

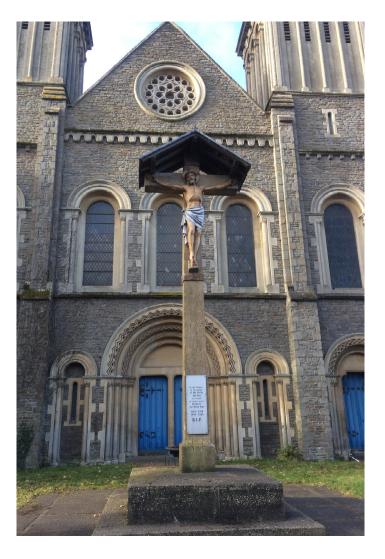
The fourteen Stations of the Cross at St Mary's Church in Butetown, Cardiff were painted by local artist Kenneth Smitham and placed in position from 1962.

The fifteenth station of the Resurrection was added later, painted by Tony Goble (b1943), just before his death in 2007. Although it completes the whole series of Stations, it has an integrity of its own, and is characteristically identifiable as Goble's work, some of which can be viewed at the National Museum of Wales.

Bible quotes: Revised Standard Version

The Way of the Cross

with images of the Stations of the Cross from St Mary's Church, Butetown and brief words from Fr Dean Atkins



The Beginning

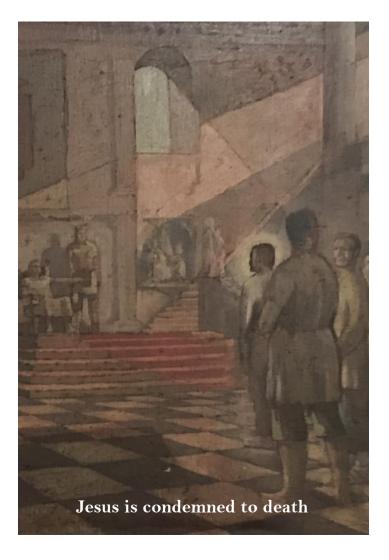
In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit. Amen.

Thanks be to you,
Lord Jesus Christ,
for all the benefits
which you have given us,
for all the pains and insults
which you have borne for us.
Most merciful Redeemer,
Friend and Brother,
may we know you more clearly,
love you more dearly,
and follow you more nearly,
day by day. Amen.

(St Richard of Chichester)

At each Station, we pray:

We adore you, O Christ, and we bless you. because by your holy cross you have redeemed the world.



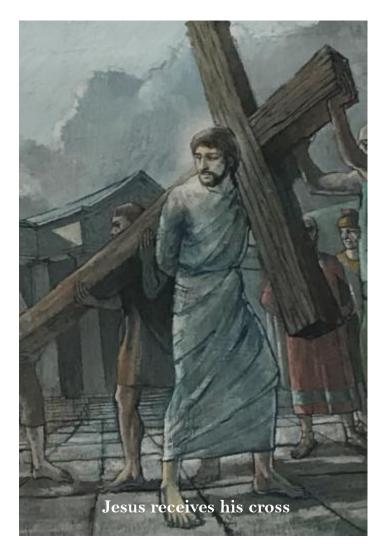
The first station The sentence falls

He stands before a puppet judge moved by popular opinion and the need to scoop away a problem.

The crowd jeers, Pilate buckles, the sentence falls.

> "So Pilate, wishing to satisfy the crowd, released for them Barabbas; and having scourged Jesus, delivered him to be crucified."

> > (Mark 15:15)



The second station The weight of wood

His back already bleeding from the blows, his whipped skin wounded, there is another pain.

The weight of wood stained by sin.

The weight of the world is upon his shoulders

How is he not crushed at once?

"And when they had mocked him, they stripped him of the purple cloak, and put his own clothes on him. And they led him out to crucify him."

(Mark 15:20)



The third station **Face down**

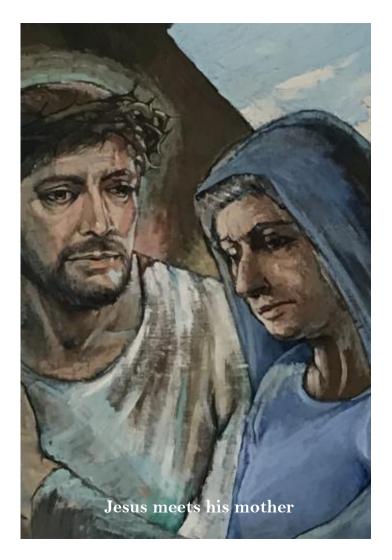
The crush soon comes. He stumbles, falls face down

He once made paste from the ground to soothe a blind man's eyes, to make him see again.

Some cannot bear to look at this. Now they wish they could not see.

"Truly, truly, I say to you, unless a grain of wheat falls into the earth and dies, it remains alone; but if it dies, it bears much fruit."

(John 12:24)



The fourth station **His every move**

She is never far away,
follows his every move.
Mary would not be moved
from this moment.
Her heart breaks for the one she loves,
will always love.

"Behold, this child is set for the fall and rising of many in Israel, and for a sign that is spoken against and a sword will pierce through your own soul also

(Luke 2:34-35)



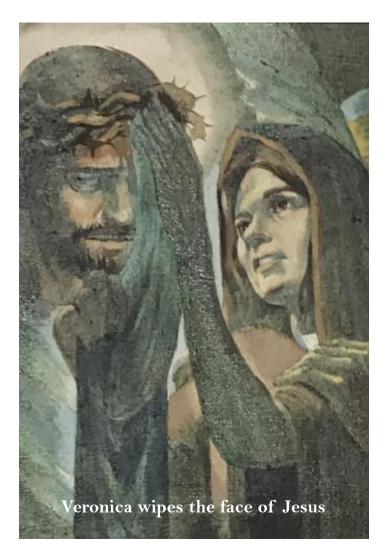
The fifth station This moment

His is picked and pulled from the crowd, a sitting duck, this Simon of Cyrene. In the wrong place at the wrong time.

