



MIGRANT

Way of the Cross



**Let us walk with the migrants who share
our Common Home**

LET US WALK WITH THE MIGRANTS WHO SHARE OUR COMMON HOME

We invoke God who is Father, Son and Holy Spirit...



"We adore you Most Holy Lord Jesus Christ, here and in all the churches in the world, and we bless you because by your holy cross you redeemed the world."

Introduction to the Way of the Cross:

Let us keep in mind the migrant people who have died, those who have lost a loved one along the way, those who have been scarred by violence and those who hope to live in peace with a heaven that protects them. United with migrants we say:

*Migrant footprints are those who are left behind along the way;
Migrant footprints are the steps of women, men, and children;
Migrant footprints point to dreams of a better and peaceful life;
Migrant footprints mark the path taken by other migrants;
Migrant footprints of those who flee from violence in their lands;
Migrant footprints of women violated by machismo.
Migrant footprints with memories of a history left behind;
Migrant footprints marked by pain and destructive violence;
Migrant footprints that highlight one who has already passed;
Migrant footprints lost in the desert and on lonely roads;
Migrant footprints that end in a common grave;
Migrant footprints that leave the aroma of chicken from the pieces they ate;
Migrant footprints, solitary or accompanied;
Migrant footprints whose relatives who seek to live in peace;
Migrant footprints who were persecuted by armed migration agents;
Migrant footprints that mark human diversity and cultural richness;
Migrant footprints that are erased by the wind and in the memory of the peoples;
Migrant footprints seeking refuge and safe shelter;
Migrant footprints with faith in a God who walks side by side;
Migrant footprints with mud, tears and death that remain in the Darien jungle;
Migrant footprints, the faces of migrants who have spent these years in "La 72", Tenosique;
Migrant footprints, some 600,000 migrants who pass through Mexico each year;
Migrant footprints that suffer persecution and blood on the roads of the United States;
Migrant footprints of the millions of migrants that mark the human drama through
Migrant footprints that push the hope of a heaven and a new earth.
Migrant footprints of a migrant that brings peace closer to justice.
Migrant footprints like the ones left by Joseph, Mary and Jesus when they fled from Herod*



1st Station

Jesus is condemned to death

We adore you Most Holy Lord Jesus Christ, here and in all the churches in the world, and we bless you because by your holy cross you redeemed the world.

Jesus is condemned to death. (Mk 14, 32-36)

"They came to a place called Gethsemane, and Jesus said to his disciples: "Sit here while I go to pray." And he took with him Peter, James and John. He began to be filled with fear and anguish, and he said to them: "I feel in my soul a sadness to death. Stay here and stay awake." Jesus went a little ahead and fell to the ground, begging that, if possible, he would not have to go through that hour. He said: "Abba, that is, Father, if everything is possible for you, take this cup away from me. But do not what I want, but what you want."

Reflection:

Experiencing loneliness, pain, and abandonment is an experience that many migrants experience due to the violence they are exposed to along the way. Jesus experienced it in the same way when he was kidnapped in that secluded place called Gethsemane. Prayer always accompanies us in difficult times; let us accompany those migrants who are kidnapped with these stations of the cross.

Praying with Saint Francis of Assisi (OfP 1):

"Oh God, I revealed my life to you, and you put my tears before your eyes.
All my enemies plotted evil against me, and together they held council.
And they returned evil for good and hate in exchange for my love.
Instead of loving me they slandered me, but I prayed.
My father, holy king of heaven and earth, do not walk away from me, because tribulation is near and there is no one to help me.



Our Father...

Song:

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UMdZ_8N7Blw

Final prayer: May the resurrection of Jesus reach every migrant who lives the shame of the cross. Amen.

Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit. As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.



2nd Station

Jesus is arrested.

We adore you Most Holy Lord Jesus Christ, here and in all the churches in the world, and we bless you because by your holy cross you redeemed the world.

Jesus is betrayed by Judas and arrested. (Mk 14,43-46)

"Jesus was still speaking when Judas, one of the Twelve, appeared; he was accompanied by a large group of people with swords and clubs, sent by the chief priests, the teachers of the Law, and the Jewish leaders. The traitor had given them this signal: "The one I kiss, that's him; stop him and take him under guard." As soon as Judas arrived, he approached Jesus saying: "Master, Master!" and he kissed him. They then took him and led him away under arrest."

Reflection:

Betrayal is an experience that migrants live daily, sometimes even by their own companions. Jesus went through the experience of being betrayed. This brings pain, loneliness and death. Migrants often experience an arrest by state agents, an arrest that violates their human rights. Who helps and defends a migrant when he is unfairly accused? Simply, he is abandoned to the fate of the wicked. This expression keeps coming from heaven: "Where is your brother? Where is your sister?"

Praying with Saint Francis of Assisi (OfP 1):

"My friends and neighbors came close to me, turning against me, and my relatives kept their distance.

You took my acquaintances away from me, they considered me a curse to them; I was delivered and had no way out.

Holy Father, do not take your help away from me; My God, watch over me and help me. Come to my aid, Lord, God of my salvation."



Our Father...

Song:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=fjdmaxDMeUI>



Final prayer: May the resurrection of Jesus reach every migrant who lives the shame of the cross. Amen.

Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit. As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end.

Amen.



3rd Station

Jesus is condemned by the Sanhedrin.

We adore you Most Holy Lord Jesus Christ, here and in all the churches in the world, and we bless you because by your holy cross you redeemed the world.

Jesus is condemned by the Sanhedrin. (Mk 14, 55. 60-62. 64)

"The chief priests and the entire Supreme Council were looking for some testimony that would allow them to condemn Jesus to death, but they could not find it...Then the High Priest got up, went forward and asked Jesus: "Have you nothing to say? What is this matter of which they accuse you? But he was silent and did not answer. Again the High Priest asked him: "Are you the Messiah, the Son of the Blessed God?" Jesus answered: "I am, and one day they will see the Son of Man sitting on the right of mighty God and coming in the midst of the clouds of heaven..."

"You have just heard his blasphemous words. What do you think?" And they agreed that he deserved to be put to death."

Reflection:

Each migrant who was forced to flee their home is a displaced person who leaves with a tear in her heart. This citizen is condemned by the violent society and by the irresponsible state to flee from the land that where she grew up. Many migrants are condemned for hate speech, xenophobia, aporophobia and homophobia.

Praying with Saint Francis of Assisi (OfP 2):

"Lord, God of my salvation, day and night I cry out in your presence.

May my prayer reach you, incline your ear to my plea.

Look at my soul and free it; tear me out of the hands of my enemies."



Our Father...

Song:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=leGcAajj7hs>



Final prayer: May the resurrection of Jesus reach every migrant who lives the shame of the cross. Amen.

Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit. As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end. **Amen.**



4th Station

Jesus Is Denied by Peter

We adore you Most Holy Lord Jesus Christ, here and in all the churches in the world, and we bless you because by your holy cross you redeemed the world.

Jesus is denied by Peter. (Mk 14, 66-72)

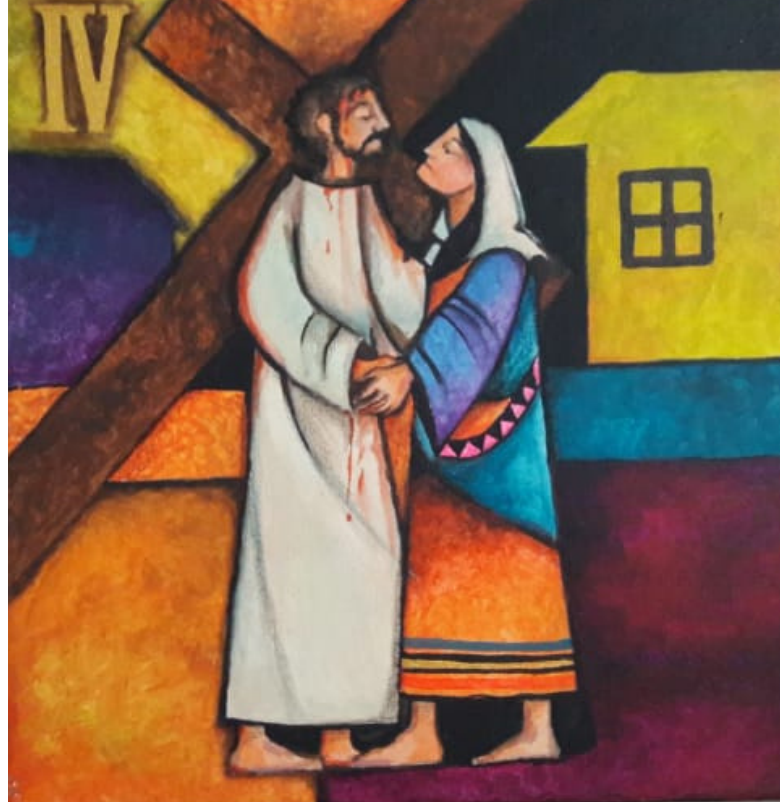
"While Peter was downstairs, in the courtyard, one of the High Priest's servants passed by. Seeing him near the fire, she looked at him fixedly and said: "You were also with Jesus of Nazareth." He denied it: "I don't know him, nor do I understand what you're talking about." And he went out into the portal, but the maid saw him and again she said to those present: "This is one of them." And Peter denied it again. After a while, those who were there said again to Peter: "It is evident that you are one of them, for you are a Galilean." Then he began to curse and swear: "I do not know that man of whom you speak." At that moment the second crow of the rooster was heard. Peter remembered what Jesus had told him: "Before the rooster crows twice, you will have denied me three times," and he began to cry.

Reflection:

When Jesus experienced that the close friend denied him, he must have felt a pain like a sword piercing the heart. Peter's action was a blow to love and faithfulness, leading him to feel totally alone. Migrants live many experiences of abandonment, betrayal and denial by those close to them. These experiences negatively mark the heart of the migrant person. Migrants are not just discarded, but criminalized and prosecuted.

Praying with Saint Francis of Assisi (OfP 2):

Since it is you who drew me out of the womb,
you, my hope from my mother's breasts,
I am cast upon you from the womb.
From the womb of my mother you are my God
do not depart from me.
You know my disgrace, and my confusion,
and my shame.



Our Father...

Song:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UGtckZQIBwc>



Final prayer: May the resurrection of Jesus reach every migrant who lives the shame of the cross. Amen.

Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit. As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end.
Amén.



5th Station

Jesus Is Judged by Pilate

We adore you Most Holy Lord Jesus Christ, here and in all the churches in the world, and we bless you because by your holy cross you redeemed the world.

Jesus is judged by Pilate. (Luke 23, 1-4, 23-24)

"And they all got up and brought him before Pilate. They began to accuse him, saying: 'We have found this man stirring up our people, forbidding to pay tribute to Caesar and saying that he is Christ the King.' Pilate asked him: 'Are you the King of the Jews?'" He replied: 'Yes, you say it is so.' Pilate said to the high priests and to the people: 'I find no crime in this man...' But they insisted, asking in loud voices for him to be crucified and his screams were getting louder. Pilate sentenced his demand to be fulfilled."

Reflection:

Jesus was always critical of political and religious leaders and bosses. He did not accept the system of injustice, denigration and death established by the Roman Empire and the Jews. He was not subservient to authority. Migrants are constantly humiliated, outraged, and their rights violated by state authorities, by migration and security officials. Also, migrants often experience the judgment of society and even that of Christian leaders, leaving them abandoned.

Praying with Saint Francis of Assisi (OfP 2):

"In your presence are all who afflict me; shame and misery awaited my heart. And I waited for someone to pity me and there was none, and for someone to comfort me and I did not find it. O God, the wicked rose up against me, and the assembly of the mighty claimed my life, without regard to you."



Our Father...



Song:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Z6rSArVu4iQ>

Final prayer: May the resurrection of Jesus reach every migrant who lives the shame of the cross. Amen.

Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit. As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end. **Amén.**



6th Station

Jesus Is Scourged and Crowned with Thorns

We adore you Most Holy Lord Jesus Christ, here and in all the churches in the world, and we bless you because by your holy cross you redeemed the world.

Jesus is scourged and crowned with thorns. (Mt 27, 26-30)

"Then Pilate released Barabbas to them. He ordered Jesus to be scourged and handed him over to those who were to crucify him. The Roman soldiers took Jesus into the palace courtyard and gathered all the troops around him. They took off his clothes and put a shawl on him, a red soldier's cloak. Then they placed a crown on his head that they had woven with thorns and put a reed in his right hand. They bowed the knee before Jesus and mocked him, saying: 'Long live the King of the Jews!' They spat in his face and beat him on the head with a staff."

Reflection:

Jesus lived torture without mercy. Torture has been an action of humiliation and denigration in human history. It has been experienced by political prisoners and human rights defenders. And there are those who were sentenced to be tortured, among them many women, by the Church's inquisition. Migrants live many types of scourges by the same society and the state. Instead of being protected, they are criminalized and persecuted. Migrants are marked by a "crown of thorns," that marks their hearts and bodies, leaving scars.

Let us pray with Saint Francis of Assisi (OfP 2):

"They counted me among those who go down to the pit; he was like a man no one helps, confined among the dead. You are my most holy Father, my King and my God. Come to my aid, Lord, God of my salvation."



Our Father...



Song:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=IKmPci5VXz0>

Final prayer: May the resurrection of Jesus reach every migrant who lives the shame of the cross. Amen.

Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit. As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end. **Amen.**



7th Station

Jesus Carries the Cross

We adore you Most Holy Lord Jesus Christ, here and in all the churches in the world, and we bless you because by your holy cross you redeemed the world.

