



Sr Lini Sheeja MSC, hailing from Enayam Puthenthurai, Kanyakumari, belongs to the Congregation of Missionary Sisters of the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus (MSC). She had done her degree in Social Work from Stella Maris College, Chennai and served as the team member of Childline (BOSCO). She stood for the upliftment of women and children in slums, worked as the Medico Social Worker at St John's Medical College Hospital and currently serves as the National Secretary of Prison Ministry India. She is also the Chief Editor of Prison Voice – a national monthly magazine.

A browsing of the original manuscript of this booklet in Tamil turned out to be a blessing as I found in it a mine of mind-blowing musings on the Paschal Mystery. It will evoke a deep devotion to the Cross of Christ and open fresh vistas and prayerful praxis in its readers. May God bless Sr Lini Sheeja MSC and may her skillful scripting bear abundant fruit.

**Fr M A Nathan MMI**  
Rector, Arul Nivas, Bangalore

The reflections at every Station guide us to experience the Divine deep within and exhort us towards leading a true Christian life.

**Manish Soosai M**  
Director of Operations  
Saathii

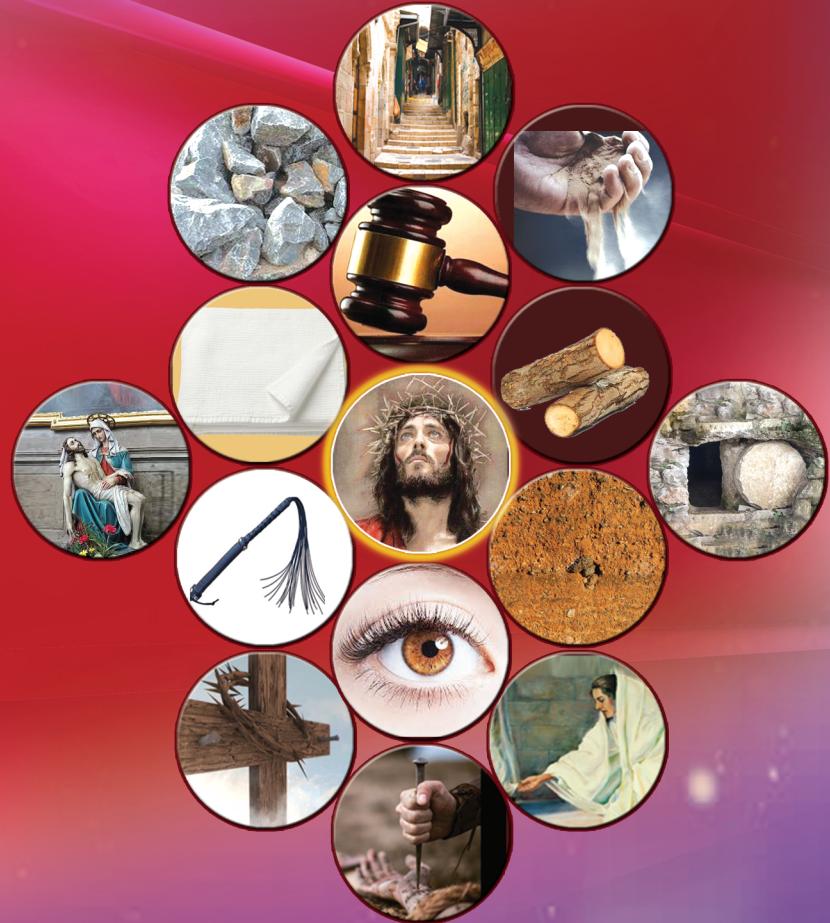
When the Holy Spirit revealed the Love of God through the Cross and Sufferings of Christ while reading The Sound of Silence, I recognized the beauty of life and spirituality from a new perspective. I could sense the pure love and devotion that went into the preparation of this booklet - it is a must read for all.

**Clifford Salvadore**  
Author, Temple of God

The Sound of Silence

# THE SOUND OF SILENCE

## *Way of the Cross*



**Sr Lini Sheeja MSC**

Let me reason out with you—was it a crime to heal you? Or was it a sin to proclaim the Good News of love and peace? (**Trial Court**)

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I was lifeless but became alive at the very instant I touched him. I was a sign of shame but have now become a symbol of grace. (**Wooden Piece**)

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Jesus did not lie down long, subdued by the weight of the cross, but sprang up like a spiral to continue his victory march. (**Mother Earth**)

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The food, with which she lovingly nourished him, has spilled out as blood. This blood is not shed without any reason, but has a definite purpose. Yes, the purpose is to save humanity! (**Eyes**)

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I have seen drunkards being whipped, murderers, dacoits and venals too are whipped. Why do they punish Jesus, the most innocent with whip? Could anyone answer me? (**Whip**)

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By printing his blood stained face on me, Jesus has made me eternally remembered. (**White Towel**)

---

We the stones ask you, are you beating him because he is willing to carry the cross? (**Stones**)

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I cannot forget the innumerable miracles of Jesus along our path. How would these kind hearted women forget them? (**The Streets of Jerusalem**)

---

As I am stuck in his body, I too journey with him to Calvary. (**Dust**)

---

Have you stripped his garments because he came to cloth you in dignity? Or have you stripped his cloth because he came to cloth the nakedness of your sins? (**Jesus' Garment**)

---

The fire that came from Jesus was the fire of love. All that he could offer was love and love alone to the very end of his life. (**Nails**)

---

The creation is the handy work of the Lord. So, how can they remain silent when the creator himself was killed? (**Mount Calvary**)

---

Is she silent because she knows well that her son will rise after three days? (**Mother Mary's Lap**)

---

Jesus, you had toiled for thirty-three years, so you should have been sent either to a garden or a park to rest, but you are put in a tomb. Was his genuine love a sin? Was his human nature a crime? (**Tomb**)

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# **THE SOUND OF SILENCE**

**Would You Lend Me Your Ears?**

**Sr Lini Sheeja MSC**

**PMI Publications  
Bangalore**

# **The Sound of Silence**

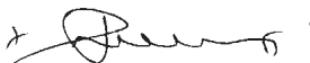
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## *Dedication*

My Parents

Mr L Soosai Pakiam

Mrs S Mary Jeno

My Siblings

Mrs Mary Hema Ritha

Mr Pakia Bindhu Merlin



# *Acknowledgements*

As the hymn rhymes:

*“What thanks O Lord can I render thee.  
For all the gifts thou has showered on me.  
Each day I'll sing of Thy praise and glory, Allelu,  
Alleluia!”*

My words would not suffice the magnitude of my gratitude to the Almighty for all his benevolence to me. I thank the Abba Father for empowering me with His Holy Spirit in Jesus to launch this pure venture.

I also place in record, my sentiments of gratitude to my parents, siblings, relatives and all those who encouraged me to bring out this booklet.

I am highly indebted to the Superior General Sr Barbara Winkler MSC, the District Superior Sr Soly Mathew MSC, all members of my congregation; especially Sr Shyla Mattathil MSC and Sr Sandra Vilangaden MSC from my

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community at Snehalya, Bangalore for their genuine love and encouragement.

