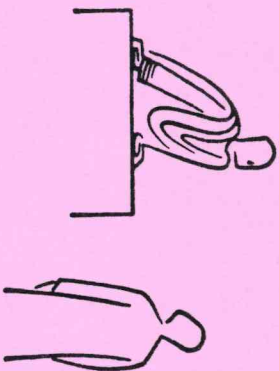


+ *The Way of the Cross*

1. As Jesus appears before Pilate, I remember a time when I experienced being misunderstood, condemned:



2. As Jesus receives his cross, I recall a time when I received a cross into my life:

5. As Simon helps Jesus carry his cross, I consider who has been there to lift the cross from my shoulders, from my heart:

3. As Jesus falls the first time, I remember when I first experienced failure, my own limits:

6. As Veronica wipes the face of Jesus, I remember the Veronicas in my life—those who stood by me, comforted me, even at the risk of their own rejection:

4. As Mary encourages Jesus, I remember someone who encouraged me to follow God's call; I remember how she or he looked at me:



7. As Jesus falls a second time, I recall the times when I have experienced the helplessness of falling, knowing that I would fall again, and again:

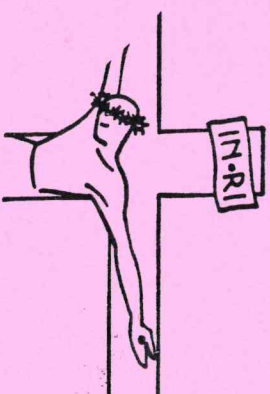
8. As the women reach out to comfort Jesus, I remember the faces of those whom I have reached out to comfort, even in my own pain:

9. As Jesus falls a third time, I recall a time when I felt as if I had fallen and could not go on:

10. As Jesus is stripped of his clothing, I remember the experience of feeling so poor, so stripped, so vulnerable before others:

11. As I see Jesus nailed to the cross, I consider what it is that fastens me to the cross of Jesus Christ:

12. As I image Jesus dying on the cross, I recall the circumstances, the interior call to love unconditionally, to be forgiving even when there seems to be no return:



13. As I image Mary holding the dead body of her Son, I hold in loving memory those who received me in my pain and grieved with me:

14. As Jesus' body is laid in the tomb, I consider what it is in my life that most holds me entombed, where I most experience death:

15. As I become aware of the empty tomb of Easter morning, I am aware not only of the pain of my life, but of the new life, emerging and deepening within me:

