

HOLY WEEK



EASTER 2022

COMMUNION AND LIBERATION

*It is possible to live
like Jesus*

For the biblical texts, see The New American Bible, World Catholic Press.

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Cover: *Way of the Cross* during the Holy Week of CL university students. San Leo, 1976. © Fraternità di CL.

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*Holy
Thursday*

■ STABAT MATER

(G.B. Pergolesi)

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

*The grieving mother stood
at the foot of the cross in tears,
while her son was nailed.*

Cuius animam gementem,
contristatam et dolentem,
pertransivit gladius.

*Her trembling soul,
sad and grieving,
was pierced by a sword.*

O quam tristis et afflicta
fuit illa benedicta
Mater Unigeniti.

*Oh, how sad and afflicted
was that blessed
mother of the Only Begotten.*

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

*She was afflicted and sorrowful
and she trembled, seeing
the sufferings of her bowed son.*

Quis est homo qui non fleret
Christi Matrem si videret
in tanto supplicio?
Quis non posset contristari
Piam Matrem contemplari
dolentem cum Filio?
Pro peccatis Suae gentis
vidit Jesum in tormentis
et flagellis subditum.

*What man would not weep
seeing the mother of Christ
in such suffering?
Who would be able to be unaffected
looking at the piteous mother
of sorrows and her Son?
For the sins of his people
she saw Jesus to torment
and suffering subjected.*

Vidit suum dulcem Natum
morientem desolatum
dum emisit spiritum.

*She saw her sweet son
who was dying abandoned
until he expired.*

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

*Up there, mother source of love
let me feel the violence of your grief
let me weep with you.*

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

*Let my heart be inflamed;
in love for Christ God
to please him.*

Sancta Mater, istud agas,
crucifixi fige plagas
cordi meo valide.
Tui Nati vulnerati
tam dignati pro me pati
poenas mecum divide.
Fac me vere tecum flere
crucifixo condolere
donec ego vixero.
Iuxta crucem tecum stare,
te libenter sociare,
in planctu desidero.
Virgo virginum praeclara,
mihi iam non sis amara,
fac me tecum plangere.

*Holy Mother, let it be that
the wounds of the crucified one be impres-
sed
profoundly on my heart.
Of your wounded one
who deigned to suffer for me,
share your pains with me.
Let me weep with you
let me share your grief for the crucified one
as long as I shall live.
To stay with you at the foot of the cross
with you willingly join
in weeping do I desire.
Oh noble virgin among virgins,
Do not be hard on me any longer
allow me to cry with you.*

Fac ut portem Christi mortem,
passionis fac consortem,
et plagas recolere.
Fac me plagis vulnerari
cruce hac inebriari
ob amorem Filii.

*Let me bear the death of Christ,
let me take part in his suffering,
let me remember always his sores.
Let me be pierced by his wounds,
let me be inebriated of this cross
for love of your son.*

Inflammatum et accensum
per te, Virgo, sim defensum
in die iudicii.
Fac me cruce custodiri,
morte Christi praemuniri,
confoveri gratia.

*From the flames and the fire
through you, Virgin, may I be defended
on the day of judgement.
Let me be preserved by the cross
defended by the death of Christ,
comforted by grace.*

Quando corpus morietur
fac ut animae donetur
paradisi gloria.

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

Amen.

Amen

■ ANGELUS

We will participate silently in the song of praise that past centuries have rendered to this girl. It is a longer *Hail Mary*, composed by one of the greatest women in history.

■ AVE, GENEROSA

(Hildegard of Bingen)

Ave, generosa,
gloriosa
et intacta puella,
tu pupilla castitatis,
tu materia sanctitatis,
quae Deo placuit.
Nam haec superna infusio
in te fuit,
quod supernum verbum
in te carnem induit.
Tu candidum lilium,
quod Deus ante omnem creaturam
inspexit.
O pulcherrima
et dulcissima;
quam valde Deus in te delectabatur!
Cum amplexione caloris sui
in te posuit ita quod filius eius
de te lactatus est.
Venter enim tuus
gaudium habuit,
cum omnis coelestis symphonia
de te sonuit,
quia, virgo, filium Dei portasti
ubi castitas tua in Deo claruit.
Viscera tua gaudium habuerunt,
sicut gramen super quod ros cadit
cum ei viriditatem infundit;

*Hail, girl of a noble house,
shimmering
and unpolluted,
you, pupil in the eye of chastity,
you, essence of sanctity,
who were pleasing to God.
For the Heavenly potion
was poured into you,
in that the Heavenly word
received a raiment of flesh in you.
You, the lily that dazzles,
whom God knew
before all His other creatures.
O most beautiful
and delectable one;
how greatly God delighted in you!
In the clasp of His fire
He implanted in you, so that His Son
might be suckled by you.
Thus your womb
held joy,
when all the Heavenly harmony
chimed out for you,
because, O Virgin, you bore the Son of God
whence your chastity blazed in God.
Your womb knew delight
like the grassland touched by dew
and drenched in its freshness;*

ut et in te factum est,
o mater omnis gaudii.
Nunc omnis Ecclesia
in gaudio rutilat
ac in symphonia sonet
propter dulcissimam virginem
et laudabilem Mariam
Dei genitricem.
Amen.

*so it was done in you,
O mother of all joy.
Now let all Ecclesia
glimmer with the dawn of joy
and let it resound in music
for the sweetest Virgin,
Mary compelling all praise,
mother of God.
Amen.*

We want to remain in the light that Christ has steadily generated in the world for 2,000 years.

■ **QUI, PRESSO A TE**
(Anonymous)

Qui, presso a te, Signor,
restar vogl'io;
è il grido del mio cuor,
l'ascolta o Dio!
La sera scende oscura
sul cuor che s'impaura,
mi tenga ogn'or la fe'
qui presso a te.

*Here, next to you, Lord,
I wish to stay.
This is the cry of my heart;
listen to it, O God!
The dark night descends
on the heart that is in fear;
may my faith keep me always
here, next to you.*

Qui, presso a te, Signor,
restar vogl'io;
niun vede il mio dolor,
tu 'l vedi o Dio!
O vivo pan verace,
sol tu puoi darmi pace,
e pace v'ha per me,
qui presso a te.

*Here, next to you, Lord,
I wish to stay.
No one sees my pain,
but you see it, O God!
O living, true bread,
only you can give me peace,
and there is peace for me,
here, next to you.*

“All you who are thirsty, come to the water!”

■ ISAIAH 55

All you who are thirsty, come to the water!
You who have no money, come, receive grain and eat;
Come, without paying and without cost,
drink wine and milk!
Why spend your money for what is not bread;
your wages for what fails to satisfy?
Heed me, and you shall eat well,
you shall delight in rich fare.
Come to me heedfully, listen, that you may have life.
I will renew with you the everlasting covenant,
the benefits assured to David.
As I made him a witness to the peoples,
a leader and commander of nations,
So shall you summon a nation you knew not,
and nations that knew you not shall run to you,
Because of the Lord, your God,
the Holy One of Israel, who has glorified you.
Seek the Lord while he may be found,
call him while he is near.
Let the scoundrel forsake his way,
and the wicked man his thoughts;
Let him turn to the Lord for mercy;
to our God, who is generous in forgiving.
For my thoughts are not your thoughts,
nor are your ways my ways, says the Lord.
As high as the heavens are above the earth,
so high are my ways above your ways
and my thoughts above your thoughts.
For just as from the heavens the rain
and snow come down
And do not return there
till they have watered the earth,
making it fertile and fruitful,
Giving seed to him who sows
and bread to him who eats,

So shall my word be that goes forth from my mouth;
It shall not return to me void, but shall do my will,
achieving the end for which I sent it.
Yes, in joy you shall depart,
in peace you shall be brought back;
Mountains and hills shall break out in song before
you, and all the trees of the countryside
shall clap their hands.
In place of the thornbush,
the cypress shall grow,
instead of nettles, the myrtle.
This shall be to the Lord's
renown an everlasting imperishable sign.

“Freed from the burden of evil,” life is no longer a desert.

■ **LIBERATI DAL GIOGO DEL MALE**

(Trappists of Vitorchiano)

Liberati dal giogo del male,
battezzati nell'acqua profonda,
noi giungiamo alla terra di prova
dove i cuori saran resi puri.

*Freed from the burden of evil
and baptized in the depths of cool waters,
we arrive at the land of our trials
where our hearts will be made pure.*

Dal paese d'Egitto ci hai tratti
e cammini con noi nel deserto,
per condurci alla santa montagna
sulla quale s'innalza la croce.

*From the slavery of Egypt you led us
and you walk at our side through the desert,
leading all unto your sacred mountain
where erected on high is the Cross.*

Tu sei l'acqua che sgorga dal sasso,
sei la manna che sazia la fame,
sei la nube che guida il cammino
e sei legge che illumina i cuori.

*You are water that springs from the rock,
you are manna to satiate our hunger,
you are cloud safely guiding our footsteps,
you are law to enlighten our hearts.*

Su te, roccia che t'alzi fra noi,
troveremo difesa ed appoggio
e berremo alla fonte di vita
che ci lava dai nostri peccati.

*You are rock that is risen among us,
where we'll find sure defense and support,
where we'll drink at the fountain of life
that will cleanse us from all of our sins.*

Tu ci guidi nell'esodo nuovo
alla gioia profonda di Pasqua:
dalla morte passando alla vita
giungeremo alla terra promessa.
Amen.

*In this new Exodus you guide us
to the great joy of Easter;
passing from death into life,
we will come to the Promised Land.
Amen.*

Christ, light of our lives, helps us on the journey. We are unruly, but we cannot nullify the strength with which He loves us, with which He pursues us. We beg for help, and He says, "Here I am!"

■ **ISAIAH 57:18-58:12**

I saw their ways, but I will heal them and lead them;
I will give full comfort to them
and to those who mourn for them,
I, the Creator, who gave them life.
Peace, peace to the far and the near,
says the Lord; and I will heal them.
But the wicked are like the tossing sea
which cannot be calmed,
And its waters cast up mud and filth.
No peace for the wicked! says my God.
Cry out full-throated and unsparingly,
lift up your voice like a trumpet blast;
Tell my people their wickedness,
and the house of Jacob their sins.
They seek me day after day,
and desire to know my ways,
Like a nation that has done what is just
and not abandoned the law of their God;
They ask me to declare what is due them,
pleased to gain access to God.
"Why do we fast, and you do not see it?
afflict ourselves, and you take no note of it?"
Lo, on your fast day you carry out your own pursu-
its, and drive all your laborers,
Yes, your fast ends in quarreling and fighting,

striking with wicked claw.
Would that today you might fast
so as to make your voice heard on high!
Is this the manner of fasting I wish,
of keeping a day of penance:
That a man bow his head like a reed,
and lie in sackcloth and ashes?
Do you call this a fast, a day acceptable to the Lord?
This, rather, is the fasting that I wish:
releasing those bound unjustly,
untying the thongs of the yoke;
Setting free the oppressed, breaking every yoke;
Sharing your bread with the hungry,
sheltering the oppressed and the homeless;
Clothing the naked when you see them,
and not turning your back on your own.
Then your light shall break forth like the dawn,
and your wound shall quickly be healed;
Your vindication shall go before you,
and the glory of the Lord shall be your rear guard.
Then you shall call, and the Lord will answer,
you shall cry for help, and he will say: Here I am!
If you remove from your midst oppression,
false accusation and malicious speech;
If you bestow your bread on the hungry
and satisfy the afflicted;
Then light shall rise for you in the darkness,
and the gloom shall become for you like midday;
Then the Lord will guide you always
and give you plenty even on the parched land.
He will renew your strength,
and you shall be like a watered garden,
like a spring whose water never fails.
The ancient ruins shall be rebuilt for your sake,
and the foundations from ages past you shall raise
up;
“Repairer of the breach,” they shall call you,
“Restorer of ruined homesteads.”

His presence is our joy, His joy is our strength. We will now listen to a reading from the Book of Nehemiah.

■ **NEHEMIAH 8:1-11**

The whole people gathered as one man in the open space before the Water Gate, and they called upon Ezra the scribe to bring forth the book of the law of Moses which the Lord prescribed for Israel. On the first day of the seventh month, therefore, Ezra the priest brought the law before the assembly, which consisted of men, women, and those children old enough to understand.

Standing at one end of the open place that was before the Water Gate, he read out of the book from daybreak till midday, in the presence of the men, the women, and those children old enough to understand; and all the people listened attentively to the book of the law. Ezra the scribe stood on a wooden platform that had been made for the occasion; at his right stood Mattithiah, Shema, Anaiah, Uriah, Hilkiyah, and Maaseiah, and on his left Pedaiah, Mishael, Malchijah, Hashum, Hash-baddanah, Zechariah, and Meshullam.

Ezra opened the scroll so that all the people might see it (for he was standing higher up than any of the people); and, as he opened it, all the people rose. Ezra blessed the Lord, the great God, and all the people, their hands raised high, answered, "Amen, amen!" Then they bowed down and prostrated themselves before the Lord, their faces to the ground. The Levites Jeshua, Bani, Sherebiah, Jamin, Akkub, Shabbethai, Hodiah, Maaseiah, Kelita, Azariah, Jozabad, Hanan, and Pelaiah explained the law to the people, who remained in their places.