I express my profound gratitude in a spirit of immense joy towards his Grace Most Rev Dr Peter Machado, Archbishop of Bangalore, for his blessing and permission for this work to see the light of the day, and also for his graciousness in sparing time to write a beatiful exhortation for this booklet to find large readership.

My sincere gratitude to Rev Dr Francis Kodiyan MCBS, the Cofounder and National Coordinator of PMI for writing an inspiring foreword, and also for being at my side during my journey with the brethren behind the bars.

My greatest appreciation to Br Dr Pius Kizhakebagam CMSF, Dean of Studies, Jyothi Sadan for writing a message, for his guidance, care and fatherly love at all times. I thank him wholeheartedly for being for me at all walks of my life.

*The Sound of Silence*

I do place on record my highest appreciation to Rev Dr M A Nathan MMI, for the inspiring and lucid translation of this work into English. It was my long-time dream to take this piece of work to the English speaking audience and I thank him for his sincere efforts in helping me realize this dream.

I also thank Mr Clifford Salvadore for his generous help in meticulously proofreading this material. May God bless him and his family.

Thanks a million to all my friends who stood by me as pillars of strength during this project.

Finally, I also invite you, who are holding this booklet in your hands at this time of grace, to walk the way of the Cross with Jesus for experiencing an intimate encounter with him and for a mighty anointing of the Holy Spirit! Let us, then journey together as one family of the heavenly Father.



**Most Rev Peter Machado**  
Archbishop of Bangalore

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### Blessing

Sr Lini Sheeja MSC in her book *The Sound of Silence* clearly brings out the plight of the prisoners and their suffering. The author speaks of her personal experience and service to them. She gives the readers an insightful look at her perception of her work and experience among the prisoners. This is a special way of the Cross wherein the author in each station brings out the accompaniment of even the material things like tribunal seat, the earth, the whipcord, the towel, the Cross, the nails etc along with the journey of Jesus towards Calvary. The book is very contemplative and biblical.

The booklet brings in a great joy and comfort and finally leads all those who read it towards Jesus who suffered and died for us. I hope that this book will become a primer for all spiritual leaders and guides to lead people in their journey toward Christ.

"The book provides an excellent, robust biblical foundation for participating in the passion of the Lord. It confronts our human attitudes towards the people who are suffering. This book not only makes that point well, but does so by demonstrating in its style and grace the beauty of holy thoughts. I pray that all those who pray this way of the Cross may receive the abundant graces from the Cross. May you be always close to the one who called you and inspire many more through your writings.

Date: 24.02.2020

+ Peter Machado  
Archbishop of Bangalore

# *Preface*

*“Come, you blessed of my Father, take possession of the kingdom prepared for you..... For when I was in prison you visited me” (Mt 25:34-36).*

What we need today is Indian religious who will pioneer the coming generation of new vistas of religious life which will enable us to see in our country men and women with the eyes pivoted on the kingdom of God. Communion of hearts with the suffering people is an essential ingredient of sanctity and joyful living.

The Sound of Silence: Would you lend me your ears? By Sr Lini Sheeja MSC is a book that will unfold these ideas. It is an excellent piece of work in this regard. It is a contextual Way of the Cross, especially in terms of Prison Ministry. It can evoke in us passion in listeners' hearts to listen to the cry of Jesus in the poor in different ways. It touches on the cry of the innocent children whose parents are behind the bars.

*The Sound of Silence*

This magnificent piece of work can lead us to compassion for those innocent persons in prison. It contains an invitation for love, sympathy and concern for the suffering humanity. This book is highly biblical and theological sound. It can be used as source material for our meditation especially during our Lenten season.

While giving all due appreciation to Sr Lini Sheeja MSC, I wish her God's abundant blessings. She takes the place of a modern prophet with original thinking and invites us to read the signs of the time and commit ourselves to the cause of the suffering humanity. May Jesus hold your hands in your journey to the establishment of His kingdom dear Sr Lini. May the Almighty bless you in every moment.

**Br Dr Pius Kizhakebhagam CMSF**  
Dean of Studies, Jyothi Sadan

# *Foreword*

The paschal mystery, the passion, death and resurrection of Jesus, is the foundation of the sanctification and redemption of humankind. Participation in the paschal mystery is the narrow path and the entrance pass to eternal life. The best way to participate in Jesus' passion and death is the Holy Mass, the summit toward which the activity of the church is directed and the fount from which all her power flows (SC 10). “The agony in Gethsemane was the introduction to the agony of the Cross on Good Friday; *The Holy Hour*, the hour of the redemption of the world. Whenever the Eucharist is celebrated there is an almost tangible return to his “hour”, the hour of his Cross and glorification” (EdeE 4).

The Way of the Cross is another fruitful devotion in the Catholic Church to contemplate on the passion and death of Jesus. PMI considers this devotion very effective in the reformation of prisoners, especially in such prisons where

the celebration of the Holy Eucharist is not possible. Contemplation on the passion of Jesus through the 14 Stations of the Cross immensely strengthens prisoners to courageously undergo their daily miseries. Sr Lini Sheeja MSC, the national secretary of Prison Ministry India (PMI) scripts a new version of the Way of the Cross in her book *The Sound of Silence* with the intention to strengthen prisoners worldwide. She offers voice to the voiceless, who participated in Jesus' way of the Cross and proclaims their message to the mankind. The trial court of Jesus, the wooden Cross, the mother earth, the eyes of mother Mary and Jesus, the whip, the towel of Veronica, the stones on the way, the Via Dolorosa, the dust on the way, the garment of Jesus, the nails with which Jesus was nailed, the Mount Calvary, the lap of mother Mary and the tomb of Jesus express their agonies, anxieties and insights on Jesus' sufferings.

These inspiring and insightful illustrations in *The Sound of Silence* remind me of Khalil Gibran's renowned book *Jesus the Son of Man* and Charles de Foucauld's Third Millennium Missionary

Methodology of silent witness, preaching without words, and the proclamation with life witness. William Johnston defines this kind of spirituality as the spirituality of being in his book *Being in Love*. Contemplation according to him is a sitting in loving emptiness and in loving awareness with an unconditional and unrestricted love towards Jesus crucified. It is a being in love. In this prayer one just is; I just am like the flowers of the field, the birds of the air and fishes of the water.

The highest form of this silent preaching we find in the Most Holy Eucharist where we find eternal silence, holy silence, and golden silence. The Eucharist speaks very personally to each one of us in profound silence. The German theologian Karl Rahner, in a prayer to the Holy Eucharist emphasises the power of Eucharistic silence, “Your silence, O’ Lord, is the framework of my faith, the boundless space where my love finds the strength to believe in Your love. Your love had hidden itself in silence, so that my love can reveal itself in faith.

## *The Sound of Silence*

*Sound of Silence* reminds me of the last sermon of Buddha. Disciples from many parts of the world gathered to listen to their master. All were eagerly waiting for the ultimate message of Buddha. Finally, Buddha came to the platform carrying a flower. With the flower in his hand Buddha looked at his disciples, and smiled. All thought that he would speak a long sermon. But he did not utter a single word. Disciples were getting nervous and disturbed. But he continued to be silent and smiling. Finally, one of the disciples got the ultimate message of Buddha and he too smiled. When Buddha understood that at least one could grasp his final message, he felt happy and went away.

