

Meditations for the Stations of the Cross
From the Writings of the Servant of God
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The Little Daughter of the Divine Will

PREPARATORY PRAYER

O my Mother Mary, in looking at the Face of Sorrowful Jesus, pale, sad, harrowing, the memory of the Pains that He is about to Suffer awakens in You. You foresee His Face covered with spit and You Bless it, His Head pierced by the thorns, His Eyes blinded, His Body tortured by the scourges, His Hands and Feet pierced by the nails; and wherever He is about to go, You follow Him with Your Blessings. And I too will follow Him together with You. When Jesus is struck by the scourges, crowned with thorns, slapped, pierced by the nails, everywhere He will find my *“I bless You”* together with Yours.

And now, O my Jesus, let my poor heart draw Life from Your Heart, that I may Live only with Your Heart; and in each offense You receive, let me be ever ready to offer You a relief, a comfort, a reparation, an act of love, never interrupted.

I will follow You in everything, to keep You faithful company.

My afflicted Good, I offer You these Stations of the Cross in memory of Your Passion and Death, to disarm the Just Wrath of God for the so many sins, for the Triumph of the Holy Church, for the Conversion of all sinners, for Peace among peoples, especially our country, for our Sanctification, in Suffrage for the purging souls, that Your Kingdom come Soon, and that It be Known, Loved and Possessed by the human generations.

FIRST STATION

Jesus is Condemned to Death

Not knowing what else to do, for fear of being deposed, Pilate has a bucket of water brought to him, and washing his hands, he says, *“I am not responsible for the Blood of this Just One.”* And he condemns You to death.

But the Jews cry out, *“May His Blood fall upon us and upon our children!”* And in seeing You condemned, they make feast, they clap their hands, they whistle and shout; while You, O Jesus, Repair for those who, finding themselves in high positions, out of vain fear and in order not to lose their places, break the Most Sacred Laws, not caring about the ruin of entire peoples, favoring the evil and condemning the innocent. You Repair also for those who, after sin, provoke the Divine Wrath to punish them.

And now, my Crucified Good, in the name of all generations, past, present and future, together with Your Mama and with all the Angels, I prostrate myself before You and say to You, *“We Adore You, O Christ, and we Bless You, because by Your Holy Cross You have Redeemed the world.”*

SECOND STATION

Jesus is Made to Carry His Cross

You let the Cross be placed upon Your Most Holy Shoulders. Ah, my Jesus, the Cross is too light for Your Love, but the weight of our sins unites to that of the Cross—enormous and immense, as the expanse of the Heavens. And You, my wearied Good, You feel crushed under the weight of so many sins. Your Soul is horrified at their sight, and feels the pain of each sin. Your Sanctity remains shaken before so much ugliness, and as the Cross weighs upon Your Shoulders, You stagger, You pant, and a mortal sweat creeps through Your Most Holy Humanity. O please, I pray you, my Love—I don’t have the heart to leave You alone—I want to share the weight of the Cross with You; and to relieve You from the weight of sins, I cling to Your Feet. I want to give You, in the name of all creatures, Love for those who do not love You, Praises for those who despise You, Blessings, Thanksgivings, Obedience on behalf of all. I promise that in any offense You receive, I intend to offer You all of myself in Reparation, to do the acts opposite to the offenses the creatures give You, and to console You with my kisses and continuous acts of Love. But I see that I am too miserable; I need You to be able to really Repair You. Therefore I unite myself to Your Most Holy Humanity, and together with You I unite my thoughts to Yours in order to Repair for the evil thoughts—mine, and of all; my eyes to Yours, to Repair for the evil glances; my

mouth to Yours, to Repair for the blasphemies and the evil discourses; my heart to Yours, to Repair for the evil tendencies, desires and affections. In a word, I want to Repair everything that Your Most Holy Humanity Repairs, uniting myself to the Immensity of Your Love for all, and to the Immense Good You do to all.

