

The Ninth Station
Jesus falls the Third Time



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

We can scarcely blame the onlookers if they failed to see this as a triumphal journey. The psalmist's description is accurate enough —

' I am a worm and not a man, the scorn of men and despised of the people.

I am poured out like water, and all my bones are disjointed.

My heart has become like wax, melting away within my breast.

My throat is dried up like a potsherd, my tongue cleaves to my jaws, and in the dust of death you have laid me.'

A description, in its way, of me, Weak of will , lax of conscience dry of love.

In such a state I deserve to be despised.

I need both goading and encouraging.

You speak to me, Lord, when I pray— encourage me to listen to you patiently.

You speak to me, Lord, when I am reading or listening to a sermon—

encourage me to listen humbly..... Intelligently.....without undue criticism.

Unless I become as a little child, I shall not enter the kingdom of heaven.

Lord goad me to perfection.

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.