



OUR LADY OF THE ROSES

MARY HELP OF MOTHERS SHRINE

THE PASSION OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST

in vision by Veronica

LENTEN MEDITATIONS, HYMNS & LITANIES

A Rosary Shrine and Apparition site of Our Lady and Our Lord and the personages from Heaven's appearances and messages to the late Veronica Lueken from 1970 to 1994.



Site of the Vatican Pavilion of the old World's Fair Grounds

Flushing Meadows-Corona Park, Flushing, New York

Message to the World by Jesus Christ Our Savior

and Eternal Father through Veronica Lueken



VERONICA WITNESSES THE PASSION OF JESUS On March 8, 1971
As seen in vision by Veronica during the praying of the Sorrowful
Mysteries. Present during this phenomena were Camille D., Ben and
Mary S., and Evelyn M.

The Passion of Christ

VERONICA RECEIVED THE STIGMATA OF THE HANDS AND FEET AT THIS TIME (March 8, 1971).

A cross appeared on her right foot in the instep area, directly in line with the big toe and second toe, near the center of the instep; but over more to her left side of the instep, centered between the ankle area and toes. The nail bruise appeared on the instep of the left foot, more centered between the second and third toe from the large toe - center of instep. The right foot was crossed over the left in a leftward direction. The cross fitted perfectly in line with the nail mark on the left foot.

The Passion as Related by Veronica

Jesus started by requesting that on three initial beads of the Rosary we say the Acts of Faith, Hope, and Charity. Then we entered into the Sorrowful Mysteries of the Rosary

The Agony in the Garden

During the first decade I saw Jesus on His knees, bent over in anguish, praying. He was wearing a long burgundy colored cape over an inner garment of beige colored material, long and flowing. There was a great sadness in His face - great sorrow. He was talking to His Father in Heaven:

Jesus: "FATHER, I WILL DRINK OF THIS CUP, DOWN TO THE LAST dregs, IF IT BE YOUR WILL. IT IS NOT I THAT SHOULD SEEK THAT THIS CUP BE REMOVED FROM ME. MY STRENGTH IS EVERLASTING IN THE LIGHT AND MY HEART A BLEEDING VESSEL FOR THIS CUP."

Jesus is Scourged at the Pillar

The second mystery - Veronica cried out: "*No, no, stop that!*" For there was her beloved Jesus being pulled to and fro as His tormentors pulled his upper garment from his back. They tied His wrists together and drove a spike into an upright beam. Jesus' hands were bound by strips of brown leather - like cord. Then the central part of the cord that bound His hands was looped over the spike in the beam. Poor Jesus was pinned by His hands (looped over the beam).

There were five people in this cave - like room that appeared to be dug out of a hillside - a sort of hole - room in the hillside.

Veronica screamed and winced as two soldiers took turns hitting Jesus' bare back with a long brown leather - like strap. On this strap were metal hooks laid horizontally all along the strap. These nail - like, claw - like fixtures on the strap cut and scratched deeply into Jesus' flesh, causing blood to pour out. It was a despicable game with the soldiers. They laughed and joked; Jesus said never a word.

Veronica - *"Say something! Say something!"*

He could save Himself, but Jesus remained silent as they spat and insulted Him. His back became a mass of welts and torn flesh. Jesus was barefoot; His sandals had fallen off as they banged a stake higher into the pole and raised poor Jesus up so His toes barely touched the floor. The floor was just dirt and blood. The soldier remarked: *"Maybe they cut out His tongue. Ha, ha!"* Our poor Jesus remained silent.

Nail Spikes Being Made by the Soldiers

Off to the side I saw a room; there was a large kettle - like pot, real old - looking; of rough metal, a deep reddish brown in color - very large. Underneath was a fire burning; there was a heavy liquid bubbling. Off to the side was another longer metal receptacle filled with water. There were two soldiers dressed in short dresses - short, knee - length skirts - with pointed metal pieces hanging down in a pattern of triangles all around the waist, front and back.

