

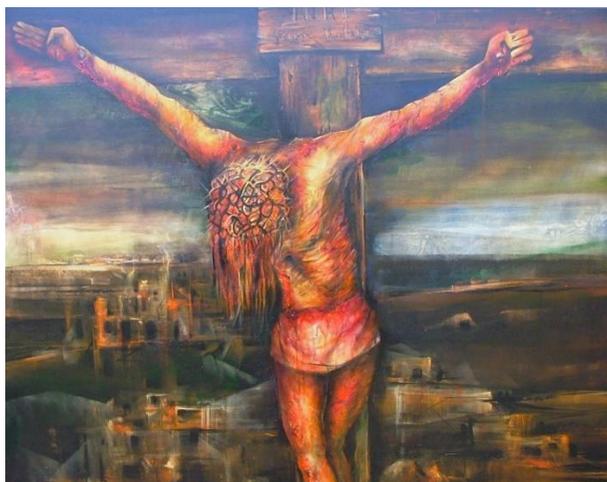
# VIA CRUCIS

## “THE WAY OF THE CROSS”

Based on the Revelations from the Writings

of

Maria Valtorta



Free adaptation by Giovanna Busolini



# THE FIRST STATION

## Jesus is Condemned to Death.



We adore Thee, O Christ, and we praise Thee.  
*Because by Thy holy Cross, Thou hast redeemed the world.*

**Matthew 27:**<sup>24</sup>And Pilate seeing that he prevailed nothing, but that rather a tumult was made; taking water washed his hands before the people, saying: I am innocent of the blood of this just man; look you to it. <sup>25</sup>And the whole people answering, said: His blood be upon us and our children. <sup>26</sup>Then he released to them Barabbas, and having scourged Jesus, delivered him unto them to be crucified.

[...] In chorus they repeat the captious question: « In the name of the true God, tell us: are You the Christ? » And when they receive the same reply as the previous one, they sentence Him to death and they give orders to take Jesus to Pilate.

(Maria Valtorta, *The Poem of the Man-God*, Vol. 5, Chapter 600.17, p. 555. *The Gospel As Revealed To Me*, Vol. 10, Chapter 604.15, CEV.)

Jesus says:

[...] As the Jews would not go into Pilate's house, Pilate came out to hear what the bawling crowd wanted and, experienced as he was in governing and judging, at a glance he realised that not I, but that population intoxicated with hatred was guilty. By looking at each other, we read each other's heart. I judged the man for what he was. He judged Me for what I was. I felt pity for him because he was weak. And he felt pity for Me because I was innocent. He tried to save Me from the very beginning. And as the right to administer justice with regard to criminals was remitted and reserved to Rome, he tried to save Me by saying: "Judge Him according to your Law".

Hypocrites for the second time, the Jews refused to condemn Me. It is true that Rome had the right of justice but when, for instance, Stephen was stoned, Rome still ruled over Jerusalem and, notwithstanding all that, they passed sentence and had the capital sentence executed, disregarding Rome. With regard to Me, Whom they hated and feared and did not love - they would not believe that I was the Messiah but did not want to kill Me materially, in case I were - they acted in a different way and accused Me of being an instigator against the power of Rome (you would say a "rebel") in order to get Rome to judge Me. In their ill-famed court of justice, and several times in the three years of My ministry, they had accused Me of being a blasphemer and false prophet, and as such I should have been stoned or killed in any way. But now, to avoid committing the crime materially, as by instinct they felt they would be punished for it, they made Rome do it, accusing Me of being a criminal and a rebel. When the crowds are perverted and the leaders have become devils, there is nothing easier than accusing an innocent...»

(Maria Valtorta, *The Poem of the Man-God*, Vol. 5, Chapter 600.37-8, pp.568-9; *The Gospel As Revealed To Me*, Vol. 10, Chapter 604.37-8, CEV.)

## A PAUSE FOR SILENCE

Jesus says:

[...] Oh! My children! [...] Why do you not persist in asking: "What is the Truth"? *It, the Truth, asks for nothing but to be known in order to teach what it is.* It is before you as it was for Pilate, and looks at you with eyes full of suppliant love, imploring you: *"Question me. I will teach you"*. Did you notice how I looked at Pilate? I look at all of you in the same way. And if I look with serene love at those who love Me and ask for My words, I cast glances of sorrowful love at those who do not love Me, do not seek Me, do not listen to Me. But it is always love because Love is My nature.



Pilate leaves Me where I am, without asking more questions, and he goes towards the wicked people who speak in coarser voices and impose themselves through their violence.

And he, a real wretch, listens to them, whilst he did not listen to Me and, shrugging his shoulders, he declined My invitation to become acquainted with the Truth. He listens to Falsehood. *Idolatry, whatever its form may be, is always inclined to venerate and accept Falsehood, whatever it may be. And Falsehood, when accepted by the weak, leads the weak to crime.* And yet Pilate, on the threshold of crime, still wants to save Me and he tries twice. It is at this point that he sends Me to Herod. He knows very well that the shrewd king who

keeps in with both Rome and his people, will act in such a way as not to damage Rome and not irritate the Jewish people. But, like all weak people, he puts off for a little while the decision that he does not feel like taking, hoping that the plebeian rising will abate. »

(Maria Valtorta, *The Poem of the Man-God*, Vol. 5, Chapter 600.39, pp. 570-1; *The Gospel As Revealed To Me*, Vol. 10, Chapter 604.39, CEV.)

## THE SECOND STATION

### Jesus is Made to Carry His Cross.



We adore Thee, O Christ, and we praise Thee.  
*Because by Thy holy Cross, Thou hast redeemed the world.*

**John 19:** <sup>17</sup>And bearing his own cross, he went forth to that place which is called Calvary, but in Hebrew, Golgotha.

[...] The crosses are brought. Those of the two robbers are shorter. Jesus' is much longer. I say that the vertical stake is not less than four metres long. I see that it is already assembled when they bring it. With regard to this matter, I read, when I used to read... that is, years ago, that the cross was assembled on the top of Golgotha and that along the way, the condemned men carried only the two poles bundled together on their shoulders. Everything is possible. But I see a true cross, well formed, solid,

perfectly mortised at the crossing of the two arms and well reinforced with nails and screw bolts at the junction. And in fact, if one considers that it was destined to support a substantial weight, such as the body of a grown-up person, and had to sustain it also in its last convulsions, one understands that it could not be assembled there and then on the narrow uncomfortable top of Calvary. Before giving the cross to Jesus, they tie the board with the inscription « *Jesus Nazarene King of the Jews* » round His neck. And the rope that holds it gets entangled with the crown, which is moved and scratches where it is not already scratched, and pierces new parts, causing fresh pain and making fresh blood spout. The people laugh with sadistic joy, they abuse and curse. They are now ready. And Longinus gives the order of march. [...]

(Maria Valtorta, *The Poem of the Man-God*, Vol. 5, Chapter 604.2, p. 594; *The Gospel As Revealed To Me*, Vol. 10, Chapter 608.2, CEV.)

[...] Jesus comes down the three steps that, from the lobby, takes one into the square. And it is immediately clear that Jesus is in an extremely weak condition. He staggers coming down the three steps, hampered by the cross weighing on His shoulder all covered with sores, by the board of the inscription that sways in front of Him cutting into His neck, by the oscillations caused to the body by the long stake of the cross, which bounces on the steps and on the uneven ground. The Jews laugh seeing Him stagger along like a drunk man and they shout to the soldiers: « Push Him. Make Him fall. In the dust, the blasphemer! » But the soldiers do only what they have to do, that is, they order the Condemned One to stay in the middle of the road and walk. Longinus spurs his horse and the procession begins to move slowly. And Longinus

would also like to make haste, taking the shortest route to Golgotha, because he is not sure of the resistance of the Condemned One. But the unrestrained mob - and it is even an honour to call it so - does not want that.

