

# Stations of The Cross on Five Social Justice Issues

By Rev David A Brinn  
St Catharine's Catholic Church, Frome



MORE THAN  

---

GOLD  
**FROME**

## Introduction

Jesus said “Whatever you do to the least of my brothers and sisters you do to me” In these stations of the cross, five characters are followed on their final journey. Their road to their Calvary is marked in the same way that Christ’s is. They are condemned even though they are innocent. They fall. They meet people who try and help but cannot stop the train of actions which is already in place. The inevitable happens and each of the five individual characters meets their end. They die because of the sins of others. It is hoped that these stations will make us think about how our actions affect others and although we might think that no one is going to get hurt, sometimes what we do can have far reaching effects.

The five characters are 1 ) A trafficked woman from Eastern Europe 2 ) A small scale farmer from South America 3 ) A young homeless boy in a British City 4 ) A woman in East Africa and 5 ) A young man in a British town.

The Stations follow the “traditional” format but with the Fifteenth Station of the Resurrection added.

Station 1 ) They are condemned to death by the action of their own Pilate who “washes their hands” of any guilt by convincing themselves that no one is going to get hurt.

Station 2 ) They receive their cross in whatever particular form it is going to take

Station 3 ) They fall

Station 4 ) Their mothers reflect and hope to see them again

Station 5 ) A Foreigner helps them

Station 6 ) Their faces are washed by a woman who is a stranger and is taking risk doing so

Station 7 ) They fall again

Station 8 ) They meet a group of women who can only weep

Station 9 ) They fall for a third and final time

Station 10 ) They are stripped both of clothes and their dignity

Station 11 ) They suffer the injuries which will lead to their deaths

Station 12 ) They die

Station 13 ) Those who condemn them see their bodies

Station 14 ) They are buried

Station 15 ) The Hope of the Resurrection

## **How do we use these stations ?**

These stations can be used in a variety of ways. a ) They can be used by groups in a formal service b ) They could be used by individuals to aide their personal prayer either using the formal prayers alongside or as a piece of reflective reading c ) They could be laminated and displayed as individual pages under the stations of the cross in a church.

If groups or individuals use them, they can be read as single reflections using one of the themes only. This could be done on a weekly basis through Lent. Or, they could be used together in a longer form of all five stories at once.

## **What prayers are suggested to be used alongside the reflections ?**

If you want to make these stations part of a formal service, it is suggested that you start with

*C : We Adore Thee O Christ and We Praise Thee*

*All : Because by Thy Holy Cross, Thou has redeemed the World*

*Read an appropriate scriptural verse*

*Read the reflection*

*Pause for thought*

*All : My Jesus I love Thee more than myself, I repent with my whole heart for having offended Thee. Never permit me to separate myself from Thee again. Grant that I may love Thee always, then do with me what Thou will.*

*A verse from the Stabat Mater or Were you There When They Crucified my Lord could be sung between stations.*

## **Why Stations of the Cross for More Than Gold and why these social issues ?**

Past experience has shown that a vast event like the 2012 Games will create some significant social issues.

The More Than Gold Social Justice Team have already been in consultation and have highlighted the following as being of concern –

- 1 Homelessness
- 2 Human Trafficking and Prostitution
- 3 Fairtrade
- 4 Environment and Sustainability
- 5 100 days of Peace

These stations of the Cross have been written to highlight these issues and bring them prayerfully to the minds of congregations and individuals in the run up to the 2012 Games. Hopefully they will not only inspire people to campaign on these social justice issues but also to get involved in the whole More Than Gold project.

## Station 1 - Jesus is Condemned to Death



He hadn't done it before, but what's the harm. Her card is in the phone box, she's happy with what she is doing isn't she? She wouldn't do it otherwise. Anyway she's going to be making a fair bit of money out of him tonight. It's a bit of harmless fun while he's away on business, a nice way to relax and unwind. No-one's going to find out. It's not like anyone's going to get hurt.



Money's tight, her budget stretches less and less at the supermarket each week. Something's got to give, there have to be corners cut somewhere. That coffee is on offer, it's a few pence cheaper than the usual brand. What difference does it make that it's not Fairtrade? They won't notice the taste at home anyway. Those few pence won't make a lot of difference but, buy that brand regularly and it could mean a nice treat for the family soon. It's not like anyone is going to get hurt.