They had a metal vest - like covering on their chests and silver - colored, metal headpieces that were shaped like a cap but swooped up to a flowing design on the top. Three other men were almost naked; dressed in diaper - like clothing. They were holding a long piece of metal; they placed the end in the large kettle; it had a red, hot glow. Then the third man had a large mallet - like hammer and he beat on the hot metal. He was pounding it round and round until it looked like a spike. He would then douse it in that metal water trough.

Two soldiers were talking over at the side; later they took the five spikes (there were five large spikes made).



Jesus is Mocked and Crowned with Thorns

Veronica then saw Jesus; He had been cut from the post and had fallen over. A soldier roughly pulled Him over to a wicker - like stool and plunked Jesus onto it. Poor Jesus hung forward, and a nasty soldier put a long stick in His hands to balance Him up, and yelled: *"Ha, Ha! So this is the `King of the Jews'. Let's dress Him as fitting!"*

The soldier went outside to return with an armful of briars...bush. He used the metal tongs to make it easier to handle. He made a sort of cap and stuffed a circlet of briars into it; in that way he could handle it better and shove it on poor Jesus' head. The thorns were too hard to weave, stay together, so the cap was thought of. It was so big and he kept batting it down with a stick! The sadist gloated as he swung. Jesus, dearest Savior, said never a word. The pain was excruciating. Tears coursed down the cheeks of our poor Jesus, but they were of sorrow. The greatest pain was in His heart!



Veronica's drawing of the Ecce Homo guided by Heaven with the basket weave cap with thorns.

Jesus is Made to Carry His Cross

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.

The Women of Jerusalem Weep over Jesus

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 Falls Carrying His Cross

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!

Veronica Wipes the Face of Jesus

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.



A Man Helps Jesus Carry His Cross

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...

Soldiers Make the Cross on Golgotha

Veronica: 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.

Jesus is Nailed to the Cross



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.

Jesus is Raised Upon the Cross

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;

I can't spell it well, just by sound.

Then He looked up,

"I THIRST!"

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.



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The Vigil of April 21, 1973, Holy Saturday



Golgotha – After the Death of Jesus on the Cross

(there is a pause)

Veronica - I see a large open place. There are many people milling about, running about. It has grown very dark. Ah! Ah! The thunder...it's like thunder, it's loud. Everyone is frightened. They're falling and they're running away! They're running away! Oh.

The Soldiers Break the Legs of the other man crucified with Jesus

There are three crosses on the hill. Ohhh, ohhh.
(Veronica weeps and moans while describing the scene.)

Oh, the man on the left, he's tied, but ohhh, ohhh, there's a man, a soldier, he's got a big thing, looks like an ax. It's got..it's like a piece of rock tied on to a stick and he's in the legs with it!!

And the man is crying, "***Have mercy on me!***" And he, the soldier, he's hitting him in his legs, crushing his bones; the blood is pouring out. Now the man on the left, his head has fallen forward. Ohhh!



got a big hitting him

Jesus is Pierced in His Side

He's going over now...Ohhh, he's taking this wide stick, it has a point on the end.
(Veronica cries out in fearful anticipation.)

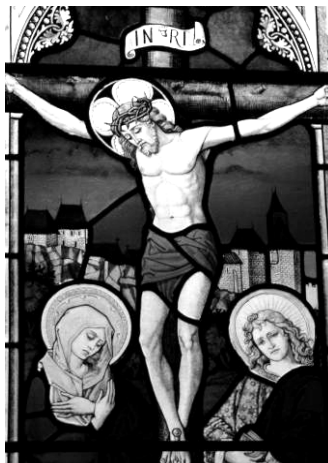
And now, he's...ohhh, ohhh, it's Jesus on the cross, and he pushed it into Him just above His stomach! Ohhh. Now he can't pull it out. He's being covered!..it's not blood, it's water. But he can't...he's running; he can't seem to wash it off his face. He's wiping his hands. It's over his hands; he can't get it off his hands.

Now the stick, the spear, is falling onto the ground. Oh. The man..there's another man..Oh. (Veronica moans.) He's over on the right side. Oh, he's gone, too. Oh. They've both left. The man over on the left, his legs are all crushed, the bone of his knee is now...you can see the bone of his knee coming out. Ohhh! He's suffering.

