

The Eleventh Station
Jesus is nailed to the Cross



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

It is the sheer unmitigated cruelty of it which disgusts us first of all. It seems unbelievable that people created in the image and likeness of God, should be able to sink to such depths. We call such acts barbaric, inhuman.

Cruelty survives today on a grand scale— the concentration camps..... the violence of modern crime.....the savage cruelty of some towards their children, their parents, the elderly and the sick.

With me it may be a question of motes and beams turned back to front.

I am so scandalised by the viciousness of some, that I scarcely notice the speck of inhumanity in myself— my barbed wit..... my lack of charity towards motorists or pedestrians.....my ignoring of those I don't want to like my willingness to gossip and say something hurtfulmy condescension to those I perceive to be less knowledgeable than myself.....my impatience with those younger ———or older than myself.

Pinpricks—-which beside Christ's wounds are as nothing, but these are my faults, for which I am answerable.

Help me, Jesus, to heal the wounds caused by hate, and to show to all people the love you have shown to me.

'Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us.'

I love you, Jesus, my love above all things; I repent with my whole heart for having offended you. Never permit me to separate myself from you again.

Grant that I may love you always; and then do with me what you will.