(Maria Valtorta, *The Poem of the Man-God*, Vol. 5, Chapter 604.3, pp. 594-5; *The Gospel As Revealed To Me*, Vol. 10, Chapter 608.3, CEV.)

## A PAUSE FOR SILENCE

Jesus says:

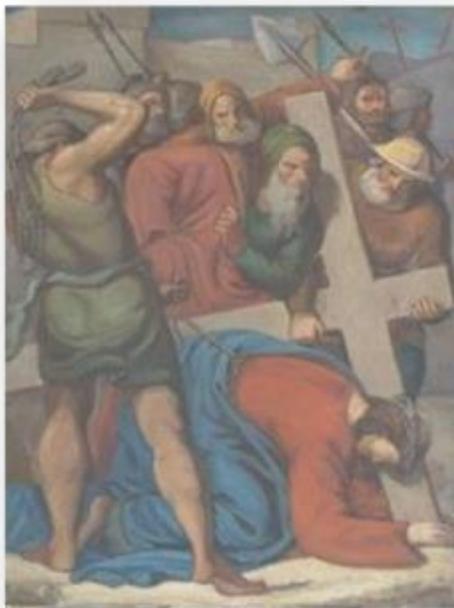
«My people, come to the Lord, I, the Lord, will not reject the people that comes to Me, and, if it remains close to Me, I shall provide for it ‘until justice becomes judgement – that is, until time comes to an end and eternity begins’ (Psalm 93, 15). I shall open my arms to shield those who believe in Me and invoke Me with a contrite heart trusting in my mercy, and I shall defend them from those hunting down the just and condemning innocent blood’ (Psalm 93, 21). There are few on this kind of earth, but for the sake of those few I shall still grant grace. »

(Maria Valtorta, *The Notebooks 1944*, 26<sup>th</sup> February, p.173, CEV)



## THE THIRD STATION

### Jesus Falls the First Time.



We adore Thee, O Christ, and we praise Thee.  
*Because by Thy holy Cross, Thou hast redeemed the world.*

**Isaias (Isaiah) 53:** <sup>5</sup>But he was wounded for our iniquities, he was bruised for our sins: the chastisement of our peace was upon him, and by his bruises we are healed. <sup>6</sup>All we like sheep have gone astray, every one hath turned aside into his own way: and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

[...] Jesus proceeds panting. Each hole in the ground is a trap for His staggering feet, a torture for His shoulders covered with wounds, and for His head crowned with

thorns, also because the sun, which is exceedingly warm, although now and again it hides behind a leaden awning of clouds, shines perpendicular on it. So even it is concealed, it still burns. Jesus is congested with fatigue, fever and heat. I think that also the light and the howling must be a torture for Him. And if He cannot stop His ears in order not to hear so much coarse shouting, He half closes His eyes not to see the road dazzling in the sunshine... But He must also reopen them, because He stumbles over stones and holes, and each stumble is painful, as it jerks the cross, which knocks against the crown, which rubs against the wounded shoulder, widening the sores and increasing the pain. The Jews cannot hit Him directly any longer. But odd stones and blows with cudgels still strike Him. [...]

(Maria Valtorta, *The Poem of the Man-God*, Vol. 5, Chapter 604.4, p. 595; *The Gospel As Revealed To Me*, Vol. 10, Chapter 608.4, CEV.)

[...] The ascent to Calvary begins. A barren road without the least shade, paved with uneven stones that goes straight up the hill. I think that Jesus' heart must have been in a very bad state after the flagellation and sweating blood... and I take only these two things into consideration. So, Jesus suffers tremendously in climbing, also because of the weight of the cross which, being so long, must be very heavy. He finds a protruding stone and as He is exhausted, He can lift His feet only a little, so He stumbles and falls on His right knee but He can hold Himself up with His left hand. The crowd howls with joy... He gets up again. He proceeds [...]

(Maria Valtorta, *The Poem of the Man-God*, Vol. 5, Chapter 604.5, pp. 596-7; *The Gospel As Revealed To Me*, Vol. 10, Chapter 608.5, CEV.)

## A PAUSE FOR SILENCE

Jesus says:

«[...] For the illicit freedom of your hands, I had Mine crucified, nailing them to the cross, depriving them of every movement more than lawful and necessary.

The Feet of your Saviour, after becoming tired and bruised on the stones of the Way of My Passion were pierced and immobilised, *to make amends for the evil you do with your feet, making them means to go to your crimes, thefts, fornications.*

I marked the streets, the squares, the houses, the steps in Jerusalem, to purify all the streets, the squares, the houses, the steps of the earth from all the evil that had grown on and in it, sown in past and future centuries by your bad will, obedient to Satan's instigations.

My Flesh was bruised, contused, torn *to punish in Me the exaggerated cult, the idolatry that you give to your flesh and to the flesh of those whom you love out of a sensual whim or also out of fondness, which is not blameworthy in itself, but you make it such by loving a parent, a husband, a son, a brother more than you love God.*

*No. Above all love and every tie on the earth, there is, there must be the love for your Lord God. No other love is to be superior to it. Love your relatives in God, not above God. Love God with your whole selves. »*

(Maria Valtorta, *The Poem of the Man-God*, Vol. 5, Chapter 609.2-3, p. 667; *The Gospel As Revealed To Me*, Vol. 10, Chapter 613.3-4, CEV.)



## THE FOURTH STATION

### Jesus Falls the Second Time.



We adore Thee, O Christ, and we praise Thee.  
*Because by Thy holy Cross, Thou hast redeemed the world.*

**Psalm 36:** <sup>23</sup>With the Lord shall the steps of a man be directed, and he shall like well his way. <sup>24</sup>When he shall fall he shall not be bruised, for the Lord putteth his hand under him.

[...] bending and panting more and more, congested, feverish...

The board that swings in front of Him obstructs His sight; His long tunic, the front part of which trails on the ground, as He now walks bending, hampers His steps. He stumbles again and falls on both knees, hurting Himself where He is already wounded; and the cross, which slips out of His hands and falls, after striking His back violently, compels Him to bend to pick it up and to toil painfully to put it back on His shoulder. While He does so, one can clearly see on His right shoulder the wound made by the rubbing of the cross, which has opened the many sores of the scourges, making them all into one, from which serum and blood transude, so that spot of His white tunic is all stained. The people even applaud for the joy of seeing Him fall so badly...

Longinus urges to make haste and the soldiers, striking with the flat of their daggers, press poor Jesus to proceed. He sets out again more and more slowly, despite all solicitations. Jesus seems completely intoxicated, as He sways so much, knocking against one or the other lines of soldiers, wandering all over the road. And the people notice it and shout: « His doctrine has gone to His head. Look, look, how He staggers! » And others, and they are not of the people, *but priests and scribes*, say with a grin: « No. It is still the fumes of the banquets in Lazarus' house. Were they good? Take *our* food now... » And other sentences of the kind.

Longinus, who turns round now and again, feels sorry for Him and orders a few minutes' stop. And the rabble insults him so much that the centurion orders the soldiers to charge them. And the fainthearted crowds at the sight of the shining threatening lances, run away shouting and hurling themselves here and there down the mountain.

(Maria Valtorta, *The Poem of the Man-God*, Vol. 5, Chapter 604.5-6, p. 597; *The Gospel As Revealed To Me*, Vol. 10, Chapter 608.5-6, CEV.)

## A PAUSE FOR SILENCE

Jesus says:

«The Decalogue is the Law; and My Gospel is the Doctrine that makes the Law clearer for you and more loving to follow. The Law and My Doctrine would be sufficient to make saints of men.

But you are so hampered by your humanity - it really overwhelms your souls too much - that you cannot follow My ways and you fall; or you stop disheartened. You go on saying to yourselves and to those who would like to assist you, quoting the examples of the Gospel for you: "But Jesus, but Mary, but Joseph (and so on for all the saints) were not like us. They were strong, they were immediately comforted in their sorrow, also in the little sorrow which they experienced, they did not feel passions. They were already beings out of this world".

