

## **The Passion of The Sacred Heart and the Way of the Cross**

Your most Holy gift of Yourself You gave to us, dear Lord, without any reservation. To us the Father gave His only Son, because of His great Love. You, dear Jesus, being fully human, were subject to the same fears, pain, suffering and abandonment as we are. Your human self desired our human hearts so greatly in Your Sorrow. (Can you not stay and pray with me for even an hour?) Yet your Divine Love lifted above this human loneliness and sorrow and You gave Yourself fully for our Redemption. Lord, help us in our struggles and sorrows to walk that path to the Cross with You. Teach us to love like You and be willing to give all to You as You gave all for us. Lead us so that we may enter into Your Sacred Heart, so full of Love for Your people, so full of the Treasures of Your Love, yet also crowned with thorns, bearing the Cross and the Wounds of our transgressions and our Redemption.

Readings: Matthew 26:20 through 27:66; Mark 14:17-15:47; Luke 22:14-23:56; John chapters 13-19. Pick a section of any of these Gospels that relates to the segment of the Passion you wish to meditate on today (see prayer poems sequence). Psalms 142, 143

Response: Go to Passion poems. Enter into it as though you are there experiencing it in the first person. Let His Heart touch your heart in your own special way and draw you to Him.

Reflection: Your love for me, my Lord, is overwhelming to my heart. Let me drink in this love and return it to You, Most Sacred Heart. May my love, though imperfect, touch Your Heart as I love and worship You; May my love, though imperfect, touch You through my love and compassion for Your people, to the Least of These. May You know that Your Sacrifice was not in vain--that Your Love was seen and felt by me and by those touched by me. May I be Your hands and Your Heart in Your world.

## PRAYER POEMS FOR "THE PASSION"

### Floodgate of Love

O Holy Communion of Life and Love,  
My Precious Lord,  
I see as through Your eyes  
That Upper Room  
So warm, so full of Your Precious Love  
And their hope in You.  
Your Heart wells up with Love,  
Your eyes with tears,  
As you slowly gaze at them, so innocent...  
How Your Heart desires to hold this moment.  
How Your Heart desires to hold their faith  
And touch their hearts with Your Love.  
Your Heart tears as You tear the bread  
Knowing all too soon they will betray You, deny You.  
How You long for their innocent love,  
Their trusting faith, to hold in Your Heart  
Protecting it from the darkness to come!  
As You hold the bread in Your hands, hesitating,  
Everything You are pours into this Bread.  
As You break the Bread,  
Your Sacred Heart breaks also.  
The Passion begins.  
Sharing Your Broken Body with those You love  
Your Sacred Heart burns, longing for this moment:  
"I have longed with all my Heart to share this supper with you."  
You look deep into the chalice of red wine.  
A tear drops and mingles with the wine of forgiveness,  
A token of Your humanity and ours.  
As You speak Your words of Love  
The wine becomes Your Precious Blood.  
As You gaze into the depths of the chalice  
You see what is to come, drinking in with Your Spirit  
Your Covenant of Love.  
Passing the Chalice of Your Blood to Your people,  
They drink of it, sealing their Covenant with You  
In Your Eternal Love.

O Holy Communion of Love,  
You stand before us like a floodgate,  
Aching to pour forth Your contents,  
You long for and wait for our glance of recognition!  
A faithful, loving glance and Your Host Body

Crumbles as the floodgate opens  
And we are flooded with Your Graces and Love  
And made new.

O Sacred Floodgate of Love  
Break through our hearts and flood our souls!

### **Gethsemane of the Heart**

There is a chill to this place  
Where I crouch, waiting, shivering.  
There is a darkness,  
Here among the olive trees,  
Isolating in its concealment,  
Chilling to the soul.

I wait, my Lord, on You.  
I know You are here, alone, waiting.  
“Pray with Me, wait with Me,” You plead.  
I feel through the darkness  
Warmth from the Heart I can't see.  
Moving toward this warmth,  
My heart comes alive as I draw nearer.  
I cannot see You now  
But You lead me to You,  
Drawing me in Silence into Your Sacred Heart.

I kneel before You, my Sorrowful King.  
Tears come as I watch You weep,  
Calling out the name of each of Your lost sheep.

I long to comfort You.  
I wish my love could be enough!  
To dry Your tears, my Lord.  
To comfort Your Heart, O Divine Love!

The arms of my imperfect love  
Surround Your sorrowful frame.  
My hand reaches to wipe  
Drops of Blood from Your brow.  
Take comfort, my Lord!  
Take comfort, I plead!

For a moment in Your Eternity  
You look away from Your Sorrow  
And Your eyes meet mine.  
Your eyes searching deeply

Erase all thoughts of anything else  
From my soul.  
Your Heart reaches for mine and  
For a moment there is only Peace;  
For a moment there is only Love;  
And in that Silence of Peace  
I know what I must do  
After resting in Your Love  
I must return to  
Finding Your sheep.