The Good Thief on the Cross

Ah! He's on the right side of Jesus. He's looking over at Jesus. He says:

"I - I have Your promise and I will cleanse myself for You."



The Descent From the Cross

Veronica - Now it's very dark. There's no one on the hill. But I see there's a man..two men. They're carrying a ladder. Ohhh! And now Our Lady is there. It's very windy; Her dress is blowing very, very hard in the wind. It's raining now, it's raining. And the man is telling the two ladies to keep Her to the side.

Now they're going up and they're..they're putting this ladder up against the cross. Ohhh , ohhh, they're cutting with a knife the ropes on His wrist. And the man down at the bottom of the ladder..now he's going over, he's cutting the ropes at his ankles. Ohhh! They...ohhh! They can't remove the cross out of the hole. They can't get it up..up! They had to take Him forward from the cross. (Veronica moans.)

The ladder is being brought over to the side. Now when the ropes were cut, He fell forward, and His fingers, bloodied, tore away from the wood. They're lifting Him down now. The man's holding the ladder and Ah, Ah! They're trying to take his feet out of the spike! Ah, Ah, Ah, Ah, Ah. They're hitting it now; they got the wood..the wood; they're pushing it now out of the hole. They're holding Jesus and the cross fell down. And now they can hit from the under side. The spike's coming out. They're not tearing his feet..the hands had to be torn. Ah.

Jesus is Taken Down from the Cross and Placed in the Arms of His Mother

Oh, now the three ladies are rushing over. Now the man, he's now lifting Jesus up and Our Lady now is sitting on the ground. She has Jesus now, the blood is on Her gown, all on the front. She wants to remove the headpiece from His head, but She can't. It's in - n - n too deep! They have to..Ah, ohhh.

Jesus Laid in the Tomb

Now there's a man..he's walking up to Him. It's John now speaking with Our Lady; and they want Her to leave. Ah..She doesn't want to leave. Her hands are very bloody. She now places Her hand over Jesus' face, like this.

Now there's an older man. He's talking..it's John, I know John! The other man, he's talking with him, telling him to take the women away.

Now another old man has come. And the lady with the long hair is now speaking with Our Lady. And then another lady now is holding Our Lady's arm, and they're taking Her from the hill.

Jesus is Carried down to the Tomb

They have a wooden board; and now they're lifting Jesus onto this board, and they've placed this white sheet. Now they're carrying Him over past the other poor man on the cross, and they're walking down the hill. There are two of them carrying Jesus. They're walking down the hill past two houses, and up the hill again.

Jesus is Prepared for Burial

And now there's the entrance to the cave. And they're going now into the cave. And now, one of the ladies, it's..I know it's the lady, Mary Cleophas. She has a basket, and it has leaves and things in a basket. And she gave the basket to the man, with the leaves in it, and these..they look like berries. Now she's turned away; she's covered her head and her face with her..the top of her gown. And wiping her face, she walks away.

And now it's getting very dark. I can't see into the cave. I can just see there Jesus' feet, and they're taking these leaves, and they're placing the leaves on top of His legs. And now they're winding, like sheets around His legs. One is holding up His feet and winding the sheet, and laying another..it looks like leaves sort of...on; then another piece of the sheet gets wound around it. Now it's growing very dark, and I can't see any more.

(Veronica utters plaintive moans.) Ah, Ah.

Now it's growing very light, and Our Lady is coming forward. She's dressed all in black, with a white trim around Her head. Our Lady wishes that I repeat Her words:

Our Lady - "***My child, you see how deep is My sorrow, and how greater My sorrow knowing that your world has forgotten so soon. Was My loss, my suffering, in vain? Was My Son's suffering for you in vain?***"

Events Following Jesus' Death

Jesus in the Tomb

Veronica - It is cold and it is very damp. I see a hillside. There's a large hole..cave...in the side of the hill. Inside the cave there's a rock. The rock is very polished. It's like a slab. And lying on the rock is a figure. There's like sheeting wrapped about the figure, completely about, looking like, almost like a mummy.

Now I see that the hands are crossed across His chest, and they're bound tightly with the sheeting, but there's blood; there's blood seeping out on the sheeting. Ohhh!