Ezra read plainly from the book of the law of God, interpreting it so that all could understand what was read. Then Nehemiah, that is, His Excellency, and Ezra the priest-scribe and the Levites who were instructing the people said to all the people: "Today is holy to the Lord your God. Do not be sad, and do not weep" – for all the people were weeping as they heard the words of the law. He said further: "Go, eat rich foods and drink sweet drinks, and allot portions to those who had nothing prepared; for today is holy to our Lord. 'Do not be saddened this day, for rejoicing in the Lord must be your strength!'" And the Levites quieted all the people, saying, "Hush, for today is holy, and you must not be saddened."

It is the joy of a love that will be victorious in the end.

■ JEREMIAH 31:2-4a

Thus says the Lord:
The people that escaped the sword
have found favor in the desert.
As Israel comes forward to be given his
rest, the Lord appears to him from afar:
With age-old love I have loved you;
so I have kept my mercy toward you.
Again I will restore you,
and you shall be rebuilt, O virgin Israel.”

“With age-old love I have loved you.” Thus, “Christ is... all in all, He who contains all in Himself, according to the unique, infinite, and extremely wise power of His goodness—like a center where lines converge—so that the creatures of the one God do not remain strangers or enemies of each other, but have a common place where they can manifest their friendship and their peace.”*

■ UBI CARITAS ET AMOR

(Gregoriano)

Ubi caritas et amor, Deus ibi est.

Where charity and love are, God is there.

Congregavit nos in unum Christi
amor,
exsultemus et in ipso iucundemur!
Timeamus et amemus Deum vivum
et ex corde diligamus nos sincero.

*Christ's love has gathered us into one.
Let us rejoice and be pleased in Him.
Let us fear and love the living God,
and let us love each other with a sincere
heart.*

Simul ergo cum in unum congregamur *As we are gathered into one body,*

* Saint Maximus the Confessor, *Mystagogy*, I.

ne nos mente dividamur,
caveamus;
cessent iurgia maligna, cessent lites
et in medio nostri sit Christus Deus.

*beware, lest we be divided in mind.
Let evil impulses stop,
let controversy cease,
and may Christ our God be in our midst.*

Simul quoque cum beatis videamus
glorianter vultum tuum,
Christe Deus;
gaudium, quod est immensum,
atque probum,
saecula per infinita saeculorum.

*And may we see, with the saints,
Thy face in glory,
O Christ our God;
the joy that is immense
and good,
through infinite ages.*

“Jesus Christ,” therefore, “did not come to tell us idle tales.”

■ **THE PORTICO OF THE MYSTERY OF THE SECOND VIRTUE***
(Ch. Péguy)

Jesus Christ, my child, did not come to tell us idle tales.
You understand, he did not make the trip to earth,
A long trip between you and me,
(And he was so comfortable where he was.)
(Before coming.
He did not have all our cares.)
He did not make the trip down to earth
To come and tell us diverting stories
And jokes.
There is no time for amusement.
He did not use, he did not employ, he did not spend
The thirty-three years of his earthly life,
Of his carnal life.
The thirty years of his private life,
The three years of his public life,
The three days of his passion and death,
(And in limbo the three days of his sepulchre.)
He did not use, he did not employ, he did not spend all that,

*Trans. D.B. Aspinwall, Scarecrow Press, Metuchen 1970.

His thirty years of work and his three years of preaching
and his three days of passion and death,
His thirty-three years of prayer,
His incarnation, which is properly his assumption of flesh,
His assumption of carnality, of humanity
and his crucifixion and entombment,
His embodiment in flesh and his agony,
His life as a man and his life as a workman
and his life as a priest and his life as a saint and his life as a martyr,
His life of faith,
His life of Jesus,
In order to come then (at the same time) to spin yarns for us.
He did not use, he did not employ, he did not spend all that.
He did not assume all this expense
This great expense
In order to come to give us, then
Riddles
To guess
Like a magician.
Acting clever.
No, my child, and neither did Jesus give us dead words
That we are to shut up in little boxes
(Or in big ones.)
And that we are to preserve in rancid oil
Like Egyptian mummies.
Jesus Christ, my child, did not give us preserved words
To keep,
But he gave us living words
To nourish.
Ego sum via, veritas et vita,
I am the way, the truth and the life.
Words of life, living words can only be preserved alive,
Nourished alive,
Nourished, borne, warmed, warm in a living heart.
Not preserved mustily in little wooden or cardboard boxes.
As Jesus put on, was forced to put on the body, to be clothed in flesh
In order to pronounce these (carnal) words and in order to make them heard,
In order to be able to pronounce them,
So we, just so we, *in imitation of Jesus,*
So we, who are flesh, we must profit from it,

Profit from our carnal state in order to preserve them, to warm them,
to nourish them living and carnal in ourselves,
(That is something even the angels do not know, my child,
something they have not experienced.)
As a carnal mother nourishes and warms her last born on her heart,
Her carnal nursling, on her breast,
Carefully held in the fold of her arm,
So, profiting from our carnal state,
We must nourish, we have to nourish in our hearts,
With our flesh and our blood,
With our hearts,
The carnal Words,
The eternal Words, temporally carnally pronounced.
Miracle of miracles, my child, mystery of mysteries.
Because Jesus Christ became our carnal brother
Because he pronounced temporally and carnally the eternal words,
In monte, on the mountain,
It is to us, weak as we are, that it has been given,
It is on us, weak and carnal as we are, that it depends,
To make alive and to nourish and to keep alive in time
These living words pronounced in time.

**In Your nobility, O Christ, You extend Your hand to lift us
up. “O Frondens Virga.”**

■ **O FRONDENS VIRGA**
(Hildegard of Bingen)

O frondens virga,
in tua nobilitate stans,
sicut aurora procedit.
Nunc gaude et laetare
et nos debiles dignare
a mala consuetudine liberare
atque manum tuam porrigere
ad erigendum nos.

*O greening branch,
as the dawn breaks,
so you stand in your nobility.
Now rejoice
and deign
to free us from evil,
and give us your hand,
lift us up.*

The world in which we live is the opposite: “[It] is what puts you in a tragic, unique situation. You are the first. You are the first of the modern men.”

■ **VÉRONIQUE***
(Ch. Péguy)

For the first time, for the first time after Jesus, we have seen, before our eyes, we are about to see before our eyes a new world arising, if not a city; a new society forming, if not a city—modern society, the modern world. A world, a society in formation, or at least assembling, growing, after Jesus, without Jesus. And the most terrible thing, my friends, we mustn’t deny it, is that they have managed.

What gives a capital importance to our generation and to the time we live in, my friends, is what puts you at a unique watershed in the history of the world, is what puts you in a tragic, unique situation. You are the first.

You are the first of the modern men, you are the first before whom, before whose eyes this has happened, and you have caused to happen, this singular work, this foundation of the modern world, this establishment of the intellectual party of the modern world.

The Mystery is to be loved in everything. Here begins the challenge to the world, in obedience to the Father. “O Aeterne Deus.”

■ **O AETERNE DEUS**
(Hildegard of Bingen)

O aeterne Deus, nunc tibi placeat,
ut in amore illo ardeas
ut membra illa simus,
quae fecisti in eodem amore,
cum Filium tuum genuisti
in prima aurora,

*O eternal God, please now
burn with such love
that we may become those limbs
you made in the same love,
with which you did beget your Son
at the first dawn,*

* Quoted in L. Giussani – S. Alberto – J. Prades, *Generating Traces in the History of the World*, McGill-Queen’s, 2010.

ante omnem creaturam,
et inspice necessitatem hanc,
quae super nos cadit,
et abstraha eam a nobis propter
 Filium tuum,
et perduc nos in laetitiam salutis.

*before all other creatures;
and look at this misery
that falls upon us,
and remove it from us
 for your Son's sake,
and lead us to the joy of salvation.*

Now we will listen to the testament of Christ before His death. Even though it takes some effort, we will listen word by word.

“I am the way and the truth and the life.”

■ **JOHN 14**

“Do not let your hearts be troubled. You have faith in God; have faith also in me. In my Father’s house there are many dwelling places. If there were not, would I have told you that I am going to prepare a place for you? And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come back again and take you to myself, so that where I am you also may be. Where I am going you know the way.”

Thomas said to him, “Master, we do not know where you are going; how can we know the way?” Jesus said to him, “I am the way and the truth and the life. No one comes to the Father except through me. If you know me, then you will also know my Father. From now on you do know him and have seen him.” Philip said to him, “Master, show us the Father, and that will be enough for us.” Jesus said to him, “Have I been with you for so long a time and you still do not know me, Philip? Whoever has seen me has seen the Father. How can you say, ‘Show us the Father’? Do you not believe that I am in the Father and the Father is in me? The words that I speak to you I do not speak on my own. The Father who dwells in me is doing his works. Believe me that I am in the Father and the Father is in me, or else, believe because of the works themselves.

Amen, amen, I say to you, whoever believes in me will do the works that I do, and will do greater ones than these, because I am going to the Father. And whatever you ask in my name, I will do, so that the Father may be glorified in the Son. If you ask anything of me in my name, I will do it.

If you love me, you will keep my commandments. And I will ask the Father, and he will give you another Advocate to be with you always, the Spirit of truth,

which the world cannot accept, because it neither sees nor knows it. But you know it, because it remains with you, and will be in you. I will not leave you orphans; I will come to you. In a little while the world will no longer see me, but you will see me, because I live and you will live. On that day you will realize that I am in my Father and you are in me and I in you. Whoever has my commandments and observes them is the one who loves me. And whoever loves me will be loved by my Father, and I will love him and reveal myself to him.”

Judas, not the Iscariot, said to him, “Master, then what happened that you will reveal yourself to us and not to the world?” Jesus answered and said to him, “Whoever loves me will keep my word, and my Father will love him, and we will come to him and make our dwelling with him. Whoever does not love me does not keep my words; yet the word you hear is not mine but that of the Father who sent me.

I have told you this while I am with you. The Advocate, the holy Spirit that the Father will send in my name—he will teach you everything and remind you of all that I told you. Peace I leave with you; my peace I give to you. Not as the world gives do I give it to you. Do not let your hearts be troubled or afraid. You heard me tell you, ‘I am going away and I will come back to you.’ If you loved me, you would rejoice that I am going to the Father; for the Father is greater than I. And now I have told you this before it happens, so that when it happens you may believe. I will no longer speak much with you, for the ruler of the world is coming. He has no power over me, but the world must know that I love the Father and that I do just as the Father has commanded me. Get up, let us go.”

■ **O CÔR SOAVE**

(Anonymous, attr. Francesco Soto de Langa, 16th century)

O côr soave, côr del mio Signore,
ferito gravemente,
non da coltel pungente,
ma da lo stral che fabbricò l'amore,
che fabbricò l'amore.

*O tender heart, heart of my Lord,
deeply wounded:
not by a piercing knife,
but by the arrow made by love,
made by love.*

O côr soave, quand'io ti rimiro
post'in tant'agonia,
manca l'anima mia,
né voce s'ode più, né mai sospiro,
né più né mai sospiro.

*O tender heart, when I look at you
in such agony,
my soul is fainting,
voice is nevermore heard, nor sigh,
nevermore sigh.*

“Remain in me, as I remain in you.” The verb “remain” is repeated 11 times in Chapter 15 of John’s Gospel.

■ JOHN 15

“I am the true vine, and my Father is the vine grower. He takes away every branch in me that does not bear fruit, and every one that does he prunes so that it bears more fruit. You are already pruned because of the word that I spoke to you. Remain in me, as I remain in you. Just as a branch cannot bear fruit on its own unless it remains on the vine, so neither can you unless you remain in me. I am the vine, you are the branches. Whoever remains in me and I in him will bear much fruit, because without me you can do nothing. Anyone who does not remain in me will be thrown out like a branch and wither; people will gather them and throw them into a fire and they will be burned. If you remain in me and my words remain in you, ask for whatever you want and it will be done for you. By this is my Father glorified, that you bear much fruit and become my disciples. As the Father loves me, so I also love you. Remain in my love. If you keep my commandments, you will remain in my love, just as I have kept my Father’s commandments and remain in his love. I have told you this so that my joy might be in you and your joy might be complete.

This is my commandment: love one another as I love you. No one has greater love than this, to lay down one’s life for one’s friends. You are my friends if you do what I command you. I no longer call you slaves, because a slave does not know what his master is doing. I have called you friends, because I have told you everything I have heard from my Father. It was not you who chose me, but I who chose you and appointed you to go and bear fruit that will remain, so that whatever you ask the Father in my name he may give you. This I command you: love one another.

If the world hates you, realize that it hated me first. If you belonged to the world, the world would love its own; but because you do not belong to the world, and I have chosen you out of the world, the world hates you. Remember the word I spoke to you, ‘No slave is greater than his master.’ If they persecuted me, they will also persecute you. If they kept my word, they will also keep yours. And they will do all these things to you on account of my name, because they do not know the one who sent me. If I had not come and spoken to them, they would have no sin; but as it is, they have seen and hated both me and my Father. But in order that the word written in their law might be fulfilled, ‘They hated me without cause.’

