

Jesus speaks to Sr. Josefa Menendes about this station:

"O souls who desire to imitate me faithfully, gaze on me likewise: wearily I dragged myself forward, for my body was broken by many torments and bathed in sweat and blood. I suffered but there was none to compassionate me. The crowd followed me, the soldiers pitiless as ravening wolves surrounded me, no one had pity on me. So great was my exhaustion and so heavy the cross that I fell on the way . . . See how roughly the inhuman soldiery raised me to my feet once more . . . one seized my arm, another my garments which clung to my open wounds, a third grasped hold of me by the neck . . . and another by the hair. Some showered blows on me with their clenched fists and others brutally kicked my prostrate body . . . the cross, which fell upon me, crushed me with its weight. My face, bruised and torn, mingled the blood which covered it with the dust of the highway, blinding my eyes and adhering to my sacred face . . . I became the vilest and most contemptible of all creatures."