One more drink, no harm in that, then he'll go home. He's got to sort him out this time. Got to make it clear who is the boss in his house. He's the father, and he's in charge and his son will find out this time what that means. Just a few strong words, make it clear what he expects in terms of behaviour and respect. A few strong words that's all, it's not like anyone's going to get hurt.



She wouldn't normally what with the price of gas and electricity these days, but she can afford it in reality. It will be nice to sit warm and cosy, without an extra layer of clothing. A nice evening in front of the TV with a glass of wine. Where's the harm in turning the thermostat up a couple of degrees? It's not like anyone is going to get hurt.



He's fuming. How dare he embarrass him like that in front of the whole class. He's hatching his plan, he's going to stand up to him this time. No way is he going to take it. He'll get his mates together tonight and head up town, find him and show him that he's not the wimp he thinks he is. Show him that he's got mates so he better not insult him again. He's not going to do any rough stuff, just make a point. It's not like anyone is going to get hurt.

## Station 2 - Jesus takes up his Cross



Life's getting tougher by the day. Money is tight. She can't cope with living in that cramped flat anymore. Too many people in there to have any privacy, any kind of life. She's got to find a way out of this Communist inspired tower block. Even years after the revolution, it's not much better. Maybe this newspaper advertisement will be the answer. A chance to get to Britain and a better life. What's the harm in phoning them ?



It's been a good crop this year, best for a while. Things are looking up again. Maybe the buyer who is coming from the big multinational will be able to offer him more than he's hoping for. Surely a big company will have the money to offer more. It's a quality crop, they will benefit from it in the long run. What's the harm in asking him ?



He shouldn't have raised his voice or his hand. He knew that, but with that extra bit of Dutch courage it had just happened. He'd made it clear what he expected, although he thought he had done that all those times before. It was for the boy's good though wasn't it. He's 15 he needs to be guided. If it took a bit more than strong words to do it then that would have to be the way. After all where's the harm in a little slap ?



It's been dry for months again. Drier than she could remember. Drier than anyone else could remember. Things were definitely getting worse and now the crops had started dying. Soon it wouldn't be possible to stay here. This was looking bad, not a normal drought but an epic one. Maybe it was time to move on and find something better. Where's the harm in at least going a few miles to see if things improve ?



He looked 16. Looked the hard man now, no-one should mess with him. He'd shown that wimpy kid at school today that. A few choice words. A few comments in front of everyone, had shown who was the force to be reckoned with around here. He was pretty certain that he'd made his point and there wouldn't be trouble, but just in case he would buy a knife as he went out tonight. Where's the harm in a little extra protection ?

## Station 3 - Jesus falls for the first time



It sounded a great deal. She had the money saved. This would be a good use of it. It was a lot but they would take care of everything for her. Transport, documents and accommodation when she got there and help finding work. They had the contacts. This was it the chance to escape. She would be much happier there. Soon she would be sending money home as well. Everyone would benefit. Things would get better.



He couldn't believe it when he heard the figures. He'd argued of course but in the end, the buyer had the upper hand. Either sell to us at that price or risk having your whole crop unsold. What would be the point of that. Some money was better than none. But it wouldn't be enough. He had to hope, things would get better.



Good job he'd saved that money from his Saturday job. It wasn't great amounts but it would be enough. One single train ticket would be enough. He'd start again down there. Must be easy to get work there. It surely couldn't take a lot to live on when your single. There was no way he was going home. Not after last night. No way his father was going to strike him again. This was it, a new start. Things would be better in the city.



The walk was harder than she had thought. It was slow, after all they had children and a few possessions to carry and the cattle didn't always do much but plod along. Still that probably wouldn't be a problem much longer. They were growing weaker by the day and soon it wouldn't be worth taking them any further. With the goodness from even the little meat they would provide, surely they would make swifter progress. Things would be better.



He was ready. He knew where he would find him. It was always the same on a Friday night. He'd be up town sitting on that wall. Inside he was shaking but he couldn't let that show. He had to stand up to him just this once or it would be get worse on Monday at school. The desire for revenge after today's humiliation was growing all the time. A few mates by his side and a few well chosen words would make things much better.