When the Advocate comes whom I will send you from the Father, the Spirit of truth that proceeds from the Father, he will testify to me. And you also testify, because you have been with me from the beginning.”

■ GIESÙ SOMMO CONFORTO

(Anonymous, ed. Father Serafino Razzi, 16th century)

Giesù, sommo conforto,
tu se' tutt'il mio amore,
e 'l mio beato porto,
e santo redentore.
O gran bontà, dolce pietà,
felice quel che teco unito sta.

*Jesus, highest comfort,
you are all of my love,
and my blessed harbor,
and holy redeemer.
O great goodness, sweet compassion,
happy are those who are united to you.*

Deh, quante volte offeso
t'ha l'alma e 'l cor meschino.
E tu se' in croce steso
per salvar me tapino.
O gran bontà, dolce pietà,
felice quel che teco unito sta.

*Oh, how many times my soul
and my miserable heart have offended you.
And you are stretched out on the Cross
to save this wretch.
O great goodness, sweet compassion,
happy are those who are united to you.*

Giesù, qual forza ha spinto
l'immensa tua bontade
deh, qual amor t'ha vinto
patir tal crudeltade?
O gran bontà, dolce pietà,
felice quel che teco unito sta.

*Jesus, what force drove
your immense goodness,
what love moved you
to suffer such cruelty?
O great goodness, sweet compassion,
happy are those who are united to you.*

A te fui sempre ingrato
e mai non fui fervente,
e tu per me piagato
sei stato, crudelmente.
O gran bontà, dolce pietà,
felice quel che teco unito sta.

*To you I was always ungrateful
and never was I fervent;
and you were wounded for me,
cruelly.
O great goodness, sweet compassion,
happy are those who are united to you.*

Giesù, tu hai il mondo
soavemente pieno
d'amor santo e giocondo

*Jesus, you have the world
sweetly filled
with holy and joyful love,*

che fa ogni cor sereno.
O gran bontà, dolce pietà,
felice quel che teco unito sta.

*which puts every heart at peace.
O great goodness, sweet compassion,
happy are those who are united to you.*

Giesù fammi morire
del tuo amor verace;
Giesù, fammi languire
di te, Signor verace.
O gran bontà, dolce pietà,
felice quel che teco unito sta.

*Jesus, let me die
of your genuine love;
Jesus, let me languish
in you, true Lord.
O great goodness, sweet compassion,
happy are those who are united to you.*

Giesù, foss'io confitto
sopra quell'alto legno
dove ti veggio afflitto,
Giesù, Signor benigno.
O gran bontà, dolce pietà,
felice quel che teco unito sta.

*Jesus, if only I were nailed
to that high wood
where I see you afflicted,
Jesus, compassionate Lord.
O great goodness, sweet compassion,
happy are those who are united to you.*

O croce, fammi loco
e le mie membra prendi,
che del tuo dolce foco
il cor e l'anima accendi.
O gran bontà, dolce pietà,
felice quel che teco unito sta.

*O Cross, make room for me
and take my limbs,
that my heart and soul may be inflamed
by your sweet fire.
O great goodness, sweet compassion,
happy are those who are united to you.*

Infiamma il mio cor tanto
del tuo amor divino,
ch'io arda tutto quanto,
ch'io paia un Serafino.
O gran bontà, dolce pietà,
felice quel che teco unito sta.

*Inflame my heart greatly
with your divine love,
that I may burn entirely,
that I may seem a seraph.
O great goodness, sweet compassion,
happy are those who are united to you.*

La croce e il crocifisso
sia nel mio cor scolpito
et io sia sempre assiso
in gloria dov'egli è ito.
O gran bontà, dolce pietà,
felice quel che teco unito sta.

*May the Cross and the Crucified
be engraved in my heart
and may I always be seated
in glory, where He has gone.
O great goodness, sweet compassion,
happy are those who are united to you.*

“No one will take your joy away from you.”

■ **JOHN 16**

“I have told you this so that you may not fall away. They will expel you from the synagogues; in fact, the hour is coming when everyone who kills you will think he is offering worship to God. They will do this because they have not known either the Father or me. I have told you this so that when their hour comes you may remember that I told you.

I did not tell you this from the beginning, because I was with you.

But now I am going to the one who sent me, and not one of you asks me, ‘Where are you going?’ But because I told you this, grief has filled your hearts. But I tell you the truth, it is better for you that I go. For if I do not go, the Advocate will not come to you. But if I go, I will send him to you. And when he comes he will convict the world in regard to sin and righteousness and condemnation: sin, because they do not believe in me; righteousness, because I am going to the Father and you will no longer see me; condemnation, because the ruler of this world has been condemned. I have much more to tell you, but you cannot bear it now. But when he comes, the Spirit of truth, he will guide you to all truth. He will not speak on his own, but he will speak what he hears, and will declare to you the things that are coming. He will glorify me, because he will take from what is mine and declare it to you. Everything that the Father has is mine; for this reason I told you that he will take from what is mine and declare it to you.

A little while and you will no longer see me, and again a little while later and you will see me.” So some of his disciples said to one another, “What does this mean that he is saying to us, ‘A little while and you will not see me, and again a little while and you will see me,’ and ‘Because I am going to the Father?’” So they said, “What is this ‘little while’ of which he speaks? We do not know what he means.” Jesus knew that they wanted to ask him, so he said to them, “Are you discussing with one another what I said, ‘A little while and you will not see me, and again a little while and you will see me’? Amen, amen, I say to you, you will weep and mourn, while the world rejoices; you will grieve, but your grief will become joy.

When a woman is in labor, she is in anguish because her hour has arrived; but when she has given birth to a child, she no longer remembers the pain because of her joy that a child has been born into the world. So you also are now in anguish. But I will see you again, and your hearts will rejoice, and no one will take your joy away from you. On that day you will not question me about anything.

Amen, amen, I say to you, whatever you ask the Father in my name he will give you. Until now you have not asked anything in my name; ask and you will receive, so that your joy may be complete.

I have told you this in figures of speech. The hour is coming when I will no longer speak to you in figures but I will tell you clearly about the Father. On that day you will ask in my name, and I do not tell you that I will ask the Father for you. For the Father himself loves you, because you have loved me and have come to believe that I came from God. I came from the Father and have come into the world. Now I am leaving the world and going back to the Father.” His disciples said, “Now you are talking plainly, and not in any figure of speech. Now we realize that you know everything and that you do not need to have anyone question you. Because of this we believe that you came from God.” Jesus answered them, “Do you believe now? Behold, the hour is coming and has arrived when each of you will be scattered to his own home and you will leave me alone. But I am not alone, because the Father is with me.

I have told you this so that you might have peace in me. In the world you will have trouble, but take courage, I have conquered the world.”

■ **VERO AMOR È GESÙ**
(Anonymous, 17th century)

Vero amor è Gesù,
che salute ne dà
a chi segue virtù!

*True love is Jesus,
who gives salvation
to those who follow virtue!*

Egli moriva in croce per me.
Mio buon Gesù,
non ti partir da me.

*He died on the Cross for me.
My good Jesus,
do not leave me.*

Christ’s amazing prayer: “That they may all be one, as you, Father, are in me and I in you, that they also may be in us, that the world may believe that you sent me.” John Paul II, in his discourse to young people on March 24, 1994, said, “I think of many of your friends. If they could touch Jesus from up close once, see His face, touch

**the face of Christ—if they can touch Jesus once, if they see Him in you, then they will say, ‘My Lord and my God.’”
Let us stand and listen.**

■ **JOHN 17**

When Jesus had said this, he raised his eyes to heaven and said, “Father, the hour has come. Give glory to your son, so that your son may glorify you, just as you gave him authority over all people, so that he may give eternal life to all you gave him. Now this is eternal life, that they should know you, the only true God, and the one whom you sent, Jesus Christ. I glorified you on earth by accomplishing the work that you gave me to do. Now glorify me, Father, with you, with the glory that I had with you before the world began.

I revealed your name to those whom you gave me out of the world. They belonged to you, and you gave them to me, and they have kept your word. Now they know that everything you gave me is from you, because the words you gave to me I have given to them, and they accepted them and truly understood that I came from you, and they have believed that you sent me. I pray for them. I do not pray for the world but for the ones you have given me, because they are yours, and everything of mine is yours and everything of yours is mine, and I have been glorified in them. And now I will no longer be in the world, but they are in the world, while I am coming to you. Holy Father, keep them in your name that you have given me, so that they may be one just as we are.

When I was with them I protected them in your name that you gave me, and I guarded them, and none of them was lost except the son of destruction, in order that the scripture might be fulfilled. But now I am coming to you. I speak this in the world so that they may share my joy completely. I gave them your word, and the world hated them, because they do not belong to the world any more than I belong to the world.

I do not ask that you take them out of the world but that you keep them from the evil one. They do not belong to the world any more than I belong to the world. Consecrate them in the truth. Your word is truth. As you sent me into the world, so I sent them into the world. And I consecrate myself for them, so that they also may be consecrated in truth.

I pray not only for them, but also for those who will believe in me through their word, so that they may all be one, as you, Father, are in me and I in you, that they also may be in us, that the world may believe that you sent me. And I have given them the glory you gave me, so that they may be one, as we are one, I in them and you in me, that they may be brought to perfection as one, that the world may know that you sent me, and that you loved them even as you loved me.

Father, they are your gift to me. I wish that where I am they also may be with me, that they may see my glory that you gave me, because you loved me before the foundation of the world.

Righteous Father, the world also does not know you, but I know you, and they know that you sent me. I made known to them your name and I will make it known, that the love with which you loved me may be in them and I in them.”

■ **DULCIS CHRISTE**

(Michelangelo Grancini, 17th century)

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

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

Tu es Creator,
Tu es Salvator mundi.

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

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

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

■ **ANGELUS**

■ **NITIDA STELLA**

(Anonymous, 16th century)

Nitida stella,
alma puella,
tu es florum flos;
o Mater pia,
virgo Maria,
ora pro nobis!

*Bright star,
noble girl,
you are the flower of flowers;
O holy Mother,
Virgin Mary,
pray for us!*

Jesu Salvator,
mundi amator,
tu es florum flos;
o Jesu pie,

*Jesus the Savior,
who loved the world,
you are the flower of flowers;
O holy Jesus,*

fili Mariae,
eia, audi nos!

*son of Mary,
hear us, we pray!*

Mater benigna,
honore digna,
tu es florum flos;
o Mater pia,
virgo Maria,
ora pro nobis!

*Compassionate Mother,
worthy of every honor,
you are the flower of flowers;
O holy Mother,
Virgin Mary,
pray for us!*

Alme Rex regum,
conditor Legum,
tu es florum flos;
o Jesu pie,
fili Mariae,
eia, audi nos!

*Noble King of kings,
author of the Law,
you are the flower of flowers;
O holy Jesus,
son of Mary,
hear us, we pray!*

O gratiosa,
o coeli rosa,
tu es florum flos;
o Mater pia,
virgo Maria,
ora pro nobis!

*O gracious one,
O heavenly rose,
you are the flower of flowers;
O holy Mother,
Virgin Mary,
pray for us!*

Sit tibi, Christe,
modulus iste,
tu es florum flos;
o Jesu pie,
fili Mariae,
eia, audi nos!

*May it be for you, O Christ,
this song,
you are the flower of flowers;
O holy Jesus,
son of Mary,
hear us, we pray!*

Coeli Regina,
virgo divina,
tu es florum flos;
o Mater pia,
virgo Maria,
ora pro nobis!

*Queen of Heaven,
divine virgin,
you are the flower of flowers;
O holy Mother,
Virgin Mary,
pray for us!*

Afternoon

■ MISERERE

(Psalm 51 [50], Gregorio Allegri, ca. 1630)

Miserere mei, Deus,
secundum magnam misericordiam tuam.
Et secundum multitudinem
miserationum tuarum,
dele iniquitatem meam.
Amplius lava me ab iniquitate mea,
et a peccato meo munda me.

*Have mercy on me, God,
in your goodness.
And in your abundant
compassion,
blot out my offense.
Wash away all my guilt,
and from my sin cleanse me.*

Quoniam iniquitatem meam ego
cognosco:
et peccatum meum contra me est semper.

*For I know my offense;
my sin is always before me.*

Tibi soli peccavi, et malum coram
te feci: et iustificeris in
sermonibus tuis, et vincas
cum iudicaris.

*Against you alone have I sinned,
and I have done such evil in your sight;
and you are just in your sentence,
blameless when you condemn.*

Ecce enim in iniquitatibus conceptus sum:
et in peccatis concepit me mater mea.

*True, I was born guilty, a sinner,
even as my mother conceived me.*

Ecce enim veritatem dilexisti:
incerta et occulta sapientiae
tuae manifestasti.

*Still, you insist on sincerity of heart;
in my inmost being,
teach me wisdom.*

Asperges me hyssopo et mundabor:
lavabis me et super nivem dealbabor.

*Cleanse me with hyssop,
that I may be pure;
wash me, make me whiter than snow.*

Auditui meo dabis gaudium et laetitiam:
et exsultabunt ossa humiliata.