(Veronica has difficulty in breathing and pain in describing the sorrowful scene).

Also His face is covered, and there's blood coming out of the top of His head on the sheeting. Ohhh! Now all about Him is a light; it's a very bright, white light.

An Angel in the Tomb by Jesus

Now next to Him is a large figure. The figure is very, very white and luminous...very bright. I can see it is an angel. And over to the left side it's very dark, but the light that's coming out from the figure of the angel lights up the whole inside.

It's a small area. It looks almost like a vault, because there are rocks placed up against the side of the walls. Oh.

A Rock is Placed to Close Jesus' Tomb

Now over..I can't get out! There's a large rock. Now the opening...I'm inside and the rock's been placed up against the opening. Ohhh, ohhh, I hear voices outside the rock...sad voices.

Our Lady, John and the Holy Women Leave the Tomb

Now I'm outside the rock, and I see Our Lady. She's bent forward, but She's being helped to Her feet by a man...he has on a brown robe..and there are two ladies. They're wiping their faces with their scarves from their heads. Now they've lifted Our Lady onto Her feet, and there She's walking quietly from the front of the entrance.

Now there's a lady, she's turning back and she's walking over to the entrance and she's throwing herself against the large rock. She's trying to pull it open. Now the top of her cape has fallen onto the ground at her feet. Her hair is very long. And she's now digging with her nails, trying to remove the rock. She's turning now and she's crying. She's crying, the tears are pouring down her face. Now she's walking over to the side...it's a hill..and she's sitting down now on a rock.

St Michael Guards the Tomb of Jesus

It's growing very, very dark. All about, I see the entrance stationed with lighted figures of angels. One is in front of the rock. He carries a large spear. It's Michael. (there's a pause)

Now, oh! I see coming from the sky figures. They're dressed in purple robes. They're filing in front of the cave, the tomb.

The Prophet Isaias

One of them is coming forward now from the group. He has in his hands a cloth; it's purple, almost black in color. And now he places it over his head. And he's holding up what looks like a golden candelabra; it has three candles on it. And now he's singing; it sounds like he's singing; but it sounds more like..his voice is like I never heard before.

(Veronica imitates the solemn lament with a strong voice.)

***"Cover your heads in mourning.
Light your candles of prayer;
For the time has not come
For the light to enter into the world.***

***The Son of Man lied dead in the tomb,
A spotless Sacrifice for the sin of man."***

Veronica - There is a man in a long, dark cape. He's placing what looks like a white scarf about his neck. Now he has on his head..it's a round hat, looks like a yarmulke, but it's red. And he's reading from a book and holding up his three fingers, the thumb and two fingers, like this. He looks like he's quite old.

He says..he's writing over his head with his finger: **I - S - I - A - S, I - S - I - A - S.**

(Veronica repeats the letters.) **Isaias?** Now he's looking down, and saying:

Isaias - "Never a bone in His body did they break."

Vigil of April 21, 1973 Holy Saturday

Our Lady, St John, and the Holy women after Jesus' Burial

Veronica - There is settling over the hillside.a very dark cloud.
I see a small...oh, it's a house, but it's made differently than our houses that we see. It looks more like, made of like clay, sort of, like mud. It's one large room, and over to the side of the room there are rocks piled. It must be where they cook.

Now I see a man. Ohhh! I know it's John. He's sitting at a table. The table doesn't look like what we have; it looks like the tree has been cut in half, the block and not the legs, for them. And it seems like there were notches cut in the block of wood, and a piece of wood hammered in to hold the leg onto the top of the table. I'm looking at it from the left side of the table onto the right.

Now Our Lady is sitting next to John by the table. And the other two ladies - one is older, and she's making something, some kind of broth, over by the rocks. And she's bringing it over now, and placing it in front of Our Lady. Our Lady is shaking her head, "no." She looks very sadly.