### **Beggar King**

As I walk, You walk with me.  
As my steps grow closer to Yours  
You form my feelings,  
You cast my thoughts.  
Drawing me closer,  
You open my soul.

My heart, made pliable by You,  
And vulnerable to Your ways,  
Moves to Your desire.

I pause on a grassy knoll.  
I sense Your Presence deepening now  
As You lead me to Your feet.  
That grassy knoll,  
So close to Calvary,  
Holds Your Cross.

My heart is drawn to Your Heart  
By Your desire.  
You reveal to me Your Sacred Heart  
So exposed in all its tenderness,  
So open to the human world.  
Your Heart, my Jesus, still beating,  
Still cries out for love, our love.

You, my Lord, show me  
How to be vulnerable;  
You teach me about masks;  
You expose me to all Your Ways.  
You show me Your Precious Heart,  
Wide-open to all our ways.  
No masks, no shield,  
Only a heart beating with longing,

Longing for us to long for You.

"I thirst," You cry out again.  
"Thirst for me!"

The unearthly softness  
Of Your Sacred Heart  
Disarms me  
As You hang on that Cross,  
So gentle, so blameless,  
So pure, so perfect,  
So much desiring  
So much more than we give.

Your Heart overflows with Mercy.  
Your Heart cries out in Silence.  
Your Heart, a sea of Tenderness,  
Begs for the love You desire.  
But we turn away from our Beggar King.  
Worse yet, we walk by  
Not even noticing that the King of Love  
Begs from a Cross.  
You would give all for the Love  
Of those who would give nothing.

In my own desire for Your Sacred Heart,  
I imagine how I would feel  
If You turned away from me and my longing,  
Or didn't notice.  
Yet every day You die again  
On that lonely Cross  
For a look of love, and  
A heart open to Yours  
That You may love.

### **Your Blessing Hands**

My eyes are drawn to Your hands  
Nailed to that Cross  
And there, through Your loving hands,  
You soften my heart.

My Lord, so full of love You are  
That every part of You  
Emanates this Precious Love.  
Though nailed, hands and feet,  
Stripped, scourged, pierced,

Breathless and lifeless,  
Your hands still rest  
In a gesture of blessing.

Your precious hands that healed us,  
That broke Your Bread and blessed Your Cup,  
Now are nailed, frozen in pain,  
Yet blessing us still.

What kind of love is this  
That blesses even in torture, even in death?  
Your Sacred Heart, unprotected,  
Allows for all we can give  
In our darkness and ignorance.  
Yet Your hands, those blessed hands  
That guide us still,  
That Sacred Heart, still open  
To our neglect and abuse,  
Yet ceaseless in pouring out  
Your Love and blessings,  
Calls us still and  
Draws our hearts to Yours.

Softened by Your pain,  
Resistance weakened by Your Love,  
I kneel before the majesty of Your Sacred Heart.  
My heart, reaching for Yours, begs Your Mercy  
Yet is sheltered in the shadow of Your Blessing Hands.

### **The Lamb Approaches**

The Lamb approaches,  
Pure of Heart, unspoiled,  
Full of Hope,  
Seeking Love.

The Lamb approaches,  
Unwilling to close His Heart,  
He takes His chances,  
Seeking Love.

The Lamb approaches  
Closer still,  
His softness inviting our touch,  
His sweetness inviting our embrace,  
His gentleness softening our hearts.  
As He searches deep into our hearts  
With His soft eyes of Love,

Do we embrace Him Drawing Him closer still  
Or do we turn away  
Leaving Him alone, unloved?  
Do we carry Him into our hearts  
Setting Him on the Throne of Love  
Or do we cast Him out  
Leaving Him alone on the Altar of Sacrifice?

This lamb, so Perfect,  
Inflames love in the pure of heart,  
Inflames hate in the dark of heart.  
There is no middle ground  
To His embrace.  
To ignore His approach,  
To refuse His loving advance,  
Is to crucify Him in our hearts  
As His soft eyes of love  
Turn away, gripped in pain,  
Broken in Heart,  
Alone, abandoned, cut down,  
Slaughtered in His  
Most loving, most soft,  
Most sweet, most Sacred Heart.

Come to us, O Sacred Heart of the Lamb,  
And let us embrace Your sweetness,  
Let us absorb Your Precious Love,  
Moving our hearts,  
Healing our souls,  
As the Lamb becomes the Shepherd  
Leading our wandering hearts home.

### **I Am, Speaks Love**

You are dragged before us like a criminal.  
You, Lord of Life, Savior God;  
You, "trouble maker," radical for Love.  
Your Words push us past the comfort zone.  
Your actions convict us causing discomfort and shame.  
Shame is not a feeling we live with well  
And forgiveness we seldom understand.

You stand in Truth, You stand in Love.  
You show us the Way, but Your Way  
Is not on our maps.

With their power given from above

Your judges look You in the eyes and ask:  
"Are You the Son of the Living God?"  
Before them stands the Truth Incarnate  
And they wait for You to lie  
To save Your human life  
When before them stands Life itself!  
Yet more blind than the blind men you healed  
Are they who say they can see.  
More guilty for they lead the innocent  
To their blindness.

