

Monday in Holy Week

Meditation: Jesus stretches forth His holy hands, and at the same time offers up the sacrifice of His life to the Eternal Father, and prays of Him to accept it for the salvation of mankind. In the next place, the executioners savagely lay hold of the nails and hammers, and, nailing His hands and His feet, they fasten Him to the cross. O ye sacred hands, which by a mere touch have so often healed the sick, wherefore are they now nailing you upon this cross? O holy feet, which have encountered so much fatigue in your search after us lost sheep, wherefore do they now transfix you with so much pain?

Prayer: O my sweet Savior! so much did the desire of seeing me saved and of gaining my love cost Thee! And I have so often ungratefully despised Thy love for nothing; but now I prize it above every good.

Tuesday in Holy Week

Meditation: Jesus, from the cross, asks us not so much for our compassion as for our love; and, if even He does ask our compassion, He asks it solely in order that the compassion may move us to love Him. As being infinite goodness, He already merits all our love; but when placed upon the cross, it seems as if He sought for us to love Him, at least out of compassion.

Prayer: O my Redeemer! receive back a sinner, who, sorrowing for having offended Thee, is now earnestly longing to love Thee. I love Thee, I love Thee, O infinite goodness, O infinite love. O Mary, O Mother of beautiful love! obtain for me a greater measure of love, to consume me for that God who has died consumed of love for me.



Spy Wednesday

Meditation: While Jesus upon the cross is being outraged by that barbarous populace, what is it that He is doing? He is praying for them, and saying, *O my Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do.* O Eternal Father, hearken to this Thy beloved Son, who, in dying, prays Thee to forgive me too, who have outraged Thee so much. Then Jesus, turning to the good thief, who prays Him to have mercy upon him, replies: *Today shalt thou be with Me in paradise.* Oh, how true is that which the Lord spake by the mouth of Ezechiel, that when a sinner repents of his faults, He, as it were, blots out from His memory all the offences of which he has been guilty: *But if the wicked do penance...I will not remember all his iniquities.*

Prayer: Oh, would that it were true, my Jesus, that I had never offended Thee! But, since the evil is done, remember no more, I pray Thee, the displeasures that I have given Thee; and, by that bitter death which Thou hast suffered for me, take me to Thy kingdom after my death;

and while I live, let Thy love ever reign within my soul.

Maundy Thursday

Meditation: Behold how the loving Savior is now drawing nigh unto death. Behold, O my soul, those beautiful eyes growing dim, that Face become all pallid, that Heart all but ceasing to beat, and that sacred Body now disposing itself to the final surrender of its life. After Jesus had received the vinegar, He said, *It is consummated.* He then passed over in review before His eyes all the sufferings that He had undergone during His life, in the shape of poverty, contempt, and pain; and then offering them all up to the Eternal Father, He turned to Him and said, *It is finished.* My Father, behold by the sacrifice of My death, the work of the world's redemption, which Thou hast laid upon Me, is now completed. And it seems as though, turning Himself again to us He repeated, *It is finished;* as if He would have said, O men, O men, love Me, for I have done all; there is nothing more that I can do in order to gain your love.

Prayer: O my Jesus! Thou art, then, dead, on account of the love which Thou hast borne me! Oh, let me never again live, even for a single moment, without loving Thee! I love Thee, my chief and only good; I love Thee, my Jesus,—dead for me! O my sorrowing Mother Mary! do thou help a servant of thine, who desires to love Jesus.

Good Friday

Meditation: Raise up thine eyes, my soul, and behold that crucified man. Behold the divine

Lamb now sacrificed upon that altar of pain. Consider that He is the beloved Son of the Eternal Father; and consider that He is dead for the love that He has borne thee. See how He holds His arms stretched out to embrace thee; His head bent down to give the kiss of peace; His side open to receive thee into His Heart. What dost thou say? Does not a God so loving deserve to be loved? Listen to the words He addresses to thee from that cross: "Look, My son, and see whether there be any one in the world who has loved thee more than I have."

No, my God, there is none that has loved me more than Thou. But what return shall I ever be able to make to a God who has been willing to die for me? What love from a creature will ever be able to recompense the love of his Creator, who died to gain his love?

Prayer: Ah, my Redeemer, O love of my soul! How shall I ever again be able to forget Thee? How shall I ever be able to think that my sins have reduced Thee so low, and not always bewail the wrongs that I have done to Thy goodness? How shall I ever be able to see Thee dead of pain on this cross for love of me, and not love Thee to the uttermost of my power?

Holy Saturday

Meditation: *There stood by the cross His Mother!* Meditate, my soul, upon Mary, as she stands at the foot of the cross watching her Son. Her Son! but, O God, what a Son! a Son who was, at one and the same time, her Son and her God! a Son who had from all eternity chosen her to be His Mother, and had given her a preference in His love before all mankind and all the angels! A Son so beautiful, so holy, and so lovely; a Son who

had been ever obedient unto her; a Son who was her one and only love, being as He was both her Son and God. And this Mother had to see such a Son die of pain before her very eyes!

Prayer: O Mary, O Mother, most afflicted of all mothers! I compassionate thy heart, more especially when thou didst behold thy Jesus surrender Himself up upon the cross, open His mouth, and expire; and, for love of this thy Son, now dead for my salvation, do thou recommend unto Him my soul.

And do Thou, my Jesus, for the sake of the merits of Mary's sorrows, have mercy upon me, and grant me the grace of dying for Thee, as Thou hast died for me: "May I die, O my Lord...for love of the love of Thee, who hast vouchsafed to die for love of the love of me."

Easter Sunday

Meditation: Beauties like the beauties of paradise, eye hath never seen; harmonies like unto the harmonies of paradise, ear hath never heard; nor has ever human heart gained the comprehension of the joys which God hath prepared for those that love Him. Beautiful is the sight of a landscape adorned with hills, plains, woods, and views of the sea. Beautiful is the sight of a garden abounding with fruit, flowers, and fountains. Oh, how much more beautiful is paradise!

Prayer: Ah, my God, I deserve not paradise, but hell; yet Thy death gives me a hope of obtaining it. I desire and ask paradise of Thee, not so much in order to enjoy, as in order to love Thee everlastingly, secure that it will never more be possible for me to lose Thee. O Mary, my Mother, O Star of the Sea, it is for thee, by thy prayers, to conduct me to paradise.

Lent with St. Alphonsus Liguori



Daily Thoughts and Prayers Lent 2025

DAILY PRAYER OF ST. ALPHONSUS:

My God, I adore, I love Thee with my whole heart, and I thank Thee for all Thy benefits, especially for having preserved me this night past. I offer Thee all my actions and sufferings of this day, in union with the actions and sufferings of Jesus and Mary; and I make the intention of gaining all the indulgences in my power during the present day. I purpose, O Lord, to avoid offending Thee this day; but be Thou pleased to support me constantly in Thy hands, that I may not betray Thee. O Mary most holy, shelter me under thy mantle! My angel guardian and all my holy patrons, assist me!