



Jesus falls a  
second time





*Anyone who  
does not  
carry his  
cross and  
come after  
me, cannot  
be my  
disciple*

*Luke 14:27*





*Rough hewn  
Heavy beams  
Hammering, forcing the  
shoulders  
Of those who carry them.  
So great the strain,  
So grotesque  
The misshapen bodies beneath.*

*The throng emerge  
As an unseen multitude  
Beneath the horizon  
Bathed in the pale light*

*Different races, peoples  
Prostrate on their knees.  
Heaving their own load –  
They have no escape*





*Something surges forward  
Fixing gazing eyes  
On the one who leads the way.  
In him a difference.  
With his arms  
Clinging the rough wood  
That bends him down.  
He seems to have a purpose  
He seems to know the sense . . .  
On his knees,  
He draws them all.*





## We Pray

*Lord,  
To pick up our cross  
And follow you  
Is a difficult request*

*It may be that  
In today's world  
Our responsibilities  
Are our crosses.*

*Whatever the cross,  
May we understand  
That only  
With you  
The burden  
is light.*





Jesus meets  
the women of  
Jerusalem





*Daughters of  
Jerusalem  
Do not weep  
for me  
But weep for  
yourselves  
and for your  
children.*

*Luke 27:28*





*Mothers weeping  
Lamenting  
By the well-worn path  
Trodden daily by the  
convicted  
Being led to death.*

*Injustice  
Manifest  
Before their very eyes:  
An innocent seized.  
A horrendous crime.*

*They know him –  
A firstborn child  
Nurture  
By his mother  
Like a sapling.  
He lived among them  
Curing their ills  
Soothing their pain  
Embracing their children.*





*Should evil be returned for good?*

*Mothers of the world  
Do not weep for me  
Weep for yourselves.  
Weep for your children.*

*Look at your vulnerable offspring,  
The children you nurtured  
In your womb.  
Can you spare them  
From the violence of war?  
From devastation  
Of nuclear attacks?  
From barbed wire  
That tortures their flesh?*

*Mothers weeping  
And lamenting  
On the roads of the world.*





*Your cry resounds  
Throughout all of history:  
It is heard  
In Ramah . . . Bethlehem  
In Kosovo . . . In Rwanda  
In Hiroshima . . . In Auschwitz  
In Darfur . . . In Afghanistan and Iraq*

*There is no end to  
The tears  
Running from your eyes.*

*Mothers on the journey of life,  
Trust the green wood,  
The innocent SON  
Who has strength  
To carry your sorrow,  
To give your children hope*





## *We Pray*

*Jesus, you are  
The beginning  
And the end,  
The one who leads us  
Out of death into life.*

*Help us be people  
Who nurture,  
Giving life to those  
Who feel abandoned  
Or let down in any way.*





Jesus falls for  
a third time





*The weight of the whole world  
Pressed on the dust of the road  
Rejected  
Wasted.*

*The thick timber  
Holding his neck –  
Pinned like a mouse in its trap!*

*Who could ever rise again  
After such a fall!*

*No one passing by  
No weeping women  
No consoling friends  
No mother's touch  
To comfort, to reassure . . .  
Not even the jeering throng.*

*Crushed and alone.  
Where is God?*





*Mingled with the dust of the earth  
Held down  
Exhausted.  
Under the vastness  
The immensity  
Of a pale blue sky.*

*Can anyone ever stand again  
After such a fall?*

*The ONE who trusts,*

*Far above the pale blue sky  
The sun beams its light,  
Bathing the wood.  
Resting on his face.*





## We Pray

*Lord Jesus, when all  
Looks to be too much,  
When we feel overburdened by  
life,  
When nothing  
Makes sense any longer,  
Allow the warmth  
Of your love to touch us.*

*Give us the strength  
To say our AMEN  
To God and to trust  
In the Father's care.*