And now, my Crucified Good, in the name of all generations, past, present and future, together with Your Mama and with all the Angels, I prostrate myself before You and say to You, *“We Adore You, O Christ, and we Bless You, because by Your Holy Cross You have Redeemed the world.”*

THIRD STATION

Jesus Falls the First Time

My Most Patient Jesus, I see You take the first steps under the enormous weight of the Cross and I unite my steps to Yours, and when You, weak, bled dry and staggering, are about to fall, I will be at Your side to sustain You; I will place my shoulders beneath It, so as to share Its weight with You. Do not disdain me, but accept me as Your faithful companion. O Jesus, You look at me, and I see that You Repair for those who do not carry their crosses with resignation, but rather, they swear, get irritated, commit suicide, and commit murders. And for all You impetrate Love and Resignation to their crosses. But Your Pain is such that You feel crushed under the Cross. You have taken only the first steps, and You already fall under It.

My fallen Love, let me help You to stand, let me kiss You, dry Your Blood, and Repair together with You for those who sin out of ignorance, fragility and weakness. I pray You to give help to these souls.

And now, my Crucified Good, in the name of all generations, past, present and future, together with Your Mama and with all the Angels, I prostrate myself before You and say to You, *“We Adore You, O Christ, and we Bless You, because by Your Holy Cross You have Redeemed the world.”*

FOURTH STATION

Jesus Meets His Blessed Mother

Your Mama, who is searching for You like a moaning dove, wants to tell You one last word, and receive Your Last Gaze; and You feel Her pains, Her Heart lacerated in Yours, and moved and wounded by Her Love and by Yours. You notice Her now pushing Her way through the crowd, wanting at any cost to see You, to hug You, to give You the last good-bye. But You are more transfixed in seeing Her mortal paleness, and all of Your Pains reproduced in Her by force of Love. If She lives, it is only by a miracle of Your Omnipotence. You now move Your steps toward Hers, but You can hardly exchange a glance!

O, pang of Your two Hearts! The soldiers notice it, and with blows and shoving prevent Mama and Son from exchanging the last good-bye. The torment of both is such that Your Mama remains petrified by the pain, and is about to die.

My suffering Jesus, I too unite with the pierced Mama. I make all Your Pains, and every Drop of Your Blood my own; in each Wound I want to act as a mama for You, and together with Her, and with You, I Repair for all the dangerous encounters, and for those who expose themselves to occasions of sin, or, forced by necessity to be exposed, remain entangled in sin.

And now, my Crucified Good, in the name of all generations, past, present and future, together with Your Mama and with all the Angels, I prostrate myself before You and say to You, *“We Adore You, O Christ, and we Bless You, because by Your Holy Cross You have Redeemed the world.”*

FIFTH STATION

Simon of Cyrene Helps Jesus to Carry the Cross

Your enemies, for fear that You may die under It, force the Cyrenean to help You carry the Cross. Unwilling and complaining, he helps You—not out of love, but by force. Then all the complaints of those who suffer, the lack of resignation, the rebellions, the anger and despising in suffering, echo in Your Heart. But You remain even more pierced in seeing that souls Consecrated to You, whom You call to be Your help and companions in Your suffering, escape You; and if You hug them to Yourself through suffering—ah, they wriggle free from Your Arms to look for pleasures, and so they leave You alone, suffering!

My Jesus, while I Repair with You, I pray you to hold me in Your Arms, but so tightly that there may be no pain that You suffer in which I do not take part, so as to be Transformed in them and make up for the abandonment of all creatures.

And now, my Crucified Good, in the name of all generations, past, present and future, together with Your Mama and with all the Angels, I prostrate myself before You and say to You, *“We Adore You, O Christ, and we Bless You, because by Your Holy Cross You have Redeemed the world.”*

