

The Passion of Our Lord: as Experienced by Veronica on March 8, 1971.

An excerpt from the Message:

The Way of the Cross

Veronica: "Jesus' hands were tied again with the brown leather - like material, and He was dragged to His feet; the soldier draped His top gown over His torn back. Oh, I could see it stick to His oozing blood. Oh, it was horrible! Then a soldier pushed Jesus out of the hole - like entrance, and down a road. There were many people; all in a spirit of carnival. Two soldiers pushed Jesus over to the side of the big cross beam which was carried through the crowd. It looked like a heavy log, real rough, and a brownish wood. Two soldiers stood it up and another put Jesus over to it. Two soldiers started to tie His hands onto it. It was supported across His back and on the shoulders. It looked awfully heavy and awkward. The brown leather rope was taut across His elbow area. He seemed to be balancing and supporting the beam as He struggled on.

There were three ladies and a man walking off to one side with Him. The ladies were weeping silently. The man had his arm about a lady. The man was very tall. He had a long, brown gown on and he had a brown beard and dark brown hair. The ladies wore beige - colored gowns, but one lady had a purple coat - like garment over hers.

Jesus tripped and fell. He was so weak now; the beam had thrown Him off balance as He staggered. Poor Jesus fell. One nasty, old man ran out of the crowd to spit and kick Him - the nasty old beast! I tried to tear off my tunic to wipe the blood out of His eyes. It was awful! He looked up at me - the soldiers wouldn't let me through - I pulled at my hair in frustration and anguish. Jesus looked at me and I saw the Love of an Eternal, glorious Promise. I cried: "What could I do?" I screamed: "Help Him! Help Him! Please!"

I, Veronica, was helpless to lift the Cross. I could only hope to wipe His dear face.

Soon a soldier grabbed a man out of the crowd; this man had a long gown on with stripes down the front, and he had a turban wrapped around his head with stripes in the front. He sure didn't want to carry the beam, but they knew Jesus couldn't make it to the outskirts of town, so this man shouldered the beam while the insane crowd taunted. Jesus was pushed and

pulled along; dirt and blood were all over Him. He was a picture of bloody grime...

I was retching - I was sick - Oh, such a horror! Such torture! How could they do this to Him? **What did He do but love everyone!** Beasts! Beasts! Soon the soldier ran up with the five spikes. When they reached the hill, there was a long piece of wood already on the ground. A soldier lifted the beam from the shoulders of this other man and threw it to the ground. Two other soldiers placed it on top of the long piece of wood to form a cross, long, all the way down and sort of sticking out at the top. They slammed one spike into the two beams and the cross was made.

Two lousy soldiers threw Jesus to the ground, and they pulled His arms out to stretch across the cross beam. Oh, how it hurt - the back so torn. **I could see the pain in Jesus' eyes, but He never uttered a word. He just looked sad.** Then they took brown, leather - like cord and wrapped it around His wrists at the board bound to the board. Then they lifted and tied the wrists to the board; bound and wound the leather cord around the ankles and the wood to hold Him in place. Then the spikes were thrown onto the ground, and one soldier got down on his knees and he placed the spike in the center of the palm of poor Jesus' hand; with that metal mallet he drove it in through the skin and out onto the board. I screamed! I threw up! This was repeated on the right hand. Then Jesus looked up to the sky. They started on the legs; one large spike into both feet. His right foot over the left, at a twisted sort of angle, placed to lie flat against each other. I retched as I heard the metal against flesh and bone and wood. One spike protruded out the other side. They hammered a block of wood under His poor feet, 'to line 'em up', they said. It was awful!

I looked off into the crowd; oh, **there were only nine people there to stay with Jesus.** I now knew His Mother, Mary Clephalus (the wife of Clopas), Mary Magdalen, and John. Oh, poor Jesus, never a word did He say as they nailed Him to the wood. Oh, such love! Soon, two soldiers lifted the head of the wood and three the bottom, carrying Jesus on the cross, and dropped the end into a hole; it went in with a thump! Jesus winced,

and it tore His hands more. Blood was trickling down His face. He couldn't move His head. The pain was awful; each movement cut deep. It was awful! He sagged a bit, but pulled upward. The sagging tore more. Mary and Mary ran up to Him; they did not speak at first; they could talk with their eyes to each other. They didn't need words. John came over, for Jesus' bottom tunic fell down. Oh, dear, He was almost naked. I turned away, but John ran over and tied sort of knots in it like a diaper. Oh, the humiliation to poor Jesus! Then Jesus said to John:

"BEHOLD JOHN, YOUR MOTHER, AND THIS, MOTHER, IS YOUR SON. I MUST GO TO THE FATHER SOON."

The crowd started to move off.

Jesus said: "**ABBA, ABBA SABBA LA BEC TORI**" - that is what it sounded like - a foreign sound. **SABBA SABBA SABBA LA BEC TORI;**

Veronica: "I can't spell it well, just by sound. Then He looked up,

Jesus: "**I THIRST!**"

Veronica: "This I heard in English. 'Water, yellowish water.' Jesus' head hung down to His right. It became so dark, so dark. Everyone went away but the nine; they all came close and Mary clung to His feet, wordless in sorrow."

[Veronica finished the recitation of what she experienced to find her feet swollen and her arms sore; the feet marked and the hands stinging. Her wordless reaction was a mixture of wonder, joy and love; joy that now she could join Jesus in His suffering and hold His hand on the Road to the Kingdom.]

THE STATIONS OF THE CROSS

- 1 Jesus is condemned to death.
- 2 Jesus is made to carry His Cross
- 3 Jesus falls the First time.
- 4 Jesus meets His sorrowful Mother.
- 5 Simon of Cyrene helps Jesus to carry His Cross.
- 6 Veronica wipes the Face of Jesus.
- 7 Jesus falls the Second Time.
- 8 The women of Jerusalem weep over Jesus.
- 9 Jesus falls the Third Time.
- 10 Jesus is stripped of His Garments.
- 11 Jesus is nailed to the Cross.
- 12 Jesus is raised upon the Cross and dies.
- 13 Jesus is taken down from the Cross and placed in the arms of His Mother.
- 14 Jesus is laid in the Sepulchre

"A Center of Atonement" - Our Lady of the Roses, Mary, Help of Mothers."

Our Lady, October 6, 1974