*Let me hear sounds of joy and gladness;
let the bones you have crushed rejoice.*

Averte faciem tuam a peccatis meis:
et omnes iniquitates meas dele.

*Turn away your face from my sins;
blot out all my guilt.*

Cor mundum crea in me, Deus:
et spiritum rectum innova
in visceribus meis.
Ne proicias me a facie tua:
et spiritum sanctum tuum
ne auferas a me.

*A clean heart create for me, God;
renew in me a steadfast spirit.
Do not drive me from your presence,
nor take from me your holy Spirit.*

Redde mihi laetitiam salutaris tui:
et spiritu principali confirma me.

*Restore my joy in your salvation;
sustain in me a willing spirit.*

Docebo iniquos vias tuas:
et impii ad te convertentur.

*I will teach the wicked your ways,
that sinners may return to you.*

Libera me de sanguinibus, Deus,
Deus salutis meae:
et exsultabit lingua mea iustitiam tuam.

*Rescue me from death, God,
my saving God,
that my tongue may praise your
healing power.*

Domine labia mea aperies:
et os meum annuntiabit laudem
tuam.

*Lord, open my lips;
my mouth will proclaim your praise.*

Quoniam si voluisses sacrificium
dedissem utique: holocaustis non
delectaberis.

*For you do not desire sacrifice;
a burnt offering you would not accept.*

Sacrificium Deo spiritus contribulatus,
cor contritum et humiliatum Deus
non despicias.

*My sacrifice, God, is a broken spirit;
God, do not spurn a broken,
humbled heart.*

Benigne fac Domine in bona voluntate
tua
Sion, ut aedificentur muri Jerusalem.

*Make Zion prosper in your good
pleasure; rebuild the walls of
Jerusalem.*

Tunc acceptabis sacrificium iustitiae,
oblationes et holocausta.

*Then you will be pleased with
proper sacrifice, burnt offerings and
holocausts.*

Tunc imponent super altare tuum
vitulos.

*Then bullocks will be offered
on your altar.*

■ **TI ADORO, REDENTORE**

(Antonio Martorell)

Ti adoro, Redentore,
di spine incoronato,
per ogni peccatore
a morte condannato.

*I adore you, Redeemer,
crowned with thorns,
condemned to death
for each sinner.*

Ti adoro, Gesù buono,
schernito, schiaffeggiato;
tu doni il tuo perdono
a chi ti ha flagellato.

*I adore you, good Jesus,
mocked, slapped;
you grant your pardon
to those who whipped you.*

Ti adoro, Gesù pio,
in croce immolato;
ripenso nel cuor mio
che tu mi hai tanto amato! Amen.

*I adore you, holy Jesus,
nailed to the Cross;
in my heart, I think of how much
you have loved me! Amen.*

The great vocation of the son of Mary is carried out like the defeat of a poor man. Every day of history would seem to confirm this, but His permanence itself, every day of man's life, proclaims a victory that is still hidden. And yet it is not totally hidden, it is a sign that reveals its content. The revelation of this sign is the coming into being, the growth of a human companionship generated exclusively by faith in Him, truly born from the womb of Mary. The method starts to become experience. It is possible to live life with Christ.

■ **ISAIAH 53**

Who would believe what we have heard?
To whom has the arm of the Lord been revealed?
He grew up like a sapling before him,
like a shoot from the parched earth;

There was in him no stately bearing to make us look
at him, nor appearance that would attract us to him.
He was spurned and avoided by men,
a man of suffering, accustomed to infirmity,
One of those from whom men hide their faces,
spurned, and we held him in no esteem.
Yet it was our infirmities that he bore,
our sufferings that he endured,
While we thought of him as stricken,
as one smitten by God and afflicted.
But he was pierced for our offenses,
crushed for our sins,
Upon him was the chastisement that makes us
whole, by his stripes we were healed.
We had all gone astray like sheep,
each following his own way;
But the Lord laid upon him the guilt of us all.
Though he was harshly treated, he submitted
and opened not his mouth;
Like a lamb led to the slaughter or a sheep before
the shearers, he was silent and opened not his mouth.
Oppressed and condemned, he was taken away,
and who would have thought any more of his destiny?
When he was cut off from the land of the living,
and smitten for the sin of his people,
A grave was assigned him among the wicked
and burial place with evildoers,
That he had done no wrong
nor spoken any falsehood.
But the Lord was pleased to crush him in infirmity.
If he gives his life as an offering for sin,
he shall see his descendants in a long life,
and the will of the Lord shall be accomplished
through him.
Because of his affliction he shall see the light
in fullness of days;
Through his suffering, my servant shall justify
many, and their guilt he shall bear.
Therefore I will give him his portion among the great,
and he shall divide the spoils with the mighty,

Because he surrendered himself to death
and was counted among the wicked;
And he shall take away the sins of many,
and win parson for their offenses.

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

(Ch. Péguy)

He is here.

He is here as on the first day.

He is here among us as on the day of his death.

He is here forever among us just as much as on the first day.

Forever every day.

He is here among us all the days of his eternity.

His body, that same body of his, hangs on the same cross;

His eyes, those same eyes of his, quiver with the same tears;

His blood, that same blood of his, bleeds from the same wounds;

His heart, that same heart of his, bleeds with the same love.

The same sacrifice causes the same blood to flow.

A parish shone with an everlasting brightness, but all the parishes shine eternally, for in all the parishes there is the body of Jesus Christ.

The same sacrifice crucifies the same body, the same sacrifice causes the same blood to flow.

The same sacrifice offers up the same flesh, the same sacrifice sheds the same blood.

The same sacrifice sacrifices the same flesh and the same blood.

It is the same story, exactly the same, eternally the same, which happened in that time and in that country and which happens on all days in all days of all eternity.

[...]

All the market towns are bright in God's eyes,

All the market towns are Christian under God's gaze.

Jews, you do not realize your happiness; Israel, Israel, you do not realize your happiness; but you too, Christians, you too do not realize your happiness; your present happiness; which is the same happiness.
Your everlasting happiness.

* Trans. J. Green, Pantheon, New York 1950.

Israel, Israel, you do not realize your greatness; but you too, Christians, you do not realize your greatness; your present greatness; which is the same greatness. Your everlasting greatness.

Whether Christians recognize His greatness or not, Christ is here, in the place chosen by Him, the Temple, like a fragile shore from which He sets off again for His glory in the vast universe and for His free and loving presence in every man.

■ **CHRISTE CUNCTORUM DOMINATOR ALME**

(Ambrosian hymn, 5th century)

Christe, cunctorum dominator alme,
mente supremi generate Patris,
supplicum voces pariterque carmen
cerne benignus.

*Christ, noble master of all creation,
begotten of the Most High Father,
look with favor on the prayers
of those who humbly beseech you.*

Cerne, quod Templi, Deus ad decorem
plebs tua supplex resonet per aedem,
annuo cuius redeunt colenda
tempore festa.

*O God, look how your prayerful people
makes song ring out in your Temple
to honor the Church whose feast
we gather to celebrate.*

Haec domus surgit tibi dedicata
rite, ubi sumit populus sacratum
corpus ex aris, bibit et beati
sanguinis haustum.

*This house rises up and is rightly dedicated
to you; here your people receive from the altar
your consecrated body
and drink of your holy blood.*

Hic sacrosancti latices nocentum
diluunt culpas, perimuntque noxas;
chrismate invictum genus et creatur
chresticolorum.

*Here, the holy waters wash away the sins
of those who have erred, and wipe away
their punishment; the invincible tribe
of Christians is begotten and anointed.*

Hic salus aegris, medicina fessis,
lumen et caecis datur: hic reatu,

*Here, the sick are made healthy, the weak find
strength, and sight is given to the blind.*

Christe, nos solvis; timor atque moeror
pellitur omnis. *Here, O Christ, you free us from all guilt;
every fear and sadness are cast away.*

Daemonis saevi perit hic rapina:
pervicax monstrum pavet et retentos
deserens artus, fugit in remotas
ocius auras. *Here, the ferocious hold of the devil is broken,
the stubborn beast is afraid
as he releases those held captive;
he flees into the depths of the abyss.*

Hic locus Regis vocitatur aula
nempe caelestis, rutilansque caeli
porta, quae vitae patriam petentes
accipit omnes. *This is the place truly known
as the court of the heavenly King,
the shining gate of Heaven that welcomes
all those in search of life's homeland.*

Turbo quem nullus quatit, aut vagantes
diruunt venti; penetrantque nimbi,
hanc domum tetris piceus tenebris
tartarus horret. *Winds cannot shake it, nor assail it,
nor storm clouds penetrate it;
dark creatures lurking in the shadows
are terrified of this house.*

Ergo te votis petimus, sereno
annuas vultu, famulos gubernes,
qui tui summo celebrant amore
gaudia templi. *Therefore, we beg you,
say yes to our prayers with serenity;
watch over your servants who celebrate
the joys of your temple with love.*

Nulla nos vitae cruciet procella,
sint dies laeti placidaeque noctes;
nullus ex nobis, pereunte mundo,
sentiat ignem. *Let no storm disturb our life;
may our days be glad and our nights serene,
may none of us know the fires of hell
when the world perishes.*

Hic dies, in quo tibi consecratum,
conspicis templum, tribuat perenne
gaudium nobis; vigeatque longo
temporis usu. *On this day, when you look upon the temple
dedicated to you, bestow your joy on us forever;
may this temple remain steadfast
for our use for many years to come.*

Laus poli summum resonet Parentem
laus Patris Natum, pariterque Sanctum
Spiritus dulci moduletur hymno
omne per aevum.
Amen. *Ring out joy to the Father on high, and sing
sweet songs of praise to the Father's Son together
with the Holy Spirit
for ages unending.
Amen.*

■ TUTOR DICENDO

(Anonymous, from the Laudario Magliabechiano, 14th century)

Jesù, Jesù, Jesù dolce ad amare.

Jesus, Jesus, Jesus, sweet to love.

Tutor dicendo, di lui non tacendo,
laudandol cum cantare.

*Always speaking, never silent about
Him,
I praise Him in song.*

Jesù...

Jesus...

Sempre l'atendo, col mio cor gau-
dendo,
fa mi rallegrare.

*I always await Him, rejoicing in my heart;
He makes me happy.*

Jesù...

Jesus...

Non mi ritegno da mi' gran sostegno,
e vogliol pur chiamare.

*I do not restrain myself from my great support,
and indeed I want to call Him.*

Jesù...

Jesus...

Vo' ke mi dica la mia dolce vita,
ke mi farà salvare.

*I want Him, who is my sweet life,
to tell me that He will save me.*

Jesù...

Jesus...

L'anima mia, cattiva e mendica,
degnà è d'amor dare.

*My soul, wicked and pleading,
is worthy of giving love.*

Jesù...

Jesus...

K'i' son dolente, con molta fatica;
fa mi consolare!

*For I am sorrowful, with all my fatigue;
let me be consoled!*

Jesù...

Jesus...

Amor dilecto, del mio cor se' vita,
or damit'a trovare!

*Dear love, you are the life of my heart,
now let yourself be found!*

Jesù...

Jesus...

Tra' mi a te di questo gran tormento,
ké vivo in dolorare! *Draw me to you out of my great torment,
for I live in constant pain!*

Jesù... Jesus...

K'io non ti perda per mio fallimento,
cum falso tentare. *Let me not lose you by my own fault,
through false temptation.*

Jesù... Jesus...

Vivo in paura di te mia dolzura;
come ne posso fare? *I live in fear of you, my sweetness;
what can I do?*

Jesù... Jesus...

Tu se' il mio aire, io son tua creatura;
non m'abandonare! *You are the air that I breathe, I am your
creation; do not abandon me!*

Jesù... Jesus...

Tu sì m'ai detto [amor mio dilecto],
k'i' kegia faraimi dare. *You told me [my dear love],
that what I ask of you, you will give to me.*

Jesù... Jesus...

Et io adimando Jesù benedecto;
di lui mi vo' pagare! *And I demand blessed Jesus;
I want to sacrifice everything for Him!*

Jesù... Jesus...

Non averò povertà, né difetto,
E vo' con teco stare! *I will have no poverty, no defect;
I want to stay with you!*

Jesù... Jesus...

*Good
Friday*

■ **STABAT MATER***
(G.B. Pergolesi)

■ **ANGELUS**

May the “Amen” that concludes Pergolesi’s Stabat Mater, which we have just heard (this “Amen” is the most beautiful in all of the history of music), reverberate in our hearts, and may our sadness inspire in us active and hard-working joy, creative like the figure, the reality, of the Virgin Mary is in the history of the world. This is the point through which the creativity of the Mystery passes, God’s same creativity, the salvation that Christ continually brings, urging in the heart of every man. Let us follow the figure of Mary in her sentiments, in all of today’s journey.

We are the glory of Christ, but at the same time, we are also His suffering; we are Christ’s suffering because we are not His glory. We are not aware that the purpose of our daily life is the glory of Christ.

“In your eyes gleams the strangeness of a sky that isn’t yours” (Cesare Pavese). Our companionship follows the natural attractions that are not recognized as reality in which the sky of Christ gleams. Lately, we can affirm that the relationship between Christ and us runs the risk of always being strange. The Bible expresses this in speaking of God’s wrath: “Dies irae.”

