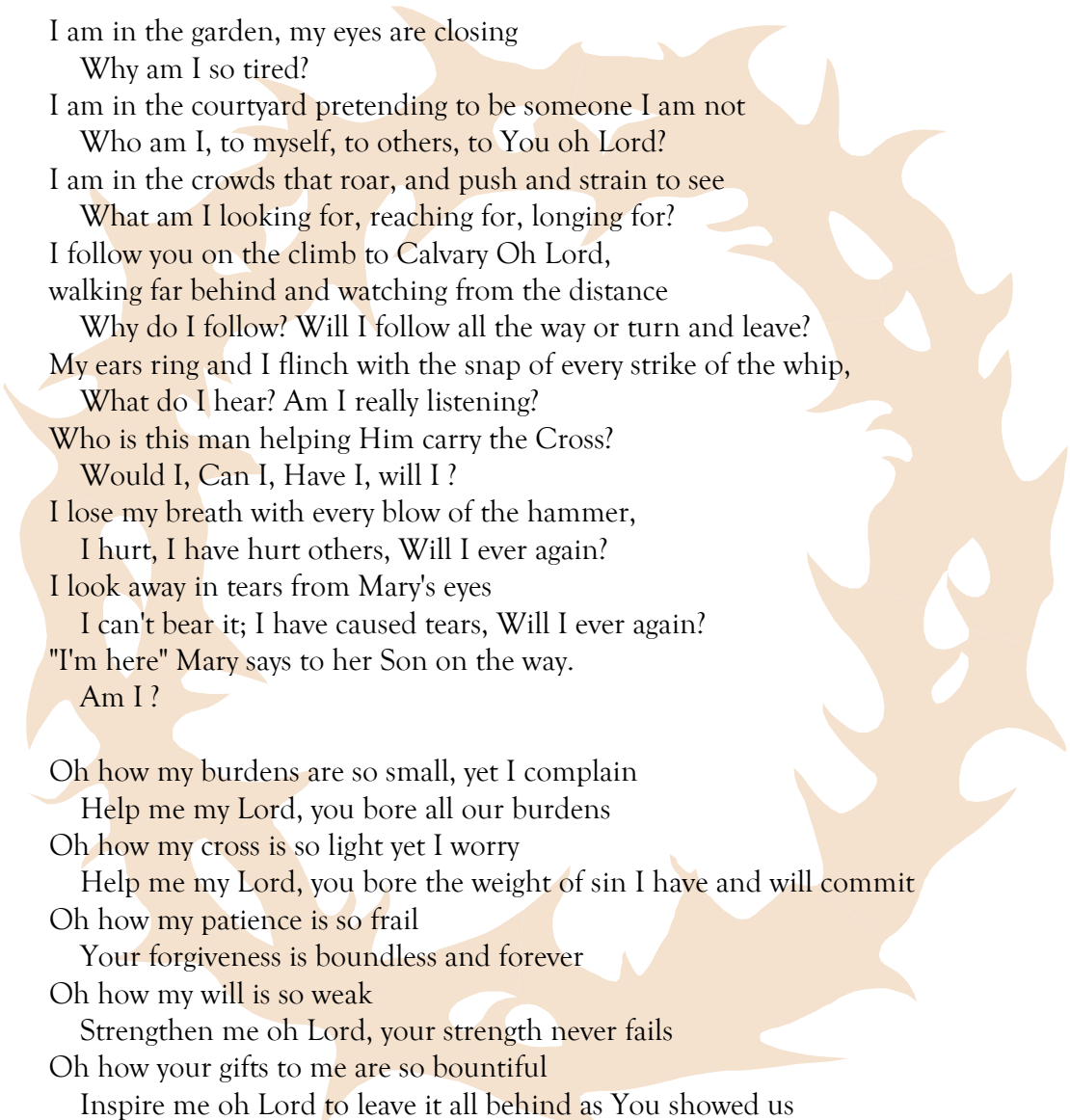



A meditation on Christ's Passion

I am in the garden, my eyes are closing
Why am I so tired?
I am in the courtyard pretending to be someone I am not
Who am I, to myself, to others, to You oh Lord?
I am in the crowds that roar, and push and strain to see
What am I looking for, reaching for, longing for?
I follow you on the climb to Calvary Oh Lord,
walking far behind and watching from the distance
Why do I follow? Will I follow all the way or turn and leave?
My ears ring and I flinch with the snap of every strike of the whip,
What do I hear? Am I really listening?
Who is this man helping Him carry the Cross?
Would I, Can I, Have I, will I ?
I lose my breath with every blow of the hammer,
I hurt, I have hurt others, Will I ever again?
I look away in tears from Mary's eyes
I can't bear it; I have caused tears, Will I ever again?
"I'm here" Mary says to her Son on the way.
Am I ?

Oh how my burdens are so small, yet I complain
Help me my Lord, you bore all our burdens
Oh how my cross is so light yet I worry
Help me my Lord, you bore the weight of sin I have and will commit
Oh how my patience is so frail
Your forgiveness is boundless and forever
Oh how my will is so weak
Strengthen me oh Lord, your strength never fails
Oh how your gifts to me are so bountiful
Inspire me oh Lord to leave it all behind as You showed us
To come and follow You.

I Go Out to Meet Him

The following entry is from St. Faustina's Diary, [Divine Mercy in My Soul](#). It speaks eloquently of what happens in the Eucharistic Adoration Chapel.

"I go out to meet Him, and I invite him to the dwelling place of my heart, humbling myself profoundly before His majesty. But the Lord lifts me up from the dust and invites me, as His bride, to sit next to Him and to tell Him everything that is on my heart. And I, set at ease by His kindness, lean my head on His breast and tell Him everything. In the first place, I tell Him things I would never tell to any creature. And then, I speak about the needs of the Church, about the souls of poor sinners and about how much they have need of His mercy. But the time passes quickly. Jesus, I must go to carry out the duties that are awaiting me. Jesus tells me that there is still a moment in which to say farewell. A deep mutual gaze, and we seemingly separate for a while; but, in reality, we never do. Our hearts are constantly united. Though outwardly I am distracted by my various duties, the presence of Jesus plunges me constantly in profound recollection." (St. Faustina, *Diary*, pp. 638-639, #1806)

Isn't this what happens to us when we spend time with Him in adoration? We praise Him and realize our own nothingness before Him. He lifts us up with His grace. We speak to Him as to the best of friends, as a child speaks to a mother or a father, but more than that, the heart communicates in a way it couldn't possibly communicate with any other person. We speak, He listens, and we listen. We speak of our cares, our failings, our concern for the welfare of others. We place ourselves in His hands. The time passes ever more quickly as with each visit to the chapel we become more and more familiar with Him. In one last gaze at Him humbled in the Eucharist, we say farewell. We bring Him with us throughout the upcoming days until we stop to speak with Him again. He inches us toward our final meeting.

Jesus I trust in You