Jesus carries the cross. (Jn 19, 16-17)
"Then he handed him over to be crucified. So they took Jesus, and he, carrying his cross, went out to the place called Calvary, which in Hebrew is called Golgotha."

Reflection:

Carrying the cross is an imposition that humiliates and tortures. It re-victimizes the crucified of history. It was the instrument of the Roman military system. Armies have always justified the instruments and methods of torture. Many crosses are imposed on migrants, from fleeing their home to all the violence on the way. The cross is not the will of God, as God would never want anyone to be crucified. We are called to care for and protect the migrant, and so let us offer our hearts for this cause.

Praying with Saint Francis of Assisi (OfP 3):

"Have mercy on me, O God! Have mercy on me; that my soul trusts in you.
And I will wait in the shadow of your wings until iniquity passes. I will cry out to my most holy Father, most high, to the Lord, who did good for me.
He sent his help from heaven and delivered me, and those who humiliated me were ashamed."



Our Father...

Song:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=q1laUmcQg38>



Final prayer: May the resurrection of Jesus reach every migrant who lives the shame of the cross. Amen.

Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit. As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end. **Amen.**



8th Station

Jesus Is Helped by Simon of Cyrene to Carry the Cross

We adore you Most Holy Lord Jesus Christ, here and in all the churches in the world, and we bless you because by your holy cross you redeemed the world.

Jesus is helped by the Cyrenean. (Mk 15,21)

"At that time, a certain Simon of Cyrene, who is the father of Alexander and Rufus, was returning from the field; the soldiers forced him to carry the cross of Jesus."

Reflection:

Jesus experienced weakness and, at the same time, the tenderness that solidarity brings. Migrants experience many "Cyrenees," people who help them without knowing them. Christians have to be in solidarity with the migrant person on their journey. Thus we will be the tenderness and justice of God in human history.

Praying with Saint Francis of Assisi (OfP 4):

"God sent his mercy and his faithfulness; he tore my soul (Ps 56,4-5) from the hands of my very strong enemies and those who hated me, who had become strong against me. I will praise you before the peoples, Lord, I will sing psalms for you before the nations (Ps 56,10).

Because your mercy reaches to heaven and your faithfulness to the clouds."



Our Father...

Song: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Vi2yE7Nd7Fo>

Final prayer: May the resurrection of Jesus reach every migrant who lives the shame of the cross. Amen.

Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit. As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end. **Amén.**



9th Station

Jesus Meets the Women of Jerusalem

We adore you Most Holy Lord Jesus Christ, here and in all the churches in the world, and we bless you because by your holy cross you redeemed the world.

Jesus meets the women of Jerusalem. (Lk 23, 27-28)

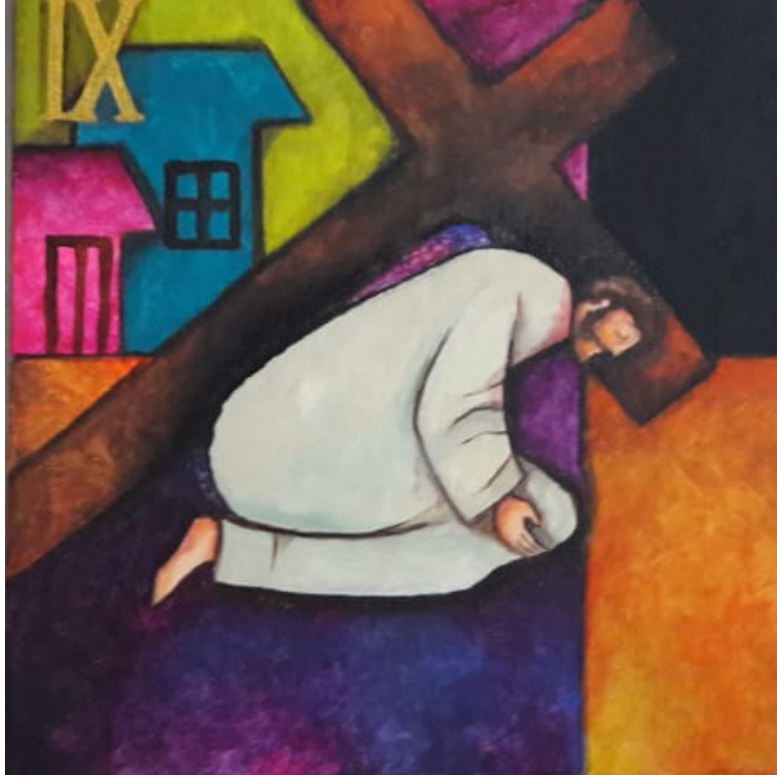
"A large crowd of the people followed him, and women who mourned and lamented for him. Jesus, turning to them, said: 'Daughters of Jerusalem, do not weep for me; rather, weep for you and your children.'"

Reflection:

Jesus was a rabbi who healed and freed women from the evils that oppressed them, restoring their dignity as daughters of God. The other subversive thing that he did was that he accepted female disciples into the community of the Kingdom of God. There are many women who migrate, including many disciples of Jesus. Sorority and fraternity must be cultivated as a Christian principle. Migration has the face of a woman and girls with hope.

Praying with Saint Francis of Assisi (OfP 4):

"I am a worm and not a man, dishonor of the people and waste of the people. To my neighbors I have become a dishonor, greater than that of all my enemies, and a fright to my acquaintances. Holy Father, do not take your help away from me, attend to my defense."



Our Father...

Song:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=jMhViWjq-U>



Final prayer:

May the resurrection of Jesus reach every migrant who lives the shame of the cross. Amen.

Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit. As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end. **Amen.**



10th Station

Jesus is crucified

We adore you Most Holy Lord Jesus Christ, here and in all the churches in the world, and we bless you because by your holy cross you redeemed the world.

Jesus is crucified. (Mk 15, 24-26)

"They crucified him and divided his clothes, drawing lots among them. It was about nine in the morning when they crucified him. They put an inscription with the reason for his condemnation, which said: 'The King of the Jews.'"

