

THIRTEENTH STATION

Jesus is Taken from the Cross



WE PRAY

***We adore you, O Christ,
and we praise you.
Because by your holy Cross
you have redeemed the world.***

SCRIPTURE

*After this, Joseph of Arimathea, who was a disciple of Jesus - though a secret one because of his fear of the Jews - asked Pilate to let him remove the body of Jesus. Pilate gave permission; so, he came and took it away.
(Jn 19: 38)*

REFLECTION

Jesus' lifeless body rests in his mother's arms. A sacred embrace beyond words. After all the anger and din of the crucifixion, there is a profound silence and stillness in this intimate moment. He has gone before us. The virus has forced us to stay in our homes, the streets are deserted. There is a silence, a stillness around us which we have perhaps never known before. Yes, there is regret and loss, there is grief in this absence of life. But there is also something precious, a presence which invites us to listen to ourselves once more. To pause, to reflect and not live in relentless activity and distraction. In this silence God invites us to contemplate the deepest questions of our lives – what is most essential, most sacred. And yes, to contemplate death itself – but no longer in fear, for Christ waits for us there. We think of all those we have known who have died.

WE PRAY

***Our Father....
Hail Mary....
Glory be....***

FOURTEENTH STATION

Jesus is Laid in the Tomb



WE PRAY

***We adore you, O Christ,
and we praise you.
Because by your holy Cross
you have redeemed the world.***

SCRIPTURE

So Joseph took the body, wrapped it in a clean shroud and put it in his own new tomb which he had hewn out of the rock. He then rolled a large stone across the entrance of the tomb and went away. Now Mary of Magdala and the other Mary were there, sitting opposite the sepulcher.

(Mt 27: 59-61)

REFLECTION

The faithful few take Jesus' body to its resting place. His body is placed in the grave, returned to the earth as we all one day shall be. The huge stone over the tomb seems like the final sign of the permanence of death. It represents every fear, every anxiety I allow to take hold of me, expecting defeat, struggling to believe. Why does my fear so often speak louder than my faith? Jesus promises that there is no stone, no rock, no matter how heavy, which he cannot remove. Waiting in hope for resurrection to new life, strengthen our trust, our faith in you. Help us, Lord, in these dark, wintry days of the pandemic, to remember that this suffering, no matter how great it has been, will pass – spring has returned.

WE PRAY

***Our Father....
Hail Mary....
Glory be....***