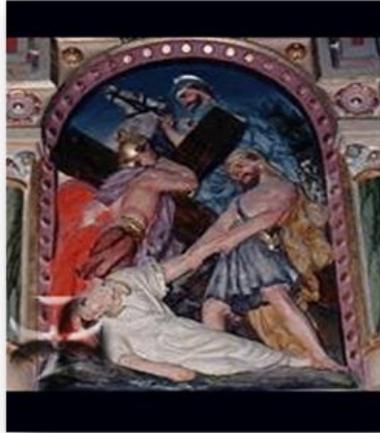
That little sorrow! They did not feel passions!

Sorrow has been our faithful friend and it had all the most varied forms and names. [...]

(Maria Valtorta, *The Poem of the Man-God*, Vol. 1, Chapter 35.8-9, p. 184; *The Gospel As Revealed To Me*, Vol. 1, Chapter 35.7-8, CEV.)

## THE FIFTH STATION

**Jesus Meets the Shepherds  
and then Falls the Third Time.**



We adore Thee, O Christ, and we praise Thee.  
*Because by Thy holy Cross, Thou hast redeemed the world.*

**Isaias (Isaiah) 53:** <sup>10</sup>And the Lord was pleased to bruise him in infirmity: if he shall lay down his life for sin, he shall see a long-lived seed, and the will of the Lord shall be prosperous in his hand.

[...] It is here that, among the few people who have remained, I again see the small group of the shepherds appear from behind some ruins, probably of a collapsed low wall. They are desolate, upset, dusty, in rags and, with the power of their glances, they attract the Master's attention. He turns His head round, He sees them... He looks at them fixedly as if they were the faces of angels, He seems to quench His thirst and fortify Himself with their tears, and He smiles...

The order to resume the march is given and Jesus passes just in front of them and He hears their anguished weeping. With difficulty, He turns His head round from under the yoke of the cross and He smiles once again... His solace... Ten faces... a rest in the burning sun... And immediately afterwards, the pain of the third fall, a complete one. And this time He does not stumble. He falls because of a sudden lack of strength, due to a syncope. He falls headlong, knocking His face on the uneven stones, and He remains in the dust under the cross that falls on Him. The soldiers try to raise Him. But as He seems to be dead, they go and inform the centurion.

While they go and come back, Jesus comes to Himself, and slowly, with the help of two soldiers, one of whom lifts the cross and the other helps the Condemned One to stand up, He puts Himself in His Place again. But He is really exhausted.

« Make sure that He dies only on the cross! » shout the crowd. « If you let Him die beforehand, you will answer to the Proconsul, bear that in your minds. The culprit must arrive alive at the execution Place » say the chief scribes to the soldiers. The latter cast withering glances at them, but discipline prevents them from speaking.

But Longinus is just as afraid as the Jews that the Christ may die on the road, and he does not want to have troubles. Without needing to be reminded, he knows what is his duty as officer responsible for the execution and he takes action ....

So Longinus gives the order to take the longer road that winds up the mountain and is therefore not so steep [...].

(Maria Valtorta, *The Poem of the Man-God*, Vol. 5, Chapter 604.6-7, pp. 597-8; *The Gospel As Revealed To Me*, Vol. 10, Chapter 608.6-7, CEV.)

## A PAUSE FOR SILENCE

Jesus says:

« [...] Thirst. What a torture thirst! And yet you have seen it. Among so many, there was not one who gave Me a drop of water. From the Supper onwards, I had no refreshment. And fever, sunshine, heat, dust, loss of blood, made your Saviour *so* thirsty.

You have seen that I refused the wine mixed with myrrh. I did not want any lenitive for My suffering. *When we offer ourselves as victims, we must be victims without pitiful arrangements, compromises, mitigations. It is necessary to drink the chalice as it is offered. We must relish the vinegar and gall to the very end. Not the spiced wine that deadens pain.* Oh! the destiny of a victim is really severe. But blessed are those who chose it as their fate.

That was the suffering of your Jesus in His innocent Body. »...

(Maria Valtorta, *The Poem of the Man-God*, Vol. 5, Chapter 609.5-6, p. 669; *The Gospel As Revealed To Me*, Vol. 10, Chapter 613.8-9, CEV.)

«...Rivers would have been required to quench My thirst then... And I could not drink because of the anguish of the praecordial pain. And you are aware of that pain... Rivers would have been required later... and they were not given to Me. Neither could I have accepted them because of the stronger and stronger suffocation. But how much relief they would have given to My Heart, had they been offered! It was of love that I was dying. Of love not given. Pity is love. And in Israel there was no pity. »

(Maria Valtorta, *The Poem of the Man-God*, Vol. 5, Chapter 624.7, pp. 751-2; *The Gospel As Revealed To Me*, not listed, CEV.)

## THE SIXTH STATION

### The Women of Jerusalem Weep over Jesus.



We adore Thee, O Christ, and we praise Thee.  
*Because by Thy holy Cross, Thou hast redeemed the world.*

**Luke 23:** <sup>27</sup>And there followed him a great multitude of people, and of women, who bewailed and lamented him. <sup>28</sup> But Jesus turning to them, said: Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not over me; but weep for yourselves, and for your children.

[...] And many people are going up this road, but they *do not* participate in this shameful uproar of people possessed, who follow Jesus to take delight in His tortures. They are mostly women, weeping and veiled, and some small groups of men, very small ones indeed, who are much ahead of the women and are about to pass from

sight when going on their way, the road turns round the mountain. [...]

The women, who are proceeding weeping, turn round upon hearing the shouts, and see the procession turn towards them. Then they stop, leaning against the mountain, lest they should be pushed down the slope by the violent Jews. They lower their veils on their faces even more. [...]

(Maria Valtorta, *The Poem of the Man-God*, Vol. 5, Chapter 604.7-8, pp. 598-9; *The Gospel As Revealed To Me*, Vol. 10, Chapter 608.7-8, CEV.)

[...] When Jesus arrives near them, they weep more loudly and bow low to Him. Then they move forward resolutely. [...] They approach Jesus weeping and kneel at His feet, while He stops panting... and yet He still knows how to smile at those compassionate women [...] He says: « Thank you, Johanna, thank you, Nike Sarah... Marcella Eliza... Lydia... Anne Valeria... and you. But... do not weep for Me daughters of Jerusalem... But for your sins and for those of Your town... Bless Johanna... for not having more sons... See it is God's mercy not... not to have sons... because... they suffer for this... And you... too, Elizabeth... Better as it was... than among deicides... And you mothers... weep for your sons, because... this hour will not pass without punishment. And what a punishment, if it is so for... the Innocent... You will weep then... for having conceived... suckled and for... having more... sons... The mothers... of those days... will weep because... I solemnly tell you... that he will be lucky... who then... will be the first... to fall... under the ruins. I bless you Go... home... pray for Me. Goodbye. »

And in the midst of the loud noise of weeping women and cursing Judaeans, Jesus sets out again.

Jesus is once again completely wet with perspiration. Also the soldiers and the other two condemned men are perspiring because the sun this stormy day is as burning as flames, and the side of the mountain, very warm by itself, increases the heat of the sun. What this sun must feel like on Jesus' woollen garment placed on the wounds of the scourges, one can easily imagine and be horror-stricken at the idea... But He never moans. But although the road is not so steep as the other one and it is not strewn with uneven stones, which were so dangerous to His feet that He is now dragging them, Jesus is staggering more and more, and once again He knocks first into one line of soldiers and then into the other and is bent more than previously [...].

(Maria Valtorta, *The Poem of the Man-God*, Vol. 5, Chapter 604.8-10, pp. 599-600; *The Gospel As Revealed To Me*, Vol. 10, Chapter 608.8-10, CEV.)