Reflection:

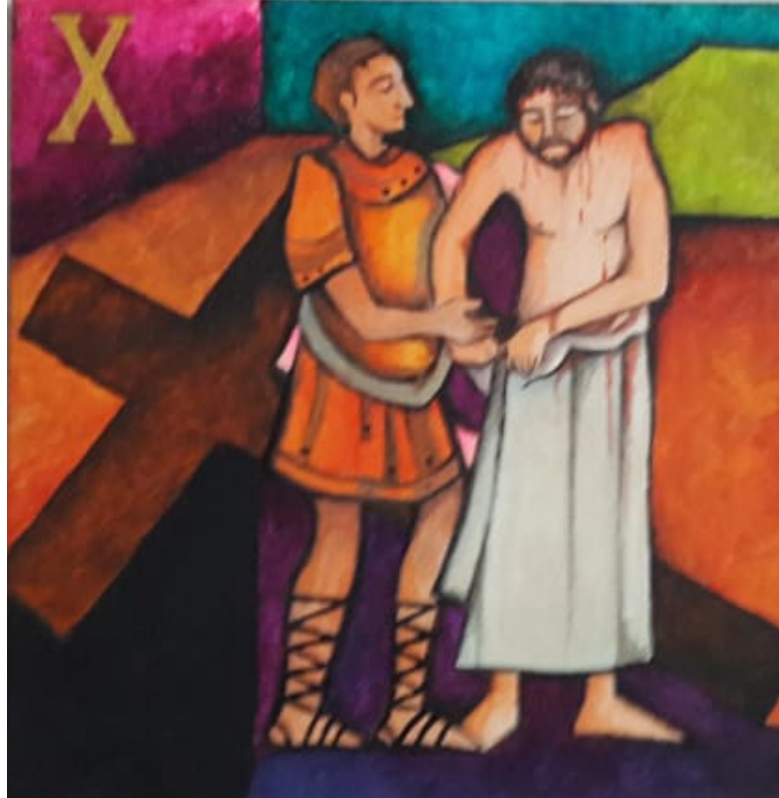
We make a moment of silence for the thousands of migrants who are killed... The Roman Empire, together with the Jewish religious hierarchs, ended up murdering Jesus on that cross that was destined for the cursed and discarded of the system. The many migrants end up killed by organized crime and state agents. In addition, we become accomplices of the executioners, when Christians act with indifference to the migratory drama.

Praying with Saint Francis of Assisi (OfP 5):

"Aloud I cried out to the Lord, aloud I pleaded with the Lord.

I pour out my prayer in his presence and expose my tribulation before him.

When I was short of breath, you knew my paths."



Our Father...

Song:

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=3zch_1mgsV8



Final prayer: May the resurrection of Jesus reach every migrant who lives the shame of the cross. Amen.

Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit. As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end. **Amen.**



11th Station

Jesus Promises Paradise to the Good Thief

We adore you Most Holy Lord Jesus Christ, here and in all the churches in the world, and we bless you because by your holy cross you redeemed the world.

Jesus promises the kingdom of his to the good thief. (Lk 23, 39-43)

"One of the hanged criminals insulted him: 'Aren't you the Christ? Well, save yourself and us!' But the other answered him saying: 'Don't you fear God, you who suffer the same condemnation? And we are rightly so, because we have deserved it with our deeds; instead, this one has done nothing wrong.' And he said: 'Jesus, remember me when you come with your Kingdom.' Jesus said to him: 'I assure you: today you will be with me in Paradise.'"

Reflection:

Jesus is crucified with others condemned to the cross. Thousands of migrants are crucified by this system based on capital, weapons, and political corruption. The question for Christians is, will we continue to let migrants be crucified, or will we react by taking those crucified down from the cross? How many migrants are unjustly accused and sentenced passing for criminals?

Praying with Saint Francis of Assisi (OfP 5):

"My enemies became strong, those who persecuted me unjustly; then he had to return what he had not stolen.

Wicked witnesses arose, asking me questions that I did not know.

They returned evil for good and slandered me because I followed the path of good."



Our Father...

Song:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UfvZmXBjcZE>



Final prayer: May the resurrection of Jesus reach every migrant who lives the shame of the cross. Amen.

Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit. As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end. **Amen.**



12th Station

Jesus Speaks to His Mother and the Beloved Disciple

We adore you Most Holy Lord Jesus Christ, here and in all the churches in the world, and we bless you because by your holy cross you redeemed the world.

Jesus speaks to his mother and the beloved disciple. (Jn 19, 26-27)

"Jesus, seeing her mother and next to her the disciple whom he loved, says to her mother: 'Woman, here is your son.' Then he says to the disciple: 'There is your mother.' And from that hour the disciple welcomed her into his house."

Reflection:

Those who accompanied Jesus on the cross were some women, who were disciples, including his mother and the beloved disciple. Migrants are not only crucified, but are often left alone. They live without the beings who love them. There are so many mothers without their children.

Praying with Saint Francis of Assisi (OfP 5):

"You are my most holy Father, my King and my God."

Come to my help, Lord, God of my salvation.



Our Father...

Song: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ViK2RAk7RFI>



Final prayer: May the resurrection of Jesus reach every migrant who lives the shame of the cross. Amen.

Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit. As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end. **Amen.**



13th Station

Jesus dies on the cross

We adore you Most Holy Lord Jesus Christ, here and in all the churches in the world, and we bless you because by your holy cross you redeemed the world.

Jesus dies on the cross. (Lk 23, 44-46)
"It was already about the sixth hour when, as the sun eclipsed, there was darkness over the whole earth until the ninth hour. The veil of the sanctuary was torn in the middle and Jesus, giving a loud cry, said: "Father, into your hands I put my spirit" and, saying this, he expired."

Reflection:

In silence we join the relatives of migrants who have died.

Jesus trusted in the Father, he believed that he was present in that moment of ignominious injustice. Many migrants have been killed or have died, abandoned and alone, with no one knowing where their bodies are. These deaths is the same that Jesus received on the cross. Only the Father can be in this horrifying and heartbreaking mystery.

Praying with Saint Francis of Assisi (OfP 6):

"Oh all of you who pass by on the road, look and see if there is pain like my pain. Because a pack of dogs cornered me; a gang of criminals surrounded me. And they looked at me and watched; they divided up my clothes and cast lots for my tunic. And my heart is like melted wax in the middle of my bowels. My vigor dried up like a tile, and my tongue stuck to my palate."



Our Father...

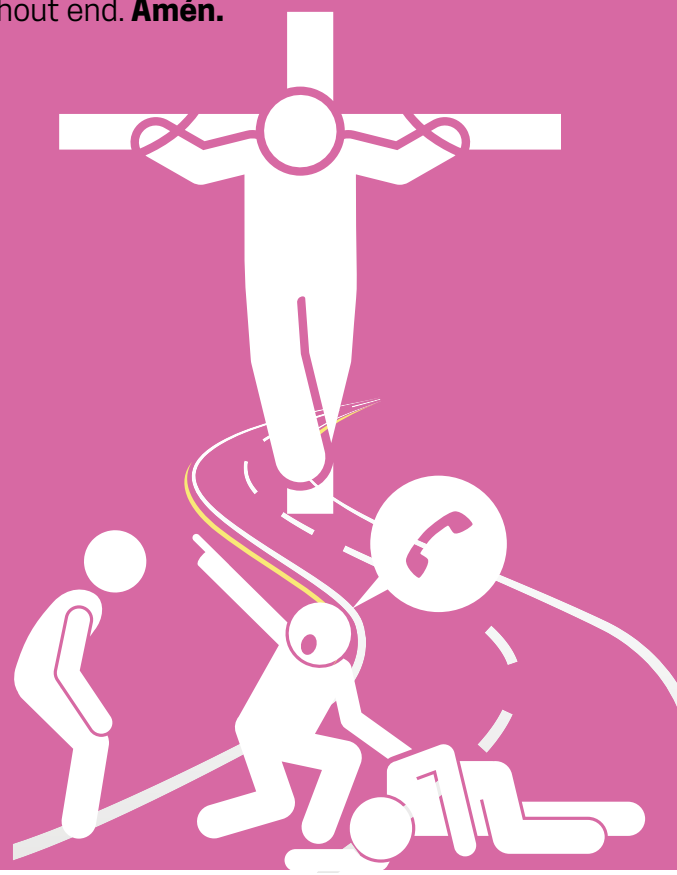
Song:

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=oBDcVdBA_js



Final prayer: May the resurrection of Jesus reach every migrant who lives the shame of the cross. Amen.

Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit. As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end. **Amén.**



14th Station

Jesus' Body Is Laid in the Tomb

We adore you Most Holy Lord Jesus Christ, here and in all the churches in the world, and we bless you because by your holy cross you redeemed the world.

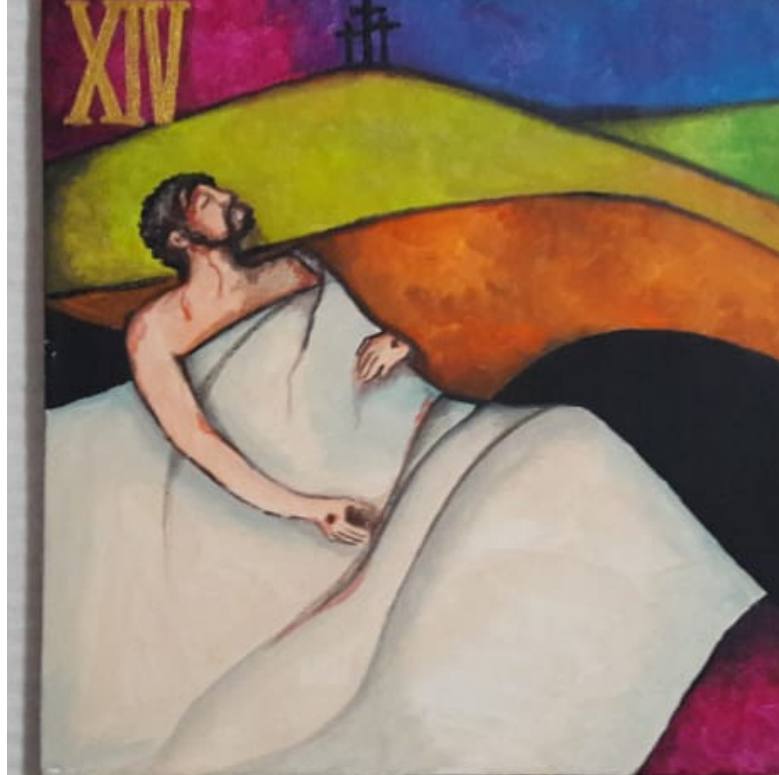
Jesus is laid in the tomb. (Jn 19,41-42)
"And in the place where he had been crucified, there was a garden, and in the garden a new tomb, in which none had yet been laid. There, then, because of the preparation of the Passover of the Jews, and because that tomb was near, they laid Jesus."

Reflection:

Jesus dies, and everything falls silent. A friend and disciple who is rich and a member of the Sanhedrin undertakes to bury him. That was a bold and defiant action in the Roman system. Many migrants have been buried in collective graves, others are accompanied at the time of their death by other migrants. There are so many that their bodies were abandoned by the jungles of the Darien Gap, in the Mexican territory or in the American desert.

Praying with Saint Francis of Assisi (OfP 6):

"Holy Father, you held my right hand, you guided me according to your will, and you welcomed me with glory.
Because what else is there for me in heaven?
And outside of you, what have I wanted on earth?
Behold, behold, I am God, says the Lord; I will be exalted among the peoples, I will be exalted on earth.
Blessed be the Lord God of Israel."



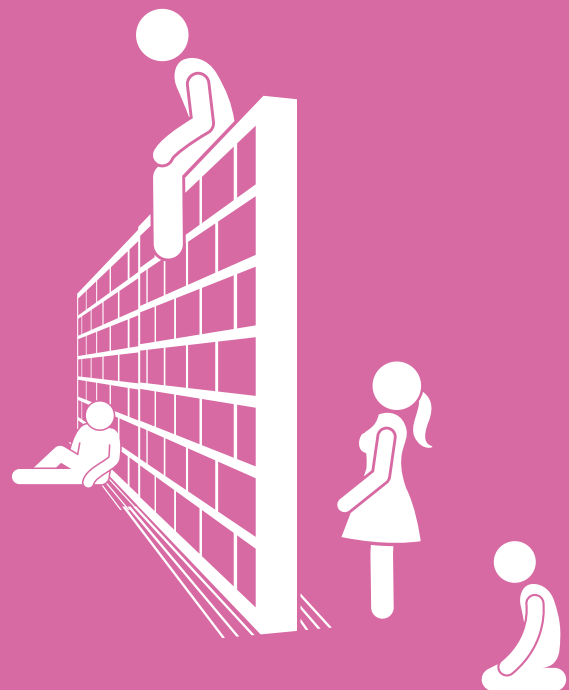
Our Father... Song:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gEM3qRpjlc0>



Final prayer: May the resurrection of Jesus reach every migrant who lives the shame of the cross. Amen.

Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit. As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end. **Amen.**



final meditation

We have followed this path of prayer, accompanying Jesus and the migrants who are traveling through our lands. Each migrant, man and woman, boy and girl, young and old, traces a path of love and hope in their steps, leaving a trail that others will follow. There are many migrants who never return home with their loved ones, others continue to send some money to their relatives. Each migrant is the face of Christ today, and so let us receive the migrant person with love, courage and generosity, taking care of them as our brother and sister. Let's keep praying, and reaching out our hand.

Closing Prayer

Make me an instrument of peace, Lord Jesus;
Where there is impunity, let me bring justice;
Where there is violence, let me bring non-violence and reconciliation;
Where there is misogyny, let me defend the integral dignity of women;
Where life is threatened, let me defend the defenseless;
Where there is trafficking, let me fight for the liberation of women, and of child victims,
Where a woman has lost the will to be free, let me bring meaning of life;
Where there is the machismo that prostitution demands, let me bring an integral masculinity;
Make me an instrument of hope to share the joy of living with the victims.
Dear Lord, send your renewing and consoling Spirit to each victim of trafficking.