*See the text and translation on pp. 7-8.

■ **REQUIEM KV 626**

(W.A. Mozart)

Dies irae

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

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

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

Rex tremendae majestatis

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

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

Confutatis maledictis

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

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

“Lacrimosa dies illa,” that day will be one of weeping, when from the embers the sinner will rise to hear the sentence. O God, spare him! O merciful Lord Jesus, grant them rest. Amen.

Reason and human confidence could never imagine someone to whom these words could be addressed. Let us stand and pray together, reading the “Lacrimosa” slowly in Latin.

Lacrimosa

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

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

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

■ THE MYSTERY OF THE CHARITY OF JOAN OF ARC (Ch. Péguy)

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

But since he had begun his mission.
Perhaps she no longer said *Magnificat*.
For the last three days she wept.
She wept and wept.
As no other woman has ever wept.
No woman.
That is what he had brought in 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 in to his mother.
Since he had begun his mission.

Because he had begun his mission.
For the last three days she wept.
For the last three days, she wandered, she followed.
She followed the procession.
She followed the events.
She followed as you follow a funeral.
But it was a living man's funeral.
A man who was still alive.
She followed what went on.
She followed as if she had been part of the procession.
Of the ceremony.
She followed like a follower.
Like a servant.
Like one of those Roman weepers.
At Roman funerals.
As if it had been her profession.
To weep.
She followed like a poor woman.
Like a regular attendant in the procession.
Like a follower of the procession.
Like a servant.
Already like a regular attendant.
She followed like a pauper.
Like a beggar woman.
They who had never asked anyone for anything.
Now she asked for charity.
Without seeming to, she asked for charity.
Since without seeming to, without even knowing it, she asked for the charity of mercy.

Mercy of a kind.
A certain mercy.

Pietas.

That is what he had done to his mother.

Since he had begun his mission.

She followed, she wept.

She wept and wept.

All that women know is to weep.

You saw her everywhere.

In the procession and somewhat apart from the procession.

Under the porticoes, under the arcades, in drafty places.

In the temples, in the palaces.

In the streets.

In the yards and in the back yards.

And she had also gone up to Calvary.

She too had climbed up to Calvary.

Which is a steep mountain.

And she did not even feel that she was walking.

She did not even feel that her feet were carrying her.

She did not feel her legs under her.

She too had gone up her calvary.

She too had gone up and up.

In the mob, lagging a little behind.

Gone up to Golgotha.

On Golgotha.

On top.

Up to the top.

Where he was now crucified.

Nailed by his four limbs.

Like a night bird nailed to a barn door.

He the King of Light.

At the place called Golgotha.

That is to say the place of the Skull.

That is what he had made of his mother.

His motherly mother.

A woman in tears.

A pauper.

A pauper of distress.

A pauper in distress.

A sort of beggarwoman begging for mercy.

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

■ **TATĂL NOSTRU**
(*Our Father*, Romanian Liturgy)

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

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

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

■ **RESPONSORIES**
(T.L. De Victoria)

The domination of man’s heart by worldly power:
“Astiterunt reges.”

Astiterunt reges

Astiterunt reges terrae
et principes convenerunt in unum,
adversus Dominum,
et adversus Christum eius.
Quare fremuerunt gentes
et populi meditati sunt inania?
Adversus Dominum,
et adversus Christum eius.

*The kings of the earth set themselves,
and the rulers take counsel together
against the Lord,
and against His Anointed.
Why do the heathen rage,
and the people meditate upon vain things?
Against the Lord,
and against His Anointed.*

Bitter disappointment, friendship betrayed: “Amicus meus.”

Amicus meus

Amicus meus osculi me tradidit signo.
Quem osculatus fuero, ipse est, tenete eum.
Hoc malum fecit signum,
qui per osculum adimplevit homicidium.
Infelix praetermisit pretium sanguinis,
et in fine laqueo se suspendit.
Bonum erat ei si natus
non fuisset homo ille.
Infelix praetermisit pretium sanguinis,
et in fine laqueo se suspendit.

*My friend betrayed me with the sign of a kiss.
He whom I kiss, that is He: hold Him fast.
He who committed murder
by a kiss gave this wicked sign.
The unhappy wretch repaid the price
of blood and in the end hanged himself.
It had been better for that man
if he had never been born.
The unhappy wretch repaid the price of
blood and in the end hanged himself.*

Simeon’s prophecy.

■ 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.”

The solitude and impotence of Christ: "Eram quasi agnus."

■ RESPONSORIES, *Eram quasi agnus*

Eram quasi agnus innocens;	<i>Behold, I was like an innocent lamb;</i>
ductus sum ad immolandum, et nesciebam	<i>I was led to the slaughter, and I knew it not.</i>
concilium fecerunt inimici mei	<i>My enemies have conspired together</i>
adversum me, dicentes:	<i>against me, saying:</i>
Venite, mittamus lignum in panem eius	<i>Come, let us put poison into His bread,</i>
et eradamus eum de terra viventium.	<i>and let us cut Him out of the land of the living.</i>
Omnes inimici mei adversum me	<i>All my enemies</i>
cogitabant mala mihi	<i>have thought evil things about me;</i>
verbum iniquum mandaverunt	<i>they have spoken evil words</i>
adversum me, dicentes:	<i>against me, saying:</i>
Venite, mittamus lignum in panem eius	<i>Come, let us put poison into His bread,</i>
et eradamus eum de terra viventium.	<i>and let us cut Him out of the land of the living.</i>

Mary's drama.

■ THE MYSTERY OF THE CHARITY OF JOAN OF ARC

(Ch. Péguy)

She wept and wept, and because of it she had grown ugly.
And the greatest Beauty in the world.
The mystical Rose.
The Tower of ivory.
Turris eburnea.
The Queen of beauty.
In three days had become dreadful to see.
People said that she had put on ten years.
They knew nothing about it. She had put on more than ten years.
She knew, she felt that she had put on more than ten years.
She had aged the space of her lifetime.
Fools.
By the space of her whole lifetime.
She had aged by her entire life and by more than her life, by more than a lifetime.
For she had grown older by an eternity.

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

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

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

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

She wept, she had become dreadful.
Her eyelashes stuck together.
Her eyelids, the upper one and the nether one.
Swollen, bruised, tinged with blood.
Her cheeks devastated by grief.

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

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

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

[...]

And they had set him on his way to death.
To that death.
They had a firm hold on him.
This time.
And they would not let him go.
They would never let him go any more.
Ah he no longer shone among the doctors.
Seated among the doctors.
He did not shine.
And yet he shone forever.

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

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

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

Such was her reward.
Thus was she rewarded.

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

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

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

The reasons for our mercy.

■ 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.

“Voi ch’amate lo Criatore.”

■ VOI CH’AMATE LO CRIATORE

(Anonymous, from the Laudario Magliabechiano, 14th century)

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

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

Capo bello e delicato,
come ti vegio stare inkinato!

You who love the Creator,
turn your thoughts upon my grief.

*For I am the heavy-hearted Mary,
Christ was my dear son;
my hope and sweet asset
was crucified for sinners.*

*O beautiful and delicate head,
how I see you bowed!*

Li tuoi capelli di sangue intrecciati,
fin' a la barba ne va i' rrigore.

*Your hair is entwined with blood,
that flows down as far as your beard.*

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

*O beautiful and delicate mouth,
how thirsty I see you!
They gave you bile and vinegar to drink;
I am sad and afflicted in my heart.*

Voi ch'amate...

You who love...

■ RESPONSORIES

(T.L. De Victoria)

The drama is consummated in tragedy: “Tenebrae factae sunt,” “Caligaverunt oculi mei,” “Animam meam dilectam.”

Tenebrae factae sunt

Tenebrae factae sunt, dum crucifixissent Jesum Judaei; et circa horam nonam exclamavit Jesus voce magna: Deus meus, ut quid me dereliquisti? Et inclinato capite, emisit spiritum. Exclamans Jesus voce magna, ait: Pater, in manus tuas commendo spiritum meum. Et inclinato capite, emisit spiritum.	<i>Darkness came when the Jews crucified Jesus; and around the ninth hour, Jesus cried with a loud voice: My God, my God, why have you abandoned me? And, bowing His head, He gave up His spirit. Jesus cried with a loud voice and said: Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit. And, bowing His head, He gave up His spirit.</i>
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Caligaverunt oculi mei

Caligaverunt oculi mei a fletu meo, quia elongatus est a me qui consolabatur me. Videte omnes populi si est dolor similis sicut dolor meus. O vos omnes qui transitis per viam, attendite et videte si est dolor similis sicut dolor meus.	<i>My eyes are obscured by my tears, for He has been taken away from me, He who comforted me. See, O all ye people, if there be a sorrow like unto my sorrow. O all ye that pass by, behold and see if there be a sorrow like unto my sorrow.</i>
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Animam meam dilectam

Animam meam dilectam tradidi
in manus iniquorum,
et facta est mihi haereditas mea
sicut leo in silva;
dedit contra me voces adversarius,
dicens:

Congregamini, et properate
ad devorandum illum.
Posuerunt me in deserto solitudinis,
et luxit super me omnis terra.
Quia non est inventus qui me
agnosceret, et faceret bene.
Insurrexerunt in me viri absque
misericordia,
et non pepercerunt animae meae.
Quia non est inventus qui me
agnosceret, et faceret bene.

*I delivered my beloved soul
into the hands of the wicked,
and my possessions have become to me
like a lion in the forest;
my adversary spoke out against me,
saying:*

*Come together, and make haste
to devour Him.
They placed me in a solitary desert,
and all the earth mourned for me.
Because nobody could be found who
would claim me, and do good to me.
Men without mercy
rose up against me,
and they spared not my soul.
Because nobody could be found who
would claim me, and do good to me.*

**But our heart, even unconsciously, has an urgent question.
“Everyone who has this hope based on Him makes himself
pure, as He is pure” (1 Jn 3:3).**

**Let us stand and recite together the prayer of Father De
Grandmaison.**

Santa Maria, madre di Dio,
conservami un cuore di fanciullo,
puro e limpido come acqua di sorgente.
Ottienimi un cuore semplice,
che non si ripieghi ad assaporare
le proprie tristezze;
un cuore magnanimo nel donarsi,
facile alla compassione; un cuore
fedele e generoso,
che non dimentichi alcun bene
e non serbi rancore di alcun male.
Formami un cuore dolce e umile
che ami senza esigere di essere riamato,

*Holy Mary, mother of God,
preserve in me the heart of a child,
pure and clean like spring water;
a simple heart
that does not remain
absorbed in its own sadness,
a loving heart that freely gives
with compassion, a faithful and generous
heart
that neither forgets good
nor feels bitterness for any evil.
Give me a sweet and humble heart
that loves without asking to be loved in return,*

contento di scomparire in altri cuori, sacrificandosi davanti al tuo Divin Figlio; un cuore grande e indomabile, così che nessuna ingratitudine lo possa chiudere e nessuna indifferenza lo possa stancare; un cuore tormentato dalla gloria di Cristo, ferito dal suo amore, con una piaga che non si rimargini se non in cielo.	<i>happy to lose itself in the heart of others, sacrificing itself in front of your Divine Son; a great and unconquerable heart which no ingratitude can close and no indifference can tire, a heart tormented by the glory of Christ, pierced by His love with a wound that will not heal until Heaven.</i>
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Christ asked for His own death for love of the happiness of man.

■ CRISTO AL MORIR TENDEA

(Brother Marc'Antonio of San Germano, 16th century)

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

*Christ was sinking into death,
and to her beloved, Mary said:
"As He gives heart and soul to take you to
 Heaven,
would 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 knows well that you will run away,
your fear will make you hide yourselves:
and He, like a lamb that is silent and dies,
will shed His blood out of great love for you.*

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

*Therefore, my beloved,
if He is giving blood, soul, and heart
on a hard Cross, in the hands of the unjust
 and the guilty,
would you leave Him for another love?"*

■ 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.”

■ **STABAT MATER, Quando corpus morietur**
(G.B. Pergolesi)

Quando corpus morietur
fac ut animae donetur
paradisi gloria.

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

Amen.

Amen.

But our freedom must also desire our happiness.

■ **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.

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

■ **OGNUN M'ENTENDA**

(Anonymous, from the Codice Ven. Marciana, 15th century)

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

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

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

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

■ **MIGUEL MA—ARA***

(O.V. Milosz)

The sweat of death stealeth across His Eyes.
He walks under the Cross without seeing His last day.
And what then is the glorious sight here to see,
Say unto us, Son of Man?
The water of this land is like to the eye of the eagle,
The stone of this land is like to the heart of the King,
The tree of this land maketh a stake of torture
For Thee, Love, Son of Heaven.
He hath broken the bread, He hath poured the wine.
Behold the Flesh, and the Blood.
Who hath ears
Let him hear!
He hath prayed and risen:
His dearly-beloved have lain 'neath the olive-tree.
"Simon, dost thou sleep?"
He hath cried and risen:
His little children lay 'neath the olive-tree.
"Sleep henceforth!" saith the Son of Man.

* O.W. Milosz, *Miguel Mañara*, in *Poet Lore*, The Poet Lore Company, Boston 1919.

