

HOLY HOUR

*With Jesus In His Passion
And His Sorrowful Mother*



“Will you pray one hour with me in memory of My Passion, and console My Sorrowful Mother?”

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Some prayers are taken and edited from: ‘A Holy Hour With the Passion of Jesus’
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*In the love story of the Passion of Jesus is also the love story of
The Passion of Mary, the Mother of Sorrows*



OPENING PRAYER

TO JESUS IN THE BLESSED SACRAMENT

ALL: On Holy Thursday night, O good Jesus, You gave us the Eucharist, the memorial of Your Passion, which was soon to unfold in all its sorrow and tragedy. By instituting this Most Blessed sacrament, You made Your love present and effective in the world until the end of time.

You spoke about Your love in most tender terms to the apostles at the Last Supper. Your words ought never be forgotten. You said:

LEADER: *“As the Father has loved Me,
So I have loved you.
Live on in My love.*

*You are My friends
If you do what I command you.*

*I call you friends,
Since I have made known to you
All that I heard from the Father.
It was not you who chose Me,
It was I who chose you.....”
(John 15:9, 14-16)*

ALL: Lord Jesus, You have also chosen me and my fellow Christians to go forth and set the world ablaze with Your love by keeping alive the memory of Your Passion, intensively in our own hearts and extensively in the hearts of others. To that end, we begin this Holy Hour and prayerfully enter into the contemplation of Your sacred sufferings and death. May this Holy Hour bring us closer to You and to one another in love!

JESUS IN GETHSEMANI – MAN OF PRAYER



LEADER: This is the wood of the cross, on which hung the Savior of the world.

ALL: Come, let us worship.

READING: Matthew 26:36-42

LEADER: He said to his disciples, “Stay here while I go over there and pray.” He took along Peter and Zebedee’s two sons, and began to experience sorrow and distress. Then he said to them, “My heart is nearly broken with sorrow. Remain here and stay with me.” He advanced a little and fell prostrate in prayer. “My Father, if it is possible, let this cup pass me by. Still, let it be as you would have it, not as I.” When he returned to his disciples, he found them asleep. He said to Peter, “So you could not stay awake with me for even an hour? Be on guard, and pray that you may not undergo the test. The spirit is willing but nature is weak.” Withdrawing a second time, he began to pray, “My Father, if this cannot pass me by without my drinking it, your will be done!” Once more, on his return, he found them asleep, they could not keep their eyes open. He left them again, withdrew somewhat, and began to pray a third time, saying the same words as before.

PRAYER

ALL: Your entire life, O Jesus, was characterized by constant prayer, an ongoing communion with Your Heavenly Father. Prayer was the air You breathed. And it culminated in the most powerful prayer of all: “My Father, your will be done!” This prayer is at the very heart of the one You taught us to say: the Our Father.

O Lord Jesus, Teach us to pray. For how else can we be brought into the inner life of the Godhead? How else can we glimpse the splendor of the divine Trinity in all its truth, beauty and love? How else can we see our own misery, emptiness, sinfulness and nothingness? How else can we be transformed into the closer likeness of You, O Jesus, if we do not pray to the Father from our hearts at all times and under all circumstances; in the Gethsemani garden of our sufferings; in the joyous, quiet and peaceful surroundings of gardens, hills and countryside; in the lonely places where sorrow, pain, old age and the going forth to die are present; in the sanctuary of our home and family; in the sacred environs of a church. There is no place where we cannot pray. We need only choose to do so.

With the help of Your grace, O Lord, we choose to do so. We enter with You now into the prayer of Your Passion, the prayer that tested Your obedience to the Father's will.

A GOD-MAN SCOURGED **And purity blooms in all its splendor**



LEADER: This is the wood of the cross, on which hung the Savior of the world.

ALL: Come, let us worship.

READING: Mark, 15:12-15

LEADER: Pilate again asked them, “What am I to do with the man you call the king of the Jews?” They shouted back, “Crucify him!” “Why? What crime has he committed?” They only shouted the louder, “Crucify him!” So Pilate who wished to satisfy the crowd, released Barabbas to them, and after he had Jesus scourged, he handed him over to be crucified.