Final blessing from Saint Francis of Assisi:
"The Lord bless you and keep you;
show you his face and have mercy on you.
May he turn his face to you and give you peace.
God bless you". **Amen.**



SONGS

We have included the original Spanish songs.

You may choose to add your own in English.

1st Station | Desapariciones **- Rubén Blades**

Que alguien me diga si han visto a mi
esposo.
Preguntaba la doña.
Se llama Ernesto X, tiene cuarenta años
Trabaja 'e celador en un negocio 'e carros
Llevaba camisa oscura y pantalón claro.
Salió anteanoche
Y no ha regresado,
Y no sé ya qué pensar.
Pues esto antes no me había pasado.
Llevo tres días buscando a mi hermana.
Se llama Altagracia, igual que la abuela
Salió del trabajo pa' la escuela.
Llevaba unos jeans y una camisa clara
No ha sido el novio.

El tipo está en su casa.
No saben de ella en la PGSN ni en el
hospital.
Que alguien me diga si ha visto a mi hijo,
Es estudiante de pre-medicina.
Se llama Agustín y es un buen muchacho.
A veces es terco cuando opina.
Lo han detenido.
No sé qué fuerza.
Pantalón claro, camisa a rayas
Pasó anteayer.
Busca en el agua y en los matorrales
(¿Y por qué es que se desaparecen?)
Por qué no todos somos iguales
(¿Y cuándo vuelve el desaparecido?)
Cada vez que lo trae el pensamiento
(¿Cómo se le habla al desaparecido?)
Con la emoción apretando por dentro.
Clara, Clara, Clara Quiñones se llama mi
madre.

Ella es, ella es un alma de Dios.
No se mete con nadie
Y se la han llevado de testigo.
Por un asunto que es nada más conmigo.
Y fui a entregarme.

Hoy por la tarde
Y ahora di que no saben quién se la llevó
Del cuartel.
Anoche escuché varias explosiones
Putum, patam, putum, petem.
Tiro de escopeta y de revolver.
Carros acelerados, frenos, gritos.
Eco de botas en la calle.
Toque de puertas.
Por dioses, platos rotos.
Estaban dando la telenovela
Por eso nadie miró pa' fuera.
Busca en el agua y en los matorrales.
(¿Y por qué es que se desaparecen?)
Por qué no todos somos iguales
(¿Y cuándo vuelve el desaparecido?)
Cada vez que lo trae el pensamiento
(¿Cómo se le habla al desaparecido?)
Con la emoción apretando por dentro.

2nd Station | El Mojado **- Ricardo Arjona**

Empacó un par de camisas, un
sombrero.
Su vocación de aventurero, seis
consejos, siete fotos, mil recuerdos
Empacó sus ganas de quedarse.
Su condición de transformarse en el
hombre que soñó y no ha logrado.
Dijo adiós con una mueca disfrazada
de sonrisa.



Y le suplicó a su Dios crucificado en la
repisa el resguardo de los suyos.
Y perforó la frontera como pudo.
Si la Luna suave se desliza por cualquier
cornisa sin permiso alguno.
¿Por qué el mojado precisa comprobar con
visas que no es de Neptuno?
El mojado tiene ganas de secarse.
El mojado está mojado por las lágrimas que
evoca la nostalgia.
El mojado, el indocumentado,
Carga el bulto que el legal no cargaría ni
obligado.
El suplicio de un papel lo ha convertido en
fugitivo.
Y no es de aquí porque su nombre no
aparece en los archivos.
Ni es de allá porque se fue.
Si la Luna suave se desliza por cualquier
cornisa sin permiso alguno.
¿Por qué el mojado precisa comprobar con
visas que no es de Neptuno?
Mojado, sabe a mentira tu verdad.
Sabe a tristeza la ansiedad.
De ver un freeway y soñar con la vereda
que conduce hasta tu casa.
Mojado.
Mojado de tanto llorar, sabiendo que en
algún lugar
Le espera un beso, haciendo pausa desde
el día en que te marchaste.
Si la Luna suave se desliza por cualquier
cornisa sin permiso alguno.
¿Por qué el mojado precisa comprobar con
visas que no es de Neptuno?
Si la visa universal se extiende
El día en que nacemos
Y caduca en la muerte,
¿Por qué te persiguen, mojado?
Si el cónsul de los cielos
Ya te dio permiso.

3rd Station | Canción para un niño en la calle

- Mercedes Sosa

A esta hora exactamente hay un
Niño en la calle hay un niño en la calle
Es honra de los hombres proteger lo
que crece.
Cuidar que no haya infancia
Dispersa por las calles.
Evitar que naufrague su corazón de
barco.
Su increíble aventura de pan y
chocolate.
Poniéndole una estrella en el
Sitio del hambre de otro modo es
inútil.
De otro modo es absurdo
Ensayar en la tierra la alegría y el canto

Porque de nada vale si hay
Un niño en la calle.
Todo lo tóxico de mi país a
Mi me entra por la nariz.
Lavo auto, limpio zapato
Huelo pega y también huelo paco.
Robo billetera pero soy buena gente.
Soy una sonrisa sin diente.
Lluvia sin techo, uña con tierra.
Soy lo que sobró de la guerra.
Un estómago vacío.
Soy un golpe en la rodilla que
Se cura con el frío.
El mejor guía turístico del Arrabal.
Por tres pesos te paseo por la capital.
No necesito visa pa' volar por el
redondel.
Porque yo juego con aviones de par
Arroz con piedra, fango con vino.
Y lo que me falta me lo imagino.
No debe andar el mundo con el amor
descalzo.



Enarbolando un diario, como un ala en la mano.

Trepándose a los trenes,

Canjeándonos las risas.

Golpeándonos el pecho con un ala cansada.

No debe andar la vida recién nacida presa.

La niñez arriesgada una estrecha ganancia.

Porque entonces las manos son inútiles fardos. Y el corazón apenas una mala palabra.

Cuando cae la noche duermo despierto.

Un ojo cerrado y el otro abierto.

Por si los tigres me escupen un balazo.

Mi vida es como un circo pero sin payaso.

Voy caminando por la zanja.

Haciendo malabares con cinco naranjas.

Pidiendo plata a todos los que pueda.

En una bicicleta de una sola rueda.

Soy oxígeno para este continente.

Soy lo que descuidó el presidente.

No te asustes si tengo mal aliento.

O si me vez sin camisa,

Con las tetillas al viento.

Yo soy un elemento más del paisaje.

Los recibos de la calle son mi camuflaje.

Como algo que existe, que parece de mentira.

Algo sin vida, pero que respira.

Pobre del que ha olvidado que hay

Un niño en la calle.

Que hay millones de niños que

Viven en la calle.

Y multitud de niños que crecen en la calle,

Yo los veo apretando su corazón pequeño.

Mirándonos a todos con fábula en los ojos.

Un relámpago trunco les cruza la mirada.

Porque nadie protege a esa vida que crece

Y el amor se ha perdido.