Silence is the sign of profound God experience. Those who experienced God in silence can also communicate the God experience to others in silence. *Sound of Silence* invites us to be silent, reflective, meditative and contemplative. It is an invitation to become *Munihs* through constant *Mauna* and *Nididyasana*. When our space scientists discover and advance in outer space, we the missionaries of the lost are called

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to be contemplatives to make inner journeys and introspections discovering the riches of both the Holy Eucharist and the human soul. I wholeheartedly congratulate Sr Lini Sheeja MSC, for her creative and contemplative contribution, *The Sound of Silence* and wish that many may read this insightful book and be blessed.

**Rev Dr Francis Kodiyan MCBS**  
PMI National Coordinator

World Consecrated Day  
02 February 2020

## *From the Pen of the Author...*

All those who were with me in good times were conspicuously absent during my trudge with the Cross to Calvary. Nevertheless, their absence never got the better of me, because every speechless creature of my heavenly Father vibes with my heartbeat. It was an intimate moment attuning to the sound of their silence!

Today, you fret and fume over the ailing environment. Several sensible souls, young and old, lettered and unlettered, pauper and billionaire alike have raised their voices for a healthy habitat because they wish to live in a beautiful world. You too wanted to join their bandwagon, but hardly found time for it. Hence, would you lend your ears to the sound of their silence as you are going to walk the way of the Cross in the next hour? When men and women whom I created as the crown of creation, were unwilling to accompany me on my way to Calvary, the solidarity of the voiceless creation was a soothing solace in my agony. Are you then ready to listen to the sound of silence?





# Jesus Speaks...

*There is no journey without any baggage ...  
And there is no life without any burden ...*

Being completely aware that I cannot fulfil my destiny without carrying my Cross, I carry it most willingly towards Calvary. I am delighted to know that you are going to meditate the way of the Cross that I had walked on that Friday. Salvation came to you through the Cross. I took the form of a man to fulfil the plan of my heavenly Father. I know the nuances of danger, sorrow and abandonment, because I have experienced all of these before you. I had said, "My Father, if it is possible, let this cup pass from me; yet not what I want but what you

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want” (Mt 26:39) and surrendered my life into his loving hands.

My dear sons and daughters, will you come to me when you are in danger and face challenges in your life? Yes, if you look at me in your sorrow, your sorrows will turn into joy! Behold, I have shed every drop of my blood for your sake, your prosperity and joy. I was happy dying on two pieces of wood and three nails, so that whenever you look at the Cross:

‘You shall be radiant with joy and  
your face shall never be put to shame’  
( Ps 34:5)



## The First Station

*As Jesus was Condemned to Death,  
the Trial Court Speaks ...*

**L:** We Adore You O Christ and We Bless You.

**All:** Because by Your Cross, You have Redeemed the Whole World,

### Reflecting with the Trial Court

I have seen many criminals in my trial court. Convicted of several crimes, they awaited judgment. But, I have no clue as to why Jesus, the most Holy One of God stands here. You have pierced his heart by arrows of accusations. The high priests, elders and the scribes have attributed unwarranted allegations against this innocent man, but he remains calm and

*The Sound of Silence*

composed. He is silent ... is it because of his innocence? Sinners justify sins, offenders break rules and criminals defend crimes. I am surprised at His silence!

Jesus said to the woman caught in adultery, “Neither do I condemn you. Go your way...” (John 8:1) But, today he stands falsely condemned. Washing his hands before the crowd, Pilate said that he was innocent of the blood of Jesus and handed him over to the crowd to be crucified. What was his crime? Since he is silent, I want to question you: Has he murdered somebody or looted someone? He has committed no such crimes! Nevertheless, you want to put him on the Cross. Let me reason out with you—was it a crime to heal you? Or was it a sin to proclaim the Good News of love and peace?

Even today several innocent prisoners stand in trial courts awaiting judgement. Many a time, criminals go scot-free and innocent are made scapegoats like Jesus the Holy Innocent. According to a recent survey, an estimated

10,000 persons are wrongly convicted of serious crimes each year. Seven innocent Christians from remote Kandhamal district, in the state of Odisha, India, were convicted to life imprisonment in 2013 for the mysterious murder of Swami Laxmanananda Saraswati on August 23, 2008. These innocent Christians – six of them illiterate including a mentally challenged, had been fraudulently charged with the murder touted as a Christian conspiracy.

### **Reawakening the Trial Court in us:**

*“Do not judge and you will not be judged” (Mt 7:1)*

Jesus was unjustly condemned to carry the Cross. Have I been a Cross to others by my false accusation and rude judgement?

### **Reuniting with Jesus:**

Dear Jesus, you have created history by your silence. We live in a world where everyone tries to win over others by mesmerizing words and misleading freebies. But, you have won over our hearts by your unspoken words. Your

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silence is a challenge for me! Let your silence become a lesson for my life. I have judged and condemned others through my envy, greed and anger. Help me Lord not to become rude by my anger and judgment. May I not become a mute spectator to injustice and evil but face them boldly by your grace and become a witness to the truth. Amen.

**L:** Have Mercy On Us, O Lord.

**All:** Have Mercy On Us.

Our Father, Hail Mary, Glory be...

*May the souls of the faithful departed through the  
mercy of God rest in peace. Amen.*



## The Second Station

*As Jesus Accepts the Wooden Cross,  
the Wood Speaks*

**L:** We Adore You O Christ and We Bless You.

**All:** Because by Your Cross, You have Redeemed  
the Whole World

### Reflecting with the wood

Pilate has condemned Jesus to be crucified on the Cross. Jesus, the One who knew no crime is being condemned as a criminal. The Holy One is being judged as unholy. When I, the wood was felled for a Cross, I guessed criminals would be nailed on me as usual. But, what a paradox! They have put me on the shoulders of Jesus, the innocent one.

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A heavy burden usually carried by many is now being put on the tender shoulders of a frail man, who went around Galilee doing good to all who came to him. The man who came down from heaven to behold you in his bosom is being forcefully held to a heavy Cross. He remained silent in the trial court and he embraced the Cross most willingly.

I was lifeless but became alive at the very instant I touched him. I was a sign of shame but have now become a symbol of grace. Sin entered the Garden of Eden through a tree but salvation and grace have come to humanity through the Cross on Calvary.

Thus, Jesus teaches us that we can carry any heavy burden with ease, face any insurmountable problems gracefully and accept any challenge joyfully if we take them willingly. Now, I, the voiceless Cross ask you who have voice: you can avail of many wooden Crosses to nail criminals but would you find me another Jesus?

Even today, many forms of sufferings are thrust upon the shoulders of our brethren behind

## *The Sound of Silence*

the bars. The moment they are arrested, the notorious title of criminal, coupled with the burden of rejection from family, loved ones and the society weigh heavy on their shoulders. The prisoners' wives, children and other family members too shoulder the brunt of pain. Do we have a heart to feel for them? How many of us are willing to lift them up from the stigma of shame?