"Are You the Son of God?" they repeat,  
Your Silence deafening.

"I AM," Truth speaks, softly,  
Echoing through the Words of Prophets  
And resonating with the Words of Yahweh  
From the Holy Mountain:  
"I AM THAT I AM."  
He speaks, our God, our Truth,  
And all who seek the Truth hear His voice.

"I AM," echoes in our chambers,  
Shattering all doubt,  
Absorbed by hearts of Truth,  
Repelled by hearts of darkness,  
Coming to rest, like a Dove,  
In the minds and hearts of people of faith.

The sound of the High Priest's robes tearing  
Jars any peace remaining,  
Ripping apart the heart and soul  
Of Your Presence in our temples.

Your eyes of Love follow Your people  
As they wrestle with darkness.  
"Choose me," they seem to say;  
"Choose Life."  
Human tears well up in Your Divine Eyes  
As Your gaze falls on the undecided ones.  
"Come to me," Your Heart cries.  
"Choose My Love and live with Me forever.  
It is I, You loving God!"  
But the undecided fear and turn away  
Choosing the gray that turns to darkness  
Over the Light of Truth.

Your Heart, the center of Your Church,



Is ripped out and cast aside,  
The stone rejected.  
Dragged through the streets  
Into the arena of the secular world,  
We place You before them  
Then abandon You in fear.  
Your Sacred Heart, so overflowing,  
Stands alone, crying out for Love.  
Already pierced in Your Heart,  
A million times and more,  
By our turning away from  
Your Heart of Love.

You stand alone, O Heart of Love,  
Breaking for us,  
Pouring out Your Blood of Redemption  
To a world untouched.  
Let our hearts run to Yours, O Lord,  
And fill us with Your Love You ache to share.  
Let Your Blood of Redemption  
Surge through our hearts into our souls  
Becoming rivers of love  
Touching all who thirst for You.

### **Crown of Thorns**

Crown of thorns  
Piercing through to the skull,  
Every movement piercing deeper still,  
Shooting pain to all parts of You,  
Reminder of the Sacred Head  
That should be adorned with  
Our greatest gifts, our most adoring love,  
Is instead pierced with the agony  
Of humiliation and ridicule.

Your eyes close, too painful to open,  
As Your Precious Blood flows,  
Blinding You, stinging Your eyes.  
Close Your eyes, dear Lord,  
To our ignorance,  
To our arrogance,  
To our blindness.

Let us gently bathe Your face

With the waters of our repentance.  
Let us tenderly remove each thorn  
By our acts of deep sacrificial love.  
Let us soothe each wound  
With the kiss of our hearts  
Given completely over to You.  
Let us tenderly love You back  
Until the day when Your Heart moves  
With the joy of love returned  
And Your eyes open again  
To our hearts on fire for Your Love.

### **Drawn to Your Cross**

As I approach You,  
Slowly bringing myself  
Into Your Presence,  
I see You trembling,  
Shaking with pain.  
You gasp for breath,  
Your brow dripping with Blood,  
Your Body a mass of  
Bruises and torn flesh.

I want to meet Your eyes  
But I am afraid.  
How can my human heart endure  
The pain I see in Your face?

You are so Holy.  
You are so Pure.  
Your Sacred Heart bursting with love  
Slowly loses it's beat  
And soon will be still.

Your eyes raise to meet mine  
As You are gasping Your last breaths.  
How can I look away?  
There, as You struggle with Your  
last moments of life,  
I meet Your eyes.  
Your trembling becomes mine  
As I gaze into Your eyes of Eternal Love.  
Melting within, I tremble, I fall,  
Robbed of strength to resist.

In Your eyes, a landscape of love

Spreads before me leading to  
Your Sacred Heart,  
The Eternal City,  
Full of Light with no shadows,  
Flowing with sweetness like honey.  
For a moment I forget  
The pain and trembling and gasping,  
Lost in Your Love and Sweetness.

Then Your eyelids flutter closed.  
“No!” I scream. “Not this! Not now! Please!”  
Your Sacred Head drops to Your shoulder.  
I reach out to You  
As Life drains from Your Body.  
It slumps, tearing your numb flesh.  
My heart bursts at this site!  
“Please let me love You back to life!” I cry.

Darkness gathers, the earth shakes.  
Disoriented, I stumble at Your feet.  
I reach out to touch Your lifeless Body.  
Your Blood on my hands,  
I bury myself in You.  
Forgive me, Lord, my soul cries out!

Remembering Your promises,  
My heart grows still.

Forgive me, Lord, I breath.  
Strengthen me, Lord, I sigh.  
Cleanse me, Lord, I weep.

Let me love You, Lord,  
Until Your pain is gone.

And then raise me with You  
On the Last Day.