En un niño en la calle,

Oye, a esta hora exactamente hay

Un niño en la calle hay un niño en la calle.

4th Station | En busca de un sueño - Silvio Rodríguez

En busca de un sueño,

Se acerca este joven.

En busca de un sueño,

Van generaciones.

En busca de un sueño,

Hermoso y rebelde.

En busca de un sueño,

Que gana y que pierde.

En busca de un sueño,

De bella locura.

En busca de un sueño,

Que mata y que cura.

En busca de un sueño,

Desatan ciclones.

En busca de un sueño,

Cuántas ilusiones.

En busca de un sueño,

Transcurren los ríos.

En busca de un sueño,

Se salta al vacío.

En busca de un sueño,

Abrasa el amante.

En busca de un sueño,

Simula el tunante.

En busca de un sueño,

Tallaron la piedra.

En busca de un sueño,

Dios vino a la tierra.

En busca de un sueño,

Partí con mi día.

En busca de un sueño,

Que no hay todavía.



5th Station | Somos Inmigrantes - Polache

6th Station | Hasta la Raíz - Natalia Lafourcade

Sigo cruzando ríos.
Andando selvas, amando el sol.
Cada día sigo sacando espinas,
De lo profundo del corazón.
En la noche sigo encendiendo sueños.
Para limpiar
Con el humo sagrado, cada recuerdo.
Cuando escriba tu nombre en la arena
blanca, con fondo azul.
Cuando mire el cielo en la forma cruel
De una nube gris, aparezcas tú.
Una tarde suba una alta loma.
Mire el pasado, sabrás que no te he
olvidado.
Yo te llevo dentro,
Hasta la raíz.
Y, por más que crezca,
Vas a estar aquí.
Aunque yo me oculte tras la montaña.
Y encuentre un campo lleno de caña.
No habrá manera, mi rayo de luna, que tú te
vayas.
Oh-uh-oh-oh, oh-oh
Oh-uh-oh-oh, oh-oh
Oh-uh-oh-oh, oh-oh
Oh-uh-oh-oh, oh-oh
Pienso que cada instante sobrevivido al
caminar.
Y cada segundo de incertidumbre,
Cada momento de no saber.
Son la clave exacta de este tejido,
Que ando cargando bajo la piel.
Así te protejo,
Aquí sigues dentro.
Yo te llevo dentro,
Hasta la raíz.
Y, por más que crezca
Vas a estar aquí.

O que yo me oculte tras la montaña.
Y encuentre un campo lleno de caña.
No habrá manera, mi rayo de luna, que
tú te vayas.
Que tú te vayas,
Yo te llevo dentro
Hasta la raíz.
Y, por más que crezca
Vas a estar aquí.
O que yo me oculte tras la montaña,
Y encuentre un campo lleno de caña.
No habrá manera, mi rayo de luna, que
tú te vayas.
Que tú te vayas.
Oh-uh-oh, uh-uh-oh, oh-oh
Oh-uh-oh-oh, oh-oh
Oh-uh-oh, uh-uh-oh, oh-oh
Oh-uh-oh-oh, oh-oh
Oh-uh-oh, uh-uh-oh, oh-oh
Oh-uh, oh-oh
Oh-uh, oh-oh, oh-oh
Oh-uh, oh-oh
Oh-uh-oh, uh-uh-oh, oh-oh
Oh-uh, oh-oh
Oh-uh-oh-oh
Oh-uh, oh-oh

Yo te llevo dentro,
Hasta la raíz.
Y, por más que crezca
Vas a estar aquí.
O que yo me oculte tras la montaña,
Encuentre un campo lleno de caña,
No habrá manera, mi rayo de luna, que
tú te vayas.



7th Station | ¿Quién dijo que todo está perdido?

- Mercedes Sosa

¿Quién dijo que todo está perdido?
Yo vengo a ofrecer mi corazón.
Tanta sangre que se llevó el río.
Yo vengo a ofrecer mi corazón.

No será tan fácil, ya sé qué pasa;
no será tan simple como pensaba.
Como abrir el pecho y sacar el alma...
una cuchillada de amor.

Luna de los pobres siempre abierta,
yo vengo a ofrecer mi corazón.
Como un documento inalterable,
yo vengo a ofrecer mi corazón.

Y uniré las puntas de un mismo lazo;
y me iré tranquila, me iré despacio.
Y te daré todo, y me darás algo...
algo que me alivie un poco más.

Cuando no haya nadie cerca o lejos,
yo vengo a ofrecer mi corazón.
Cuando los satélites no alcancen,
yo vengo a ofrecer mi corazón.

Y hablo de países y de esperanzas;
hablo por la vida, hablo por la nada.
Hablo de cambiar ésta, nuestra casa;
de cambiarla por cambiar nomás...

¿Quién dijo que todo está perdido?
Yo vengo a ofrecer mi corazón.

8th Station | Solo le pido a Dios

- Mercedes Sosa

Solo le pido a Dios,
Que el dolor no me sea indiferente.
Que la resea muerte no me
encuentre,
Vacía y sola sin haber hecho lo
suficiente.
Solo le pido a Dios,
Que lo injusto no me sea indiferente.
Que no me abofeteen la otra mejilla,
Después que una garra me arañe esta
suerte.

Solo le pido a Dios,
Que la guerra no me sea indiferente,
Es un monstruo grande y pisa fuerte,
Toda la pobre inocencia de la gente.
Es un monstruo grande y pisa fuerte,
Toda la pobre inocencia de la gente.
Solo le pido a Dios,
Que el engaño no me sea indiferente.
Si un traidor puede más que unos
cuantos,
Que esos cuantos no lo olviden
fácilmente.

Solo le pido a Dios,
Que el futuro no me sea indiferente,
Desahuciado está el que tiene que
marchar a vivir una cultura diferente.
Solo le pido a Dios,
Que la guerra no me sea indiferente.
Es un monstruo grande y pisa fuerte,
Toda la pobre inocencia de la gente.
Es un monstruo grande y pisa fuerte,
Toda la pobre inocencia de la gente.



9th Station | Manos de mujeres **- Marta Gómez**

Mano fuerte va barriendo pone leña en el fogón.

Mano firme cuando escribe una carta de amor.

Manos que tejen haciendo nudos.

Manos que rezan, manos que dan.

Manos que piden algún futuro pa' no morir en soledad (aya, aya).

Mano vieja que trabaja va enlazando algún telar.

Mano esclava va aprendiendo a bailar su libertad.

Manos que amazan curtiendo el hambre con lo que la tierra les da.

Manos que abrazan a la esperanza de algún hijo que se va (aya, aya).

Manos de mujeres que han parido la verdad.

Manos de colores aplaudiendo algún cantar.

Mano fuerte va barriendo pone leña en el fogón.

Mano firme cuando escribe una carta de amor.