### **Reawakening the wood in us:**

“The language of the Cross remains nonsense for those who are being lost. Yet for us who are being saved, it is the power of God” (1Cor 1:18).

Cross is the symbol of victory over evil and a sign of hope. Does your gazing at the Cross rejuvenate your drooping spirit?

### **Reuniting with Jesus:**

Dear Jesus, teach me to live a life of selfless service in a world where we have lost the sense of sin. Give me your grace O Lord, to joyfully

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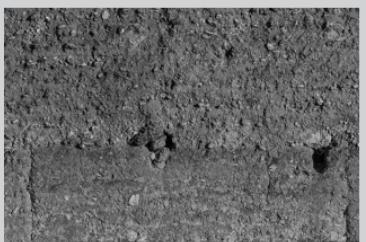
carry not only my own Cross but also carry the burdens of others most willingly. Help me God not to thrust heavy burdens on others by my sinful thoughts, words and deeds.

**L:** Have mercy on us, O Lord.

**All:** Have mercy on us.

Our Father, Hail Mary, Glory be...

*May the souls of the faithful departed through the  
mercy of God rest in peace. Amen.*



## The Third Station

*As Jesus falls the First Time,  
the Mother Earth Speaks*

**L:** We Adore You O Christ and We Bless You.

**All:** Because by Your Cross, You have Redeemed the Whole World

### Reflecting with the mother earth

I witness someone kissing me affectionately the first time. Jesus has fallen weighed down by the Cross. You fondly call me mother earth and rightly so here I am experiencing the affection of the most beloved Son, lying on my lap. The One, who walked on my soil to work wonders and miracles, has stumbled on his own shadow.

### *The Sound of Silence*

I wanted to cry a loud scream as he came down on me, but I could not, for I am a voiceless creation. Trees and plants germinate from me. Yes, the flora and the fauna spring forth from me. But, when the giver of life fell on me, I could not but reverentially embrace him. No words of affection gushed forth from me but I held him lovingly and fondly dandled him on my lap.

A child need not share his sadness to its mother for the mother can read its mind. I can feel his heartbeat, writhing in pain as he collapses on me. His groan pierces through my heart. Jesus came to raise us up from sin and shame. But nobody is willing to lift him up from his fall.

Failures are stepping-stones to success. Jesus did not lie down long, subdued by the weight of the Cross, but sprang up like a spiral to continue his victory march. His determination shows that there is strength in him and power too.

In a world where everyone is chasing after victory, Jesus is teaching us that failures too pleasantly

### *The Sound of Silence*

enrich. I am proud of the fact that Jesus who is the Lord of heaven and earth, is dandled upon the lap of the earth. And his smeared blood has rejuvenated and revitalized me, the mother earth. Don't you feel his encompassing presence to awaken your drooping spirit?

'Can you give me a second chance' is the cry of a prisoner which reaches my ears. As the mother earth, I meet the good and bad and I never reject anyone. I reach out with warmth and care for those oppressed, imprisoned, bonded, neglected and rejected by the society. As a mother cares for the vulnerable children, my heart also goes for the rejected ones, such as prisoners, prostitutes, beggars, street children, AIDS victims, drug addicts and many more. Do you feel the same?

### **Reawakening the mother earth in us:**

"Treat others the way you would like them to treat you..." (Mt 7:12)

When Jesus fell on the mother Earth, she affectionately embraced him. Do we understand

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the pitfalls of others as we wish others to understand ours?

**Reuniting with Jesus:**

Dear Jesus, even if I am unable to do any good to others, let me refrain from doing evil to any. When somebody deviates from the path of truth and love, may I lead him to your way. Following the example of mother Earth, may I become a source of solace and comfort to all who stumble and fall by the burden of sin and shame.

**L:** Have mercy on us, O Lord.

**All:** Have mercy on us.

Our Father, Hail Mary, Glory be...

*May the souls of the faithful departed through the  
mercy of God rest in peace. Amen.*



## The Fourth Station

*As Jesus Meets His Mother,  
Their Eyes Speak*

**L:** We Adore You O Christ and We Bless You.

**All:** Because by Your Cross, You have Redeemed the Whole World

### Reflecting with the Eyes

Eyes shed tears. That is their nature. But, today the eyes of a mother and her Son shed tears of blood! Jesus dares not to call Mary, “**Mother**,” fearing inherent danger. Hence, thousands of wordless communications occur between the two. The eyes that kept vigilant watch while breastfeeding him, meets the eyes of her Son flooded with blood.

*The Sound of Silence*

A short while ago, Jesus was silent in the trial court at the unfolding of inhuman events; he has once again become speechless at the sight of his most immaculate mother. The blood has blurred his eyes to see his beloved mother's mourning. The food, with which she lovingly nourished him, has spilled out as blood. This blood is not shed without any reason, but has a definite purpose. Yes, the purpose is to save humanity! This thought strengthens her, despite agony and anxiety.

Jesus was unable to speak to his mother who has come to bid him farewell on the successful completion of his mission on earth. The eyes that had met in joyful ecstasy in Bethlehem, now meet with pain and flowing blood on the road to Calvary. We ask you— is the sorrow of Mary, the price of her obedience to the will of God? Or is the agony of Jesus the rewards of his love for humanity?

A similar scene of sorrow is reminiscent in the family members of the prisoners languishing behind the bars. Long queues, tight security,

### *The Sound of Silence*

scanning of every item that is being carried and even food packets are scrutinized thoroughly. Every prisoner longs to taste at least a morsel of food affectionately prepared by his loved ones at home. Yes, true love can transcend the barriers of rules and regulations as I remember a woman travelling five hours every Friday to meet her imprisoned husband, but permitted to see him only for half an hour. She, then with bated breath rushes home late in the night, to console her children. Do we have a heart to comfort the less fortunate ones?

### **Reawakening the eyes in us:**

“Carry one another’s burdens and so fulfil the law of Christ” (Gal 6:2).

The eyes of Mother Mary and Jesus were able to see the pain of each other. Do you have a heart to shoulder the pain of those around you?

### **Reuniting with Jesus:**

Dear Jesus, give us your grace to use the gift of our eyes to see the pain in others and help

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them. In a world of many mute spectators, let us become channels of your love and service.

**L:** Have mercy on us, O Lord.

**All:** Have mercy on us.

Our Father, Hail Mary, Glory be...

*May the souls of the faithful departed through the  
mercy of God rest in peace. Amen.*



## The Fifth Station

*As Simon of Cyrene Helps Jesus to Carry His Cross, the Whip Speaks*

**L:** We Adore You O Christ and We Bless You.

**All:** Because by Your Cross, You have Redeemed the Whole World

### Reflecting with the Whip

I am the whip. Surprised at my words? Jesus lived a quite life for thirty years and then went about doing good invariably to everyone for three years. Hence, I can no longer remain a mute spectator to the malice meted out to him. A little while ago, he spoke with his mother briefly through his eyes. This surely gave him tremendous strength. Nevertheless, he still

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looks for someone to console him, amidst soldiers around him holding whips.