### **The Trial of Light**

Silence surrounds You;  
Like a deep forest, drinking in scattered sound,  
You draw all to Yourself without a word.  
Your soft eyes speak only Love,  
A love so deep no man comprehends,  
Yet every man craves.  
Looking into these eyes

One is drawn into eternity  
And either wants to stay here  
Or turn away.

Silent You stand before Your accusers.  
Your Heart pours forth Your Love even then.  
Disarmed by Your grace,  
Confused by Your love,  
They look for the way out  
Avoiding Your eyes and  
Ignoring Your Heart.  
Silent in speech but screaming in Heart,  
Every moment You cry out in love  
For even those calling for Your death.

Your Heart is so pure, so sacred  
That no one can approach its grace  
Without calling You King.  
King it is, Your awesome offense.  
King of Kings, Lord of Lords.  
Unable to stand in Your Perfect Presence unconvicted,  
We are reminded of our weaknesses;  
Our clouded reflection dims, then darkens  
Next to Your Perfect Light.

Truth before us,  
Love surrounds us,  
Grace warms us,  
We bow before You,  
Captured by Your Love.

But those of dark hearts  
Turn away from Your brilliance  
As the darkness comprehends not the Light.  
So the dark of heart call  
For the Light to be extinguished.  
Send Him away!  
Whip some sense into Him, they cry,  
Hoping the anger of injustice  
Would dim those eyes of Love.

As Your Body is slashed,  
Your Precious Blood released,  
They are so shaken by the release  
Of Your Redeeming Blood  
That they must crown You King with thorns  
And make a mockery of the Truth  
To hide their trembling hearts.

Still Your Silence,  
Still Your eyes, a window  
Into Your Sacred Heart.  
Confused by the power of Your Truth,  
They flex the muscles of worldly power.  
Unmoved, You defy the power in dark hearts.

Handing You over to the fear of the people  
Assured that ignorance would seal Your fate,  
They wash their hands of Your Blood.  
Yet it was only Your Precious Blood  
That could wash them clean.

We are safe now in our shadows, we think.  
As we lift the Cross to Your shoulders  
We watch You struggle down the path to death  
With our sins on Your back.  
The darkness follows, jumping on Your back,  
Pounding You down,  
Delighting in Your pain.

The darkness You carry, now bound to You,  
Dies with Your silent death;  
The power of the world is broken  
As Your Body breaks,  
A sacrifice of Pure Love;  
Darkness cannot survive  
In the Presence of Pure, Sacrificial Love  
But dies as the night with the dawning,  
The rising of the Light.

### **Come for Me**

At Your feet with Your  
Mother of Sorrows  
I watch Your Blood soak into  
The wood of Your Cross,  
That Precious substance lost so soon.  
Will Your Precious  
Words be lost as well?  
As we abandoned Your love and Your body,  
Will we so with Your Words and Your Life?

I stare at my blood-stained hands.

I stare at Your Mother's swollen eyes.  
Anything, avoiding the look I know I must take  
Into Your eyes of love  
Crucified for me.  
I feel Your eyes on me.  
The tears come.  
Still Your eyes burn into my soul.  
My heart, my Lord, cannot survive  
Your eyes of Love from that Blood-soaked Cross.

I listen.  
You are whispering prayers.  
Names, You are calling names  
To Your Father.  
Is my name among them?  
Please forgive me, Lord, my heart cries out  
As tears blur my eyes.

Slowly, I build up to the Truth  
I must not deny.  
I start with Your feet.  
Oh, my Lord! Those feet  
So torn, holding You barely  
On Your torturous Cross.  
The overflow of my heart  
Washes Your feet.  
My love anoints Your feet  
With a kiss.  
Your precious feet that  
Walked our earth for us  
Already grow cold from loss  
Of Your Precious Blood.

My eyes move to Your chest  
As Your body heaves to receive breath.  
Your Sacred Heart labors  
Crushed by Your body's weight  
But more by the weight of our sins.  
My arm around Your Mother now,  
We watch together  
Knowing the end is near.

My eyes slowly raise to meet the eyes  
Of the King of Love, crucified.  
I grip Your Mother's hand  
Unable to breathe.  
There, Your eyes like a magnet  
Draw mine to Yours.

There the most beautiful,  
Most Precious Love Holds me in His power.  
My body could be dead  
For all I know--  
My heart is not there,  
It is gone now, with Him  
Caught in His unearthly desire  
Begging me to come in  
To His Kingdom of Grace.  
I cannot move.  
I cannot breathe.  
There is a pain in His eyes  
That speaks to the core of my soul.

Let me do anything to appease Your pain, my Lord!  
There is a love in His eyes  
That burns my body, sears my soul  
And captures my heart  
Forever bonded to Your eyes of Love.

Once there, there is no turning back,  
There is no looking away.  
My eyes belong to Yours,  
My heart, my soul, it is all one  
Locked into Your soul-stirring look of Love.  
I become Yours forever.  
Into Your hands I offer my soul.

As the Light fades from Your eyes  
You offer Your Spirit to Your loving Father  
And You are gone into Him  
As I into You.  
Take me with You I breathe  
As Your body slumps,  
Only an empty shell now  
Like me, without You.