## A PAUSE FOR SILENCE

Azariah says:

«... A Lamb, more than ever a Lamb who does not open his mouth before those striking Him. He, in his external silence, speaks to you with the torrents of divine sparks emerging from the Most Holy Host in which his Divinity annihilates itself and says to you: 'Be my imitators in generosity meekness, humility, and mercy.' And, as from Thursday evening to the ninth hour, He teaches you to be redeemers. ... »

(Maria Valtorta, *The Book of Azariah*, June 20, 1946. Corpus Christi. p. 144 CEV.)



## THE SEVENTH STATION

### Veronica Wipes the Face of Jesus.



We adore Thee, O Christ, and we praise Thee.  
*Because by Thy holy Cross, Thou hast redeemed the world.*

**Isaias (Isaiah) 53:** <sup>3</sup>Despised, and the most abject of men, a man of sorrows, and acquainted with infirmity: and his look was as it were hidden and despised, whereupon we esteemed him not. <sup>4</sup>Surely he hath borne our infirmities and carried our sorrows: and we have thought him as it were a leper, and as one struck by God and afflicted. <sup>5</sup> But he was wounded for our iniquities, he was bruised for our sins.

[...] Another woman, who is accompanied by a young maidservant holding a small casket in her arms, opens it and takes out a square piece of very fine linen cloth, and offers it to the Redeemer. He accepts it. And as He cannot manage by Himself with one hand only, the compassionate woman helps Him to take it to His face, watching not to knock against His crown. And Jesus presses the cool linen

cloth to His poor face and holds it there, as if He felt a great relief. He then hands the linen cloth back...

(Maria Valtorta, *The Poem of the Man-God*, Vol. 5, Chapter 604.9, pp. 599-600; *The Gospel As Revealed To Me*, Vol. 10, Chapter 608.9, CEV.)

[...] John knocks at the door lightly.

« Who is it? »

« It is I, Mother. Nike is here... She came during the night... She brought a souvenir to You... a gift... She hopes to comfort You with it. »

« Oh! one gift only can comfort Me! The smile of His Face... »

« Mother! » John embraces Her lest She should fall, and as if he were confiding the true Name of God, he says: « It is that. The smile of His Face, impressed on a linen cloth with which Nike wiped Him on Calvary. »

« Oh! Father! Most High God! Holy Son! Eternal Love! May You be blessed! The sign! The sign I asked of You. Let her, let her come in! »

Mary sits down, because She cannot stand any longer, and while John beckons to the women who are peeping into the room to let Nike pass, She recovers Herself.

Nike goes in and kneels at Her feet with the servant beside her. John, standing near Mary, holds his arm round Her shoulders, as if he wanted to support Her. Nike does not utter one word. But she opens the casket, takes the linen cloth out and unfolds it. And the Face of Jesus, the living Face of Jesus, the sorrowful and yet smiling Face of Jesus looks at His Mother and smiles at Her.

Mary utters a cry of sorrowful love and stretches out Her arms. The women echo Her cry from the door-space where they have crowded. And they imitate Her kneeling before the Face of the Saviour.

Nike cannot find words. She hands the linen cloth over to the motherly hands and she stoops to kiss its edge. She then goes out backwards without waiting for Mary to come out of Her ecstasy.

(Maria Valtorta, *The Poem of the Man-God*, Vol. 5, Chapter 608.18, pp. 660-1; *The Gospel As Revealed To Me*, Vol. 10, Chapter 612.20, CEV.)

## A PAUSE FOR SILENCE

Jesus says:

«... *God never fails to answer a just prayer and comforts his children who hope in Him.* Mary experienced this in Veronica's comfort. She, the poor Mother, had the image of my lifeless Face impressed upon her eyes. She could not withstand that sight. That was no longer her Jesus – aged, swollen, with his eyes, no longer looking at Her, closed, and with his mouth, no longer speaking to Her and smiling, contorted. But there was a face belonging to the living Jesus – pained, wounded, but still alive. There was his gaze, looking at Her, and his mouth, which seemed to say, 'Mother!' There was his smile, still greeting Her.»

(Maria Valtorta, *The Notebooks 1944*, 20th February, p. 164, CEV)

## THE EIGHTH STATION

### Simon of Cyrene Helps Jesus Carry his cross.



We adore Thee, O Christ, and we praise Thee.  
*Because by Thy holy Cross, Thou hast redeemed the world.*

**Mark 15:** <sup>21</sup> And they forced one Simon a Cyrenian who passed by, coming out of the country, the father of Alexander and of Rufus, to take up his cross.

[...] And in doing so, he sees a cart standing still, which has certainly come up from the vegetable-gardens at the foot of the mountain and is waiting for the crowds to pass, so that it may go down towards the town with its load of greens. I think that curiosity has made the man from Cyrene and his sons go up there because it was not necessary for him to do so. The two sons, lying on the top of the green pile of vegetables, look and laugh at the fleeing Judaeans. The man, instead, a very strong man, about forty-fifty years old, standing near the little donkey, which is frightened and tries to draw back, looks attentively at the procession.

Longinus looks him up and down. He thinks that he can be useful and says to him in a commanding voice: « Man, come here. »

The man from Cyrene feigns he has not heard. But one cannot trifle with Longinus. He repeats the order in such a

way that the man throws the reins to one of his sons and approaches the centurion.

« Do you see that man? » he asks. And in doing so, he turns round to point out Jesus and he sees Mary, Who is imploring the soldiers to let Her pass. He takes pity on Her and he shouts: « Let the Woman pass. » He then resumes speaking to the man from Cyrene: « He cannot proceed further laden as He is. You are strong. Take His cross and carry it in His stead as far as the summit. »

« I cannot... I have the donkey... it is restive... the boys cannot hold it... »

But Longinus says: « Go, if you do not want to lose your donkey and get twenty blows as punishment. »

The man from Cyrene dare no longer react. He shouts to the boys: « Go home and be quick. And say that I am coming at once » and he then goes towards Jesus.

(Maria Valtorta, *The Poem of the Man-God*, Vol. 5, Chapter 604.12, pp. 601-2; *The Gospel As Revealed To Me*, Vol. 10, Chapter 608.12, CEV.)

Jesus says:

« Be aware, o men who worry only about your material welfare, that God intervenes also in its favour, when He sees you behave faithfully towards justice, which is emanation of God. I always reward those who act righteously. I defend those who defend Me. I love them and succour them. I am always the One Who said: "He who gives a glass of water in My name will be rewarded". To those who give Me love, the water that quenches the thirst of My lips of the divine Martyr, I give Myself, that is protection and blessings. »

(Maria Valtorta, *The Poem of the Man-God*, Vol. 5, Chapter 600.42-.3, pp. 572-3; *The Gospel As Revealed To Me*, Vol. 10, Chapter 604.42, CEV.)

## A PAUSE FOR SILENCE

Azariah says:

«The Eucharist keeps Christ present in all his operations as Christ. His Incarnation: the Eucharist is a perpetual Incarnation of Christ. His hidden life: the Tabernacle is a continuous house in Nazareth. His life as a worker: Jesus Eucharistic is the unwearying craftsman who works souls. His mission as Priest alongside the dying or the suffering: as it was alongside the bed of the dying Joseph, and with all who went to Him to be consoled, so Jesus is now there to console, counsel, fortify, and ask, as He asked the two of Emmaus, ‘Why are you sad?’, and to remain with you, as a friend and Cyrenean, as ‘the evening falls and the day wanes,’ as the way of the Cross and the final immolation are consumed.

He is there, as when He evangelized the crowds and said: ‘I feel sorry for these people. Let us give them bread so they will not perish on the way’; and, as then, He evangelizes you in the virtues of charity, humility, and mercy.

(Maria Valtorta, The Book of Azariah, June 20, 1946, pp. 143-4, Corpus Christi. CEV.)