As Jesus was looking for someone to help him carry his Cross, there comes Simon the Cyrene. Soldiers force him to carry the Cross. But, Jesus looks at him with tears of joy. His timely help will never be forgotten. Therefore, the soundless words of Jesus to Simon, 'Your help will ever remain etched in the memory of humanity' ring loudly in my ears. Having said this, Jesus gratefully casts a gaze at Simon, as the cruel soldiers push him forward whipping him vigorously.

I have seen drunkards being whipped-murderers, dacoits and venals too are whipped. Why do they punish Jesus, the most innocent with whip? Could anyone answer me?

Though Jesus was unable to walk pressed down by the weight of the Cross, the soldiers still keep on thrashing him, mercilessly. Angered by this agonizing sight, Simon stares at me. Because, every whipping pierces Jesus to his flesh that

### *The Sound of Silence*

his bones could be seen and numbered. And I am ashamed that I could do nothing to protect him. I have bent myself to hurt others but now I am bending myself to beg His pardon for hurting Him.

The plight of prisoners languishing behind the bars is pitiable as jailors shrug off their fundamental duty to protect and safeguard them. Also torture and intimidation of these hapless prisoners add to their untold miseries. As their voices are stifled and silenced, shall we become the voice for these voiceless.

#### **Reawakening the whip in us:**

“Do not let even one bad word come from your mouth, but only good words that will encourage when necessary and be helpful to those who hear” (Eph 4:29).

The heavenly Father created everything by the power of His Word. Our words too have power to heal or injure. Our harsh words can harm the soul more than a whip does to the body. How do we use our words: to create or to destroy?

## **Reuniting with Jesus:**

Dear Jesus, when I hurt others by my words, it equals whipping. You have said, ‘If someone slaps you on one cheek, show him the other as well’ (Lk 6:29). Following your footsteps, let me not carry weapons in my hands rather love in heart and service in hands. Help me dear Jesus.

**L:** Have mercy on us, O Lord.

**All:** Have mercy on us.

Our Father, Hail Mary, Glory be...

*May the souls of the faithful departed through the  
mercy of God rest in peace. Amen.*



## The Sixth Station

*As Veronica Wipes the Face of Jesus,  
the White Towel Speaks*

**L:** We Adore You O Christ and We Bless You.

**All:** Because by Your Cross, You have Redeemed the Whole World

### Reflecting with the towel of Veronica

I am the white towel, which was in the hands of the valiant Veronica, a woman revolutionary. Whenever she ventured out, she used to carry me in her hand to wipe her sweat and to protect her from scorching sun.

I have witnessed the enormous acts of charity accomplished by Jesus, the Jew to his fellow Jews. He is now looking for someone with a

kind heart. Where are his disciples who were with him during his three years of public ministry? Where is Peter, who vowed to remain with him even if others would desert him? All those who were the pillars of his strength have fled away... who will come to rescue him? Who will console him?

It is at this juncture, there appears Veronica as the revolutionary. She could not tolerate the plight of this holy man who pardoned many sinners, being paraded half naked and condemned to death on a Cross. A farmer toiling in the field only sheds sweat but Jesus carrying his Cross pours forth his blood. As Veronica is running to wipe away the stains of blood from the face of Jesus, the soldiers block and prevent her. But, she pushes them aside and runs forward determined to do what she wanted—to wipe away the stains of blood from the face of Jesus.

As soon as she reached Jesus, she looked at me, the white Towel with a tender look. I prodded her to act promptly. There was no limit to my

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joy as I wiped the face of Jesus by the tender hands of Veronica. Despite there being millions of expensive cloths, I was fortunate to wipe the face of this holy innocent man. As I wiped the face of Jesus, boundless joy descended on me. How fortunate was I to merit this blessing: the imprint of the face of Jesus? By printing his blood stained face on me, Jesus has made me eternally remembered.

Many of our brethren behind the bars are not only abused by jailors but also neglected by their families for years. In their moment of depression and feeling of worthlessness, they long to have a glimpse of their loved ones. But, this wish disappears like bubbles in the air. Thus, their agony accelerates as their dreams disappear within the confines of the four walls of the prison. Like Veronica, will you enter the gates of prisons to wipe out the many shades of their sadness?

**Reawakening the towel in us:**

“I can do all things through Jesus who strengthens me” (Phil 4:13).

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Is your life insignificant as the towel in the hands of Veronica? When you surrender your life to Jesus, wonders will happen in your life. Does this thought encourage you?

**Reuniting with Jesus:**

Dear Jesus, it is rare to find people of compassion. Amidst the crowd of self-centered and egoistic people, help me Lord to act like the woman revolutionary Veronica and may I, use my insignificant life just as the white towel, to alleviate the affliction of others.

**L:** Have mercy on us, O Lord.

**All:** Have mercy on us.

Our Father, Hail Mary, Glory be...

*May the souls of the faithful departed through the  
mercy of God rest in peace. Amen.*



## The Seventh Station

*As Jesus Falls the Second Time,  
the Stones Speak ...*

**L:** We Adore You O Christ and We Bless You.

**All:** Because by Your Cross, You have Redeemed the Whole World

### Reflecting with Stones

We are stones. There are millions walking on our sharp edges. We have seen the criminals being dragged on us, paraded naked and stoned to death. But, today we witness a contrasting picture. Seeing Jesus lovingly carry his Cross to be crucified on it, we understand that he is not an ordinary man, but a Holy One. The man who had said, “Come to me, all you that are weary

and are carrying heavy burdens, and I will give you rest," (Mt 11:28) has fallen the second time. He has fallen again with the crown of thorns, brutal pounding and pressed by the weight of the Cross. Had he fallen on soil, the mother earth would have cuddled and consoled him. But, he has fallen on us, the stones, who have piercingly sharp edges. Thus, his blood stained body has sanctified us of the stains of sin.

But it turned out for us as a blessing in disguise since nobody understood our longing to be removed from his way, we could actually participate in his way. For he had said, "If any one want to become my followers, let them deny themselves and take up their Cross daily and follow me," (Mt 16:24) he carries the Cross true to his words. And he does it for the salvation of the world.

The purpose of our life is to live a life of unconditional charity. As most of our brethren behind the bars live dead lives, burdened by many stumbling blocks, we are called upon

to help them to live a life of fullness. Just as their loved ones, we too may not have time to be physically present with them but there is a way out. Let us connect with them through the network of prayer and fasting and even offer our pain and suffering so that our brothers and sisters groping in darkness as victims of misunderstanding and misfortune may find grace to stand in good stead.

### **Reawakening the Stones in us:**

“Blessed is he who has regard for the weak; the LORD delivers him in times of trouble” (Ps 41:1).

Do I take undue advantage of the weakness of the less privileged? Have I become a stumbling block to their success?

### **Reuniting with Jesus:**

Dear Jesus, give us your grace to realize that every rejection and every disappointment comes as a blessing in disguise. We have become stumbling

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blocks to the success of our brothers and sisters by our inhuman indifference. Help us O Lord, to strengthen our brothers and sisters when they are crestfallen by hardships and dangers.

**L:** Have mercy on us, O Lord.

**All:** Have mercy on us.

Our Father, Hail Mary, Glory be...