PRAYER

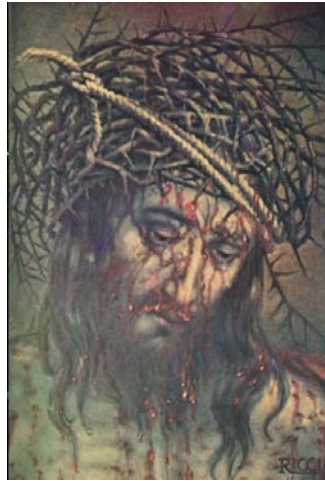
ALL: Why did You endure it, Lord? You endured it first of all, to make reparation for sins committed against the body, which is Your living temple. Your apostle Paul was horrified by the very thought of so holy a temple being profaned by sins of the flesh. He said: “Are you not aware that you are the temple of God and that the Spirit of God dwells in you? If anyone destroys God's temple, God will destroy him. For the temple of God is holy, and you are that temple” (1 Cor. 3:16). And again Paul reminds us: “Do you not see that your bodies are members of Christ? Would you have me take Christ's members and make them members of a prostitute? God Forbid!” (1 Cor. 6:15)

Only by living purely shall we be able to exert a moral and spiritual force that will help cleanse the world of its corruption, sensuality and selfishness.

O Jesus, scourged at the pillar, be our strength as we struggle to keep ourselves pure. Purity is one of the gifts we earnestly desire to give back to You, with all our love. If we have sinned in the past, forgive us. Help us not to sin again.

JESUS CROWNED WITH THORNS

Teaching a fundamental lesson in spirituality



LEADER: This is the wood of the cross, on which hung the Savior of the world.

ALL: Come, let us worship.

READING: Matthew 27:27-31

LEADER: The procurator's soldiers took Jesus inside the praetorium and collected the whole cohort around him. They stripped off his clothes and wrapped him in a scarlet military cloak. Weaving a crown of thorns they fixed it on his head, and stuck a reed in his right hand. Then they began to mock him by dropping to their knees before him, saying, "All hail, King of the Jews!" They also spat on him. Afterward they took hold of the reed and kept striking him on the head. Finally, when they had finished making a fool of him, they stripped him of the cloak, dressed him in his own clothes, and led him off to crucifixion.

PRAYER

ALL: O Lord, Your apostle Paul wrote in reference to You: "Though he was in the form of God, he did not deem equality with God something to be grasped at. Rather, he emptied himself and took the form of a slave, being born in the likeness of men. He was known to be of human estate, and it was thus that he humbled himself..." (Phi. 2:6-8).

This, O Jesus, Son of God, is strikingly affirmed and confirmed in the crowning with thorns. A cap of thorns for a crown, a reed in Your hands for a scepter; a

dirty garment for a kingly robe; then being spat at and struck – what could be more humbling?

Lord Jesus, crowned with thorns, never let us lose sight of the truth that we are creatures, sinful creatures, creatures who, by Your grace, have been elevated to a supernatural state wherein we partake of Your own life. And never let us forget that we can very easily fall from grace.

O Jesus, take our emptiness and fill it with Yourself! Jesus, meek and humble of heart, make our hearts like Yours!

JESUS CARRIES THE CROSS

Through the Cross to Glory



LEADER: This is the wood of the cross, on which hung the Savior of the world.

ALL: Come, let us worship.

READING: John 19:17

LEADER: Jesus was led away, and carrying the cross by himself, went out to what is called the Place of the Skull (In Hebrew, Golgotha)

PRAYER

ALL: The cross of pain and suffering that You carry, O Jesus, on the way to Calvary is the burden of our sins and the sins of the whole world. You carry it willingly and gladly and lovingly because You see it as the instrument of our salvation, the sign of victory over sin and death, and the fulfillment of Your heavenly Father's will. It was a hard price that You paid – a hard, long, excruciating, and agonizing way that called for the greatest courage and patience.

O Lord Jesus, when we became Catholic at baptism, we also thereby were made crossbearers along the way marked out by Your bloodstained footsteps. You said: "If anyone wishes to come after me, they must deny themselves, take up their cross and begin to follow in my footsteps" (Matt. 16:24).

The cross, which You have given us to carry along the way of life, is the burden of the commandments, the responsibilities of our particular state in life, the pressures and tensions of life, the sufferings, inconveniences, disappointments,

bodily weaknesses and mental anguishes, oppositions and misunderstandings, struggles with temptations, and so much more.

Why is it that we are so unwilling to carry the cross, even though we profess to be Your followers? Why are we so bitter at times? Your cross, Lord, was one of love, not bitterness. So may our crosses be from now on. Help us to carry them patiently, courageously and lovingly so to prove that we are Your true followers.