# THE NINTH STATION

## Jesus Meets His Sorrowful Mother.



We adore Thee, O Christ, and we praise Thee.  
*Because by Thy holy Cross, Thou hast redeemed the world.*

**Luke 2:** <sup>34</sup> And Simeon blessed them, and said to Mary his mother: Behold this child is set for the fall, and for the resurrection of many in Israel, and for a sign which shall be contradicted; <sup>35</sup> And thy own soul a sword shall pierce, that, out of many hearts, thoughts may be revealed.

[...] And Mary, supported by John who is holding Her by the elbow, departs from the hillside, stately in Her grief, and places Herself resolutely in the middle of the road, moving aside only at the arrival of Longinus who, from the height of his black horse, looks at the pale Woman and at Her blond wan companion, whose meek eyes are blue like Hers. And Longinus shakes his head while passing by followed by the eleven soldiers on horseback.

Mary tries to pass through the dismounted soldiers, [...]

[...] just when Jesus turns towards His Mother, Whom only now He sees coming towards Him because He is proceeding so bent and with His eyes almost closed, as if He were blind, and He shouts: « Mother! » Since He began being tortured, it is the first word that expresses His sufferings. Because in that cry, there is the confession of everything, and all the dreadful sorrow of His spirit, of His morale, of His body. It is the heart-broken and heart-breaking cry of a little boy who dies all alone, among torturers and the most cruel tortures... and who goes so far as to be afraid of his own breathing. It is the wailing of a raving little boy tormented by nightmare visions... and wants his mummy, his dear mummy because only her fresh kisses soothe the ardour of his fever, her voice dispels phantoms, her embrace makes death less fearful... Mary presses Her hand against Her heart, as if She had been stabbed, and She staggers lightly. But She collects Herself, quickens Her step and while going towards Her tortured Son with outstretched arms, She shouts: « Son! » But She says so in such a way that whoever has not got the heart of a hyena, feels it is breaking because of so much grief.

I notice signs of compassion even among the Romans... and yet they are soldiers, accustomed to slaughters, marked by scars... But the words: « Mother! » and « Son! » are always the same for all those who, I repeat it, are not worse than hyenas, they are understood everywhere and they raise waves of compassion everywhere...

The man from Cyrene feels such pity... And as he sees that Mary cannot embrace Her Son because of the cross, and that after stretching Her arms out, She lets them drop, convinced that She is unable to do so - and She only looks at Him, striving to smile with Her smile of a martyr to encourage Him, while Her trembling lips drink Her tears, and He, turning His head round from under the yoke of

the cross, tries in His turn to smile at Her and send Her a kiss with His poor lips, wounded and split by blows and fever - he hastens to remove the cross, and he does so with the gentleness of a father, in order not to give a shove to the crown or rub against His sores. But Mary cannot kiss Her Son... Even the lightest touch would be a torture for His torn flesh, and Mary refrains, and then... the most holy feelings have a profound modesty and they exact respect or at least compassion, whilst here there is curiosity, and above all, mockery. Only the two anguished souls kiss each other.

The procession, which sets out again under the pressure of the waves of the furious people, divides them, pushing the Mother against the mountain, to be sneered at by all the people...

(Maria Valtorta, *The Poem of the Man-God*, Vol. 5, Chapter 604.11 & 13, pp. 600-1, 602-3; *The Gospel As Revealed To Me*, Vol. 10, Chapter 608.11 & 13, CEV.)

## A PAUSE FOR SILENCE

Jesus says:

« [...] Also the presence of His Mother, even if it was what My heart most wished, as it *needed* that comfort in the infinite solitude that surrounded it, infinite solitude *coming from God and from men*, was a torture. She was to be there, an angel of flesh, to prevent despair from assailing Me, as the spiritual angel had prevented it in Gethsemane, She was to be there to join Her Sorrow to Mine for your Redemption, She was to be there to receive the investiture of Mother of mankind. But to see Her die at each shudder of Mine was My greatest sorrow. Not even the betrayal, not even the knowledge that My Sacrifice would be useless for so many

people, *these two sorrows, which shortly before had seemed so great as to make Me sweat blood*, were comparable with this one.

But you have seen how great Mary was in that hour. Her torture did not prevent Her from being by far stronger than Judith. The latter killed. *The former allowed Herself to be killed through Her Child*. And She did not curse, She did not hate. *She prayed, She loved, She obeyed. Always a Mother*, to the extent of thinking, among Her tortures, that Her Jesus needed Her virginal veil on His innocent body, to defend His decency, *She was able to be at the same time the Daughter of the Father of Heaven and obey His dreadful will in that hour*. She did not curse, She did not rebel. Either against God, or against men. *She forgave the latter. She said "Fiat" to the Former*.

Also later you heard Her say: "Father, I love You and You have loved us!" She remembers and She proclaims that God has loved Her and She renews Her act of love for Him. *In that hour!* »

(Maria Valtorta, *The Poem of the Man-God*, Vol. 5, Chapter 609.7-8, p. 669-70; *The Gospel As Revealed To Me*, Vol. 10, Chapter 613.9-10, CEV.)

## THE TENTH STATION

### Jesus is Stripped of His Garments.



We worship you, Christ, and bless you.  
*With your holy cross you have redeemed the world.*

**John 19:** <sup>23</sup>The soldiers therefore, when they had crucified him, took his garments, (and they made four parts, to every soldier a part,) and also his coat. Now the coat was without seam, woven from the top throughout. <sup>24</sup> They said then one to another: Let us not cut it, but let us cast lots for it, whose it shall be; that the scripture might be fulfilled, saying: *They have parted my garments among them, and upon my vesture they have cast lots.* And the soldiers indeed did these things.

[...] As soon as the condemned men are on the fatal platform, the soldiers surround the open space on three sides. Only the one that drops sheer is empty.

The centurion orders the man from Cyrene to go away. And he goes away, unwillingly now, and I would not say out of sadism, but out of love. In fact, he stops near the Galileans, sharing with them the insults that the crowds give liberally to these haggard believers of the Christ. The two robbers throw their crosses on the ground swearing. Jesus is silent. The sorrowful way has come to its end.

(Maria Valtorta, *The Poem of the Man-God*, Vol. 5, Chapter 604.17, p. 605; *The Gospel As Revealed To Me*, Vol. 10, Chapter 608.18, CEV.)

[...] Four brawny men, who look like Judaeans, and Judaeans more worthy of the cross than the condemned men, certainly of the same category as the scourgers, jump from a path onto the place of the execution. They are wearing short sleeveless tunics, and in their hands, they are holding nails, hammers and ropes, which they show to the condemned men scoffing at them. The crowd is excited with cruel frenzy.

The centurion offers Jesus the amphora, so that He may drink the anaesthetic mixture of myrrhed wine. But Jesus refuses it. The two robbers instead drink a lot of it. Then the amphora, with a wide flared mouth, is placed near a large stone, almost on the edge of the summit.

The condemned men are ordered to undress. The two robbers do so without shame. [...]

(Maria Valtorta, *The Poem of the Man-God*, Vol. 5, Chapter 609.1-2, pp. 605-6; *The Gospel As Revealed To Me*, Vol. 10, Chapter 609.1-2, CEV.)

[...] Jesus, Who strips Himself slowly because of the pangs of the wounds, refuses it [the rag offered by the executioners]. He perhaps thinks that He can keep on the short drawers, which He had on also during the

flagellation. But when He is told to take them off as well, He stretches out His hand to beg for the rag of the executioners to conceal His nakedness. He is really the Annihilated One to the extent of having to ask a rag of criminals.