*May the souls of the faithful departed through the  
mercy of God rest in peace. Amen.*



## The Eighth Station

*As Jesus was Consoling the Women,  
the Streets of Jerusalem Speak*

**L:** We Adore You O Christ and We Bless You.

**All:** Because by Your Cross, You have Redeemed  
the Whole World

### **Reflecting with the Streets of Jerusalem**

I am the street of Jerusalem and I would like to break my silence. Today a Holy Man is walking on me with a purpose, where thousands had been wandering. The One, who laboured relentlessly along the width and breadth of my streets for others, is being thrust a Cross.

As I look towards him, the weeping and wailing is earsplitting. And as I turn around, I see a

large gathering of the women of Jerusalem, following Jesus. In the language of men, women are created to scream and weep!

I cannot forget the innumerable miracles of Jesus along our path. How would these kind-hearted women forget them? It was he who restored dignity to the woman caught in adultery. Again he said, 'let little children come to me and do not stop them,' (Mk 10:14) and blessed the children along with their mothers. He marvelled at the faith of the Canaanite woman. He fed five thousand men so that their mothers and wives would be free from fetching them food in the desert! It was he who healed the crippled woman.

Hence, how could these women forget those wonders and miracles? Did they come to weep for him because they received favours or is weeping in their DNA? However, Jesus would have felt a little consoled by their bold gesture of solidarity.

Moreover, Jesus might have felt delighted by

the outcome of his message of liberty to the captives. Women are usually confined to the four walls of their houses, but they have today come out in the open to express their solidarity for him. Nevertheless, as the Son of God, Jesus drives home the message of their responsibility as parents and says, ‘Do not weep for me but for you and your children’ (Lk 23:28). He, who came as the cure for our wounds, is being wounded on his journey to Calvary for our sins.

It’s a grace-filled moment to see many volunteers reaching out to the prisons to see the disfigured face of the crucified Lord in prisoners. My sincere appreciation to all the volunteers, priests and religious of Prison Ministry India (PMI) for their selfless service to these unfortunate brethren. As PMI goes out to sow the seeds of love, may the words of our Lord ring loud in the corridors of the cells, “When I was in prison you visited me, now enter into the kingdom of my Father”(Mt 25:36).

## **Reawakening the streets of Jerusalem in us**

“He was wounded for our sins, he was crushed for our wickedness, by his wounds we are healed” (Is 53:5).

Jesus came as the cure for our wounds, but we have wounded him by our sin and shame. Have I been indifferent to those who extended their unconditional support to me?

### **Reuniting with Jesus:**

Dear Jesus, even if I am unable to heal the wounds of others, let me not become the cause of misery to others. Let your way of the Cross, become the way of my life, Amen.

**L:** Have mercy on us, O Lord.

**All:** Have mercy on us.

Our Father, Hail Mary, Glory be...

*May the souls of the faithful departed through the  
mercy of God rest in peace. Amen.*



## The Ninth Station

*As Jesus Falls the Third Time,  
the Dust Speaks...*

**L:** We Adore You O Christ and We Bless You.

**All:** Because by Your Cross, You have Redeemed the Whole World

### Reflecting with the Dust

I am dust. As Jesus fell the first time, he fondly kissed the mother earth, he sanctified the stained stones at his second fall, and as he falls the third time, he looks at me with tender love.

Usually, I blow along the wind and make men clasp their eyes. Pained at the agony of Jesus carrying the Cross, I am unable to blow along the wind but have silently mingled with the

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mother earth. He has neither stamina in his body nor strength in his spirit, so he stumbles and falls on the ground the third time. The disfigured Jesus now looks beyond recognition by the coating of dust. Neither anyone dares to lift him nor someone wants to wipe away the dust from his body. Is it because the heavenly Father created the earth or is it his love for the earth, that dust has embraced his entire body?

As he falls fragile and fatigued, he looks at the distance to Calvary and he says unto himself, 'I haven't come to fall but to rise and live for you.' I can hear the sound of those unuttered words of hope. The Calvary is at hind's sight. Knowing that destiny was near, he stands and walks steadily. The destiny, which he spoke about thrice and longed to reach to! As I am stuck to his body, I too journey with him to Calvary. As Jesus is silent in the cruel crowd of Pharisees, scribes and elders, I have resolved to silently participate in his suffering. How fortunate am I to be with Jesus, though the sight is brutal.

Jesus honoured even dust. The Creator himself embraces everything and everyone, but, we the creatures unruly judge and scathingly condemn our neighbours. Seldom, do we remember that despite of our power, positions and possessions, we will have to invariably return to dust one day. May this awareness direct our steps to show our solidarity with the souls behind the bars!

### **Reawakening with the Dust**

“The LORD God formed man, of dust drawn from the ground...” (Gen 2:7)

Even dust felt being blessed to be with Jesus. Do you feel the presence of Jesus amidst unfavourable circumstances?

### **Reuniting with Jesus**

Dear Jesus, you honoured even dust as a creation of the heavenly Father! Help us O Lord, not to create chaos in the name of caste, creed and culture but to accept and honour our fellow men and women as you have created. O Jesus, you who have taught us to respect even the least

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in the society, help us also to work for unity and equality.

**L:** Have mercy on us, O Lord.

**All:** Have mercy on us.

Our Father, Hail Mary, Glory be...

*May the souls of the faithful departed through the  
mercy of God rest in peace. Amen.*



## The Tenth Station

*As Jesus is Stripped, His Garment Speaks ...*

**L:** We Adore You O Christ and We Bless You.

**All:** Because by Your Cross, You have Redeemed the Whole World

### Reflecting with Garments

Jesus, who was condemned by the elders and scribes, he who was kissed by Judas for thirty silver coins, the one who was crowned with thorns, he who was viciously whipped and he who fell thrice by the weight of the Cross, has finally reached the summit of Calvary. As the proverb goes, 'He who has no cloth is half-man,' Jesus looks half-man. The soldiers try to separate me -the garment-from Jesus though I

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have been stuck to his body due to sweat and blood. I do feel the agony of separation just like a new born when separated from its mother. They are not only stripping me from his body but are eventually tearing his flesh from his body.

Those intimate words, ‘My Father, if it is possible, let this cup pass from me; yet not what I want but what you want’ (Mt 26:39), which he had uttered in Gethsemane is being echoed now in my ears. The words of Job, ‘Naked I came from my mother’s womb, naked I go,’ (Job 1:21) are being enacted here in the life of Jesus!

They have separated him from his mother and detached his disciples from him by the fear of the Cross. And now they ask, ‘why does he need this cloth as he is going to die on the Cross?’ Truly, they have denied and deprived him of everything, but can they take away his status from his heavenly Father?

Jesus, who was a symbol of holiness, is now presented as a mark of misery and he who

clothed the heaven and earth in glory is now unclothed. The Jews thought that if Jesus is stripped off his clothes, he will become an object of ridicule, but don't they know that after three days, at his Name, all knees would bend in heaven, on earth and under the earth?

Have you stripped his garments because he came to clothe you in dignity? Or have you stripped his cloth because he came to clothe the nakedness of your sins?

Our brethren behind the bars together with their family are stripped of their dignity. They have become half-men in society. Can you clothe them with your love, understanding and generosity? Moreover your generous support towards education of their children will go a long way towards enabling them to live a life of dignity. Let us become symbols of blessings as we are blessed.