## Station 4 - Jesus meets his Blessed Mother



Her mother is quiet. She could see the tears welling up in her eyes. She didn't want her to go. She hated to say goodbye to her even when it was only a day trip across the city, but today it was worse.. This was a major separation for them both and they knew it. No words could express what they were both feeling. The look between them said it all. They would see each other soon though, wouldn't they ?



She watched as her son worked hard in the fields just as his father had done. He was a good man, and didn't deserve the deal which had been dealt him by the poor price he'd received for the crop. If things carried on like this, he'd have to move away, have to go and try and find a job elsewhere. If that happened, she'd miss him terribly but she would see him again wouldn't she ?



His bed was slept in but for how long she couldn't tell. She had heard the row last night and hadn't wanted to intervene. She had promised herself she would see her son about it, first thing in the morning but now it was too late. He was gone. A rucksack, some clothes were gone and the money he had stashed away. It wasn't much, so he couldn't have gone far. Tears formed and she felt a knot in her stomach. She would see him again wouldn't she ?



Her feet ached but not as much as her broken heart. Days of walking in the vain search of food had brought nothing but more sorrow. She held the emaciated body of her child in her arms. His tiny body gave up life hours ago but she could not bare to let him go. Crying wasn't going to bring him back, and she must continue on for the sake of her other children but she can't bear to leave him here in the middle of nowhere. Her eldest son has gone on ahead to try and find help. She will see him again won't she ?



His mother called out to him as he went through the door. She worried every time he went out. You heard such awful things that went on on the streets. The news was full of it all the time. Every night it seemed some teenager didn't come home to their family. He smiled at her and she trusted him to be a sensible boy, but as she told her friends " You can't help worrying". He promised her faithfully he would be home to see her soon.

## Station 5 - Simon of Cyrene helps Jesus carry the Cross



She was frightened now, the men who were her escorts to the UK were different now that they had arrived. She had sensed the change almost as soon as they cleared customs. Now they were in the house they didn't seem to care at all. Well one guy did, he had helped her carry her case in and smiled at her. He was a foreigner like her. He had told her it would be fine, he would help her settle. She sensed he didn't want to be here either. Why did he do it ?



There was nothing for it, he had to work harder. The burden was almost too much to bear at times. He had no choice he had to increase output or face starvation because of the low prices he was being offered. There were glimmers of hope, like the young European lad on a gap year, who had come by and given him a day's very supportive work in return for very little. Said he would get his reward some other time. Why did he do it ?



It hadn't been the great arrival he'd hoped for. He wasn't sure of where to go next. He'd sat for hours on the steps at the station, just being weighed down by his worries and fears. He didn't know what to do next, or if he even had the strength emotionally to stand up and move on. Hungry and thirsty but unwilling to spend the little cash he had, he had been surprised when the immigrant worker had put the coffee and doughnut into his hand. Why did he do it ?



There wasn't much around here, just mile after mile of nothing. The sight of a truck was a welcome one, if only for the reassurance that there was civilisation somewhere near. Just when she hadn't the strength to carry on he'd been a welcome sight. He wasn't from her tribe, but he stopped and gave them a lift, turning around and heading in another direction towards a camp he knew of. Why did he do it ?



The worry was clear on his face, as he proffered the money at the till. The shopkeeper sensed it and as he handed him the change and his bottle of fizzy pop, he told him it would be ok. He hadn't to be frightened. He had come here to this country years before, fleeing a terrible war and he had survived much worse than the names which had been flung at him on his arrival. The boy listened and was heartened by the man's words, maybe he was worrying too much. That support was really welcome. Why had he done it ?

## Station 6- Veronica wipes the face of Jesus



She had never cried as much in all her life. Locked in the room she didn't know what was going to happen to her. It was on one of these dark nights, that she heard the door unlock. Sweating with terror at what the guards might do to her, she was surprised to see another of the girls coming in. She smiled and handed her a towel and some soap. The chance for a wash, which she hadn't had for a week. If the men caught her doing it, the consequences would be dire. She had personally risked everything.