They're all alone. There's one, two, three, four.only four people in the room. Our Lady has Her hand now placed over Her heart, over Her heart. And Our Lady is saying to John:

Our Lady of Sorrows

Our Lady - ***"I could no longer suffer the sword in My heart, had I not known the plan of the Father for Me and My Son in the salvation of mankind. The promise of His return, made known to Me by the Father, is My hope. The loss, the anguish, the suffering of His torture has not been lessened by this knowledge."***

Another Vision to Veronica - Vigil of March 25, 1978

Jesus is Carried from the Cross to the Tomb

Veronica - Our Lady is pointing now to our right side, Her left side, and the sky is opening up and I can see - oh, it's very dark; it's a very dark day, and I can see a hillside. And - oh my goodness! I can see four men carrying what looks to be, I guess you would call it a stretcher. It's like a piece of sheeting held by two long poles on either side. And they're carrying - Oh, I can see - Oh my goodness! They're carrying Jesus upon it into this cave - like structure. I can see a tomb. It's, it's very dark, and there's a heavy gray mist hanging in the air. And as they're carrying Jesus in I can hear voices, but they're mumbling very quietly.

And the voice is saying, ***"The hour grows late. We cannot do the washing."***

I can see them now. They're carrying this stretcher - like thing with Jesus upon it into this cave. It's really like a cave. And as I look about I can see, like slabs. They - I don't know if you'd call them monuments, but they look like they're coverings for a - for caskets. They are, there are two over on the right side; they're made of stone, like they're sealing something. They must be bodies. There are two bodies, over to the side. It's like a vault in our cemeteries. It's just like it's been hewn out of the side of a cave.

Jesus is Laid on the Stone Slab and Prepared for Burial

Now they have a stone. It looks like the stone has been polished. It's almost like an altar. And they're laying Jesus down, His body. I can see now. He is still wearing the crown of thorns upon His head. And he has a diaper - like cloth - I believe it is a loincloth - and that's all he has. He looks very bloody. The blood has dried. It's not running any longer. It's dried upon His side. There is a gaping hole in His side, on the left side under His heart. And the blood has dried all about His face. His face looks very, sort of dirty. It's a lot of caked mud on His face.

Now the men are coming over, and they are just putting His feet together. It looks like they're binding His feet with rope. No, it's like sheets. They rip pieces of sheeting, and they're binding His feet, and they're binding His head, and they're binding His hands.

But He has - now one of the men has run his hand upon His eyes. Oh dear! Now they are taking a sheeting and they're wrapping the sheeting about Him like, mummy - like, sort of. It's very frightening. But the blood hasn't dried, because it's coming upon the sheeting; it's seeping through. And now I can understand the voices: ***"We must leave. The hour grows late. We cannot defile the laws."***

The Tomb is Closed with a Rock

And now they're leaving, and they're putting a big rock, a big rock up against the opening. It's very rough inside; it looks like it was hastily dug. There's like a hole in the, in the side of a hill. And they roll this big rock into place. And it's a very frightening - looking, ominous - looking sight.

Soldiers Guard the Tomb

And then up - when they got the rock in place, I can see four staid - looking - I think they're soldiers, they look like soldiers, and they've got these metallic - looking hats on, and short skirts. They're wearing short skirts with metal pieces in front of their skirts. And one looks like he's the leader. And he's motioning to the side. Oh, they're going to stand guard.

Oh, they're standing *guard* ***"so no one will remove the body of this man who says He is the Son of God, the King of the Jews. Ha! ha! ha!"*** Oh! Oh, my!

And now it is getting very dark. It's very, very dark. Oh. And I can see a woman, and she's looking over at the door of this cave, like - the rock is rolled into place. But I can see fear written in her face. She wants to talk with these guards. They must be Roman soldiers; I never saw any dress like that before. And she's being turned away. One of them is pointing his spear, and he's jabbing her. It's not Our Lady; it's another lady. I know who it is. It's Mary, Mary Magdalen. And she's crying, and she's leaving now.

And I can see now Mary. She is down by a clump of trees, and she is talking to - I know, it's John; it's St. John and Our Lady. He has his arm about Our Lady. Our Lady appears that She wants to go up to the cave. It's a tomb. And She's terribly upset. And John is telling Her, asking Her not to go over. I do feel they have a fear of the guards. Our Lady now is placing Her mantle tighter about Her head. It's blowing very heavily.