Come for me, my Lord, my God,  
When You return, I pray  
Still gripping Your Mother's hand.

## **Your Perfect Cross**

You hang helplessly on this Cross.  
I kneel before You,  
The One whose Words  
Of Kindness and Love,  
Of Forgiveness and Mercy,  
Move my heart.  
My body, as I draw near, shudders  
From the pain I see.  
Every part of Your Body  
Screams out in pain  
With no hope of relief  
Until it is finished.

I draw closer still, my Lord,  
Gritting my teeth against the pain.  
My eyes, unable to behold  
The full nature of Your torture,  
Lose focus so  
I approach with my heart.

Nearer still I come,  
My heart longing to embrace  
And free You from the pain and  
Rejection of our world.  
Can I not shield You  
From the hate? The cold hearts?  
The arrogance? The pain?

At Your feet now,  
Leaning on Your Cross,  
My heart breaks to feel Your pain.  
But as I enter deeper,  
There is another world,  
Another kingdom here,  
Gripping Your Cross.  
Your Spirit of Love engulfs me,  
Bathes me in its clear, perfect,  
Silent sweetness Surrounding You even now  
And touching those  
Willing to touch Your Cross,  
To enter into Your pain,  
Thus passing through to  
Your Perfect Grace,



Your Perfect Love,  
Releasing from  
Your Perfect Cross.

### **The Nail-puller**

Entranced by Your Sacrificial Love,  
I push through the sneering, arrogant crowd.  
At Your feet, I helplessly watch You struggle  
And let go of that last painful breath.

Held in Your trance of love,  
I hear not the clamor of the crowd  
As they give up their sport.  
I notice not the darkness  
Overtaking the landscape.  
I hear only the silent, pain-filled roar  
Of Your Loving Father's voice  
As the earth trembles from  
His passionate cry.  
I only see Your face  
As the tears of Your Father  
Streak the last drops of Blood  
Across Your ravaged Body.  
Your Mother's tears join His at Your feet.

I struggle to release Your hands  
From the grip of the heartless nails.  
Who are we that we should treat You like this?  
As You are released from Your Cross,  
Your lifeless Body falls against my shoulder.  
I catch You as a mother catches her child  
Wrapping my arms about You  
Struggling not to let You go.

Holding Your limp form that once held  
The Prince of Peace,  
The Lord of Love,  
The Son of God,  
For a few tender moments  
I cradle Your punctured head  
Against my shoulder,  
Your pierced Heart, now silent,  
Leaves its mark on mine.

Then lowering You so lovingly,  
I gently lay You in Your Mother's waiting arms.

As once she gathered You to her  
As her only Son, Her loving Savior,  
She cradles you once again.  
And as she once covered Your small body  
Against the cold night,  
She covers Your torn and pierced body  
With Your burial cloth.  
Every wound is forever branded on her heart  
And emblazoned in her mind.

You are hers now,  
No longer useful to the cold world  
That knew You not.  
They do not recognize the latent power  
In Your dead body.  
You lay peacefully now in Your Mother's arms.

I see now on myself  
The marks of Your wounds  
You have left on me.  
The dirt, sweat and Blood  
Will fade in time.  
But the marks on my heart remain.

### **A Disciple's Lament**

I crouch a short distance from Your tomb  
Just beyond the soldier's sight and hearing,  
As close to You as I can without being discovered.  
My body is at once numb and aching from crying  
Yet the tears still pour like a river from my swollen eyes  
And my body shakes with futile sobs.  
Why am I here alive, a sinner,  
While You, King of Life, lie dead in a tomb?  
What beauty, what justice, what love can there be  
In a world that slaughters it's best,  
The Messiah sent to love us,  
Sent to lead us home to the Father?

How can there be any joy for me now  
In anything of this heartless world?  
Friends, why did you not support Him?  
Rocks, why did you not sing forth His praise  
Angels, why did you not rescue Him  
Or comfort Him in His agony?  
Father, where is Your love for Your only Son  
That You would allow Him to die like this

In so cold a world unwilling to love Him in return?  
How can I understand Your Heart  
At once cruel and forgiving?  
Will You help me understand  
Why a man yet God so Precious, so Pure,  
So Life-giving, so healing,  
Was Himself so brutally mistreated, so misunderstood,  
So ignored, rejected and unloved?

Father, Your words in my heart  
Tell me of the love of a Father  
As seen through the love and life of the Son.  
Your words in my heart tell me  
Of how long You have loved Your people  
And longed for their faithful return;  
How long they have rejected You.  
Your words in my heart tell me  
Of a lonely tomb in our hearts,  
Ignored, misunderstood,  
Even hated if that be possible.  
How cold and dark like the tomb  
Must our hearts feel to You,  
O Giver of Life.  
Yet You wait in silence,  
Like Your Son in His tomb,  
For life to return to our hearts  
And welcome You in.

