

The Fourth Station  
**Jesus meets his Blessed Mother**



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

Can we really imagine this?

The summit of a mother's selflessness— the giving of her son.

Even if she knew all that was involved— it was still a loss.....an inexpressible anguish .....a suffering with him in perfect sympathy.....a weight of sadness that there was so little she could do to help..... a contentment that she could be with him and comfort him.

Isn't this often a mother's and a father's sorrow? The loss, for a time, of their children?

Isn't this, too, a child's sorrow? To be cut off from his parents by misunderstanding ..... a desire for freedom from control .....loneliness..... a feeling of being unwanted?

Young people have their own cross to carry to the top of their own Calvary.

On the way they need the affection, sympathy, security of their family— who perhaps , like Mary, can do so little to help.

Help me, Mary, to take my cue from you.....to bear, if need be, the sight of my children leaving me.....to be with them when I'm needed.....to hide from them my sadness.

Help me, Jesus, to be understanding with my parents, and to let them help me.

**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.**