It's become very dark. It's very sad! And Our Lady now and John, and there are two other figures with them; they're men, I believe. No, no, there's another lady and a man. Only five of them there. And now they're walking; they're walking away.

Two Angels in the Sky Over the Tomb

I can see now over the hill directly over the tomb, there's a tremendous light. And I can see the figure of two angels high up in the sky. But yet it's very dark; it's like a deep, deep, deep, solemn darkness has set upon the world. The sky seems to be closing in now. I can't see anymore, Mother!...

Our Lady - ***"My child, I do not wish to bring emotional burden upon you, but it is for the edification of mankind, that a man must understand the sorrow of a Mother. It is why, My child and My children, that I am most distressed with the actions of mankind in turning aside from My Son when He has given to you all the greatest of sacrifices: His Flesh, His Blood and His Spirit, so that the gates, the entrance to the eternal Kingdom of your God will be open anew to mankind. Has this sacrifice of My Son been in vain? Are you with intention seeking to re - crucify My Son?"***

Vigil of March 25, 1978

AT THE CROSS HER STATION KEEPING

--LENT-- *Stabat Mater*

Jacopone da Todi, d.1306, Tr. Fr.E.Caswall, d.1878 / Mainz, 1661 (A.B.)

Latin: STABAT MATER DOLOROSA



1. At the cross her sta - tion keep - ing,
2. Through her heart, His sor - row shar - ing,
3. O, how sad and sore dis - tress'd, —
4. Christ a - bove in tor - ment hangs; —



1. Stood the mourn - ful Mo - ther weep - ing,
2. All His bit - ter an - guish bear - ing,
3. Was that Moth - er high - ly blest —
4. She be - neath be - holds the pangs —



1. Close to Je - sus to the last.
2. Now at length the sword had pass'd. A - men.
3. Of the sole - be - got - ten One!
4. Of her dy - ing glo - rious Son.

5	Is there one who would not weep, Whelm'd in miseries so deep Christ's dear Mother to behold?
6	Can the human heart refrain From partaking in her pain, In that Mother's pain untold?
7	Bruis'd, derided, curs'd, defil'd, She beheld her tender Child: All with bloody scourges rent.
8	For the sins of His own nation, Saw Him hang in desolation, Till His spirit forth He sent.
9	O thou Mother! fount of love! Touch my spirit from above; Make my heart with thine accord.
10	Make me feel as thou hast felt; Make my soul to glow and melt, With the love of Christ my Lord.
11	Holy Mother! pierce me through; In my heart each wound renew, Of my Savior crucified.
12	Let me share with thee His pain, Who for all my sins was slain, Who for me in torments died.
13	Let me mingle tears with thee, Mourning Him who mourn'd for

	me, All the days that I may live.
14	By the cross with thee to stay; There with thee to weep and pray; Is all I ask of thee to give.
15	Virgin of all virgins best, Listen to my fond request: Let me share thy grief divine.
16	Let me, to my latest breath, In my body bear the death Of that dying Son of thine.
17	Wounded with His every wound, Steep my soul till it hath swoon'd, In His very blood away.
18	Be to me, O Virgin, nigh, Lest in flames I burn and die, In His awful Judgment day.
19	Christ, when Thou shalt call me hence, Be Thy Mother my defense, Be Thy cross my victory.
20	While my body here decays, May my soul Thy goodness praise, Safe in Paradise with Thee.

HEAR OUR ENTREATIES, LORD -- LENT

[Attende Domini]

Refrain



Hear our en - treat - ies, Lord, and show Thy mer - cy;



for we are sin - ners be - fore___ Thee.



1. King high ex - alt - ed,___ all the world's Re - deem - er,

2. We, Thy e - ter - nal___ maj - es - ty en - treat - ing,



1. to Thee Thy child - ren lift their eyes with weep - ing:

2. make lam - en - ta - tion in Thy ho - ly hear - ing:



1. Christ, we im - plore Thee, hear our sup - pli - ca - tion.

2. gra - cious - ly grant Thou to our sins in - dul - gence.