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

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

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

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

■ DULCIS CHRISTE

(Michelangelo Grancini, 17th century)

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

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

Tu es Creator,
Tu es Salvator mundi.

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

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

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

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

■ **TI ADORO, REDENTORE**

(Antonio Martorell)

Ti adoro, Redentore,
di spine incoronato,
per ogni peccatore
a morte condannato.

*I adore you, Redeemer,
crowned with thorns,
condemned to death
for each sinner.*

Ti adoro, Gesù buono,
schernito, schiaffeggiato;
tu doni il tuo perdono
a chi ti ha flagellato.

*I adore you, good Jesus,
mocked, slapped;
you grant your pardon
to those who whipped you.*

Ti adoro, Gesù pio,
in croce immolato;
ripenso nel cuor mio
che tu mi hai tanto amato!
Amen.

*I adore you, holy Jesus,
nailed to the Cross;
in my heart, I think of how much
you have loved me!
Amen.*

■ **ANGELUS**

Way of the Cross

1st STATION

■ EXAUDI DOMINE

(Lorenzo Perosi)

Exaudi, Domine, vocem meam
qua clamavi ad te,
miserere mei et exaudi me.
Tibi dixit cor meum,
exquisivit te facies mea.
Faciem tuam, Domine, requiram.
Ne avertas faciem tuam a me.
Ne declines in ira a servo tuo.

*Answer, Lord, my plea,
with which I have invoked you;
have mercy on me and answer me.
My heart has turned to you,
my face has sought you.
I will seek your face, Lord.
Do not turn it away from me.
Do not reject your servant in your anger.*

It's not so much a thought to follow, now, as an event in which to enter; it is a form of memory and, like every form of memory, it draws all of its importance from the seriousness with which the heart focuses on the contents of the memory itself, like a meditation whose movements, the journey, the words that one hears, the songs that are sung, render it more alive, more immediate, more possible. Let's not be surprised if we find ourselves distracted for a few minutes, but let's start to pay attention again as soon as we realize it. Before we begin, let's ask the Lord who makes all things, the great Father, the origin of everything, and thus the origin of this brief instant of thought, of feeling, of desire that invades me, let's ask God for the grace to understand, to comprehend more and more, that our hearts will comprehend more and more. Grant us Your help so that we do not give up, so that the ultimate evidence is not dimmed in us, because it's as if a darkness covers the evidence of Truth.

■ **O MAGNE PATER**

(Hildegard of Bingen)

O magne Pater,
in magna necessitate sumus,
nunc igitur obsecramus,
obsecramus te per Verbum tuum,
per quod nos constituisti
plenos quibus indigemus.
Nunc placeat tibi, Pater, quia te decet,
ut aspicias in nos per adiutorium tuum,
ut non deficiamus,
et ne nomen tuum in nobis obscuretur,
et per ipsum nomen tuum
dignare nos adiuvere.

*O great Father,
we are in great need.
Now, therefore, we pray Thee,
pray Thee by Thy Word,
by which Thou hast filled us
with that which we lacked.
Now be pleased, Father, as it is in Thy nature,
to look upon us and help us,
that we may not perish,
and that Thy name may not grow dark in us;
and by this very name of Thine
be gracious and help us.*

**Sinners though we are, the first gratitude to God is to
proclaim to all what He has done.**

■ **OMNE HOMO AD ALTA VOCE**

(Anonymous, from the Cortona Laudario, 13th century)

*Omne homo ad alta voce
laudi la verace croce.*

Let every man praise
the true Cross in a loud voice.

Quant'è digna de laudare:
core non lo po' pensare,
lingua ne lo po' contare,
la verace santa croce.

*Hearts cannot conceive
and tongues cannot recount
how worthy of praise
is the true, holy Cross.*

Questo legno prezioso
è ne segno vertüoso,
lo nimico ha confuso
per la forza de la croce.

*This precious wood
is a powerful sign;
the enemy is confounded
by the power of the Cross.*

We cannot tell others anything if not what is born of the profound emotion of our heart.

■ **PROSTERNIMUS PRECES**

(Gregorian)

Prosternimus preces ante faciem tuam, *We prostrate ourselves in prayer before you;*
parce Christe. *O Christ, save us.*

Et exaudi, populo supplicanti And answer, have pity, on the people
miserere. who entreat you.

Qui triumpho crucis tuae *O you, who with the triumph of your Cross*
salvasti solus orbem *saved the whole world by yourself,*
tu cruoris tui *free us through the sacrifice*
poena nos libera. *of your blood.*

Et exaudi... And answer...

Qui moriens mortem damnas, *O you, who in dying, destroy death,*
resurgens vitam praestas, *and in rising give life,*
sustinens pro nobis *bearing for us*
poenam indebitam. *undeserved suffering.*

Et exaudi... And answer...

Passionis tuae diem *Let us celebrate in peace*
celebremus indemnes *the day of your passion,*
ut per hoc dulcedo *so that your sweetness*
tua nos foveat. *may watch over us.*

Et exaudi... And answer...

Pro quibus es passus crucem, *Do not let perish*
non permittas perire *those for whom you endured the Cross,*
sed per crucem duc *but through it, bring them*
ad vitam perpetuam. *to eternal life.*

Et exaudi... And answer...

■ DAL FONDO DEL DOLORE

(Maria Butzler, Marotinus Psalter, 16th century)

Dal fondo del dolore
t'invoco, o mio Signor!
Ascolta, o Salvatore,
il grido del mio cuor.
Se guardi le mie colpe
ed ogni iniquità,
Signore, nostro Dio,
chi mai si salverà?

*From the depths of pain
I invoke you, O my Lord!
Listen, O Savior,
to the cry of my heart.
If you look at my sins
and every iniquity,
Lord, our God,
who will ever be saved?*

Signore, tu sei buono,
tu, nostro Salvatore;
pronto è il tuo perdono,
anche nel mio timor;
in te la mia speranza,
in te, mio Salvatore;
attendo la parola
da te, mio Redentor.

*Lord, you are good,
you, our Savior;
swift is your forgiveness,
even in my fear;
in you lies my hope,
in you, my Savior;
I await your
word, my Redeemer.*

Come in oscura notte
s'attende l'alba ognor,
l'anima nel dolore
anela a te, Signor.
Poiché presso il mio Dio
immensa è la bontà,
e tutti i miei peccati
egli perdonerà.

*As in darkest night
one unceasingly awaits the dawn,
the soul in pain
yearns for you, Lord.
Because immense is the goodness
of my God,
and all of my sins
He will forgive.*

We cannot tell others anything if not what is born of the profound emotion of our heart, especially the emotion provoked by the continuous possibility of our betrayals.

■ THE MYSTERY OF THE CHARITY OF JOAN OF ARC

(Ch. Péguy)

Peter's denial, Peter's denial. That is all you have to say, Peter's denial. [...] That is what we allege, that denial, we say that to screen, to hide, to excuse our own denials. In order that our own denials be forgotten, that we forget them ourselves, that we succeed in making ourselves forget them. To talk about something else. To change the conversation. Peter denied him thrice. What then? As for us, we have denied him hundreds and thousands of times for the sake of sin, for the strayings of sin, by the denials of sin.

Lately, it is because of the weaknesses and cynicism of our hearts that the world is like a great darkness, whose source of light is death—supreme paradox—the death of life, the death of Christ.

■ TENEBRAE FACTAE SUNT

(Gregorian)

Tenebrae factae sunt
super universam terram
dum crucifixerunt Jesum, Judaei.
Et circa horam nonam
exclamavit Jesus voce magna:
«Deus meus, quid me dereliquisti?».
Tunc unus ex militibus
lancea latus eius perforavit.
Et, inclinato capite,
emisit spiritum.
Ecce terraemotus factus est magnus
nam velum templi scissum est
et omnis terra tremuit.
Et, inclinato capite,
emisit spiritum.

*Darkness came
over the whole world
when the Jews crucified Jesus.
At about the ninth hour,
Jesus cried out in a loud voice,
“My God, why have you abandoned me?”
Then one of the soldiers pierced
His side with a lance.
And, bowing His head,
He gave out His spirit.
Then there was a great earthquake,
and the veil of the temple was torn,
and the whole earth trembled.
And, bowing His head,
He gave out His spirit.*

In order to understand the Mystery, we must become aware of humanity; what makes us familiar with the mystery of Christ's death is becoming aware of the human feelings of Christ that were the content of His martyrdom.

■ **MIO DIO, MIO DIO, PERCHÉ MI HAI ABBANDONATO?**

(Psalm 21, Marina Valmaggi)

*Mio Dio, mio Dio, perché
mi hai abbandonato?*

*My God, my God, why
have you abandoned me?*

Lontano sono dal tuo volto
le parole del mio grido.
Signore, io ti invoco nel giorno,
nella notte chiamo il tuo nome.

*Far from your face are
the words of my cry.
Lord, I invoke you by day,
by night I call your name.*

In te hanno confidato i nostri padri,
confidarono e li hai liberati;
a te hanno gridato e furon salvi,
non tradisti la loro attesa.

*In you our ancestors trusted,
they trusted and you rescued them;
to you they cried out and were saved,
you did not betray their hopes.*

Il mio cuore si è fatto come cera
e dentro di me si strugge;
la mia anima si è inaridita
perché mi ha circondato il male.

*My heart has become like wax
and melts within me;
my soul has become arid
because evil has surrounded me.*

■ **STAVA A' PIE' DELLA CROCE**

(Anonymous, ed. Francesco Soto de Langa, 16th century)

Stava a' pie' della croce
onde pendea 'l figliolo
la madre in pianto e in duolo
stupida e senza voce.

*She stood at the foot of the Cross
where her son hung,
the weeping, grieving mother,
dumb and voiceless.*

Vide il suo dolce nato
mandar lo spirto fuore
dall'affannato core
povero e desolato.

*She saw her sweet baby
send forth His spirit
from His suffering heart,
poor and desolate.*

Madre santa le piaghe
stampa del crocefisso
dentro lo mio cor fisso
e di ciò sol m'appaghe.

*Holy Mother,
imprint the wounds of the crucified
in my heart;
may only this satisfy me.*

Fa' che 'l mio cor tutt'arda
in amar Christo Dio
fa' ch'al suo gran desio
non fia mia voglia tarda.

*Let my whole heart burn
in loving Christ God;
do not let my will delay
in answering His great desire.*

“De la crudel morte del Cristo:” may the refrain that marks the steps of the Way of the Cross remind us of the necessity of this memory.

■ **DE LA CRUDEL MORTE DEL CRISTO**
(Anonymous, from the Cortona Laudario, 13th century)

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

Of the cruel death of Christ,
may all men weep bitterly.

Quando Iuderi Cristo piliaro
d'ogne parte lo circondaro,
le sue mane strecto legaro
como ladro, villanamente.

*When the Jews surrounded
Christ on every side,
they bound His hands tight
like a thief, villainously.*

Trenta denar fo lo mercato
ke fece Iuda, et fo pagato;
mellio li fora non esser nato
k'aver peccato sì duramente.

*Thirty pieces of silver
was the price, and Judas was paid it.
Better for him to have not been born
than to have sinned so grievously.*

De la crudel...

Of the cruel...

A la colonna fo spoliato
per tutto 'l corpo flagellato;
d'ogne parte fo 'nsanguinato
como falso, amaramente.

*He was stripped at the pillar
and scourged all over His body;
bitterly He was bloodied all over,
like a criminal.*

Tutti gridaro ad alta voce:
«Moia 'l falso, moia veloce!
Sbrigatamente sia posto en croce,
ke non turbi tutta la gente!».

De la crudel...

Li soi compagni l'abandonaro,
tutti fugiero e lui lasciaro;
stando tormento forte et amaro
de lo suo corpo per la gente.

Molt'era trista Sancta Maria
quando 'l suo figlio en croce vedea;
cum gran dolore forte piangea,
dicendo: «Trista, lassa, dolente».

De la crudel...

*They all cried out,
“Let the criminal die, and quickly!
Put Him rapidly on the cross,
lest He instigate the people!”*

Of the cruel...

*His companions abandoned Him,
they all fled and left Him;
in the heavy, bitter torment
of His body for the people.*

*Holy Mary was very sad
when she saw her Son on the Cross;
with great sorrow she cried terribly,
saying, “Sad, spent, and sorrowing.”*

Of the cruel...

2nd STATION

■ CRUX FIDELIS

(Gregorian)

*Crux fidelis inter omnes
arbor una nobilis
nulla silva talem profert,
fronde, flore, germine.
Dulce lignum, dulces clavos,
dulce pondus sustinet.*

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

Crux fidelis...

Faithful Cross, above all other,
one and only noble tree.
None in foliage, none in blossom,
none in fruit thy peer may be.
Dearest wood and dearest iron,
dearest weight is hung on thee.

*Sing, my tongue, the glorious battle,
sing the ending of the fray;
now above the Cross, the trophy,
sound the loud triumphant lay:
tell how Christ, the world's Redeemer,
as a victim won the day.*

Faithful Cross...

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

Crux fidelis...

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

Crux fidelis...

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

Crux fidelis...

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

Crux fidelis...

*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 freed!*

Faithful Cross...