### **Reawakening the Garment in us:**

“The LORD is near to the brokenhearted and saves the crushed in spirit” (Ps 34:18).

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Everyone desires to lead a dignified life. Have I disrespected my brethren by my harsh words and untoward behaviour?

**Reuniting with Jesus:**

Dear Jesus, we who have come to follow you in the way of poverty and vulnerability may we not go after money, wealth, comfort and worldly pleasures, and shame others for our benefits. Help, O Lord to share with others what we have.

**L:** Have mercy on us, O Lord.

**All:** Have mercy on us.

Our Father, Hail Mary, Glory be...

*May the souls of the faithful departed through the  
mercy of God rest in peace. Amen.*



## The Eleventh Station

*As Jesus was Nailed to the Cross,  
the Nails Speak*

**L:** We Adore You O Christ and We Bless You.

**All:** Because by Your Cross, You have Redeemed the Whole World

### Reflecting with Nails:

We, the nails, are a gift to the Son of God for his tireless service for thirty-three years. No book would contain if we were to enumerate them! In our anguish, we wish to speak on his behest. The scribes and the elders are ecstatic for bringing Jesus to the gallows!

The One, who came to show God's mercy, is being mercilessly condemned. The one who

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had transformed water into the best wine is being offered bitter vinegar. The wine was so excellent that all those who had tasted it complained about not serving it first. The price for his miraculous exchange of water into wine is bitter herb.

We, the nails, who were sharp, were kept in a tin along with the blunt ones. The soldiers were looking for sharp nails and we were picked up to nail the Saviour of the World. The hands that tirelessly served is now restricted to nails. We can imagine the excruciating pain. Before the pain in his hands could subside, the heartless soldiers forcefully join his legs to thrust another nail on them. We are hapless witnesses to the screaming that burned us like furnace. We feared that we would melt like wax. But, the fire that came from Jesus was the fire of love. All that he could offer was love and love alone to the very end of his life. We the nails are heartbroken to witness this inhuman event, so we have bent in shame.

As Jesus was nailed cruelly to the Cross, our brethren behind the bars too are constantly

blamed. Jailors look at them suspiciously. Even if they are released from jails, the thought of ‘getting arrested again’, scares them to death. The stigma of ‘being criminals’ would constantly pierce their hearts. As they are unwanted by their families, they cry out to you for acceptance and understanding. Would you accept them? You are called to be a love bomb, which destroys discriminations of all kinds and heals, the wounds of the brokenhearted. Are you ready for this challenge?

### **Reawakening the Nails in us**

“The LORD’s love abides unceasingly, his compassion is never exhausted; every morning it is renewed, so great is his faithfulness” (Lam 3:22-23).

The blessings of the Abba father are innumerable though we do not deserve to merit them. What have I given in exchange for love: nail or praise?

## **Reuniting with Jesus:**

Dear Jesus, when we don't understand our parents, elders, relatives and friends, we hurt them; and pierce sharp nails into their soft hearts. Help us Lord not to shrug at the sorrows of others but to understand and love them just as you have done.

**L:** Have mercy on us, O Lord.

**All:** Have mercy on us.

Our Father, Hail Mary, Glory be...

*May the souls of the faithful departed through the  
mercy of God rest in peace. Amen.*



## The Twelfth Station

*As Jesus Commended His Spirit,  
Mount Calvary Speaks*

**L:** We Adore You O Christ and We Bless You.

**All:** Because by Your Cross, You have Redeemed the Whole World

### Reflecting with Calvary

The Creator of heaven and earth is now hanging on the Cross connecting them both, with a web of love. As Calvary, I have witnessed the death of many. I have heard of their shrieking and screaming as they had died. I have kept quiet in all those moments, but today I am devastated. Is it because of the miracles that he performed or is it because of his silence? The one, whose

sole mission was to teach us to ‘love God and humanity’ is being silenced on the Cross in three hours. But, the sadists who longed to see him die on the Cross have been disappointed because of the darkness all around.

Jesus screams in agony, ‘My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?’ (Mt 27:46) And the words of the heavenly Father on Mount Tabor, ‘You are my Son, my beloved One, with you I am well pleased,’ (Mk 1:11) have been echoing in my ears. I prayed to my heavenly Father so that all those who insulted him may also hear those words.

The ones who had made fun of him at the trial court have once again ridiculed him saying, ‘Let us see whether Elijah comes to his rescue’, (Mt 27:49). The heavenly Father has been quietly watching all these. But, the creation can no longer keep quiet. As soon as Jesus said, ‘Father into your hands, I commend my spirit’, (Lk 23:46) the curtain of the temple sanctuary was torn into two, from top to bottom. The earth quaked, the rocks were split, and the tombs were opened. The creation is the handy work of

the Lord. So, how can they remain silent when the Creator himself was killed?

My prayers are answered. Those who saw all that had happened, have said, ‘Truly, this Man was the Son of God’, (Mk 15:39). The one who was born to give you new life, has died for you. The one who came to live for you has just now given up his life for you; so that you may live in him forever. He has gone back to his Father successfully accomplishing his mission. Jesus not only created history, but has become history himself. But, can you find another history like Jesus?

Many of our brethren behind the bars are victims of anger, jealousy, power and position. I gratefully admire everyone who gave their life for the cause of truth and righteousness were put behind the bars due to it. Many are arrested for no crime of theirs, yet many are tortured and being tormented as under trials for years while awaiting judgment. Though some of them are acquitted after a prolonged incarceration, many are still languishing in prisons. Shall we unite with them through the Cross of Christ?

## **Reawakening Calvary in me**

“Blessed are those who work for peace, they shall be called children of God” (Mt 5:9).

Jesus commended his enemies into the compassionate hands of his heavenly Father and prayed for them. Have I reconciled with my enemies?

## **Reuniting with Jesus:**

Dear Jesus, you were elevated to the highest rank because of your humility. You died on the Cross because you wished that we might live a life of peace and prosperity. Help us Lord to understand the truth that whenever we live for others, we lessen the burden of your Cross.

**L:** Have mercy on us, O Lord.

**All:** Have mercy on us.

Our Father, Hail Mary, Glory be...

*May the souls of the faithful departed through the  
mercy of God rest in peace. Amen.*



## The Thirteenth Station

*As the Body of Jesus is Laid on the Lap of Mary, the Lap Speaks*

**L:** We Adore You O Christ and We Bless You.

**All:** Because by Your Cross, You have Redeemed the Whole World

### Reflecting with the Lap of the Mother

The death of Jesus was the saddest event in the annals of humanity. Mother Mary is speechless, as her only Son is lying dead on her lap. Hence, I, the lap of Mother Mary would like to speak. Her tears of blood have drenched me. She has quietly prepared herself to accept everything from the very instance of the Annunciation to the agony of seeing Jesus dead on the Cross.

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He who gave life to the birds of the air and the fish of the seas, is now lying lifeless on the lap of his mother. She who had shed tears of joy at his birth at Bethlehem is now shedding tears of blood at the foot of the Cross at Calvary.