And yet this moment changes him, turns his life around.

"And they compelled a passer-by, Simon of Cyrene, who was coming in from the country, the father of Alexander and Rufus, to carry his cross."

(Mark 15:21)



The sixth station Marked by Love

She gets within touching distance, allowed to bring a human touch, a loving touch, a moment of beauty to an ugly place.

She is marked by Love.

'Truly, I say to you, as you did it to one of the least of these my brethren, you did it to me.

(Matthew 25:40)



The seventh station **Alone**

There is no Simon now, his one time companion of the cross.

Back to the cobbled stones he falls, each rising more difficult, almost impossible.

Alone.

Though he was in the form of God,
Jesus did not count equality with God
a thing to be grasped,
but emptied himself,
taking the form of a servant,

(Philippians 2:6-7)



The eighth station They hold their children close

What tears they spilled,
what wails they cried,
these nameless women of Jerusalem.
Yet others need their tears too
and so at home
they hold their children close,
wet their heads with sorrow
too deep for words.

There were also many women there, looking on from afar, who had followed Jesus from Galilee, ministering to him.

(Matthew 27:55)



The ninth station Each step a mark of Love

Grounded again but there is no giving up, no letting go, no going back.

There is only a painful moving on, each step a mark of Love.

And they spat upon him, and took the reed and struck him on the head.

(Matthew 27:30)



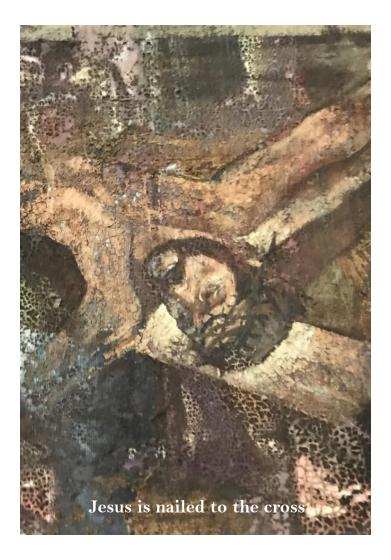
The tenth station A prize for soldiers' games

The hill outside the city walls, a rubbish dump for life's wasters

Here he is stripped naked, his clothes a prize for soldiers' games, as they wait for time to take its course.

"And they crucified him, and divided his garments among them, casting lots for them, to decide what each should take."

(Mark 15:23)

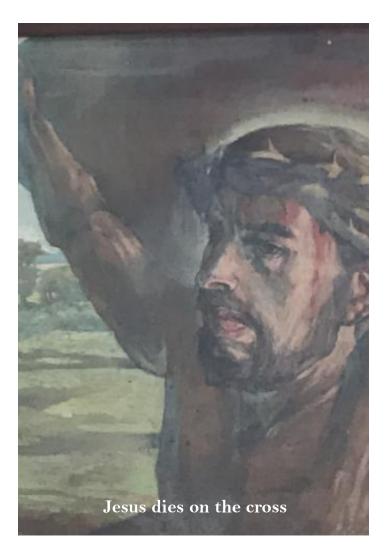


The eleventh station Green with leaf

They are one.
Flesh and timber.
Blood and sap.
Waiting for springtime to bud
in its branches
green with leaf,
alive with life.

And it was the third hour, when they crucified him. And the inscription of the charge against him read, "The King of the Jews."

(Mark 15:25-26)



The twelfth station The death of Love

After breathless words of love, it is finished now.

Those who watched and waited, marked each breath, waited for the final breath, the end of pain, the death of Love.

"And at the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice, "E'lo-i, E'lo-i, la'ma sabach-tha'ni?" which means, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

(Mark 15:34)



The thirteenth station Like Mary's heart

It is dark now, the earth trembles, the sky splits in two.

Like Mary's heart.

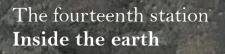
Joseph bought a linen shroud, and taking him down, wrapped him in the linen shroud, and laid him in a tomb

(Mark 15:46)

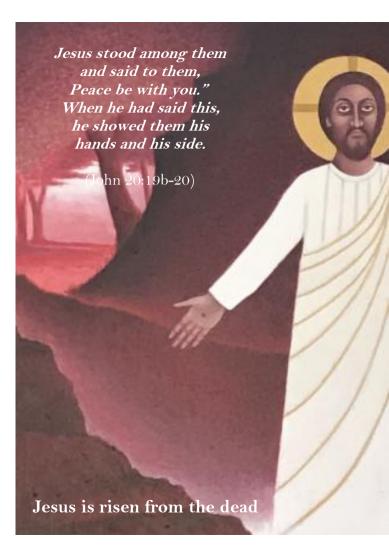
Now in the place where
he was crucified there was a garden,
and in the garden a new tomb
where no one had ever been laid.
So because of the
Jewish day of Preparation,
as the tomb was close at hand,
they laid Jesus there

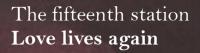
(John 20:19b-20)

Jesus is laid in the tomb



A rushed burial,
a borrowed tomb.
It is dark inside the earth.
There is silence now
and the pain of too much loving.





As the sun begins to rise above the earth and stirs the world from sleep so Love begins to live again. Death has lost its grip, and grief is kicked away, shaken off like dust, as Love lives again.