*Bend thy boughs, O tree of glory,
thy relaxing sinews bend;
for a while the ancient rigor
that thy birth bestowed, suspend;
and the King of heavenly beauty
on thy bosom gently tend!*

Faithful Cross...

*Thou alone was counted worthy
this world's ransom to uphold;
for a shipwrecked race preparing
harbor, like the ark of old;
with the sacred blood anointed
from the smitten lamb that rolled.*

Faithful Cross...

*To the Trinity be glory
everlasting, as is meet;
equal to the Father, equal
to the Son, and Paraclete:
trinal unity, whose praises
all created things repeat.*

Faithful Cross...

■ **CRISTO AL MORIR TENDEA***
(Brother Marc'Antonio of San Germano)

■ **THE MYSTERY OF THE CHARITY OF JOAN OF ARC**
(Ch. Péguy)

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.

*See the text and translation on p. 57.

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 though 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 was 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.

The arrest of Jesus.

■ LUKE 22:47-53

While he was still speaking, a crowd approached and in front was one of the Twelve, a man named Judas. He went up to Jesus to kiss him. Jesus said to him, "Judas, are you betraying the Son of Man with a kiss?" His disciples realized what was about to happen, and they asked, "Lord shall we strike with a sword?" And one of them struck the high priest's servant and cut off his right ear. But Jesus said in reply, "Stop, no more of this!" Then he touched the servant's ear and healed him. And Jesus said to the chief priests and temple guards and elders who had come for him, "Have you come out as against a robber, with swords and clubs? Day after day I was with you in the temple area, and you did not seize me; but this is your hour, the time for the power of darkness."

■ DE LA CRUDEL MORTE DEL CRISTO*

(Anonymous, from the Cortona Laudario, 13th century)

De la crudel...

Of the cruel...

3rd STATION

■ CRUX FIDELIS**

(Gregorian)

Crux fidelis...

Faithful Cross...

■ RESPONSORIES, *Caligaverunt oculi mei****

(T.L. De Victoria)

*See the text and translation on pp. 69-70.

** See the text and translation on pp. 70-71.

***See the text and translation on p. 55.

■ THE MYSTERY OF THE CHARITY OF JOAN OF ARC

(Ch. Péguy)

They even said: *poor woman*.
And at the same time they struck at her son.
Because man is like that.
Man is made that way.
The world is like that.
Men are what they are and you will never be able to change them.
She did not know that on the contrary he had come to change man.
That he had come to change the world.
She followed, she wept.
And at the same time they were hitting her boy.
She followed and followed.
Men are like that.
You can't change them.
You can't make them over.
You can never make them over.
And he had come to change them.
To make them over.
To change the world.
To make it over.
She followed, she wept.
Everybody respected her.
Everybody pitied her.
They said: *poor woman*.
Because they weren't perhaps really bad.
They weren't bad at heart.
They fulfilled the Scriptures.
What was curious about it was that everybody respected her.
Honored, respected, admired her grief.
Only a little did they push her aside, did they push her away.
With special attentions.
Because she was the mother of the condemned.
They thought: It's the family of the condemned.
They even said so in a low voice.
They said it among themselves.
With a secret admiration.
And they were right, it was all his family.
His family according to the flesh and his chosen family.

His family on earth and his family in heaven.
She followed, she wept.
Her eyes were so blurred that daylight would never seem bright to her.
Never again.
For the last three days people had been saying: She looks ten years older.
I just saw her.
I just saw her last week.
In three days she has put on ten years.
Never again.
She followed, she wept, she didn't quite understand.
But she understood very well that the government was against her boy.
And that is a very bad business.
That the government was putting him to death.
Always a very bad business.
And one which could not turn out well.
All the governments were together against him.
The government of the Jews and the government of the Romans.
The government of judges and the government of priests.
The government of soldiers and the government of parsons.
He would surely not get out of it.
Certainly not.
Everyone was against him.
Everyone was for his death.
For putting him to death.
Wanted his death.
Sometimes you had one government for you.
And another against you.
And so you could get out of it.
But he had all the governments against him.
All the governments to begin with.
Then the government and the people.
It was that which was strongest.
It was principally that which was against you.
The government and the people.
Who as a rule never agree.
And then you take advantage of that.
You are in a position to take advantage of it.
It very seldom happens that the government and the people agree.
And then he who is against the government.
Is with the people.

For the people.
And he who is against the people.
Is with the government.
For the government.
He who is backed by the government.
Is not backed by the people.
He who is upheld by the people.
Is not upheld by the government.
So leaning on one or the other.
On one against the other.
You could sometimes get out of it.
You might sometimes come to an agreement.
But they had no luck.
She saw very well that everyone was against him.
The government and the people.
Together.
And that they would get him.
[...]
Everybody was against him.
Everybody wanted him to die.
It is curious.
People who are not usually together.
The government and the people.
So that the government bore him a grudge as did the rudest of carters.
As much as the rudest of carters.
And the rudest of carters like the government.
As much as the government.
That was awful luck.
When you have one for you and the other against you, you come through
sometimes.
You get out of it.
You can get out of it.
You can come through.
But he would not come through.
When you have everyone against you.
But what had he done to everyone.

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

Jesus before the Sanhedrin.

■ LUKE 22:66-71

When day came the council of elders of the people met, both chief priests and scribes, and they brought him before their Sanhedrin. They said, "If you are the Messiah, tell us," but he replied to them, "If I tell you, you will not believe, and if I question, you will not respond. But from this time on the Son of Man will be seated at the right hand of the power of God." They all asked, "Are you then the Son of God?" He replied to them, "You say that I am." Then they said, "What further need have we for testimony? We have heard it from his own mouth."

Jesus before Pilate.

■ LUKE 23:1-25

Then the whole assembly of them arose and brought him before Pilate. They brought charges against him, saying, "We found this man misleading our people; he opposes the payment of taxes to Caesar and maintains that he is the Messiah, a king." Pilate asked him, "Are you the king of the Jews?" He said to him in reply, "You say so." Pilate then addressed the chief priests and the crowds, "I find this man not guilty." But they were adamant and said, "He is inciting the people with his teaching throughout all Judea, from Galilee where he began even to here." On hearing this Pilate asked if the man was a Galilean; and upon learning that he was under Herod's jurisdiction, he sent him to Herod who was in Jerusalem at that time.

Jesus before Herod.

Herod was very glad to see Jesus; he had been wanting to see him for a long time, for he had heard about him and had been hoping to see him perform some sign. He questioned him at length, but he gave him no answer. The chief priests and scribes, meanwhile, stood by accusing him harshly. Even Herod and his soldiers treated him contemptuously and mocked him, and after clothing him in resplendent garb, he sent him back to Pilate. Herod and Pilate became friends that very day, even though they had been enemies formerly.

Jesus again before Pilate.

Pilate then summoned the chief priests, the rulers, and the people and said to them, “You brought this man to me and accused him of inciting the people to revolt. I have conducted my investigation in your presence and have not found this man guilty of the charges you have brought against him, nor did Herod, for he sent him back to us. So no capital crime has been committed by him. Therefore I shall have him flogged and then release him.” But all together they shouted out, “Away with this man! Release Barabbas to us.” (Now Barabbas had been imprisoned for a rebellion that had taken place in the city and for murder.) Again Pilate addressed them, still wishing to release Jesus, but they continued their shouting, “Crucify him! Crucify him!” Pilate addressed them a third time, “What evil has this man done? I found him guilty of no capital crime. Therefore I shall have him flogged and then release him.” With loud shouts, however, they persisted in calling for his crucifixion, and their voices prevailed. The verdict of Pilate was that their demand should be granted. So he released the man who had been imprisoned for rebellion and murder, for whom they asked, and he handed Jesus over to them to deal with as they wished.

■ **DE LA CRUDEL MORTE DEL CRISTO***

(Anonymous, from the Cortona Laudario, 13th century)

De la crudel...

Of the cruel...

4th STATION

■ **CRUX FIDELIS****

(Gregorian)

Crux fidelis...

Faithful Cross...

■ **RESPONSORIES, Tenebrae factae sunt*****

(T.L. De Victoria)

*See the text and translation on pp. 69-70.

** See the text and translation on pp. 70-71.

***See the text and translation on p. 55.

■ THE MYSTERY OF THE CHARITY OF JOAN OF ARC

(Ch. Péguy)

Did his friends love him as much as his enemies hated him.
His father knew.
His disciples did not defend him so much as his enemies pursued him.
Did his disciples, his disciples love him as much as his enemies hated him.
His father knew.
His apostles did not defend him so much as his enemies pursued him.
Did his apostles, his apostles love him as much as his enemies hated him.
His father knew.
Did the eleven love him as much as the twelfth, as the thirteenth hated him.
Did the eleven love him as much as the twelfth, as the thirteenth had betrayed him.
His father knew.
His father knew.

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

And those soldiers who had arrested him.
Who had taken him from judgment hall to judgment hall.
And from judgment hall to public square.
And those executioners who had crucified him.
People who went about their work.
Those soldiers who cast dice.
Who divided his clothes.
Who cast dice for his clothes.

Who drew lots for his robe.
They were those who even so bore no grudge against him.

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

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

[...]

Since it had yet needed the crowning of that death.

Since it needed the fulfilling of that martyrdom.

Since it needed the attestation of that testimony.

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

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

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

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

Since it had to be.

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

Mad with the common despond.

On the road to Calvary.

■ LUKE 23:26-44

As they led him away they took hold of a certain Simon, a Cyrenian, who was coming in from the country; and after laying the cross on him, they made him carry it behind Jesus. A large crowd of people followed Jesus, including many women who mourned and lamented him. Jesus turned to them and said, “Daughters of Jerusalem, do not weep for me; weep instead for yourselves and for your children, for indeed, the days are coming when people will say, ‘Blessed are the barren, the wombs that never bore and the breasts that never nursed.’

At that time people *will say to the mountains,*

‘Fall upon us!’

and to the hills,

‘Cover us!’

for if these things are done when the wood is green what will happen when it is dry?” Now two others, both criminals, were led away with him to be executed.

The crucifixion.

When they came to the place called the Skull, they crucified him and the criminals there, one on his right, the other on his left. The Jesus said, “Father, forgive them, they know not what they do.”

They divided his garments by casting lots.

Jesus on the cross, derided and reviled.

The people stood by and *watched*; the rulers, meanwhile, *sneered* at him and said, “He saved others, let him save himself if he is the chosen one, the Messiah of God.” Even the soldiers jeered at him. As they approached to offer him *wine* they called out, “If you are King of the Jews, save yourself.” Above him there was an inscription that read, “This is the King of the Jews.”

The “good thief.”

Now one of the criminals hanging there reviled Jesus, saying, “Are you not the Messiah? Save yourself and us.” The other, however, rebuking him, said in

reply, "Have you no fear of God, for you are subject to the same condemnation? And indeed, we have been condemned justly, for the sentence we received corresponds to our crimes, but this man has done nothing criminal." Then he said, "Jesus, remember me when you come into your kingdom." He replied to him, "Amen, I say to you, today you will be with me in Paradise."

The death of Jesus.

It was now about noon and darkness came over the whole land until three in the afternoon.

■ **DE LA CRUDEL MORTE DEL CRISTO***
(Anonymous, from the Cortona Laudario, 13th century)

De la crudel...

Of the cruel...

5TH STATION

■ **STABAT MATER, Quando corpus morietur**
(G.B. Pergolesi)

Quando corpus morietur
fac ut animae donetur
paradisi gloria.

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

Amen.

Amen.

■ **STAVA A' PIE' DELLA CROCE****
(Anonymous, ed. Francesco Soto de Langa, 16th century)

*See the text and translation on pp. 69-70.

**See the text and translation on pp. 68-69.

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

(Ch. Péguy)

Like all little children he played with pictures. (*Very suddenly.*)

Cry still ringing in all humanity;
Cry that made the Church militant totter;
In which the suffering Church too recognized its own fear;
Through which the Church triumphant experienced its triumph;
Cry ringing at the heart of all humanity;
Cry ringing at the heart of all Christendom;
O culminating cry, everlastingly valid.

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

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

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

The Just One alone uttered the everlasting cry.

But why? What was the matter with him?

The thieves uttered but a human cry;
For they knew but human distress;
They had experienced but human distress.

He alone could utter the superhuman cry;
He alone then knew that superhuman distress.

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

And he uttered the cry that will sound forever, eternally forever, the cry that will eternally never be quenched.

In any night. In any night of time and eternity.

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

What mattered to him the thrust of the Roman spear;
What mattered to him the strain of nails and the hammer;
The piercing of nails, the piercing of the spear;
What mattered to him the nails in the hollow of the hand;
The piercing of nails in the hollow of both his hands.

His aching throat.

Smarting.

Burning.

Tearing apart.

His parched throat all athirst.

His parched gorge.

His gorge athirst.

His left hand that burned.

And his right hand.

His left foot that burned.

And his right foot.

Because his left hand was pierced.

And his right hand.

And his left foot was pierced.

And his right foot.

All of his four limbs.

His poor four limbs.

And his side that burned.

His pierced side.

His pierced heart.

And his heart that burned.

His heart consumed with love.

His heart devoured with love.