When baby Jesus cried, she dangled him on her lap singing many lullabies. Even as a grown up child, whenever Jesus was tired and weary, she did the same for him beyond all telling. Hand and lap are a symbol of comfort and consolation. Hence, having laid Jesus on her lap, now she gently touches him with her hand.

What a disgusting sight to see the torn flesh, broken ribs and bones; and the disfigured body of Jesus! ‘Oh my Son, what wrong have you committed to beget such an insulting death! And how have you gone away from me at the prime of your life?’ I can hear these words of distress coming from the mother of sorrows. The one who consoled and comforted the women of Jerusalem is no more to utter a single word of comfort to his own mother. As a child when Jesus was lost and found in the temple

### *The Sound of Silence*

after three days, Mother Mary had asked, “Son why did you do this to us? And he replied, “Don’t you know that I must do the business of my heavenly Father?”, (Lk 2:49). Has a recalling of this event made her silent? or Is she silent because she knows well that her Son will rise after three days?

No one is a born criminal and every time, you meet a prisoner in jail, you can give the message that they are not alone. Prison walls cannot give them love, but hearts filled with compassion can give love and comfort; and wipe away their tears. In a fast-paced world, shall we find some time to listen to their real stories of suffering?

### **Reawakening the comforting lap in us:**

“He said to his disciple, ‘Here is your mother.’ And from that moment the disciple took her into his own home” (Jn 19:27).

We become tired and weary by trials and tribulations. In such moments, do we take shelter in the loving comforts of Mary our Mother?

## **Reuniting with Jesus:**

Today's youth are tomorrow's leaders and today's children are future revolutionaries. Lord, grant our parents and elders the grace to know this truth and lead their wards in true knowledge and freedom towards making them better leaders for tomorrow.

**L:** Have mercy on us, O Lord.

**All:** Have mercy on us.

Our Father, Hail Mary, Glory be...

*May the souls of the faithful departed through the  
mercy of God rest in peace. Amen.*



## The Fourteenth Station

*As Jesus was Buried, the Tomb Speaks*

**L:** We Adore You O Christ and We Bless You.

**All:** Because by Your Cross, You have Redeemed the Whole World

### Reflecting with the Tomb

Jesus came to the world through the womb of Mother Mary, he goes now to the tomb of the earth for the salvation of the world. Jesus once accepted the widow's mite, but he is now being sent as an offering to the womb of the earth. Burial is an act of interning a dead in a pit of cemetery. The same pit is later dug to intern other dead bodies. And the cycle goes on. But,

something unimaginable happens in the burial of Jesus. The tomb of Jesus was all new – never was anyone buried in it before nor will anyone be buried in it again.

Jesus perhaps may not have met many righteous persons during his death trial. But, before being lowered into the tomb, Jesus sees a noble soul, Joseph of Arimathea. He was a man of pure heart, so he wraps the body of Jesus with a white cloth and reverentially places it in the tomb. Hanging on the Cross, Jesus had said, ‘All is accomplished.’ And true to his words, his life has come to an end on earth.

The One, who created the world in six days and rested on the seventh day at the right hand of his heavenly Father, is put to rest after thirty-three years of life on this earth. When Jesus slept on the boat for a few moments, even the sea roared unwilling to see him silent! Now he has closed his eyes for three long days. Is it his hope that the heavenly Father will take care of the universe? Or is he keeping in control of

### *The Sound of Silence*

the air and sea; heaven and earth even in his death? While restoring sight to the man born blind, he said 'We must do the work when it is day ... when the night comes we must rest.' (Jn 9:4). Is it that night that he had talked about? Jesus, you had toiled for thirty-three years, so you should have been sent either to a garden or a park to rest, but you are put in a tomb. Was his genuine love a sin? Was his human nature a crime?

Would you join hands for the release, renewal, rehabilitation and redemption of prisoners.

Let's pray their world turns into a world of life from a world of killing, world of happiness from a world of pain, world of keys from a world of lock, world of freedom from a world of walls, world of sharing from a world of stealing, world of hope from a world of despair, world of forgiveness from a world of revenge, world of service from a world of dignity and indifference, world of love from a world of hatred, world of providence from a world of anxiety.

## **Reawakening the Tomb in us**

“Seventy years to our life, or eighty if we are strong, yet most of them are sorrow and trouble; they pass quickly, and we are swept along” (Ps 90:10).

Life is precious yet short. Have I taken it for granted or am I going to act like Jesus, my master, before embracing the tomb?

## **Reuniting with Jesus:**

Dear Jesus, you took the form of a man, not to be buried in a tomb like us, but to rise, live and lead us to the kingdom of the heavenly Father. Help us Lord to build your kingdom on this earth by using all our gifts and talents even in the midst of threat to life.

**L:** Have mercy on us, O Lord.

**All:** Have mercy on us.

Our Father, Hail Mary, Glory be...

*May the souls of the faithful departed through the  
mercy of God rest in peace. Amen.*

## We Speak

Dear Jesus, you marched silently towards your goal, carrying the heavy Cross because you knew that there awaited a new life and a new beginning for us. Your resurrection destroyed the pride of those who wished to confine you to a coffin. Yielding to the whims of the world, our eyes have been blurred from following in your footsteps of truth and love.

The storms of temptations and challenges toss us to and fro, making us sink in deep trouble, because we take our Focus away from you. Lord, deliver us from this bondage. Let your example of courageous commitment permeate our hearts and minds. And may your vision inspire and lead our mission in bearing abundant fruit for your glory. Bless us O Lord, to live a life of hope and joy in you. Amen.

**Let us pray for the intentions of our Pope Francis.**

Our Father

Hail Mary (3)

Glory Be

# HYMNS

## **MOTHER OF GOD, PLEAD WITH YOUR SON**

Mother of God, plead with your Son,  
Pray for us sinners, Mary most pure.

1. May God pour cleansing streams over us,  
Washing our souls from every stain.
2. May God his Spirit breathe into us,  
Open our graves and bring us to life.
3. May he remove our stony hearts,  
Give us a heart of flesh in its stead.
4. May we incline our minds to his voice,  
That we may bend our hearts to his will.
5. May he renew the strength of the weak,  
And be the hope of wavering wills.
6. That he may wipe away every tear,  
And make his Light to shine on our face.

## **COMING HOME**

1. I've wandered far away from God,  
Now I'm coming home.  
The paths of sin too long I've trod,  
Lord, I'm coming home.

Coming home, coming home,  
never more to roam!  
Open wide thine arms of love,  
Lord, I'm coming home.

2. I've wasted many precious years, Now....  
I now repent with bitter tears, Lord....
3. I'm tired of sin and straying, Lord, Now....  
I'll trust Thy love, believe Thy word, Lord...

## **WE HAIL THEE**

We hail thee, Saviour and Lord,  
Thy Cross ever be adored!

1. O Cross, thou art the fountain  
Of love and of liberty;  
Shine down upon the millions  
Who search for the light of truth.
  
2. Look down upon the needy,  
Confirm them in strength and grace;  
Thou art our true salvation,  
In thee, all our hope we place.
  
3. Be thou our sign of vict'ry,  
Redeem us from sin and strife;  
Renew in us thy passion,  
And grant us eternal life.