There had been no choice, now he had work for someone else as well as trying to run his farm. It was back breaking work and the sweat was pouring off his exhausted body. The sun beat down on his back and he prayed for some relief from this effort. She was one of the other girls working on the farm, she took her own water bottle, made a cloth wet and helped him wipe his face. If the boss saw her taking time off work outside a break then she could be in trouble. She had personally risked everything.



He was filthy. Two nights on the streets were certainly now showing. He had spent the morning sat on a park bench watching the families playing. It was a scorching day and he was hot and bothered. If he was at home, he would have dived into a cold shower, but there was no chance of that here. A mother and father with a pram passed by, and seeing the dirty, sweaty boy, the father had steered them away. It was clear he didn't want his family to have anything to do with him. Then the woman went in her bag, took out some wipes, and doubled back to give them to him. She had personally risked everything.



The camp wasn't the best place in the world but it was better than home. There was some food, some shelter and missionaries who did their best to cope with the thousands who had descended on them. She waited in line for the young nun who was drawing water from a well, to hand her a bucket full for the family to use to wash. She wondered why would someone leave the safety of home where she could have all she wanted, to come here and help her to wash. She had personally risked everything.



The street pastors came up behind him as he sat on the wall drinking his drink. They asked was he ok. It shocked him so much he split the drink all over himself. The woman reached into her pocket and got out a handkerchief and handed it to him to clean himself up. He wondered why would she come out here and walk around in the dark on a Friday night. It wasn't a safe place to be, he knew that well enough, and yet week in week out she had personally risked everything.

## Station 7 - Jesus falls for a second time



It surely couldn't get any worse she had thought to herself. Deep down she knew that the men must have some plans for her. They put her in a car in the early evening and drove her across the city. It was only when they pulled up under the neon on sign and she saw the word massage that she knew what was happening. How could she be expected to survive this humiliation, and yet she didn't know what would happen if she refused. She had to be brave and try to carry on.



They needed food, more land in use for the cash crop meant less for food. There was no money saved, the price hadn't been enough for that and no money would come in for another few months until the buyer turned up again. There was no choice but to sell some of the few precious things he had. To be without possessions of any sort was a low ebb which he had hoped he would never reach, but he hadn't a choice. He had to sell them and try to carry on.



He was down to his last few pounds. No matter how he tried to eek the money out, he couldn't. Now he was forced to sell the one thing which he had treasured, his watch. His mum had given it to him. He missed her so much but he couldn't go back, he couldn't afford it anyway. If he sold it he could raise a few quid which might keep him going a while longer if he stuck to one small meal a day. It wasn't what he wanted to do but he had to try and carry on.



She was just starting to feel that there was hope when the news came. Her eldest was finally at the camp. She rushed to see him in the medical area, but was only in time to see him breath his last. Utterly exhausted by the trek which he had undertaken for the rest of the family's benefit, he had died within an hour of arrival. She thought, surely nothing could be as bad as this. Two children dead. However grief stricken she was she had no choice. For the sake of the others she had to try and carry on.



His mates had been no good. Full of good words, full of good intentions and promises of always being there for one another. When it came down to it tonight, they weren't there for him. Ok, they said they were busy or whatever when he rang them but just this once when he needed their support he hadn't got it. He was trembling, wondering whether to carry on up to the town alone or give up. His pride told him he had to try and carry on.

## Station 8 - Jesus meets the women of Jerusalem



She could see them through the window outside the massage place. They didn't say anything, just stood together night after night in silent vigil against what was going on in there. Some passed rosary beads between their fingers and others stood with placards. She couldn't read what they said but she knew whose side they were on. Once in a while she could see a tear running down a woman's face. Deep inside, she knew they were weeping for her.



He hadn't seen them at first, but he had heard their cries. Women crying for their men who were leaving them behind on the truck which he could see taking off down the road towards the city. Another set of families broken up by poverty. There was nothing he could say as he passed by, but the looks from them were of pity. They knew that he was on the brink of taking that same decision himself. If things didn't improve, his women folk would be weeping for him.