SIXTH STATION

Veronica Wipes the Face of Jesus

My Jesus, overcome with weariness, all bent over, You can hardly walk; but I see that You stop and try to look. My Heart, what is it? What are You looking for? Ah, it is Veronica, who, fearless and courageous, with a cloth dries Your Face all covered with Blood, and You leave Your Face impressed on it, as a sign of Gratitude. My Generous Jesus, I too want to dry You, but not with a cloth; I want to expose all of myself to Relieve You, I want to enter into Your interior and give You, O Jesus, Heartbeat for heartbeat, Breath for breath, Affection for affection, Desire for desire. I intend to dive into Your Most Holy Intelligence, and making all these Heartbeats, Breaths, Affections and Desires flow in the Immensity of Your Will, I intend to multiply them to Infinity. I want, O my Jesus, to form waves of Heartbeats, so that not one evil heartbeat may resound in Your Heart, and so soothe all Your interior bitternesses. I intend to form waves of Affections and Desires to cast away all evil affections and desires that might, even slightly, sadden Your Heart. Still more, O my Jesus, I intend to form waves of Breaths and Thoughts, to cast away any breath or thought that could slightly displease You. I will be on guard, O Jesus, so that nothing else may afflict You, adding more bitterness to Your interior pains. O my Jesus, O please, let all of my interior swim in the Immensity of Yours; in this way I will be able to find enough Love and Will, so that no evil love may enter Your interior, nor a will that may displease You.

And now, my Crucified Good, in the name of all generations, past, present and future, together with Your Mama and with all the Angels, I prostrate myself before You and say to You, *“We Adore You, O Christ, and we Bless You, because by Your Holy Cross You have Redeemed the world.”*

SEVENTH STATION

Jesus Falls the Second Time

Meanwhile, You moan, fallen under the Cross. The soldiers fear that You may die under the weight of so many martyrdoms, and from the shedding of so much Blood. In spite of this, by lashes and kicks, with difficulty, they manage to put You on Your feet again. So You Repair for repeated falls into sin, for mortal sins committed by every class of people, and You Pray for obstinate sinners, shedding tears of Blood for their conversion.

The Cross, with Its heavy weight, digs into Your Shoulder, to the extent of forming a Wound so deep that the bones are exposed. And at every step, it seems that You are dying, and unable to move any further. But Your Love, which can do everything, gives You Strength, and as You feel the Cross penetrate into Your Shoulder, You Repair for the hidden sins; those which, not being Repaired, increase the bitterness of Your spasms. My Jesus, let me place my shoulder under the Cross to Relieve You and Repair with You for all hidden sins.

And now, my Crucified Good, in the name of all generations, past, present and future, together with Your Mama and with all the Angels, I prostrate myself before You and say to You, *“We Adore You, O Christ, and we Bless You, because by Your Holy Cross You have Redeemed the world.”*

EIGHTH STATION

Jesus Speaks to the Women of Jerusalem

In the meantime, the enemies, disapproving of this act of Veronica, flog You, push You, and shove You on the way! A few more steps and You stop again. Even under the weight of so much suffering, Your Love does not stop, and on seeing the pious women weeping because of Your Pains, You forget Yourself and console them, saying, *“Daughters, do not weep over My Pains, but over your sins and over your children.”* What a Sublime Teaching; how Sweet is Your Word! O Jesus, with You I Repair for the lack of Charity, and I ask You for the Grace of making me forget myself, to remember nothing but You Alone.

And now, my Crucified Good, in the name of all generations, past, present and future, together with Your Mama and with all the Angels, I prostrate myself before You and say to You, *“We Adore You, O Christ, and we Bless You, because by Your Holy Cross You have Redeemed the world.”*

NINTH STATION

Jesus Falls the Third Time

On hearing You Speak, Your enemies become furious, they pull You by the ropes, and push You with such rage as to make You fall. As You fall, You knock against the stones, the weight of the Cross crushes You, and You feel You are dying! Let me sustain You, and protect Your Most Holy Face with my hands. I see You touch the ground and gasp in Your Blood. But Your enemies want to make You stand; they pull You by the ropes, they lift You by Your Hair, they kick You—but all in vain. You are dying, my Jesus! What pain—my heart breaks with grief! And almost dragging You, they take You up to Mount Calvary. As they drag You, I hear You Repair for all the offenses of the souls Consecrated to You, which weigh upon You so much that, as much as You try to stand, You cannot! And so, dragged and trampled upon, You reach Calvary, leaving behind You the red trace of Your Precious Blood.

