

A LITTLE WAY

Hello, Jesus. It's nice to come to Your house and chat with You and hear so many secrets You tell me when We're alone. Your house is lovely. So quiet. I know You listen through that little gold door. Mommy told me. She tells me so many wonderful things about You. I love to listen, to cuddle so close so I can learn everything she kindly tells me about You. She says You listened like that when You were a little Boy. And here You are, the greatest of all Story-tellers, And here I am alone with You. Please, Jesus, never too tired or busy for little children, tell me a story.

My dear little one, thank you for coming. All day and night I wait. Everybody seems to forget. But now and then a child remembers and together We may smile because it is good for Us to be here. I know you like My house. I like yours too, your mommy, daddy, your brothers and sisters. And I love you, my child. Shall I tell you of the Love? Let's walk along the walls so that the pictures will help you understand the Way of the Cross. It is a little Way. It is steep, yes, but very little children don't mind. They run joyfully. They forget all else, for I await at the summit with outstretched arms to embrace them to My throbbing Heart. Please, please come follow Me. I long to give you the most precious gift fashioned from My good earth. Behold My Cross. Please don't shrink back in fear. Take, eat, here is your Strength. Now come.

1. Such a jostling, screaming crowd. Yet You stand and gaze gently into the fury. Why do You remain silent in the face of these lies? You are Truth. Can't You explain? Must You endure the crown of thorns, the spittle that yet streaks Your face? Can't You perform one dazzling proof before their eyes?

My child, I've been with them all these years. I've showed them the miracle of Love. I AM LOVE. And My all-My Life-is now theirs. I have nothing left. I am theirs. O please do not you condemn Me to death again by not loving Me in these poor, lost sheep. Cannot you look into their hungry eyes and shout JESUS that I may be loosed of these chains?

Yes, Jesus, Jesus, I know You are ther. I love You, for I love them. Perhaps one day they will know.

II. But not, it's so heavy. Must you carry the weight of all evil?

My child, is this a truly worthy concern for Me, Your sense of values is so far from My Wisdom. This is why I became one with you. Look upon My infirmity. Love it. This is your strength. Fear not. Only follow Me. I bear it all.

Thank You, Jesus, for letting me come. I follow. I watch You and follow. O to be like You in every step. O that I may be but a shadow that the world may watch and wonder, "What then must the Master be?" And they will search yet a little furthur and find an empty Cross, and an empty tomb, and a full heart.

III. O Jesus! It is too heavy. You are too weak to go furthur.

No. My child, it is YOU who are not strong enough. Do you not believe in My Love, O please do not doubt.

Yes, Jesus, I believe. Please strengthen my insufficient Faith.

IV. Jesus, surely You love her most, this beautiful Mother of Yours. Yet no mother's heart had endured the anguish I see here. She but stands here, erect, strong, silent. O when will her tears betray the bitter pain in her Immaculate Heart?

No child, do not await her sobs. You shan't hear. For her sorrow, as her joy, is in a depth beyond the realm of tears or laughter. She is Here for Me. And she is strong.

V. They are forcing Your Cross, great though it is, upon the frailty of my shoulders. O no! I can endure no more. Often have I sunk to the ground, my face soiled with mud. Dare I attempt bearing the weight of the world's evil who can't bear my own selfishness?

Fear not, and please don't refuse the treasure I want to give you on this Way. But give Me a gift, the only gift I desire of you, the only GIFT that is YOURS to give. Give Me your weakness. That is all. You can do all things, for I am with you and it is My Cross which you carry. My Love is STRONG, and it is yours. Let's continue Our journey, little one. Only remember that I am here to bear all.

VI. Here comes a woman, Jesus. Though she is jostled by the crowd, her step is swift and sure. With what dignity does she ignore the torts of the soldiers. With what reverence does she kneel before Your true beauty. And she offers her veil that Your shame may be hers.

VII. O my Jesus! it seems You cannot go on. Nor I. All around Us is dust and pushing, crowds and stifling heat. This exhaustion! This painful nothingness.

Have confidence, my poor little one, For lying here, trampled upon, We are conquering the world. Come now, let Us rise and be about Our Father's business. My hour is approaching. Let Us rise joyously to meet it.

VIII. Now dear Jesus, at last there are a few women who do not jeer. Perhaps they have seen Your Mother. Perhaps they have heard the anguished cry raised from the depths of her heart and Yours. And here its echo returns to bring You yet more pain.

Little one, have I been so long with you and you still don't understand? You weep that I ascend My throne? I love your tears, They are precious jewels you may offer that your brothers and sisters may someday find this Way, and Happiness. Learn to spend these jewels well.

LX. O Almighty Love, truly when You are weak, then You are strong. For here I behold You, sprawled upon the ground, the dust mingled with Your Most Precious Blood. O what man could arise from such mire? My Jesus! My Jesus!

I am here; I hear you, little one. Sh. Please don't cry so. True no man could rise from these depths. But Love can do all things. Let us go to Love's rendezvous.

X. Those to whom You've promised eternal Life now in their greed tear Your garment from You. With what dignity You stand here naked. You seem almost to be handing them these precious, scarlet robes. And they seem as beggars, Jesus, they are tearing at my heart!

I know your pain. Yes, little one, I know, for it isn't yours but Mine. It is this utter nothingness You experience which consoles Me and lets Me be your Everything. I your Jesus.

XI. I love to see my dear ones' hands, Daddy's strong, calloused hands, Mommy's lovely, dishwater hands, Baby's little, chubby fist that grips my finger. And this one, Jesus, Your hand, whose fingers seem to reach upward to hasten the nail's blow.

Yes, My child, this hand has healed the sick, raised the dead, fed the poor. But nowhere has it been this powerful. For now it is capable of nothing-less than saving the world.

XII. Jesus! Jesus! ...Truly Love does such things. Words, thoughts, all is insufficient save death. Here I stand beneath Your Cross.

XIII. He is dead. His Mother reaches for all that remains of His immolation. And she adores. In her face I see peace, maybe joy. It is finished. And she sits to rest in adoration of the living soul of Christ.

He gave her to be mine. I heard. "Behold thy Mother," He said, and I am hers. God forgive me that I am yet so unlike her Beloved Son. O that I may never be the dead soul that stabs her Immaculate Heart again. May she see her Jesus once more in me and rejoice.

XIV So many stand woefully murmuring here at the tomb wher Jesus' sacred Body lies. Please forgive my faint smile. But I remember a beautiful promise Our Mother spoke of. Now I must hurry along to spend the evening with her in silent expectation.

Soon/ we shall see Jesus! We wait. And somehow He is already in our midst. But soon Face to Face!

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