We are determined, with Your help and grace, to make the journey of the cross, trusting in You and in the help You are ever ready to give. Let us clearly see that this is the only way to glory – the glory that You have promised to all those who follow in Your footsteps.

THE PIERCED HANDS OF JESUS

See, upon the palms of my hands I have written your name



LEADER: This is the wood of the cross, on which hung the Savior of the world.

ALL: Come let us worship.

READING: Isa. 49:13-16

LEADER: Sing out, O heavens, and rejoice, O earth,
Break forth into song, you mountains
For the Lord comforts his people
And shows mercy to his afflicted.

But Zion said, “The Lord has forsaken me;
My Lord has forsaken me.”

Can a mother forget her infant;
Be without tenderness for the child of her womb?

Even should she forget
I will never forget you.

See, upon the palms of my hands I
Have written your name.

PRAYER

ALL: We are mindful, Lord, that Your pierced hands were once the baby hands that caressed the sweet, lovely face of Your mother; the carpenters hands that were such strong tools for work and which became rough and hard and calloused from physical use in Your foster-father's workshop in Nazareth; the folded hands that were the symbol of Your union with the Father through prayer and contemplation during Your whole life; the open hands that were always ready to give and bless and cure, and even to raise the dead to life; the beautiful priestly hands that absolved repentant sinners and held the bread and wine at the Last Supper and changed those elements into Your own Body and Blood.

Your pierced hands, O Jesus, are the instruments of a new creation; the source of all blessings; the symbol of forgiveness and deliverance; the expression of Your tremendous love for us. Allow us the privilege to touch and kiss Your pierced hands that we too may be blessed, healed, forgiven and transformed. Thank You. Lord.

IN THE PASSION OF JESUS

THE PASSION OF MARY



LEADER: Happy are you, O Blessed Virgin Mary

ALL: Without dying you won the martyr's crown beside the cross of Jesus.

READING: John 19:25-27

LEADER: Near the cross of Jesus there stood his mother, his mother's sister, Mary the wife of Clopas, and Mary Magdalene. Seeing his mother there with the disciple whom he loved, Jesus said to his mother, "Woman, there is your son." In turn he said to the disciple, "There is your mother." From that hour onward, the disciple took her into his care.

FIRST SORROW: The Prophecy of Simeon

ALL: O Mary, Jesus was undoubtedly your greatest pride and joy. You had such high hopes for him. And rightly so. For an angel had revealed to you at the Annunciation that; “The holy offspring to be born (of you) will be called Son of God” (Lk. 2:35). Your son’s birth was heralded by angels. Shepherds had come to adore Him. And wise men from the East had come to pay Him homage.

And then came the disturbing news that cut you to the quick: “This child is destined to be the downfall and the rise of many in Israel, a sign that will be opposed...” (Lk. 2:34).

Those words were like a sword piercing your heart. Even though you continued to believe and hope and love, that did not stop the bleeding thoughts from coming, nor did it take away the pain that burned like a fire in your soul. With this first sorrow, your own Passion in the Passion of Jesus had already begun. Did you cry as you listened to Simeon’s prophecy? Surely burning tears must have welled up in your eyes. And they probably flowed now and then as you pondered the words of Simeon in the days and years ahead.

SECOND SORROW: The Flight into Egypt

ALL: It was not long afterward, O Mary, that you again suffered grief, the kind that refugees all over the world experience when they are uprooted from their land and made to flee for their lives, suffering the hardships and miseries that such flight entails. Truly, O Mary, you were no stranger to that kind of sorrow. To protect the life of your dear son, you had to flee from those who wanted to destroy him. The fright, apprehension, uncertainty and suffering experienced by you in the flight into Egypt and during the sojourn there was the second sorrow in the series of many more to come. It broke your mother’s heart to see your Son being hunted down as if he were some kind of a scourge on the face of the earth. Truly were you becoming the “Mater Dolorosa.”

THIRD SORROW: The Loss of Jesus in the Temple

ALL: Mothers the world over experience deep joy and satisfaction watching their children grow up. They observe them closely and mark their progress. They take great pride in seeing the development of their children’s personalities. So it was with you, Mary. What you noticed most in Jesus was that “He progressed steadily in wisdom and age and grace before God and men” (Lk. 2:2). How proud you were of Jesus, your Son! To be with Him, to enjoy His company, to love Him and be loved by Him is something that you alone could fully understand and appreciate.

