “School of Community”) in various locations, including Riverside and Lake View on Wednesday nights, as well as Hyde Park and Wheaton on Thursday nights. We also gather periodically citywide for assemblies and other community events.



# The Way of the Cross

Organized by Communion and Liberation, a Catholic lay ecclesial movement

To know more about Communion and Liberation:

▪ [us.clonline.org](http://us.clonline.org) | [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)

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If you would like to support or contribute in any way to the 2026 Way of the Cross through Downtown Chicago, please contact us at [info@wayofthecrosschicago.org](mailto:info@wayofthecrosschicago.org).

Your help is greatly appreciated.

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