O Father! O Son! O Holy Spirit!  
O Promised One!  
Help me to prepare my heart  
For Your return as You promised!  
Come to my poor darkened heart  
And bring it Light and Hope again!  
Bring Your Sacred Heart to Life in me  
That I may love, not despair.

Come bring us Hope,  
Though we gave You little;  
Come bring us Peace,  
Though we left You none;  
Come bring me joy  
That died with You;  
Come bring me love  
That I may love You as You desire;  
Come and resurrect Your Heart in mine.  
Do not leave me, as You promised.

I will wait for You, my Lord,  
Keeping my lonely vigil.  
If You die, my heart dies with You;  
But if You live, live in me!

### **The Narrow Door**

When You stood before the judges  
And they accused You, belittled You,  
When they tried to show  
How small Your mind was  
Compared with theirs,  
Did You hurt from their attacks?  
Did You long to show them  
The Mind of the Eternal God  
Which You possessed?  
Did the Truth in You beg to be known?  
Did You long to expose their hypocrisy,  
Their madness, their cynicism?  
Did You beg Your Father  
For the humiliation of Your mind to cease?  
Did it pain you deeply  
When in Your humiliation  
You could return with only Silence?

When You carried Your Cross  
Through streets jammed with Your enemies,  
But worse, Your friends,  
And Your face was so swollen from blows  
That You were hardly recognizable,  
With the Crown of humiliation on Your head,  
The stripes of humiliation on Your back,  
With the weight of their sins on Your shoulder,  
When You looked at Your reflection  
Mirrored in their eyes,  
Did You want to lay that Cross down  
And walk away?  
Did You cringe from their pity?  
Did You wonder if it was worth it  
As Your Body, stripped, beaten,  
Nailed to a Cross,  
Dripping Your Precious Blood,  
Felt so foreign  
To the Perfection which is You?  
As their spit stung  
Your open wounds,  
Did You call out to Your Father,

Feeling forsaken in Your humiliation?  
Did You long to be seen as You are,  
And not like this?

When Your Sacred Heart,  
So full of Love for us,  
Carried you to the humiliation  
Of judgment of mind,  
Carried You to the humiliation  
Of a Body ravaged and helpless,  
And then, in Your last hours,  
As Your Heart poured forth Your Love  
In Body and Soul,  
Did the look of confusion in Your follower's eyes  
Break Your Heart more in deeper humiliation?  
Did You long for them to see Your Sacrifice  
As it really was, for them?  
Did You long for them to see  
Into the riches of Your Heart  
And to know the eternal rewards  
You were opening for them?  
Did Your Sacred Heart ache  
With the humiliation of love unreturned  
As Your Heart, the center of Your Cross,  
Gave all for love in total humiliation?  
Did Your Father  
Shake His Mighty head in wonder  
When as if this wasn't enough for us,  
We pierced Your already broken Sacred Heart,  
To make sure You were dead?

Come follow Me, You beckon,  
Down the road of humiliation,  
The road of Silence,  
The road of heart break.  
Can we, so weak and small,  
Find our strength in You,  
To be so humiliated for You?  
To mend Your broken Heart  
As we share in Your pain?  
To come to the riches of Your Sacred Heart  
Through the narrow door of humility?

### **Carry Me in Your Heart**

Emptied of tears,  
Sweat of Blood on Your brow,

Your Heart is aching to near death.  
Slowly You open Your eyes to the world again  
As You hear the sounds of Your approaching trials.  
One of Your own comes to You.  
Smiling, he kisses the Lord of Love  
And seals his pact with darkness.  
"Would you betray your Master with a kiss?"  
You speak one last time to Your chosen son.  
How deeply he pierces Your Heart  
Using a symbol of Your very substance, Love,  
To turn You over to the powers of darkness.

One last time Your eyes, filling with tears,  
Look deep into his soul  
Searching for a remnant of Your Love.  
But his eyes turn away and the  
Clouds of darkness overcome him.

The crowd gathers to witness Your betrayal.  
Brandishing clubs and sticks  
Where once were palm branches  
So recently hailing You as King,  
They now curse You as criminal.

The Voice of Your Father  
Speaking words of Love  
Quiets Your racing human heart  
Filling it with the Divine.  
His Voice in Your Sacred Heart  
Speaks of the Love  
That brought You here.  
Closing Your eyes to their hate,  
Their lust for power,  
You sink into the Divine Heart  
Surrounding Yourself with the Peace  
That can only be found  
In the Heart of the Sacred  
And in knowing of the Father's Love.

Their arms are upon You,  
Yet You are untouched.  
The wait is over;  
It now begins.  
Deeper in Your Heart You sink.  
You are seeing a homecoming  
Of the lost children  
Running into the arms of the Father.  
The Face of Love puts on Joy

As His children return to His Heart.  
Your Sacred Heart burns with this Love;  
For this Spirit of Love and the Joy of the Father  
You hand over Your Body to be broken,  
Your Heart to be pierced,  
Resisting nothing in Your Passion for Love.