And now, my Crucified Good, in the name of all generations, past, present and future, together with Your Mama and with all the Angels, I prostrate myself before You and say to You, *“We Adore You, O Christ, and we Bless You, because by Your Holy Cross You have Redeemed the world.”*

TENTH STATION

Jesus is Stripped of His Garments

But New Sufferings await You on Calvary. They strip You again, tearing off both garment and crown of thorns. Ah, You groan in feeling the thorns being torn from inside Your Head. And as they pull Your garment, they tear also the Lacerated Flesh attached to it. The Wounds rip open, Your Blood flows to the ground in torrents; and the pain is such that, almost dead, You fall.

My stripped Jesus, allow me to hold You to my heart to warm You, as I see that You are shivering and an icy mortal sweat invades Your Most Holy Humanity. How I would want to give You my life—my blood to take the place of Yours, which You have lost to give me Life!

In the meantime, barely looking at me with His Languishing and Dying Eyes, Jesus seems to tell me, *“My child, how much souls cost Me! This is the place where I Wait for everyone in order to Save them, where I want to Repair for the sins of those who arrive at degrading themselves lower than beasts, and are so obstinate in offending Me as to reach the point of not being able to live without committing sins. Their minds remain blinded, and they sin wildly. This is why they crown Me with thorns for the third time. And by being stripped, I Repair for those who wear luxurious and indecent clothing, for the sins against modesty, and for those who are so bound to riches, honors and pleasures, as to make of them a god for their hearts. Ah, yes, each one of these offenses is a death that I feel; and if I do not die, it is because the Will of My Eternal Father has not yet Decreed the moment of My Death!*

My stripped Good, while I Repair with You, I Pray you to strip me of everything with Your Most Holy Hands, and not to allow that any bad affection may enter into my heart. Watch over it; surround it with Your Pains; fill it with Your Love. May my life be nothing but the Repetition of Yours; strengthen my stripping with Your Blessing; Bless me from Your Heart, and give me the Strength to be present at Your Sorrowful Crucifixion, to remain Crucified with You!

And now, my Crucified Good, in the name of all generations, past, present and future, together with Your Mama and with all the Angels, I prostrate myself before You and say to You, *“We Adore You, O Christ, and we Bless You, because by Your Holy Cross You have Redeemed the world.”*

ELEVENTH STATION
Jesus is Nailed to the Cross

Meanwhile, my Jesus, You look at the Cross that Your enemies are preparing for You. You hear the blows of the hammer with which Your executioners are forming the holes into which they will drive the nails that will hold You Crucified. And Your Heart Beats, more and more strongly, jumping with Divine Inebriation, yearning to lay Yourself upon that bed of pain, to seal with Your Death the salvation of our souls. And now I hear You say, *“O please, O Cross, receive Me soon into your arms, I am impatient of waiting! Holy Cross, upon you I will come to give Completion to all. Hurry, O Cross, fulfill the Burning Desire that Consumes Me, to Give Life to souls. Delay no more; I Anxiously Yearn to lay Myself upon you in order to Open Heaven to all My children.*

“O Cross, it is true that you are My Martyrdom, but in a little while you will also be My Victory and My Most Complete Triumph; and through you I will give Abundant Inheritances, Victories, Triumphs and Crowns to My children.”

As Jesus is saying this, His enemies command Him to lay Himself upon It; and promptly He Obeys, to Repair for our disobediences.

My Love, before You lay Yourself on the Cross, allow me to hold You more tightly to my heart, and to kiss Your Loving and Bleeding Wounds. Hear me, O Jesus, I do not want to leave You; I want to come with You, to lay myself on the Cross and remain nailed to It with You. True Love does not tolerate separation, and You will forgive the daring of my love. Concede that I be crucified with You. See, my Tender Love, I am not the only one to ask this of You, but also Your sorrowful Mama, inseparable Magdalene, faithful John—we all say to You that it would be more bearable to be nailed with You to Your Cross, than to see You Crucified alone! Therefore, together with You I offer myself to the Eternal Father—identified with Your Will, with Your Heart, with Your Reparations and with all Your Pains.

Ah, it seems that my Adored Jesus says to me, *“My child, you have anticipated My Love; this is My Will: that all those who Love Me be crucified with Me. Ah, yes, you also come and lay yourself on the Cross with Me; I will give you Life with My Life, I will hold you as the beloved of My Heart.”*

And the executioners Crucify You.