*Litany of
Our Lady of Seven Sorrows*
by Pope Pius VII



Lord, have mercy on us.
Lord, have mercy on us.
Christ, hear us. Christ, graciously hear us.
God, the Father of heaven,
God the Son, Redeemer of the world, .
God the Holy Ghost,
Holy Mary, Mother of God,
Holy Virgin of virgins,
Mother of the Crucified,
Sorrowful Mother,
Mournful Mother,
Sighing Mother,
Afflicted Mother,
Forsaken Mother, .
Desolate Mother,
Mother most sad,
Mother set around with anguish,
Mother overwhelmed by grief,
Mother transfixed by a sword,
Mother crucified in thy heart,
Mother bereaved of thy Son,
Sighing Dove,
Mother of Dolors,
Fount of tears,
Sea of bitterness,
Field of tribulation,
Mass of suffering,
Mirror of patience,
Rock of constancy,
Remedy in perplexity,
Joy of the afflicted,
Ark of the desolate,
Refuge of the abandoned,.
Shield of the oppressed,
Conqueror of the incredulous,
Solace of the wretched,
Medicine of the sick,
Help of the faint,
Strength of the weak,
Protectress of those who fight,
Haven of the shipwrecked,
Calmer of tempests,
Companion of the sorrowful,
Retreat of those who groan,
Terror of the treacherous,
Standard-bearer of the Martyrs,
Treasure of the Faithful,
Light of Confessors,
Pearl of Virgins, .

Christ, have mercy on us.

Christ, graciously hear us.

Have mercy on us.

Have mercy on us.

Have mercy on us.

pray for us.

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pray for us.

pray for us.

pray for us.

Comfort of Widows, .
Joy of all Saints,
Queen of thy Servants,
Holy Mary, who alone art unexampled,

Pray for us, most Sorrowful Virgin,

pray for us.
pray for us.
pray for us.
pray for us.
pray for us.
pray for us

That we may be made worthy
of the promises of Christ.

Let us pray:

O God, in whose Passion, according to the prophecy of Simeon, a sword of grief pierced through the most sweet soul of Thy glorious Blessed Virgin Mother Mary: grant that we, who celebrate the memory of her Seven Sorrows, may obtain the happy effect of Thy Passion, Who lives and reigns world without end,
Amen.

The Seven Sorrows of Our Lady

- 1. The Prophecy of Simeon**
- 2. The Flight into Egypt .**
- 3. The Loss of Jesus in the Temple**
- 4. Mary meets Jesus Carrying the Cross**
- 5. The Crucifixion**
- 6. Mary Receives the Dead Body of Her Son**
- 7. The Burial of Her Son and Closing of the Tomb.**

Consecration to Our Lady of Sorrows

Most holy Virgin and Queen of Martyrs, Mary, would that I could be in Heaven, there to contemplate the honors rendered to thee by the Most Holy Trinity and by the whole Heavenly Court! But since I am still a pilgrim in this vale of tears, receive from me, thy unworthy servant and a poor sinner, the most sincere homage and the most perfect act of vassalage a human creature can offer thee.

In thy Immaculate Heart, pierced with so many swords of sorrow, I place today my poor soul forever; receive me as a partaker in Thy dolors, and never suffer that I should depart from that Cross on which thy only begotten Son expired for me.

With thee, O Mary, I will endure all the sufferings, contradictions, infirmities, with which it will please thy Divine Son to visit me in this life. All of them I offer to thee, in memory of the Dolors which thou didst suffer during thy life, that every thought of my mind, every beating of my heart may henceforward be an act of compassion to thy Sorrows, and of complacency for the glory thou now enjoyest in Heaven.

Since then, O Dear Mother, I now compassionate thy Dolors, and rejoice in seeing thee glorified, do thou also have compassion on me, and reconcile me to thy Son Jesus, that I may become thy true and loyal son (*daughter*); come on my last day and assist me in my last agony, even as thou wert present at the Agony of thy Divine Son Jesus, that from this painful exile I may go to Heaven, there to be made partaker of thy glory.
Amen.

LITANY OF THE PASSION

Lord, have mercy on us.
Lord, have mercy on us.

Christ, have mercy on us.

Christ, hear us.

Christ, graciously hear us.