You search the Eternal Memory  
To find my face.  
You look deep into my heart.  
In Your Silent Voice You ask:  
Will you come to my Heart  
If I give You my Life?  
Kneeling to Your Sacred Heart of Love,  
I bury myself in You.  
Together we are carried off  
Into the dark night of death.  
As You walk that Way to Your Cross  
You carry me in Your Heart.

### **A Face of Love**

The dusty path stretches out before You  
Filled with jeering, angry crowds.  
Your knees give way under the weight of Your Cross.  
That precious face, still so soft with love,  
Hits the hard stones of the walkway.

There, face down in the street,  
You feel the full weight of Your humanity.  
You whisper Your Father's Name  
As this earth You created holds You to it  
In its magnetic, uncompromising grasp.  
Closing Your eyes, You think of Home with Your Father.  
The crowds roar turns to angelic songs of praise  
As Your head spins from Your ordeal.

Just a little further, Your tearful Father beckons.  
It is almost finished.  
Prodded, kicked, spit at, tossed around,  
Once again You lift up from this earth;  
You offer Yourself again to His Plan of Love.

You look at the unforgiving crowd  
Searching for eyes of love and compassion,  
Wanting comfort that this is not all in vain,  
That there will be someone who will be saved

By Your Sacrifice of Love.  
Each face is memorized in Your Heart  
And is like another scourging upon this Sacred Heart.

There, in the crowd, You see one!  
Eyes full of tears, reaching out to You!  
“Jesus!” the panicked voice cries.  
“Jesus!” again in desperation and desire.  
Your eyes meet in tearful, loving union.  
The Flames of Your Heart leap,  
Your graces pour out like a river.  
The face of love is pushed away and lost in the crowd,  
But the memory remains in Your Heart  
Inspiring the strength to draw the Cross to You once again,  
To lift it to Your bruised and torn shoulder  
And walk that dusty path again.

O Sacred Heart of Love and Longing,  
Draw me to You, keep me in Your Heart.  
Help me to be for You that face of love  
That Your thoughts of me  
Will be like a caress, not a scourging;  
That Your Sacrifice will save.

O Tears of the Father,  
O Sacrifice of the Son,  
Bring Your Spirit of Love!

### **Hearts Must Speak**

They laid You down  
On a cold slab of rock.  
Motionless You lay as the rock,  
Your body already chilling,  
Soon to be cold.  
We prepare Your body to be wrapped,  
Cleansing the dirt and dried blood  
With what we have:  
Our veils, our wraps,  
The ends of our skirts, our tears.  
Cleansing the wounds of Your head,  
My heart pierces with every new puncture  
I discover in Your Precious Head.  
My heart cannot contain my sorrow  
Nor my love for You even now.



Your lips, now cracked, swollen,  
Bruised, caked with blood,  
Once spoke the Words of Life,  
Once healed our hearts,  
Our souls, our bodies,  
Now silent.  
In their silence,  
The Words come rushing through,  
The Words from One whose actions  
Did not betray the Truth,  
The Words that echo  
Through our minds and  
Swell our hearts with Your Love,  
Now silent in this cold body  
But flooding our hearts still.  
As I wrap Your head  
With Your burial cloth, I whisper:  
If Your lips must be silent  
Then our hearts must speak!

Your Sacred Heart  
Pouring out its contents still,  
Lies exposed  
Through the gaping wound in Your side.  
How Precious its Love was to us,  
How empty the world now  
In the stillness of this Heart.  
As we veil Your Heart with the burial cloth  
A chill sets in in a world that has  
Lost her lover.  
Widows of Your Sacred Heart,  
We bury our hearts with You  
To be returned only with Your Heart's return.

As the sounds of the stone rolling into place  
Echo in our shocked minds and empty hearts,  
Your promises fill the air.  
Walking away from the tomb,  
I hear those words again  
Speaking to my heart.  
Did You not say  
Death had no power over You?  
Did You not say  
You would never leave us?  
A strange wind stirs our hearts  
As we gaze back to that tomb.  
Did You not do all You said You would do?  
Our hearts burn within us with Your Words,

With Your Love, and stir us to Hope.  
If Your lips must be silent  
Then our hearts must speak!

### **A Litany of Hearts**

Divine Eternal Heart of the Father,  
-Open our hearts to Your goodness and tender care.

Sacred Heart of Jesus, our Merciful Savior,  
-Open our hearts to love You and You in others as You loved us.

Holy Spirit of Divine Love,  
-Inspire in us Your Love that we may love like You.

Most Precious Heart of our Divine Savior  
-We open our hearts completely to You.

Most Precious Body of our Divine Savior  
-We open our lives completely to You.

Most Precious Blood of our Divine Savior  
-We open our souls completely to You.

Divine Heart, so great was Your Love...

That Your Divine Heart sent a messenger to  
Your people asking to be allowed to enter our hearts and our  
world in your words to our Mother Mary.  
-May we always cradle Your Heart in our hearts.

You formed in Your Divine Heart a human Heart to reconcile our  
broken relationship with  
You.  
-May we always cradle Your Heart in our hearts.