It wasn't their fault he was here and there was nothing that they could do about his situation. They were on a night out, enjoying the delights of the city nightlife. They hadn't seen him at first then one caught sight of him and nudged her mates. He was such a pitiful sight, that they couldn't help but react. Their laughter was soon silenced. It was funny but it made him feel a bit better, because he knew they were weeping for him.



She saw the white jeeps, and knew these were special visitors. The TV cameras around them confirmed it. The European delegation had come to see what was really going on. It took her a while to notice that they were all women. Women whose lives were so unlike hers and yet who shared so much with her as daughters, wives and mothers. Their faces said it all though, this trip was proving too much for even these hardened politicians. The scenes they were witnessing were getting to them. She knew that they were weeping for her.



He nearly walked passed the group of women without a second glance. It was only when he realised they were all in black, and were crying that he took notice. They were clutching a picture of a boy around his age. He'd seen it before, a local lad who had been killed by a hit and run driver last week. They must be his family. He felt his stomach churn. He hoped that no one would ever have to weep like that for him.

## Station 9 - Jesus Falls for the third time



Something was needed to numb the pain. The hurt she felt time and again when she met with the men was getting to her. She needed to blot it out, get rid of the anguish. She'd have never dreamt of doing drugs before but this wasn't like before. Yes it hurt injecting the first time, but the pain soon went away. Till the effects wore off of course. Just a while more, maybe the end was in sight.



Like any father, he loved his children so much he wanted the best for them always. There had to be a better future for them away from this life where everything depended on the price they sold the crop for. They didn't need to work as hard as he did when they grew up did they? He and they were sure that an education would be the answer. When they asked, they knew what the answer would be. He didn't have to say the words. His face said it all, the money wasn't there. Just a while more, maybe the end was in sight.



He didn't want to do it. No matter what his dad had done to him, he'd always told him that stealing was wrong. The woman had dropped the note as she left the shop. He knew he should have called after her and given it back, but a fiver was worth too much to him. No one saw, no one knew, and the woman probably wouldn't notice she'd lost it anyway. He didn't like how it made him feel. Maybe this would all be over soon, maybe the end was in sight.



She hadn't felt well for weeks but today was different. She'd seen the signs in others around her too often in the camp to not know what they was the start of. Of course she was in the best place. If this had struck at home or on the road, it would have meant certain death. At least here there was a doctor and some medication. She slowly made her way to the hospital tent. Maybe the end was in sight.



He shouldn't have done it, he knew that, but the anger just got too much. Throwing the brick through that window was wrong, he knew. Imagining he was throwing the brick at the guy's head was equally wrong. Anger had taken hold of him big time, resentment had built up to uncontrollable levels. Still he could see him ahead sitting on that wall just as he knew he would be. Maybe the end was in sight.

## Station 10 - Jesus is Stripped of His Garment



She wasn't going to wear the thing they wanted her to wear, it was indecent. If she made a stand on this, then she could maybe stop everything else too. She sat there wearing her own clothes, resolutely refusing to change. She could see from his eyes that he wasn't going to stand for it. He grabbed her, and ripped the clothes off her. His hands tore at the layers, stripping them away in a violent tempter. Then he left. Leaving her sitting there naked, stripped of all dignity.



What more had he to loose, thats what he had told himself. In the end the answer was everything. As money ran out, and opportunities for casual labour became scarce, he had started to sell what he could. He had comforted himself with the fact that he still have the farm. That was until that fateful day. He'd seen the men in suits approach and his heart had sunk. He knew what the papers in their hands were and what it meant. Foreclosure. He'd lost everything now. He'd even now been stripped of his dignity.



As the weeks had gone by, the temperatures had dropped. He was glad of his jacket each night as he huddled in the doorways, trying to avoid the biting winds. And then it happened. Those guys came along. The ones who walked past him every night full of bravado. The ones he tried to avoid because of the looks they gave him. They came up and started to threaten him. Grabbed at him, pulled at the jacket. It was all a game to them. His heart sank as the jacket tore, the fabric ripping as they tugged him from side to side. What was worse they just threw down the pieces in front of him. He had been stripped of all dignity.



She was too weak now. There was nothing she could do. The dysentery had now taken full control and she had soiled herself yet again. There was nothing more that could be done. Her clothes, the last possessions she had, were ruined. They had to be cut from her, leaving her naked and covered by a blanket. It might have been done with care and for the best reasons but there was no denying that she had been stripped of the last of her dignity.