O Jesus, do not disdain anyone! May Your nails nail our powers, so that they may not move away from You; may they nail our hearts, so that they may always be fixed in You Alone; may they nail all our feelings, so that they may have no taste that does not come from You. O my Crucified Jesus, I see You all Bleeding, as though swimming in a Bath of Blood, which Asks Continuously for souls. So by the Power of this Blood, I ask You, O Jesus, that not one of them may escape You ever again!

O my Jesus, alas, how tortured is Your poor Heart! How to comfort so much pain? I will diffuse myself in You; I will place my heart in Yours, my ardent desires in Yours, so that any evil desire may be destroyed. I will diffuse my love in Yours, so that by means of Your Fire, the hearts of all creatures may be burned, and the profane loves destroyed. Your Most Sacred Heart will be comforted, and from now on I promise You, O Jesus, always to remain nailed to this Most Loving Heart, with the nails of Your Desires, of Your Love and of Your Will.

O my Jesus—Crucified You; crucified me in You. Do not allow me, even slightly, to unnailed myself from You, but let me always be nailed to You to be able to Love You and Repair for all, and to Soothe the Pain that the creatures give You with their sins.

My Crucified Jesus, may Your Nails be driven into my heart, so that there may be no heartbeat, affection or desire that does not feel their pricking; and may the blood which this heart of mine will shed, be the balm that soothes all of Your Wounds.

And now, my Crucified Good, in the name of all generations, past, present and future, together with Your Mama and with all the Angels, I prostrate myself before You and say to You, *“We Adore You, O Christ, and we Bless You, because by Your Holy Cross You have Redeemed the world.”*

TWELFTH STATION

Jesus Dies on the Cross

My dying Crucified, Jesus, You are now about to give the last Breaths of Your Mortal Life; Your Most Holy Humanity is already stiffened; Your Heart seems to beat no longer. With Magdalene I cling to Your Feet and, if it were possible, I would like to give my life to revive Yours.

Meanwhile, O Jesus, I see that You open Your dying eyes again, and You look around from the Cross, as though wanting to give the last good-bye to all. You look at Your dying Mama, who no longer has motion or voice, so many are the pains She feels; and You say, *“Good-bye Mama, I am leaving, but I will keep You in My Heart. You, take care of My children and Yours.”* You look at crying Magdalene, faithful John and Your very enemies, and with Your Gazes You say to them, *“I Forgive you; I give you the Kiss of Peace.”* Nothing escapes Your Gaze; You take leave of everyone and forgive everyone. Then, You gather all Your Strengths, and with a loud and thundering Voice, You cry out, *“Father, into Your Hands I commend My Spirit.”*

And bowing Your Head, You breathe Your last.

My Jesus, at this cry all nature is shaken and cries over Your Death—the Death of its Creator! The earth trembles strongly; and with its trembling, it seems to be crying and wanting to shake up souls to recognize You as True God. The veil of the Temple is torn; the dead are risen; the sun, which until now had cried over Your Pains, has withdrawn its light with horror. At this cry, Your enemies fall on their knees, and beating their breasts, they say, *“Truly He is the Son of God.”* And Your Mother, petrified and dying, suffers pains harder than death.

My dead Jesus, with this cry You also place all of us into the Hands of the Father, because You do not reject us. Therefore You cry out loudly, not only with Your Voice, but with all Your Pains and with the Voices of Your Blood, *“Father, into Your Hands I commend My Spirit and all souls.”* My Jesus, I too abandon myself in You; and You give me the Grace to die completely in Your Love—in Your Will, and I Pray that You never permit me, either in life or in death, to go out of Your Most Holy Will. Meanwhile I intend to Repair for all those who do not abandon themselves perfectly to Your Most Holy Will, therefore losing or maiming the Precious Gift of Your Redemption. What is not the sorrow of Your Heart, O my Jesus, in seeing so many creatures escaping from Your Arms and abandoning themselves to themselves? Have Pity on all, O my Jesus—have Pity on me.