But Mary has noticed everything and She has removed the long thin white veil covering Her head under Her dark mantle, and on which She has already shed so many tears. She removes it without letting Her mantle drop and gives it to John so that he may hand it to Longinus for Her Son. The centurion takes the veil without any objection and, when he sees that Jesus is about to strip Himself completely, facing the side where there are no people, and thus turning towards the crowd His back furrowed with bruises and blisters, and covered with sores and dark crusts that are bleeding again, he gives Him His Mother's linen veil. Jesus recognises it and wraps it round His pelvis several times, fastening it carefully so that it may not fall off... And on the linen veil, so far soaked only with tears, the first drops of blood begin to fall, because many of the wounds, just covered with blood-clots, have reopened again. [...]

(Maria Valtorta, *The Poem of the Man-God*, Vol. 5, Chapter 605.2, p. 606; *The Gospel As Revealed To Me*, Vol. 10, Chapter 609.2, CEV.)

## A PAUSE FOR SILENCE

Jesus says:

« Consider what pain I felt in My poor brain, since I went to the agony of Friday aching all over because of the efforts made Thursday evening, in My poor brain, which

was affected by the fever of My tortured Body and of the intoxications brought about by tortures!

And in My Head, My eyes, My mouth, My nose, My tongue, each had their torture. *To make amends for your glances, so anxious to see what is evil and so forgetful of seeking God, to redress the too many, too false, filthy and lustful words that you utter, instead of using your lips to pray, to teach, to console; My nose and My tongue suffered their tortures to make amends for your gluttony and your sensuality of olfaction, through which you incur imperfections, which are the ground for graver sins, and you commit sins through the eagerness for superfluous food, without taking pity on those who are hungry, food which you can afford very often by having recourse to unlawful means of profit.*

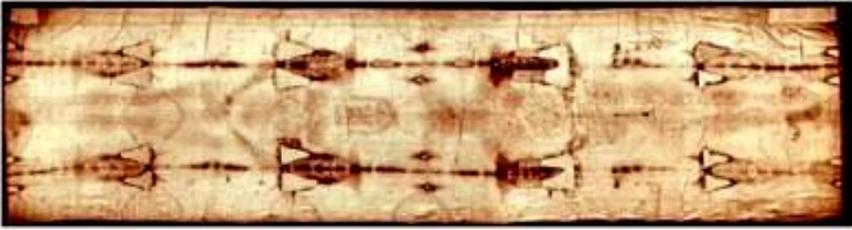
My organs were not exempted from suffering.

Not one of them.

Suffocation and cough for My lungs, contused by the cruel scourging, and suffering from oedema because of the position on the cross.

Breathlessness and heart trouble as My heart was out of its place and had been injured by the merciless flagellation, by the moral grief that had preceded it, by the ascent under the heavy weight of the cross, by anaemia, the consequence of all the blood shed. Liver congested, spleen congested, kidneys bruised and congested.

You have seen the crown of bruises round My kidneys. Your scientists, to give proof to your incredulity with regard to that evidence of My suffering, which is the Shroud, explain how the blood, the cadaveric perspiration and the urea of an overfatigued body, when mixed with the spices, can have produced that natural drawing of My dead tortured Body.



*It would be better to believe without the need of so many proofs to believe. It would be better to say: "That is the work of God" and bless God, Who has granted you an indisputable proof of My Crucifixion and of the tortures preceding it!*

(Maria Valtorta, *The Poem of the Man-God*, Vol. 5, Chapter 609.4-5, pp. 668-9; *The Gospel As Revealed To Me*, Vol. 10, Chapter 613.5-7, CEV.)

## THE ELEVENTH STATION

### Jesus is Nailed to the Cross.



We adore Thee, O Christ, and we praise Thee.  
*Because by Thy holy Cross, Thou hast redeemed the world.*

**John 19:** <sup>16</sup> Then therefore he delivered him to them to be crucified. And they took Jesus, and led him forth. <sup>17</sup> And bearing his own cross, he went forth to that place which is called Calvary, but in Hebrew Golgotha. <sup>18</sup> Where they crucified him, and with him two others, one on each side, and Jesus in the midst.

[...] The executioner places the point of the nail on the wrist, he raises the hammer and gives the first stroke.

Jesus, Who had closed His eyes, utters a cry and has a contraction because of the sharp pain, and opens His eyes flooded with tears. The pain He suffers must be

dreadful... The nail penetrates, tearing muscles, veins, nerves, shattering bones...

Mary replies to the cry of Her tortured Son with a groan that sounds almost like the moaning of a slaughtered lamb; and She bends, as if She were crushed, holding Her head in Her hands. In order not to torture Her, Jesus utters no more cries. But the strokes continue, methodical and hard, iron striking iron... and we must consider that a living limb receives them.

The right hand is now nailed. They pass on to the left one. The hole in the wood does not correspond to the carpus. So they take a rope, they tie it to the left wrist and they pull it until the joint is dislocated, tearing tendons and muscles, besides lacerating the skin already cut into by the ropes used to capture Him. The other hand must suffer as well, because it is stretched as a consequence, and the hole in it widens round the nail. Now the beginning of the metacarpus, near the wrist, hardly arrives at the hole. They resign themselves and they nail the hand where they can, that is, between the thumb and the other fingers, just in the middle of the metacarpus. The nail penetrates more easily here, but with greater pain, because it cuts important nerves, so that the fingers remain motionless, whilst those of the right hand have contractions and tremors that denote their vitality. But Jesus no longer utters cries, He only moans in a deep hoarse voice with His lips firmly closed, while tears of pain fall on the ground after falling on the wood.

It is now the turn of His feet. At two metres and more from the foot of the cross there is a small wedge, hardly sufficient for one foot. Both feet are placed on it to see whether it is in the right spot, and as it is a little low and the feet hardly reach it, they pull the poor Martyr by His malleoli.

(Maria Valtorta, *The Poem of the Man-God*, Vol. 5, Chapter 605.5, pp. 608; *The Gospel As Revealed To Me*, Vol. 10, Chapter 609.5, CEV.)

## A PAUSE FOR SILENCE

[...] The sufferings are worse and worse. The body begins to suffer from the arching typical of tetanus, and the clamour of the crowd exasperates it. The death of fibres and nerves extends from the tortured limbs to the trunk, making breathing more and more difficult, diaphragmatic contraction weak and heart beating irregular. The face of Christ passes, in turns, from very deep-red blushes to the greenish paleness of a person bleeding to death. His lips move with greater difficulty because the overstrained nerves of the neck and of the head itself, that for dozens of times have acted as a lever for the whole body, pushing on the cross bar, spread the cramp also to the jaws. His throat, swollen by the obstructed carotid arteries, must be painful and must spread its oedema to the tongue, which looks swollen and slow in its movements. His back, even in the moments when the tetanising contractions do not bend it in a complete arch from the nape of His neck to His hips, leaning as extreme points against the stake of the cross, bends more and more forwards because the limbs are continuously weighed down by the burden of the dead flesh.

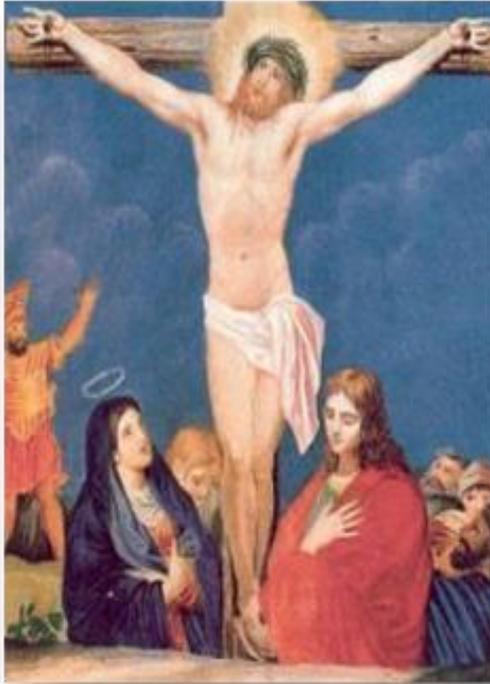
The people cannot see this situation very clearly, because the light now is like dark ashes, and only those who are at the foot of the cross can see well [...].

