



Reflections on the Sorrowful Mysteries of the Rosary

The following are prayerful reflections on the sorrowful mysteries of the rosary. The reflections are taken from *The Passion Suffered by the Heart of Jesus: Prayerful Reflections on the Stations of the Cross*. Each mystery reflection is followed by a space for writing your own prayerful reflection.

**Scripture passages in this meditation are taken from the New American Bible, Revised Edition (NABRE).*

FIRST SORROWFUL MYSTERY: THE AGONY IN THE GARDEN

Then going out he went, as was his custom, to the Mount of Olives, and the disciples followed him. When he arrived at the place he said to them, "Pray that you may not undergo the test." After withdrawing about a stone's throw from them and kneeling, he prayed, saying, "Father, if you are willing, take this cup away from me; still, not my will but yours be done." [And to strengthen him an angel from heaven appeared to him. He was in such agony and he prayed so fervently that his sweat became like drops of blood falling on the ground.]

Luke 22:39–44

PRAYERFUL REFLECTION

Jesus, as You knelt before Your Father in the garden, I know Your Heart was filled with agony and pain. You knew what was to come and the excruciating pain You must suffer. But more than that, Your Heart suffered the agony of knowing Your children, who You loved so much would reject You, condemn You, torture You, and crucify You. You had given Your whole life to show them the way of love, the way of healing, the way of mercy, and now, You would show them the way of the cross.

The pain Your Heart suffered was also knowing that even after the victory You would have over death, You would still be rejected, even in this very day, this very hour, by so many of Your children! You wait, lonely day and night, waiting to be adored by Your children, waiting for them to come to visit You. You foresaw it all then. Jesus, may my heart burn with love for You so that when I am able, I will always seek to visit You in Your tabernacle of love where You are present and ready to receive even the greatest of sinners. May my heart burn as Yours did that day in the garden of Gethsemane, so I may desire to love others so much that I am willing to endure suffering, pain, and hardship for their sake, so they may come to spend eternal life with You. May I surrender to Your will as You surrendered Yourself to the Father.

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Jesus, help me surrender myself always to Your will, as You surrendered Yourself to Your Father. Give me the faith to know that if God wishes to deliver me from suffering, He will do so. Give me the courage to see suffering as a blessing, and to suffer it willingly as You did, so it may be a gift I can return to You, Jesus, to console Your agonizing Heart, so You may have mercy on me and all sinners throughout the world.

WRITE YOUR PRAYER TO JESUS BELOW



SECOND SORROWFUL MYSTERY: THE SCOURGING AT THE PILLAR

Then Pilate took Jesus and had him scourged.

John 19:1

PRAYERFUL REFLECTION

Jesus, You were taken out by the soldiers to be scourged, beaten and tortured. Such injustice! But You did not fight back. Instead, the tears You shed were tears of pain—not just physical pain, but the pain of knowing the hearts of those who were torturing You.

You could see through their unjust and brutal behavior straight to their hearts. You could see their wounded hearts and their suffering. You could see the hearts of the bystanders who kept quiet, who knew who You were but did not speak up because of fear. The bystanders could only see the hatred and evil in the eyes of the soldiers who mocked You and beat You, but You saw their hearts.

You knew what You were enduring was not just for those who knew who You were, who proclaimed You the Son of God; You were enduring this for the soldiers, the chief priests, and all those in the crowd who mocked You. Your Heart had love even for them, and You knew it would take the greatest sacrifice in all of history to provide a way for even those who tortured You, denied You, and rejected You to be able, through repentance and surrendering themselves to Your mercy, to one day be healed and rest in Your Heart of mercy.

Jesus, You were tortured and beaten by the soldiers, yet You did not fight back because You saw their wounds. May all my suffering and hardships be offered up for all. May my only desire be to love with the love that comes from Your Heart, so I may see others as You do. Give me the grace to pray for those who wound others, that their own wounds be healed and they may reach eternal salvation.

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WRITE YOUR PRAYER TO JESUS BELOW



THIRD SORROWFUL MYSTERY: THE CROWNING OF THORNS

And the soldiers wove a crown out of thorns and placed it on his head, and clothed him in a purple cloak, and they came to him and said, "Hail, King of the Jews!" And they struck him repeatedly.

John 19:2–3

PRAYERFUL REFLECTION

Jesus, You were beaten and tortured by the soldiers and then received a crown of thorns; they kneeled before You as their King, laughing at You. You endured such suffering so the most wretched of all of us could enter the kingdom of heaven if only we would turn to You for mercy and acknowledge You as Creator and Redeemer.

