

Opening Prayer

In your darkest hour, Lord, the cup of salvation was very much on your mind. Even as you prayed that the cup might pass you by (Matthew 26:39), you understood that soon you would taste its fruit—and that we who follow you must taste it too. “Can you drink the cup that I drink...?” you ask (Mark 10:38). As I meditate on your Way of the Cross, I ask for the grace to answer “yes” every day of my life.



Pilate Condemns Jesus to Death

“What is truth?” asks Pilate (John 18:38). It seems strange that he seeks answers from you, a man abandoned by his friends—even those who had once pledged to drink the cup with you. Perhaps, like me, Pilate is confounded by your quiet grace. Why do you choose to submit to his authority? Jesus, teach me to thirst for doing the Father’s will. Help me to find true joy in pouring myself out for others.



Jesus Takes Up His Cross

The cross is not a cup of gladness. Surely you recognize its harsh reality—an instrument of torture—and yet you willingly shoulder its weight. You are able to look beyond the pain to see the promise of salvation in this cross. You accept its sorrows as a path to joy. Remind me, Lord Jesus, that both joys and sorrows are part of life. May every discouragement draw me closer to you.



Jesus Falls the First Time

When you stumble, Lord Jesus, it touches my heart. It reminds me you are human—how you, too, could get tripped up by unexpected obstacles. I can imagine how it must have hurt to hear the onlookers jeer and cheer at your misfortune. Remarkably, their cruel words do not stir up bitterness in you. Help me to learn from your example, Lord. Teach me to forgive and so to purify my heart of the desire for retaliation.



Jesus Meets His Mother

From the beginning, Jesus, your mother was a cup of blessing for you and the whole community.

Early in your ministry, her joyful compassion flowed like choice wine at Cana. Now, as you make your way to Golgotha, Mary pours out her heart again, freely joining her painful sacrifice to yours. Open my ears to savor the wisdom in her words: “Do whatever he tells you” (John 2:5).



Simon of Cyrene Helps Jesus Carry the Cross

Lord Jesus, by taking up your cross without really knowing how this chance encounter will end, Simon symbolically takes up the cup you offer. It is an extraordinary moment of grace for an ordinary man plucked from the crowd. How easily I forget that this is often the way you choose to work! Give me the confidence to know that I, too, can be your hands and feet in the world. Keep my eyes open for opportunities to serve.



Veronica Wipes the Face of Jesus

As one of your disciples, Veronica surely knows the sweet taste of your friendship, Jesus. And though she is powerless to take this bitter cup away from you, she still finds a way to make it a bit more tolerable. Dear Lord, may Veronica’s loving example remind me that no act of kindness is ever wasted. May it wipe away my reluctance to share in—and thereby relieve—the suffering of others.



Jesus Falls the Second Time

Jesus, again you stumble and fall, and again you rise. I am amazed at your perseverance in the face of this ordeal. You do not hesitate to lift “the cup of his wrath” to your lips (Isaiah 51:17). Your faith in the Father is unshaken. Somehow you know that he will take “from your hand the cup of staggering” (Isaiah 51:22). Let me learn fidelity from you, Jesus. Strengthen my ability to pray, “Not my will but yours be done” (Luke 22:42).



Jesus Meets the Women of Jerusalem

As you encounter these weeping women, Lord, I am reminded that being in a community is not always easy. We lift our cups to toast the happy times, but we are bound to encounter deep sorrows too. Give me the grace to embrace every cup that life has to offer. Help me to experience the true blessing of community—when we freely choose to share our moments of grief and joy together.



Jesus Falls the Third Time

Lord Jesus, you fall again under the weight of the cross. As you struggle to rise, I recall my own repeated struggles with sinful patterns. These compulsions and obsessions weigh me down. They shrink my world; they enslave me. But with your grace, I believe I can be freed from these bonds. Pour out your grace on me now, dear Lord. Let me drink deeply from your cup of salvation!



Jesus Is Stripped of His Garments

Measured by material possessions, you were never rich,