He'd approached him with trepidation. Sat there on the wall alone he looked harmless enough. Then, they arrived. The girls from school, the ones who thought his tormentor so cool. Still, what was the harm, maybe them being there would calm the whole situation. He walked right up to him, and tripped, landing flat on his face. They laughed of course. Any dignity that he had left after today at school, had been stripped from him.

## Station 11 - Jesus is Nailed to the Cross



The clients hadn't been happy, she hadn't given them what they wanted. Unhappy clients, she knew would mean unhappy captors. They roughly bundled her into the car, and then into the house. The door was hardly closed when the blows started to rain down on her. Blow after blow, and when she fell, kick after kick. Blood streamed from the wounds they had inflicted. They didn't care anymore. She was a nobody to them. They left her to die.



The trip to the city had been uneventful, after the trauma of leaving his family behind. He'd never thought about what would happen when he got there. Never thought that he'd never left his village before. His naivety would in the end be his downfall. Walking around lost, trying to find the place he was intending to stay, he wandered the streets. That's when the guy pulled the gun on him. The attacker wouldn't believe him that he nothing. He heard the shot and felt the warm trickle of blood. He clutched his chest. The gunman grabbed his bag and ran off. He left him to die.



No jacket, no warmth. It didn't matter what he did, he just couldn't stay warm. Night after night of it was taking its toll. Then it came, the first harsh winter night. Snow blew into the doorway as he slept fitfully. Shivering, he decided to try and find some better shelter, but as he stood, his body could take it no longer. Hypothermia had taken hold. He collapsed, hitting his head and scraping his limbs. Blood streamed from the wounds. He lay unconscious and out of sight. He was left there to die.



No proper medication, and no matter what the relief workers did, there were simply too many ill in the camp, to do much. She drifted in and out of consciousness for days, but there was no doubt in her mind she wouldn't survive much longer. The medics thought the same. Her wounds sustained by the long walk were still open and were still bleeding but there was little that could be done now. They moved her to a quiet part of the hospital tent and then went about their business. They left her in peace to die.



Standing up, the blood ran from cuts in his hands and from his forehead. He staggered towards his aggressor. Adrenaline took hold and he started to say all the things he had set out to say. He didn't see the knife being pulled, but he felt it as it was plunged into his chest. He fell backwards, and lay there, desperately trying to stay awake. The boy and the girls ran away. They left him to die.

## Station 12 - Jesus Dies on the Cross

Innocent, alone, abandoned. A long way from home. It's over. They give up their spirit.



## Station 13 - Jesus is Taken down from the Cross



He'd seen the face of the girl in his morning paper. The girl who had been found dead in the house the police had raided. The girl who had, so the report said been trafficked. The girl who had been forced into prostitution. The girl, he'd seen on that business trip. All he could see then was a bit of fun with no consequences. All he could see now was a beaten and broken body. If only he'd said no to himself.



She didn't know him of course, but now she couldn't get his face out of her head. The man thousands of miles away who had lost everything because he hadn't got a fair price for his crop. The man who had been crippled by the multinationals and the banks. The man whose story she was reading in the campaign leaflet. If only she had remembered that in the supermarket.



He would never forget his face. Lying in the mortuary chapel. He'd said he would do the identification. She had suffered enough, without having to see him there. He tried to imagine him in happier times, in times when he wasn't disfigured. It was impossible. He'd be haunted for evermore by his sunken eyes and damaged features. If only he'd stayed calm.



That glass of wine sat there on the side now. It wouldn't get drunk now. Not now she had seen that woman dead in that camp. She couldn't get her out of her head. Her emaciated body, the horror of that relief camp. She was thousands of miles away. If only there was something she could do.



He saw the picture on the lamppost, the flowers lying on the ground. He couldn't help himself. He had to keep going back. He kept staring at the picture. Not that he needed reminding, he would never forget that face. What would he do now ? Should he turn himself in ? One life already gone, his life ruined. If only he hadn't bought that knife.