(Maria Valorta, *The Poem of the Man-God*, Vol. 5, Chapter 605.17, pp. 616-7; *The Gospel As Revealed To Me*, Vol. 10, Chapter 609.17, CEV.)



## THE TWELFTH STATION

### Jesus is Raised upon the Cross, and Dies.



We adore Thee, O Christ, and we praise Thee.  
*Because by Thy holy Cross, Thou hast redeemed the world.*

**John 19:** <sup>25</sup> Now there stood by the cross of Jesus, his mother, and his mother's sister (-in-law) , Mary of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalen. <sup>26</sup> When Jesus therefore had seen his mother and the disciple standing whom he loved, he saith to his mother: Woman, behold thy son. <sup>27</sup> After that, he saith to the disciple: Behold thy mother. And from that hour, the disciple took her to his own. <sup>28</sup> Afterwards, Jesus knowing that all things were now accomplished, that the scripture might be fulfilled, said: I thirst. <sup>29</sup> Now there was a vessel set there full of vinegar. And they, putting a sponge full of

vinegar about hyssop, put it to his mouth. <sup>30</sup> Jesus therefore, when he had taken the vinegar, said: It is consummated. And bowing his head, he gave up the ghost.

[...] He pants more and more and interruptedly, and it sounds more like a death-rattle. Now and again a painful fit of coughing brings a light rosy foam to His lips. And the intervals between one expiration and the next one are becoming longer and longer. His abdomen is now motionless. Only His thorax still heaves, but laboriously and with difficulty... Pulmonary paralysis is increasing more and more.

And fainter and fainter, sounding like a child's wailing, comes the invocation: « Mother! » And the poor wretch whispers: « Yes, darling, I am here. » And when His sight becomes misty and makes Him say: « Mother, where are You? I cannot see You anymore. Are You abandoning Me as well? » and they are not even words, *but just a murmur* that can hardly be heard by Her Who with Her heart rather than with Her ears receives every sigh of Her dying Son, She says: « No, no, Son! I will not abandon You! Listen to Me, My dear... Your Mother is here, She is here... and She only regrets that She cannot come where You are... » It is heart-rending...

(Maria Valorta, *The Poem of the Man-God*, Vol. 5, Chapter 605.20, pp. 619-20; *The Gospel As Revealed To Me*, Vol. 10, Chapter 609.21, CEV.)

[...] There is silence again. Then the supplication pronounced with infinite kindness, with fervent prayer: « Father, into Your hands I commit My spirit! »

Further silence. Also the death-rattle becomes fainter, It is just a breath confined to His lips and throat.

Then, there is the last spasm of Jesus. A dreadful convulsion that seems to tear the body with the three nails from the cross, rises three times from the feet to the head, through all the poor tortured nerves; it heaves the abdomen three times in an abnormal way, then leaves it after dilating it as if it were upsetting the viscera, and it drops and becomes hollow as if it were empty; it heaves, swells and contracts the thorax so violently, that the skin sinks between the ribs which stretch appearing under the skin and reopening the wounds of the scourges; it makes the head fall back violently once, twice, three times, hitting the wood hard; it contracts all the muscles of the face in a spasm, accentuating the deviation of the mouth to the right, it opens wide and dilates the eyelids under which one can see the eye-balls roll and the sclerotic appear. The body is all bent; in the last of the three contractions, it is a drawn arch, which vibrates and is dreadful to look at, and then a powerful cry, unimaginable in that exhausted body, bursts forth rending the air, the « loud cry » mentioned by the Gospels and is the first part of the word « Mother »... And nothing else...

His head falls on His chest, His body leans forward, the trembling stops, He breathes no more. He has breathed His last.

(Maria Valtorta, *The Poem of the Man-God*, Vol. 5, Chapter 605.22, pp. 620-1; *The Gospel As Revealed To Me*, Vol. 10, Chapter 609.22, CEV.)

## A PAUSE FOR SILENCE



Mary says:

« [...] From the height of the Cross the words had descended slowly, spaced in time like the striking of hours on a heavenly clock. And I had gathered all of them in, including the ones referring least to me, for even a sigh of the Dying One was gathered in, breathed in, by my hearing, my eyes, and my heart.

“Woman, here is our son” And from that moment on I have given children to Heaven, begotten by my pain. A virginal birth, like my first one, this mystical birth of you for Him. I give you to the light of the Heavens through my Son and my pain.

And this giving birth, which began with those words, lacks the walls of rent flesh, for my flesh was immune from sin and from the condemnation of giving birth through pain, my torn heart wailed voicelessly with the silent moaning of the spirit, and I can say that you are born by

way of the passage opened by my pain as a Mother in my heart as a Virgin.

But the word that was the queen of that cruel April afternoon remained one alone: "Mother!" My Son's only comfort was to call me, for He knew how much I loved Him and how my spirit was ascending onto the Cross to kiss my holy Tortured One. It was repeated more and more frequently and painfully as the agony increased like a rising tide.

The great cry the evangelist speak was this word. He had said everything and done everything; He had entrusted his spirit to his Father and called upon the Father in his boundless pain. And the father had not shown Himself to the One with whom He had been well pleased until that hour and who, burdened with a world's sins, was now looked upon with severity by God. The Victim called his Mother. With a wail of lacerating pain which pierced through the Heavens, causing forgiveness to rain down from them, and which pierced through my heart, causing blood and tears to rain down from it. »

(Maria Valtorta, *The Notebooks 1943*, 8th December, pp. 555-6, CEV.)

## THE THIRTEENTH STATION

### Jesus is Taken Down from the Cross.



We adore Thee, O Christ, and we praise Thee.  
*Because by Thy holy Cross, Thou hast redeemed the world.*

**John 19:** <sup>38</sup> And after these things, Joseph of Arimathea (because he was a disciple of Jesus, but secretly for fear of the Jews) besought Pilate that he might take away the body of Jesus. And Pilate gave leave. He came therefore, and took the body of Jesus. <sup>39</sup> And Nicodemus also came, (he who at the first came to Jesus by night,) bringing a mixture of myrrh and aloes, about an hundred pound weight. <sup>40</sup> They took therefore the body of Jesus, and bound it in linen cloths, with the spices, as the manner of the Jews is to bury.

[...] The left palm is unnailed. The arm falls along the Body, which is now hanging semi-detached.

They tell John to climb up as well, leaving the ladders to the women. And John, after climbing up where Nicodemus was previously, passes Jesus' arm round his

neck and holds it so, hanging completely on his shoulder, embraced at the waist by his arm and held by the tips of the fingers not to touch the horrible gash of the left hand, which is almost open. When the feet are unnailed, John has to make a great effort to hold and support the Body of his Master between the cross and his own body.

Mary has already placed Herself at the foot of the cross, sitting with Her back against it, ready to receive Her Jesus in Her lap.

But the unnauling of the right arm is the most difficult operation. Despite all John's efforts, the Body is hanging completely forward and the head of the nail is deeply sunk in the flesh. And as they do not want to make the wound worse, the two compassionate men work hard. At last the nail is seized with the tongs and pulled out gently. [...]

(Maria Valtorta, *The Poem of the Man-God*, Vol. 5, Chapter 605.30, pp. 626; *The Gospel As Revealed To Me*, Vol. 10, Chapter 609.32, CEV.)

[...] John has been holding Jesus all the time by the armpits, with His head hanging on his shoulder, while Nicodemus and Joseph get hold of Him, one at the thighs, the other at the knees, and they cautiously come down the ladders.

When on the ground, they would like to lay Him on the sheet that they have spread on their mantles. But Mary wants Him. She has opened Her mantle, letting it hang on one side, and She is sitting with Her knees rather apart to form a cradle for Her Jesus.