Peter's denial and the Roman spear;

The spitting, the insults, the crown of thorns;

The scourging reed, the scepter made of a reed;

The shouts of the people and the Roman tormentors.
The blow on his face. For it was the first time he had been struck in the face.

He had not cried out under the Roman spear;
He had not cried out under the kiss of perjury;
He had not cried out under the storm of abuse;
He had not cried out under the Roman tormentors.

[...]

He had not cried out in the face of perjury;
He had not cried out in the face of abuse;
He had not cried out in the face of the Roman tormentors.
So why did he cry out; before what did he cry out.

Tristis, tristis usque ad mortem;
Sorrowful unto death; but unto what death;
Unto dying; or unto that moment
Of death.

The death of Jesus.

■ MARK 15:33-39

At noon darkness came over the whole land until three in the afternoon. And at three o'clock Jesus cried out in a loud voice, "*Eloi, Eloi, lema sabachthani?*" which is translated, "My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?" Some of the bystanders who heard it said, "Look, he is calling Elijah." One of them ran, soaked a sponge with wine, put it on a reed, and gave it to him to drink, saying, "Wait, let us see if Elijah comes to take him down." Jesus gave a loud cry and breathed his last.

The veil of the sanctuary was torn in two from top to bottom.
When the centurion who stood facing him saw how he breathed his last he said, "Truly this man was the Son of God!"

■ **PRAECONIUM PASCHALE
IN VIGILIA DOMINICAE RESURRECTIONIS**

(Ambrosian Liturgy)

Exsultet iam angelica turba coelorum;
exsultent divina mysteria,
et pro tanti Regis victoria
tuba intonet salutaris.

Gaudeat se tot tellus irradiata
fulgoribus,
et, aeterni Regis splendore lustrata,
totius orbis sentiat amisisse
caliginem.

Laetetur et mater Ecclesia,
tanti luminis adornata fulgore,
et magnis populorum vocibus
haec aula resultet.

Quapropter, astantibus vobis, fratres
carissimi,
ad tam miram sancti huius luminis
claritatem,

una mecum, quaeso, Dei omnipotentis
misericordiam invocate,
ut qui me non meis meritis intra
levitarum
numerum dignatus est aggregare,
luminis sui gratiam infundendo,
cerei huius laudem implere
praecipiat.

Praestante Domino nostro Iesu Christo
Filio suo,
secum vivente atque regnante Deo,
in unitate Spiritus sancti,
per omnia saecula saeculorum.

Amen.

Dominus vobiscum.

Et cum spiritu tuo.

Sursum corda.

Habemus ad Dominum.

Gratias agamus

Domino Deo nostro.

*Let the choirs of angels
and the celestial assembly exult.
For the victory of the greatest of Kings,
let trumpets sound to announce salvation.
Let the earth rejoice,
flooded with so much splendor;
and wrapped in the glory of the eternal King,
let it understand that it has been freed from
the darkness that covered the entire world.*

*Let the Church, our mother, rejoice,
adorned with the splendor of so much light,
and let this temple resound with the ovations
of the people celebrating.*

*And so, dearest brethren,
as you stand before
the splendid brightness of this
holy light,*

*I ask you to invoke with me
the mercy of God Almighty,
so that He who deigned to count me,
not for my merits,
among the number of the Levites,
instilling in me the grace of His light,
may guide us in executing worthily
the hymn of this candle.*

*May Christ Jesus assist us,
our Lord and our God,
who lives and reigns with the Father,
in the unity of the Holy Spirit,
forever and ever.*

Amen.

The Lord be with you.

And with your spirit.

Lift up your hearts.

We lift them up to the Lord.

*Let us give thanks
to the Lord, our God.*

Dignum et iustum est.

Dignum et iustum est,
vere quia dignum et iustum est,
aequum et salutare,
nos tibi semper,
hic et ubique, gratias agere,
Domine, sancte Pater,
omnipotens aeternae Deus.
Qui populorum Pascha cunctorum,
non pecudum cruore nec adipe,
sed Unigeniti tui, Domini nostri Iesu

Christi sanguine

corporeque dicasti,
ut, supposito ritu gentis ingratae,
legi gratia succederet,
et una victima, per semetipsam tuae
maiestati semel oblata,
mundi totius
expiaret offensam.
Hic est Agnus,
lapideis praefiguratus in tabulis,
non adductus e gregibus,
sed evectus e coelo;
nec pastore indigens,
sed Pastor bonus ipse tantummodo;
qui animam suam
pro suis posuit ovibus
et rursus assumpsit,
ut nobis et humilitatem divina dignatio,
et spem resurrectionis corporalis ostenderet.
Qui coram tondente se
non vocem queruli balatus emisit,
sed evangelico proclamavit oraculo
dicens:

Amodo videbitis Filium hominis sedentem
ad dexteram maiestatis.

Ipse nobis et te reconciliat, Pater
omnipotens,

et pari tecum maiestate fultus indulget.

Nam, quae patribus in figura contingebant,

It is right and just.

*It is truly right and just,
our duty*

and our salvation,

to give thanks always,

here and everywhere, to you,

Lord, holy Father,

almighty and eternal God.

You consecrated the Passover for all peoples

without the sacrifice of fatted animals,

but with the body and blood

of Christ,

your only begotten Son.

You let fall the rites of the ancient people

and your grace overcame the law.

One sole victim offered Himself

to your greatness, atoning once

and forever for the sin

of the whole human race.

This victim is the Lamb

prefigured in the ancient law;

He is not chosen from among the flock,

but sent from heaven.

No one guides Him to pasture,

because He Himself is the good Shepherd.

With His death and resurrection

He offered Himself for His sheep,

so that the humiliation of God could teach us

humility of heart, and His bodily resurrection

could offer us a great hope.

Before those who sheared Him,

He bleated no lament,

but prophetically proclaimed the Gospel,

saying:

“Soon you will see the Son of Man

seated at the right hand of God.”

With His sacrifice, O Father

Almighty,

He reconciles your children to you and,

in His divine power,

nobis in veritate proveniunt.
 Ecce iam ignis columna resplendet, quae
 plebem Domini
 beatæ noctis tempore
 ad salutaria fluenta praecedat,
 in quibus persecutor mergitur
 et Christi populus liberatus emergit.
 Nam, sancti Spiritus unda conceptus,
 per Adam natus ad mortem,
 per Christum regignitur ad vitam.
 Solvamus igitur voluntarie celebrata ieiunia,
 quia Pascha nostrum immolatus est
 Christus;
 nec solum corpore epulemur Agni,
 sed etiam inebriemur et sanguine.
 Huius enim tantummodo cruor
 non creat piaculum bibentibus, sed
 salutem.
 Ipso quoque vescamur et azymo,
 quoniam non de solo pane vivit homo,
 sed de omni verbo Dei.
 Siquidem hic est panis,
 qui descendit e coelo,
 longe praestantior illo quondam mannae
 imbre frugifluo,
 quo tunc Israel epulatus interiiit.
 Hoc vero qui vescitur corpore,
 vitae perennis
 possessor existit.
 Ecce vetera transierunt,
 facta sunt omnia nova.
 Nam circumcisionis mosaicae mucro iam
 scabruit,
 et Iesu Nave acuta lapidum obsolevit
 asperitas,
 Christi vero populus insignitur fronte,
 non inguine,
 lavacro,
 non vulnere,
 chrismate, non cruore.

*He brings us your own forgiveness.
 All of the signs of the ancient prophecies
 are fulfilled for us today in Christ.
 In this blessed night,
 the column of fire guides to the waters
 where Evil remains submerged,
 but the Lord's people, saved and free, emerges.
 In Adam we were born to death;
 now, generated in the water of the Holy Spirit,
 in Christ we are reborn to life.
 Let us end our voluntary fast:
 Christ, our paschal lamb,
 is sacrificed for us.
 His body is vital nourishment,
 His blood is inebriating drink;
 the only blood that does not contaminate,
 but gives immortal salvation
 to those who receive it.
 We eat this unleavened bread,
 mindful that man does not live on bread alone,
 but on every word that comes from God.
 This bread, come down from Heaven,
 is worth much more than manna,
 which rained from on high like
 fertile dew.
 It fed Israel, but did not snatch it from death.
 Whoever eats of this body,
 however,
 wins eternal life.
 For every ancient ritual is past;
 everything has been made new.
 The knife of Mosaic circumcision
 is dull, and no longer do we use the harsh cut
 of knives of stone
 practiced by Joshua, son of Nun.
 The people of Christ is marked on the forehead,
 not the groin;
 by washing,
 not with a wound;
 with chrism, not with blood.*

Decet ergo in hoc Domini Salvatoris
 nostri
 vespertina resurrectionis adventu
 ceream nos adolere pinguedinem
 sed tedam sapienter perpetuis
 praeparare luminibus,
 ne, dum oleum candelis adiungitur,
 adventum Domini tardo prosequamur
 obsequio,
 qui certe in ictu oculi,
 ut coruscus, adveniet.
 Igitur in huius diei vespere
 cuncta venerabilis sacramenti plenitudo
 colligitur,
 et, quae diversis sunt, praefigurata vel gesta
 temporibus,
 huius noctis curriculo
 devoluta supplentur.
 Nam primum hoc vespertinum lumen,
 sicut illa dux Magorum stella, praecedit.
 Deinde mysticae regenerationis unda
 subsequitur,
 velut, dignante Domino, fluenta Iordanis.
 Tertio resurrectionem Christi
 vox apostolica
 sacerdotis annuntiat.
 Tum ad totius mysterii supplementum
 Christo vescitur turba fidelium.
 Quae summi sacerdotis
 et antistitis tui Ambrosii oratione
 sanctificata vel meritis,
 resurrectionis dominicae diem,
 Christo in omnibus
 prosperante, suscipiat.
 Per bonum et benedictum Filium tuum
 Dominum nostrum Iesum Christum,
 cum quo beatus vivis et regnas Deus,
 in unitate Spiritus sancti,
 per omnia saecula saeculorum.
 Amen.

*In this night we must await
 in vigil the resurrection of our Savior.
 Let us therefore keep the torches lit
 as the wise virgins did;
 so that it may not happen that,
 while new oil is poured into
 the lamps,
 we delay the homage
 due to the arrival of the Lord,
 who will certainly come
 in the blink of an eye, like the lightning flash.
 In the evening, therefore, of this day,
 is epitomized all the fullness
 of the venerable mystery of salvation;
 and what, at different times,
 was symbolized or done,
 is all fulfilled,
 occurring in the course of this night.
 Because this vesper light goes before all,
 like that star that guided the Magi.
 Then comes the wave of mystical
 regeneration, like the current of the Jordan,
 sanctified by the Lord.
 In the third place, the apostolic voice
 of the Priest announces
 the resurrection of Christ.
 Finally, at the completion of the whole mystery,
 the faithful feeds on Christ.
 This people, sanctified
 by prayer and by the merits of
 your high priest and bishop
 Ambrose, prepares itself, in Christ, who
 makes everything prosper, to celebrate
 the day of the resurrection of the Lord.
 By the merits of your good and holy
 Son, our Lord, Jesus Christ,
 with whom you live and reign blessed, O God,
 in unity with the Holy Spirit,
 forever and ever.
 Amen.*

■ **ALLORA SAPRETE CHE ESISTO**

(A.M. Cocagnac - P. Houdy)

Voialtri sulla terra
la croce drizzerete,
del legno del Calvario
il frutto voi vedrete.

*You on earth
will raise the Cross;
you will see the fruit
of the wood of Calvary.*

«Allora saprete che esisto –
dice il Signor –
che in me l'amore fedele dimora,
come in quest'ora.»

“Then you will know that I exist–
says the Lord–
and that in me dwells faithful love,
as in this hour.”

Si stenderà il lenzuolo
nella caverna tetra,
si chiuderà il sepolcro
col peso della pietra.

*The shroud will be laid
in the dark cave,
the tomb will be closed
with the weight of the stone.*

«Allora...

“Then...

Quando verrete all'alba
il corpo a imbalsamare,
quando vedrete l'alba
degli angeli esultare...

*When you come at dawn
to embalm the body,
when you see the dawn
of the angels exulting...*

«Allora...

“Then...

Se ascendo sopra i cieli
di gloria risplendente,
sarò sul tuo cammino
la nube incandescente.

*If I ascend above the heavens
resplendent with glory,
I will be the incandescent cloud
on your journey.*

«Allora...

“Then...

Christ's resurrection is not an event of the past; it contains a vital power which has permeated this world. Where all seems to be dead, signs of the resurrection suddenly spring up. It is an irresistible force. Often it seems that God does not exist: all around us we see persistent injustice, evil, indifference and cruelty. But it is also true that in the midst of darkness something new always springs to life and sooner or later produces fruit. On razed land life breaks through, stubbornly yet invincibly.

Pope Francis

C*hrist is the life of my life:* in Him is summed up all that I would desire, all that I look for, all that I sacrifice, all that develops in me out of love for the persons with whom He has put me. Christ is a man who lived as everybody else two thousand years ago, but who, risen from the dead, invested by the power of the Mystery—in which by then He participated in His own nature—takes hold of us day after day, hour after hour, action after action.

Luigi Giussani