## Station 14 - Jesus is placed in the tomb



A cemetery on a hillside, a sobbing mother. She hadn't had the money to get the body back home. A stranger who had admired her daughter had paid for the repatriation and the funeral. Now all the dreams that she had had for her daughter are gone. Shattered. It can't get any worse than this. It shouldn't have ended like this.



There was no way that they could afford to get his body back home. He was going to be buried there in the city. In a place chosen by a stranger, in a quiet ceremony with those he loved the most missing. A grieving mother now taken in by a nephew, while his wife and children move on. Life had been tough before but this is unimaginable. It shouldn't have ended like this.



He'd never forgive himself for what had happened. He wanted to be alone. His grieving mother, comforted by relatives but he didn't know what to say. He couldn't face being there. He couldn't live with the guilt of what he had done. This was worse than anything he'd ever known. It shouldn't have ended like this.



It wasn't that they didn't grieve. It wasn't that they didn't care, they simply weren't there to grieve and care anymore. They had all gone before her. A stranger dug her grave for her. A stranger placed her in it, wrapped in a sheet. No mourning, no prayers just a mass grave at the dead of night in an effort to stop disease. It shouldn't have ended like this.



His friends carried his coffin to his last resting place. His heartbroken mother supported by his friends. The girls wept loudly as they started to fill in the grave. No-one should have to go through this. No one should have to bear that suffering. It shouldn't have ended like this.

## Station 15 - The Resurrection

It's too late of course for them here on Earth. Nothing we can do can bring them back to life. However it indeed doesn't have to end like that for anyone else. The decisions made by those whose actions indirectly led to the road to death, need not be taken. We need not be another Pontius Pilate And even for those who are on the road already, it doesn't have to be a road that ultimately leads to another Calvary. At many points along the road, there are chances to help and make a difference and stop the cycle. We have just got to seize them and show those caught up in these terrible situations that there is a way out and help them get out. It may not be through us directly, we might never have the chance to be a Veronica or Simon to them but through our prayers and campaigning and saying NO to injustice, we can help bring the hope of the Resurrection to all caught up in these situations.



MORE THAN  
**GOLD**  
**FROM**

*More Than Gold Frome is part of a national project, led by the Christian Churches to provide - Outreach, Hospitality and Service during the 2012 Olympic and Paralympic Games. In Frome we are working with Sports Clubs and Community Groups to provide a number of events and activities during the Summer of 2012. More Than Gold Frome has the backing of nearly all the churches of Frome through Frome Area Christians Together and a large number of the Sports Clubs of the area.*

### **What is More Than Gold Frome planning and when ?**

May 22nd 2012 - More Than Gold will help organise events and refreshments during the visit of the Olympic Torch to Frome

June 9th 2012 - Peace Day in Town Centre, to mark the start of the period of Olympic Truce. People to be asked to fill out a pledge card with one thing which they will do to create peace either in the family, in town, nationally or internationally

June 10th 2012 - United Church Service in Celebration of Sport and The Olympic Truce - St John's Church, Bath Street, 3pm. All welcome to celebrate the role of sport in our community life and to pray for peace

July 28th - August 12th - Coffee Shop at St Catharine's Church Hall, Park Road, 8am to 10pm. FREE Tea, Coffee, Squash and Water. Meals at reasonable cost price. Different theme nights each night with the food of a different previous host city each night at cost of £5 per head. All the action from Olympic Games in London, live on Big Screen

August 4th and 5th - Sports and Community Festival in Victoria Park and Mary Baily Playing Fields. 11am to 4pm. FREE EVENT. Local sports clubs organising sports mini-games, coaching and try out sessions ( If you club isn't involved it's not too late so make contact to discuss our plans and yours ) Churches and Community Groups providing entertainment in Victoria Park ( volunteer musicians and entertainers needed )

August 29th, 1st and 2nd September, 8th and 9th September - Coffee Shop at St Catharine's Church Hall, Park Road, 8am to 10pm FREE Tea, Coffee, Squash and Water. Meals at reasonable cost price. FREE Tea, Coffee, Squash and Water. Meals at reasonable cost price. All the action from Paralympic Games in London, live on Big Screen.

For further details of these and all our fundraising events please see

[www.morethangold-frome.co.uk](http://www.morethangold-frome.co.uk)