Your Precious Heart descended to a human Heart beating for  
us.  
-May we always cradle Your Heart in our hearts.

Your Precious Blood formed for our Salvation moved in Your  
Heart for us.  
-May we always cradle Your Heart in our hearts.

You left Your Father's arms and Your Mother's womb and  
entered our human world for us.

-May we always cradle Your Heart in our hearts.

Most Sacred Heart of Jesus, so great is Your Love for us...

That You spoke Your Words of Life and Love inflaming our hearts.

-Help us to love You as You desire to be loved.

You healed our bodies and souls making us whole in You.

-Help us to love You as You desire to be loved.

You formed the Love and Sacrifice of Your Heart and the Passion of Your desire for our love into the Bread and Wine at our table that we may receive You into our hearts and bodies every day.

-Help us to love You as You desire to be loved.

You poured out Your Love and Mercy from Your Heart inflamed for us at the Garden of Gethsemane surrendering Your Body to save our souls.

-Help us to love You as You desire to be loved.

You suffered the abandonment of Your friends.

-Help us to love You as You desire to be loved.

You suffered the humiliation of the trial before Your priests, Your governors and Your people.

-Help us to love You as You desire to be loved.

You suffered the scourging in Your Body and in Your Heart from our sins.

-Help us to love You as You desire to be loved.

You suffered carrying our Cross for us.

-Help us to love You as You desire to be loved.

You suffered silently our instruments of torture and our hardened hearts.

-Help us to love You as You desire to be loved.

Your Hands of Grace were pierced for us.

-Help us to love You as You desire to be loved.

Your Body was pounded and stretched, frozen into Your gesture of Love.

-Help us to love You as You desire to be loved.

Your Body was left hanging until Your Life was fully drained for us.

-Help us to love You as You desire to be loved.

Your forgiveness and mercy were spoken even then.

-Help us to love You as You desire to be loved.

Your Sacred Heart was pierced for us releasing Your Blood and Water of our purification and return to Grace.

-Help us to love You as You desire to be loved.

You were cast aside by the world into Your Mother's arms and Your Father's Heart.

-Help us to love You as You desire to be loved.

O Sacred Heart of Sacrificial Love

-Help us to love You as You desire to be loved.

O Savior, Divine Heart returned to us in Your Resurrection

-Let us enthrone You in our hearts forever.

O Savior, Sacred Heart walking among us

-Let us enthrone You in our hearts forever.

O Sacred Heart in Your Holy Spirit of Love with us all days

-Let us enthrone You in our hearts forever.

O Savior, returned to the Father but with us still in Sacrament and Spirit

-Let us enthrone You in our hearts forever.

(Let us pray...)

O Sacred Heart, help us to keep Your Love alive

Living as You lived,

Loving as You loved,

Sacrificing as You sacrificed.

O Sacred Heart, take us into Your Heart to be with You forever,  
Rejoicing in Your Love and Mercy.

Dear Sweet Jesus, help us to love You as You desire to be loved.

### **My Sacred Life**

My Heart,

Sacred Furnace of Love

For My people,

Moves in its depths  
Stirring its sweet treasures  
Calling forth a precious soul  
Created from Love,  
Adorned with graces,  
Lovingly poured from My Sacred Heart  
Into the chalice of my children's hearts and bodies;  
Those hearts calling forth and longing for love,  
Those hearts I gift with these precious souls.  
My most perfect gift of Myself once again  
In the disguise of a helpless infant.

Helpless, I trust My Self to you,  
My daughters, my sons.  
Helpless, again on my Cross,  
Will you reject Me?  
Will you crucify me?  
Will you humiliate Me and make Me worthless?  
Will you choose comfort and pride  
Over my Precious Life and Love?

Once again before the Pilate of your hearts  
I stand alone, helpless, humiliated.  
No compassion do I feel  
For my Life standing before you.  
Once again the crowds scream:  
"Crucify Him! Crucify Him!  
We did not plan Him.  
He is in the way!  
He makes us uncomfortable.  
He reminds us too much of the Truth!"

Your lies scourge my Body once again  
And again and again.  
Will it ever stop?  
Will you see My face in these tiny ones  
As you strip them of everything, even life?  
And slash their spirits further with your lies?

This Precious Child, so near Life,  
So close to My Will and plan,  
So close to My Heart,  
My Sacred Heart is crushed, burst open,  
As you cut My Body from My head  
At the very moment of my birth.  
The Blood and the water pour forth.  
And as if that isn't enough for you,  
Just as on my Cross,

You must cast your final blow,  
Sucking the very life from me.  
Then, cast aside at the foot of  
My Cross of your making,  
My Mother weeps for Me again  
In all her children of the Cross,  
Her martyrs who gave their lives to Me  
Before breathing their first breath.

My hand and My Heart  
Reach out to my Precious Ones.  
Awake, dear ones, in My Heart  
For you are home now,  
Safe in me.  
As you have shared in my death,  
So shall you have my Life.

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