How we should learn from Your love, Your sacrifice, Your forgiveness! How we condemn others for the slightest misdeeds! And for those who commit atrocities, we feel justified in saying their souls are lost forever.

Yet You showed us in Your great act of pure love that we are to forgive, to surrender all to You and abandon ourselves and all those who sin into Your just and merciful hands. For what if You had given up on sinners? None of us would have a chance. Yet You were willing to be tortured and die for even the greatest of sinners. You love us all that much. Help us, Jesus, to not condemn others; help us to pray for them, especially those who hurt us. Help us no matter how hard and how difficult it is!

Jesus, give us the grace to love with Your Heart, to receive Your mercy, and in turn, show others the same mercy that comes from Your Most Sacred Heart.

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WRITE YOUR PRAYER TO JESUS BELOW

FOURTH SORROWFUL MYSTERY: JESUS CARRIES THE CROSS

When the chief priests and the guards saw him they cried out, "Crucify him, crucify him!" Pilate said to them, "Take him yourselves and crucify him. I find no guilt in him." ... They cried out, "Take him away, take him away! Crucify him!" Pilate said to them, "Shall I crucify your king?" The chief priests answered, "We have no king but Caesar." Then he handed him over to them to be crucified. So they took Jesus, and carrying the cross himself he went out to what is called the Place of the Skull, in Hebrew, Golgotha.

John 19:6,15–17

PRAYERFUL REFLECTION

The weight of all the sins of the world pressed upon You as they handed You the cross. The pain that pierced Your Heart was searing. The sins committed and to be committed weighed upon Your Heart. The humiliations You suffered from the mocking of the crowd and the pain from the heavy weight of the cross upon Your body was only overshadowed by the pain burning in Your Heart.

You took the cross and looked up as You knew Your time on earth was almost through. While the physical pain was intense, You also knew there would soon be joy as You would be with Your Heavenly Father again, and what You came to accomplish on earth would be fulfilled. You would provide a way for all God's children to be reconciled to God the Father through You. Generations to come would be able to be saved, and one day, after their time on earth was complete, they would spend eternity with You, the Father, and the Holy Spirit.

Your Heart was filled with love knowing You would be able to give us that same love. The love from the Father would sustain You throughout the rest of Your Passion. It is the same love You give us as we carry our crosses on this earth today.

Jesus, the pain of the cross that weighed upon You was intense, but not as intense as the pain of the sins that weighed upon Your Heart throughout Your Passion. May God have mercy on me for all the pain I caused You by my sins. May I seek to console Your Heart for all the pain my sins and the sins of the whole world have caused You. I thank You for the love with which You carried the cross, and the love with which, in Your great mercy, You give me to strengthen me as I carry my cross today.

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WRITE YOUR PRAYER TO JESUS BELOW

FIFTH SORROWFUL MYSTERY: JESUS DIES ON THE CROSS

It was now about noon and darkness came over the whole land until three in the afternoon because of an eclipse of the sun. Then the veil of the temple was torn down the middle. Jesus cried out in a loud voice, "Father, into your hands I commend my spirit"; and when he had said this he breathed his last..

Luke 23:44–46

PRAYERFUL REFLECTION

What pain You suffered hanging there on the cross for hours with the nails driven into Your hands and feet—the piercing pain You must have endured! When they gave You wine mixed with gall to drink, You denied it, wanting not to ease the pain but to endure it willingly and lovingly. Again, You continued to teach us how to suffer and surrender all to our Heavenly Father—even the greatest of suffering.

In Your final moments, You said, "I thirst." How blessed was the person who gave You Your last drink from the sponge with wine. May we all run to You to console Your thirst for our love and surrender all to You. May we seek to always console Your Heart and quench Your thirst for all hearts and souls, and we pray that they return to You.

Show us how; teach us, dear Jesus, how to turn the rest of our lives over to You in each moment of every day. When it was time, You handed Yourself over to the Father and taught us how we should hand ourselves over as well—hand over our spirit, hand over our lives, lay our spirit into Your hands, into Your Heart, and forever rest in the peace of knowing You will never leave us or abandon us. You lived every moment of Your life with pure love for all of mankind. You were always pointing us to the Father. Even in Your last moments, You never once stopped loving all of us—those who knew who You truly were and proclaimed You as their savior, as well as those who did not and tortured You, mocked You, and crucified You.

Jesus, may we look to Your example in Your Passion for how we are to live every moment of our lives, in every situation, with every decision we encounter. You have given us all we will ever need, because You gave us every part of Yourself; You gave Your life. I pray for the intercession of our blessed mother, Mary, and all the saints, so that in each moment of every day, I may give You my life. I surrender myself into Your Heart, my refuge, my eternal resting place.

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