And now, my Crucified Good, in the name of all generations, past, present and future, together with Your Mama and with all the Angels, I prostrate myself before You and say to You, *“We Adore You, O Christ, and we Bless You, because by Your Holy Cross You have Redeemed the world.”*

THIRTEENTH STATION

Jesus is Taken Down from the Cross

My dead Jesus, I see that Your disciples hasten to depose You from the Cross. Joseph and Nicodemus, who have remained hidden until now, with courage and without fearing anything, now want to give You an Honorable Burial. And so they take hammers and pincers, to perform the sacred and sad unnauling from the Cross, while Your Pierced Mama stretches out Her Maternal arms to receive You on Her lap.

My Jesus, while they unnaul You, I too want to help Your disciples to sustain Your Most Holy Body; and with the nails they remove from You, nail me completely to Yourself. And with Your Holy Mother, I want to Adore You and Kiss You, and then Enclose myself in Your Heart, Never to Leave Again.

And now, my Crucified Good, in the name of all generations, past, present and future, together with Your Mama and with all the Angels, I prostrate myself before You and say to You, *“We Adore You, O Christ, and we Bless You, because by Your Holy Cross You have Redeemed the world.”*

FOURTEENTH STATION

Jesus is Laid in the Tomb

My Sorrowful Mama, I see that You dispose Yourself to the Final Sacrifice of having to give Burial to Your lifeless Son, Jesus. Most Perfectly Resigned to the Will of God, You accompany Him, and You place Him in the sepulcher with Your own hands. And now, my afflicted Mama, allow me to kiss His Heart and to lap up His Most Precious Blood; and You Yourself, enclose His Heart in mine, that I may Live of His Love, of His Desires, of His Pains. Lastly, take the stiffened right Hand of Jesus, that He may give me the last Blessing.

The stone closes the sepulcher. And You, tortured, kiss it, and crying You give Him the last good-bye and depart. But Your pain is so great, that You remain almost petrified as Your blood runs cold. My Pierced Mama, together with You, I say good-bye to Jesus; and crying, I want to compassionate You and accompany You in Your bitter desolation. I want to place myself at Your side, to give You a word of comfort, a gaze of compassion at each sigh, strain and sorrow of Yours. I will gather Your tears, and I will sustain You in my arms, if I see You faint.

And now, Desolate Mama, I thank You in the name of all for everything You have suffered; and I pray You, for the sake of Your bitter desolation, to come to my assistance at the moment of my death. When I find myself alone and abandoned by all, in the midst of a thousand anxieties and fears—come then, to return to me the company that I have given You many times in life. Come to my assistance; place Yourself beside me, and put the enemy to flight. Wash my soul with Your tears, Cover me with the Blood of Jesus, Clothe me with His Merits, Embellish me and Heal me with Your Sorrows and with all the Pains and Works of Jesus; and by Virtue of them, let all my sins disappear, giving me Total Forgiveness. And as I breathe my last, receive me into Your arms, place me under Your mantle, hide me from the gaze of the enemy, take me straight to Heaven, and place me in the Arms of Jesus. Let us make this agreement, my Dear Mama!

And now, I pray you to return the company I have given You to all those who are agonizing. Be the Mama of all; these are Extreme Moments, and Great Aids are needed. Therefore, do not deny Your Maternal Office to anyone.

One last word: as I leave You, I pray you to enclose me in the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus; and You, my Sorrowful Mama, be my Sentry, so that Jesus may not put me out of it; and I, even if I wanted, may not be able to leave. So I kiss Your Maternal hand; and You, bless me.

And now, my Crucified Good, in the name of all generations, past, present and future, together with Your Mama and with all the Angels, I prostrate myself before You and say to You, *“We Adore You, O Christ, and we Bless You, because by Your Holy Cross You have Redeemed the world.”*

CLOSING PRAYER

O my Jesus, not one act escapes You that does not keep me present and that does not intend to do me a Special Good. So I pray you that Your Passion be always in my mind, in my heart, in my gazes, in my steps and in my pains, so that, wherever I turn, inside and outside of myself, I may always find You Present in me. And You, give me the Grace never to forget what You have Borne and Suffered for me. May this be my magnet, which, drawing my whole being into You, will never again allow me to go far away from You. Amen.

**Pray one Our Father, Hail Mary and Glory Be
for the Special Intentions of the Holy Father**