God the Father of Heaven,
God the Son, Redeemer of the world,
God the Holy Spirit,
Holy Trinity, One God,

Have mercy on us.

Jesus, the eternal Wisdom,
Jesus, conversing with men,
Jesus, hated by the world,
Jesus, sold for thirty pieces of silver,
Jesus, prostrate in prayer,
Jesus, strengthened by an angel,
Jesus, agonizing in a bloody sweat,
Jesus, betrayed by Judas with a kiss,
Jesus, bound by the soldiers,
Jesus, forsaken by your disciples,
Jesus, before Annas and Caiaphas,
Jesus, struck by a servant on the face,
Jesus, accused by false witnesses,
Jesus, declared worthy of death,
Jesus, spit upon in the face,
Jesus, blindfolded,
Jesus, smitten on the cheek,
Jesus, thrice denied by Peter,
Jesus, delivered up to Pilate,
Jesus, despised and mocked by Herod,
Jesus, clothed in a white garment,
Jesus, rejected for Barabbas,
Jesus, torn by scourges,
Jesus, bruised for our sins,
Jesus, regarded as a leper,
Jesus, covered with a purple robe,
Jesus, crowned with thorns,
Jesus, struck with a reed,
Jesus, demanded for crucifixion,
Jesus, condemned to death,
Jesus, given up to your enemies,
Jesus, laden with the Cross,
Jesus, led as a lamb to the slaughter,
Jesus, stripped of your garments,
Jesus, fastened with nails to the Cross,

Have mercy on us.

Jesus, wounded for our iniquities,
Jesus, praying for your murderers,
Jesus, reputed with the wicked,
Jesus, blasphemed on the Cross,
Jesus, reviled by the malefactor,
Jesus, giving Paradise to the thief,
Jesus, commending Saint John to your Mother as
her son,
Jesus, forsaken by your Father,
Jesus, given gall and vinegar to drink,
Jesus, testifying that all things written concerning
you were accomplished,
Jesus, commending your spirit into the hands of
your Father,
Jesus, obedient even unto death,
Jesus, pierced with a lance,
Jesus, made a propitiation for us,
Jesus, taken down from the Cross,
Jesus, laid in a sepulcher,
Jesus, rising gloriously from the dead,
Jesus, ascending into heaven,
Jesus, our Advocate with the Father,
Jesus, sending down the Holy Spirit,
Jesus, exalting your Mother,
Jesus, who shall come to judge the living and the
dead,

Be merciful,
Be merciful,

From all evil,
From all sin,
From anger, hatred, and every evil will,
From war, famine, and pestilence,
From all dangers of mind and body,
From everlasting death,
Through your most pure conception,
Through your miraculous nativity,
Through your humble circumcision,
Through your baptism and fasting,
Through your labors and watchings,
Through your cruel scourging and crowning,
Through your thirst, and tears, and nakedness,
Through your precious death and Cross,
Through your glorious resurrection and ascension,
Through your sending forth the Holy Spirit, the
Paraclete,

*Spare us, O Jesus.
Graciously spare us, O Jesus.*

Deliver us, O Jesus

On the day of judgment, we sinners,
That you would spare us,
That you would pardon us,
That you would bring us to true penance,
That you would pour into our hearts the grace of
the Holy Spirit,
That you would defend and propagate your
Church,
That you would preserve and increase all
societies assembled in your holy Name,
That you would bestow upon us true peace,
humility, and charity,
That you would give us perseverance in grace
and in your holy service,
That you would deliver us from unclean thoughts,
the temptations of the devil, and everlasting
damnation,
That you would unite us to the company of your
Saints,
That you would graciously hear us,

We beseech you, hear us.

Lamb of God, you take away the sins of the world; *Spare us, O Lord.*
Lamb of God, you take away the sins of the world;
Lamb of God, you take away the sins of the world; *Graciously hear us, O Lord.*
Christ hear us.
Lord, have mercy.
Lord, have mercy.

Have mercy on us.

Christ, graciously hear us
Christ, have mercy

We adore you, O Christ, and we bless you, because by your holy Cross you have
redeemed the world.

Contact the Shrine for more free information, messages to Veronica, directions and a blessed Rose Petal.



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