I wonder whether you ever thought to yourself: What if I should lose Him; what if I should be deprived of His presence; how could I go on living without Him? And yet that is what happened, at least for a time. Even so, while it lasted it hurt. “Son, why have you done this to us? You see that your father and I have been searching for you in sorrow” (Lk. 2:48). Mary, you must have been puzzled by Jesus’ answer: “Why did you search for me? Did you not know that I had to be in my Father’s house?” (Lk. 2:49). Like all mothers, you too were somewhat bewildered when your Son began to show signs of greater independence; you suffered because of the gradual “letting go” process.

FOURTH SORROW: Mary Meets Jesus on the Way to Calvary

ALL: Later on, the sword of sorrow, sharpened for the fourth time, is plunged into your tender heart on that fateful day when you met your Son, Jesus, carrying a heavy cross on His way to execution, being treated like the worst of criminals, rejected by the people and hated with such passion by those who would not be satisfied until He was destroyed and the remembrance of Him would be no more. Now the words spoken to you by Simeon are recalled in all their stark reality: “This child is destined to be the downfall and rise of many in Israel, a sign that will be opposed...and you yourself shall be pierced with a sword...” (Lk. 2:34-35).

LEADER: *O sweet Mother, font of love,
Touch my spirit from above,
Make my heart with yours accord,
Make me feel as you have felt,
Make my soul to glow and melt,
With the love of Christ my Lord.*
(Sacramentary, Feast of Our Lady of Sorrows)

FIFTH SORROW: Mary Stands beneath the Cross of Jesus

ALL: Few writers have so clearly seen your own Passion in the Passion of Jesus, O Mary, and captured the meaning of your fifth sorrow as has the English poet, Francis Thompson, who pays this beautiful tribute to you in his poem: ‘The Passion of Mary.’ I should like to make that tribute my own.

LEADER: *O Lady Mary, thy bright crown,
Is no mere crown of majesty;
For with the reflex of His own
Resplendent thorns Christ circled thee.*

*The red rose of the Passion-Tide
Doth take a deeper hue from thee,
In the five wounds of Jesus dyed,
And in thy bleeding thoughts, Mary!*

*The soldier struck a triple strike,
That smote thy Jesus on the tree;
He broke the Heart of Hearts, and broke
The Saint’s and mother’s heart in thee.*

*Thy Son went up the angels’ ways,
His Passion ended, but, ah me!
Thou found’st the road of further days
A longer way of Calvary;*

*O the hard cross of hope deferred
Thou hung’st in loving agony,
Until the mortal-dreaded word
Which chills our mirth, spake mirth to thee.*

*The angel Death from this cold tomb
Of life did roll the stone away;
And He thou barest in thy womb
Caught thee at last into the day,
Before the living throne of Whom
The Lights of Heaven burning pray.*

SIXTH SORROW: Mary Receives the Dead Body of Jesus in Her Arms



ALL: All those who suffer and carry a heavy cross, whose hearts are broken, whose cup of bitterness is filled to overflowing, who bear gaping wounds in their brain, in their limbs, in their bodies and souls, who have lost a loved one through death and are inconsolable, have simply to think of you, Mary, holding the dead body of Jesus in your arms to understand that you were no stranger to sorrow, grief and bereavement. Who can really understand or feel the grief of a mother who loved her Son with a natural love, such as only the best of mothers could have for the best of Sons, and who also loved Him with a supernatural love, such as only the holiest of mothers could have for the holiest of Sons?

It is understandable, O Mary, Mother of Jesus and our Mother, why your sixth sorrow has been immortalized in stone by some of the greatest sculptors, notably Michelangelo, whose Pietà so powerfully draws attention to your sixth sorrow and inspires devotion to you who have shared so intimately in the Passion of your Son, Jesus. To look at the Pietà and not be moved is something hard to comprehend.

SEVENTH SORROW: The Body of Jesus is Laid in the Tomb



ALL: Separation, especially the final one by death and burial of a loved one, can be heartrending. So it was for you, Mary. It was as if everything you believed in and hoped for and loved had collapsed. The seventh sorrow of your Passion in the Passion of Jesus, like a sword pierced and broke your heart. It must have felt as if your heart was being torn from your body as you gazed for the last time at the gaping wounds in the dead body of Jesus, now being taken away from you, seemingly forever. Your very soul was being poured out in sorrow for the Passion and Death of your Son.