While the disciples are turning round to give Her Son to Her, the crowned head falls back and the arms hang down towards the ground, and the wounded hands would rub on the soil, if the pity of the pious women did not hold them up to prevent that. He is now in His Mother's lap...

[...] And when She succeeds in removing the torturing crown, She bends to cure all the scratches of the thorns with Her kisses.

With a trembling hand She parts His ruffled hair, She tidies it and weeps, speaking in a low voice, and with Her fingers She wipes the tears that drop on the cold body covered with blood and She thinks of cleaning it with Her tears and Her veil, which is still round Jesus' loins. And She pulls one end of it towards Herself and She begins to clean and dry the holy limbs with it. And She continually caresses His face, then His hands and His bruised knees and then reverts to drying His Body, on which endless tears are dropping.

And while doing so Her hand touches the gash on His chest. Her little hand, covered with the linen veil, enters almost completely into the large hole of the wound. Mary bends to see in the dim light which has formed, and She sees. She sees the chest torn open and the heart of Her Son. She utters a cry then. A sword seems to be splitting Her heart. She shouts and then throws Herself on Her Son and She seems dead, too.

(Maria Valtorta, *The Poem of the Man-God*, Vol. 5, Chapter 605.30 &31, pp. 626-7; *The Gospel As Revealed To Me*, Vol. 10, Chapter 609.32 & 33, CEV.)

## A PAUSE FOR SILENCE

Mary says:

« No! No! Oh! your lack of faith, forming an alliance with Satan's temptation, maker, My heart doubt! And should I not believe You, Son? Should I not believe Your holy Word?! Oh! tell My soul! Speak. From the far away shores, where You have gone to free those awaiting Your coming, cast the voice of Your soul to My anxious soul, to

Mine which is here, all open to receive Your voice. Tell Your Mother that You are coming back! Say: "On the third day I will rise from the dead". I implore You, Son and God! Help Me to protect My Faith. Satan is crushing it in his coils to strangle it. Satan has removed his mouth of a snake from the flesh of man, because You have torn that prey away from him, and now with his hooked poisonous teeth he is piercing the flesh of My heart paralysing its throbs, its strength and warmth. God! God! God! Do not allow Me to be distrustful! Do not allow doubt to freeze Me! Do not let Satan be free to lead Me to despair! Son! Son! Put Your hand on My heart. It will drive Satan away. Lay it on My head. It will bring the Light back to it. Sanctify My lips with a caress, so that they may be fortified to say: "I believe" even against a whole world that does not believe. . . .»

(Maria Valtorta, *The Poem of the Man-God*, Vol. 5, Chapter 606.10, pp. 635-6; *The Gospel As Revealed To Me*, Vol. 10, Chapter 610.13, CEV.)



## THE FOURTEENTH STATION

### Jesus is Laid in the Sepulchre.



We adore Thee, O Christ, and we praise Thee.  
*Because by Thy holy Cross, Thou hast redeemed the world.*

**John 19:** <sup>41</sup> Now there was in the place where he was crucified, a garden; and in the garden a new sepulchre, wherein no man yet had been laid. <sup>42</sup> There, therefore, because of the Parasceve of the Jews, they laid Jesus, because the sepulchre was nigh at hand.

[...] She shouts: « Where, where shall I put You? In which place, safe and worthy of You? » Joseph, all bent in a respectful bow, his open hand pressed against his chest, says: « Take courage, o Woman! My sepulchre is new and worthy of a great man. I give it to Him. And my friend here, Nicodemus, has already taken the spices to the sepulchre as he wishes to offer them. But I beg You, as it is getting dark, let us proceed... It is Preparation Day. Be

good, o holy Woman! » Also John and the women beg Her likewise and Mary allows Her Son to be removed from Her lap, and She stands up, distressed, while they envelop Him in a sheet, begging: « Oh! do it gently! »

Nicodemus and John at the shoulders, Joseph at the feet, they lift the Corpse enveloped not only in the sheet, but resting also on the mantles which act as a stretcher, and they set out down the road.

Mary, supported by Her sister-in-law and by the Magdalene, goes down towards the sepulchre, followed by Martha, Mary of Zebedee and Susanna, who have picked up the nails, the tongs, the crown, the sponge and the cane.

On Calvary remain the three crosses, the central one of which is bare and the other two have their living trophies, who are dying [...].

(Maria Valtorta, *The Poem of the Man-God*, Vol. 5, Chapter 605.32, pp. 628; *The Gospel As Revealed To Me*, Vol. 10, Chapter 609.34, CEV.)

[...] I am present at Our Lord's burial.

The little procession, after descending Calvary, at the foot of it finds the sepulchre of Joseph of Arimathea, hewn out of the limestone of the mountain. The compassionate disciples enter it with Jesus' Body.

I see the sepulchre made as follows. It is a room dug in the stone, at the end of a vegetable garden all in blossom. It looks like a grotto, but it is evident that it has been dug by man [...].

(Maria Valtorta, *The Poem of the Man-God*, Vol. 5, Chapter 606.1, p. 628; *The Gospel As Revealed To Me*, Vol. 10, Chapter 610.2, CEV.)

[...] The two bearers uncover Jesus.

While they prepare the bandages and spices on a sort of shelf in a corner in the light of two torches, Mary bends

over Her Son weeping. And once again, She wipes Him with Her veil, which is still round Jesus' loins. It is the only washing that Jesus' Body has, this one with His Mother's tears, and if they are copious and abundant, they serve to remove the dust, sweat and blood of that tortured Body only superficially and partly.

Mary never tires of caressing those frozen limbs. With even greater delicacy than if She were touching those of a new-born baby, She takes the poor tortured hands, She clasps them in Her own, She kisses the fingers and stretches them, She tries to connect the gaping wounds, as if She wished to doctor them, so that they may not ache so much and She presses those hands, which can no longer caress, against Her cheeks, and moans and moans in Her dreadful grief. She straightens and joins the poor feet, which are so limp, as if they were deadly tired of walking so far on our behalf. But they have been displaced too much on the cross, and the left one in particular is almost flat, as if it had no ankle.

She then reverts to the body and caresses it, so cold and already stiff. And when once again, She sees the gash of the lance, which is now wide open like a mouth, as Jesus is lying on His back on the stone slab, and so the cavity of the thorax can be seen more clearly. The point of the heart can be seen distinctly between the breastbone and the left costal arch, and about two centimetres above it, there is the cut made by the point of the lance in the pericardium and in the heart, a cut about a good centimetre and a half long, **whereas the external one on the right side is at least seven centimetres long.** Mary utters a cry again as on Calvary. A lance seems to be piercing Her, so much She writhes in Her pain, pressing Her hands on Her heart, pierced like Jesus' [...].

(Maria Valtorta, *The Poem of the Man-God*, Vol. 5, Chapter 606.2, pp. 629; *The Gospel As Revealed To Me*, Vol. 10, Chapter 610.3, CEV.)

## A PAUSE FOR SILENCE



Jesus says:

«And the torture continued with periodic attacks until dawn on Sunday. In My Passion, I had *only one temptation*. But the Mother, the Woman, expiated on behalf of woman, guilty, several times, of every evil. And Satan behaved mercilessly with infinite cruelty towards the conqueress.

Mary had defeated him. The most atrocious temptation for Mary. Temptation against the flesh of the Mother. Temptation against the heart of the Mother. Temptation against the spirit of the Mother. The world thinks that Redemption ended with My last breath. No, it did not. The Mother completed it by adding Her treble torture to redeem the treble concupiscence, struggling for three days against Satan, who wanted to induce Her to deny My word and not to believe in My Resurrection. *Mary was the only one who continued to believe!* »

(Maria Valtorta, *The Poem of the Man-God*, Vol. 5, Chapter 606.13, pp. 637-8; *The Gospel As Revealed To Me*, Vol. 10, Chapter 610.16, CEV.)