

## The Agony in the Garden

*And taking with him Peter and the two sons of Zebedee, he began to grow sorrowful and to be sad. Then he saith to them: My soul is sorrowful even unto death: stay you here, and watch with me. And going a little further, he fell upon his face, praying, and saying: My Father, if it be possible, let this chalice pass from me. Nevertheless not as I will, but as thou wilt. And he cometh to his disciples, and findeth them asleep, and he saith to Peter: What? Could you not watch one hour with me? Watch ye, and pray that ye enter not into temptation. The spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh weak.*

*- Matthew 26:37-41*

“Could you not watch one hour with me?” Lord, sometimes this hour with You seems like an eternity. I struggle to concentrate and stay focused. When I pray or read my eyelids grow heavy.

What is one hour compared to all You give me? Lord Jesus, give me the grace to enter into deep personal conversation with You during this holy hour. Strengthen me to “stay awake” as I meditate on Your Agony in the Garden. My spirit is indeed willing but my flesh is weak.

May this hour of spiritual communion strengthen my spirit and prepare my flesh to receive your flesh at Mass.

## The Scourging at the Pillar

*Pilate therefore said to him: Art thou a king then? Jesus answered: Thou sayest that I am a king. For this was I born, and for this came I into the world; that I should give testimony to the truth. Every one that is of the truth, heareth my voice. Pilate saith to him: What is truth? And when he said this, he went out again to the Jews, and saith to them: I find no cause in him. But you have a custom that I should release one unto you at the pasch: will you, therefore, that I release unto you the king of the Jews? Then cried they all again, saying: Not this man, but Barabbas. Now Barabbas was a robber. Then therefore, Pilate took Jesus, and scourged him.*

*- John 18:37 – 19:1*

Lord, I shudder when I think of Your flesh being ripped open during the scourging. The thought of You tied to a pillar humbly submitting to this cruel torture is too much to bear. In my mind's-eye I can see you naked, bleeding, and alone.

Lord, I also shudder when I think of the abuses You must endure when You humble Yourself in the Eucharist.

Jesus, accept my time here with You and my prayers as reparation for all the abuses committed against You in the Most Blessed Sacrament. May they be a reparation for the physical abuses as well as the abuses of neglect.

## The Crowning of Thorns

*Then he released to them Barabbas, and having scourged Jesus, delivered him unto them to be crucified. Then the soldiers of the governor taking Jesus into the hall, gathered together unto him the whole band; And stripping him, they put a scarlet cloak about him. And plating a crown of thorns, they put it upon his head, and a reed in his right hand. And bowing the knee before him, they mocked him, saying: Hail, king of the Jews. And spitting upon him, they took the reed, and struck his head. And after they had mocked him, they took off the cloak from him, and put on him his own garments, and led him away to crucify him.*

*- Matthew 27:26-31*

Jesus, You are so humble. You did not utter a word when the soldiers gathered around You and made fun of You. When they placed a crown of thorns on Your head, a reed in Your hand, and a robe on Your back, You endured all these things. As they knelt before You in blasphemous homage You prayed for them. Though they knelt before the King of Kings they were blinded by sin and did not recognize You.

Jesus, I often have moments when I don't recognize You in the Eucharist. As I stare upon you in the Blessed Sacrament doubts enter my mind. These doubts, I know, are the result of my sin. It is my sin that caused You to suffer. It is my sin that blinds me to Your Real Presence.

Lord, give me humility. Help me to imitate You and accept all of my sufferings, abuses and false labels. Help me to remove the crown of pride and replace it with the crown of humility so that one day I might receive the crown of victory.

## Carrying of the Cross

*And Pilate gave sentence that it should be as they required. And he released unto them him who for murder and sedition, had been cast into prison, whom they had desired; but Jesus he delivered up to their will. And as they led him away, they laid hold of one Simon of Cyrene, coming from the country; and they laid the cross on him to carry after Jesus. And there followed him a great multitude of people, and of women, who bewailed and lamented him.*

- Luke 23:24-27

Jesus, I can't imagine what it must have been like to carry the cross. I can't imagine the pain and anguish You endured carrying the weight of my sins.

I often feel guilty when I come here before You. I feel as though I add to the weight of the cross when I come here and unload. But then I realize that that is exactly what You want me to do. You said that I should come to You when I am burdened and You will give me rest.

Lord, I bring to You all my labors and burdens and trade them for the Your light yoke of the cross. Give me the grace to imitate You and carry my cross and increase in me during this Holy Hour the virtue of charity so that I may be Simon of Cyrene to my neighbors.

## The Crucifixion and Death

*And they that passed by blasphemed him, wagging their heads, and saying: Vah, thou that destroyest the temple of God, and in three days buildest it up again; Save thyself, coming down from the cross. In like manner also the chief priests mocking, said with the scribes one to another: He saved others; himself he cannot save. Let Christ the king of Israel come down now from the cross, that we may see and believe. And they that were crucified with him reviled him. And when the sixth hour was come, there was darkness over the whole earth until the ninth hour. And at the ninth hour, Jesus cried out with a loud voice, saying: Eloi, Eloi, lamma sabacthani? Which is, being interpreted, My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?*

- Mark 15:29-34

As I gaze upon You here in the Eucharist tears fill my eyes at the thought of Your cruel torture and death. Your words, crying out to the Father, echo in my ears but they seem to be formed differently upon my own lips, "My God, My God, why have I forsaken Thee?"

Like Peter and the others I have forsaken You numerous times. I am sorry. Jesus, give me the strength to imitate You even to my own death. Let me never forsake You again. May this hour and all the hours to follow be filled with the words of Peter when You gave him the chance to make things right, "Lord, You know everything. You know that I love You."

## The Sorrowful Mysteries of the Eucharist



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