Thoughts, bleeding thoughts, filled your mind as you recalled the opposition, persecution, rejection, suffering and death that your Son had to endure in carrying out the Father's will for the salvation of the world.

The five precious wounds of Jesus and your seven sorrows – this, O Mary, tells the story of your Passion in the Passion of Jesus.

LEADER: *Father,
As Your Son was raised on a cross,
His mother Mary stood by Him,
Shared His sufferings.
May Your church be united with Christ
In His sufferings and death,
And so come to share in His rising to new life,
Where He lives and reigns with You and the Holy Spirit,
One God, forever and ever. Amen.*

ADDITIONAL PRAYERS TO JESUS IN HIS PASSION

In Honor of the Sacred Wounds

My Crucified Jesus!

ALL: I adore the wounds in Your Sacred Head
With sorrow deep and true.
May every thought of mine today

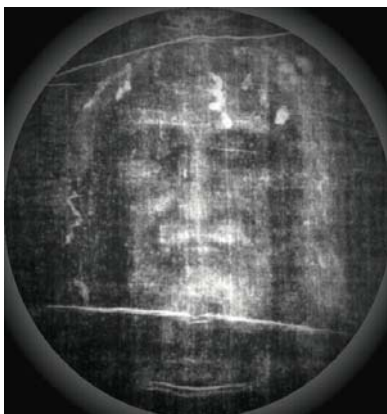
Be an act of love for You.

I adore the wounds in Your Sacred Hands
With sorrow deep and true.
May every work of my hands today
Be an act of love for You.

I adore the wounds in Your Sacred Feet
With sorrow deep and true.
May every step I take today
Be an act of love for You.

I adore the wound in Your Sacred Heart
With sorrow deep and true.
May every beat of my heart today
Be an act of love for You.

AMEN.



IN HONOR OF THE HOLY FACE

ALL: O Jesus, who in Your bitter Passion became “The reproach of men and the Man of Sorrows,” I venerate Your Sacred Countenance upon which shone the beauty and the sweetness of the Divinity, and which has now become for my sake like the face of a leper. But in those disfigured features I recognize Your infinite love, and I long to love You and make You loved by all. O Jesus, whose adorable Face ravishes my heart, I beseech You to imprint in me Your divine likeness, and to inflame me with Your love, that I may behold Your glorious Face in Heaven...AMEN.

STEPS OF THE PASSION

LEADER: O my most loving Jesus, sorrowful and agonizing in the Garden of Olives, covered with a sweat of blood, praying to Your Heavenly Father:

ALL: *Have mercy on us.*

LEADER: O most loving Jesus, delivered into the hands of the wicked by a traitor’s kiss, seized and bound as a robber, and forsaken by Your disciples:

ALL: *Have mercy on us.*

LEADER: O most loving Jesus, condemned to death by the unjust Council of the Jews, led as a malefactor before Pilate, despised and mocked by the impious Herod:

ALL: *Have mercy on us.*

LEADER: O most loving Jesus, stripped of Your garments, and most cruelly scourged at the pillar:

ALL: *Have mercy on us.*

LEADER: O most loving Jesus, crowned with thorns, beaten with rods, struck with a reed, blindfolded, clothed in mock purple, an object of derision and steeped in opprobrium:

ALL: *Have mercy on us.*

LEADER: O most loving Jesus, likened to the infamous Barabbas, rejected by the Jews, and unjustly sentenced to death:

ALL: *Have mercy on us.*

LEADER: O most loving Jesus, burdened with the weight of the cross and led to the place of Your execution as a lamb to the slaughter:

ALL: *Have mercy on us.*

LEADER: O most loving Jesus, reputed with the wicked, blasphemed and derided, given gall and vinegar to drink, from the sixth to the ninth hour the prey of excruciating torments on the cross:

ALL: *Have mercy on us.*

LEADER: O most loving Jesus, who died upon the cross and in the presence of Your most holy Mother was pierced with a lance, so that blood and water issued from Your Sacred Side:

ALL: *Have mercy on us.*

LEADER: O most loving Jesus, taken down from the cross and bathed in the tears of Your most sorrowful Mother:

ALL: *Have mercy on us.*

LEADER: O most loving Jesus, bruised and lacerated, marked with five wounds, anointed with spices and laid in the tomb:

ALL: *Have mercy on us.*

AMEN