Manos que tiemblan manos que sudan

Manos de tierra maíz y sal.

Manos que tocan dejando el alma.

Manos de sangre de viento y mar.

Manos que tiemblan manos que sudan.

Manos de tierra maíz y sal.

Manos que tocan dejando el alma.

Manos de sangre de viento y mar (aya, aya).

10th Station | Fuente De Todo Amor **- Salomé Arricibita**

En lo alto del monte desnudo,
hay una cruz vestida, hay una cruz,
una cruz vestida con el cuerpo,
con el cuerpo desnudo, de Jesús.

En lo alto del monte desnudo,
hay una cruz vestida, hay una cruz,
una cruz vestida con el cuerpo,
con el cuerpo desnudo... desnudo de Jesús.

Y el mismo Dios guarda silencio,
ante quien abre los brazos,
en un abrazo extremo y eterno.
Y el mismo Dios guarda silencio,
ante el amor de quien es fuente
de todo amor,
por su costado abierto.

En lo alto del monte desnudo,
hay una cruz vestida, hay una cruz,
una cruz vestida con el cuerpo
desnudo, del amor,
que desnudo vino al mundo.

En lo alto del monte desnudo,
hay una cruz vestida, hay una cruz
una cruz vestida con el cuerpo
desnudo, del amor,
que desnudo vino al mundo.

Y el mismo Dios guarda silencio,
ante quien abre los brazos,
en un abrazo extremo y eterno,
y el mismo Dios guarda silencio
ante el amor de quien es fuente
de todo amor,
por su costado abierto.



11th Station | Venga la Esperanza

- Silvio Rodríguez

Dice que se empina y que no alcanza.
Que sólo ha llegado hasta el dolor.
Dice que ha perdido la buena esperanza
Y se refugia en la piedad de la ilusión.
Sé de las entrañas de su queja
Porque padecí la decepción.
Fue una noche larga que el tiempo despeja.
Mientras suena en mi memoria esta
canción.
Venga la esperanza, venga sola a mí.
Lárguese la escarcha, vuele el colibrí.
Hínchese la vela, ruja el motor.
Que sin esperanza ¿dónde va el amor?
Venga la esperanza, venga sola a mí.
Lárguese la escarcha, vuele el colibrí.
Hínchese la vela, ruja el motor.
Que sin esperanza ¿dónde va el amor?
Cuando niño yo saque la cuenta
De mi edad por el año 2000.
El 2000 sonaba como puerta abierta
A maravillas que silbaba el porvenir.
Pero ahora que se acerca saco en cuenta
Que de nuevo tengo que esperar.
Que las maravillas vendrán algo lentas
Porque el mundo tiene aún muy corta edad.
Venga la esperanza, pase por aquí.
Venga de 40, venga de 2000.
Venga la esperanza de cualquier color.
Verde, roja o negra, pero con amor.
Venga la esperanza, pase por aquí.
Venga de 40, venga de 2000.
Venga la esperanza de cualquier color
Verde, roja o negra, pero con amor.
Pero con amor.
Pero con amor.
Ay, pero con amor.
Pero con amor.

Venga la esperanza, pase por aquí.
Venga de 40, venga de 2000.
Venga la esperanza, de cualquier color
Verde, roja o negra, pero con amor.
Venga la esperanza, venga sola a mí.
Lárguese la escarcha, vuele el colibrí.
Hínchese la vela, ruja el motor.
Que sin esperanza ¿dónde va el amor?

12th Station | Mujer de Carne y Hueso

- Luis Enrique Mejía Godoy

¡La mujer es un planeta con heridas en el
alma.
Cinco siglos calle arriba luchando por su
alborada.
La mujer es un poema, desangrado en mi
guitarra.
Mar violento, río dulce, barro rojo, caña
brava.
La mujer es el futuro en los ojos de mi
madre.
¡En las manos de mi hija y en el vientre de
mi patria...!

mujer de carne y hueso,
color de maravilla,
vasija donde el viento puso luz,
para inventar la vida.

Mujer del siglo nuevo,
paisaje recuperado,
vuelo de mariposa, explicación
de todo lo creado.

Mujer de tanta historia
y de tanta fatiga.
Mujer que a la memoria
de mi sangre
le diste fantasía.



Mujer de luna tierna
y de tanta poesía.
Orquídea desangrada
que en silencio y por amor
me dio la vida.

Mujer de tanta historia
y de tanta fatiga.
Mujer que a la memoria
de mi sangre
le diste fantasía.

Mujer de luna tierna
y de tanta poesía.
Orquídea desangrada
que en silencio y por amor
me dio la vida.

Mujer de carne y hueso,
color de maravilla.
Vasija donde el viento puso luz
para inventar la vida.

Mujer de tanta historia
y de tanta fatiga.
Mujer que a la memoria
de mi sangre
le diste fantasía.

Mujer de luna tierna
y de tanta poesía.
Orquídea desangrada
que en silencio y por amor
me dio la vida.

13th Station | Jerusalén, año cero - Silvio Rodríguez

De mano en mano se pasa la verdad,
y en cada mano olvidará algo de cierto
y también se llevará de cada mano el
parecer:
si camináramos calendario atrás,
todo estaría al revés.

Algunos dicen que es falso
y otros repiten que es cierto,
que entró en Jerusalén siendo de día.
Se dice que su túnica era blanca,
que iba posada en sus ojos
un ave del mediodía.

Aquel fue tiempo de tumbas,
aquel fue tiempo de flautas,
de mercaderes, de Legión Romana.
Se dice que la chusma lo seguía,
que en su palabra sencilla
se lavaba la mañana.

El Rey de los judíos,
el hijo de los hombres,
el Cristo, el nazareno lo llamaban.

Jerusalén, año cero y se cambió
la suerte con lo que pasó;
Jerusalén, año cero y Nazaret
y el caserío de Belén;
Jerusalén, año cero fue el lugar
donde ocurrió, o donde no.

Fue enemigo del imperio
y amigo de la palabra:
decía que todo era para todos.
Se dice que enseñaba a los pastores
a compartir las ovejas
y a cuidarse de los lobos.



14th Station | Como la Cigarra **- León Gieco**

Tantas veces me mataron,
tantas veces me morí,
sin embargo estoy aquí,
resucitando.

Gracias doy a la desgracia
y a la mano con puñal
porque me mató tan mal,
y seguí cantando.

Cantando al sol como la cigarra
después de un año bajo la tierra,
igual que sobreviviente
que vuelve de la guerra.

Tantas veces me borraron,
tantas desaparecí,
a mi propio entierro fui
sola y llorando.

Hice un nudo en el pañuelo
pero me olvidé después
que no era la única vez,
y seguí cantando.

Tantas veces te mataron,
tantas resucitarás,
tantas noches pasarás
desesperando.

A la hora del naufragio
y la de la oscuridad
alguien te rescatará
para ir cantando.





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