



INTRODUCTION

"There's No Such Thing as 'Impossible'"

Love as the Ultimate Challenge According to St. Mother Teresa of Calcutta Find True Love on the Paths of the Extreme Way of the Cross

"Extreme" often evokes the idea of extraordinary effort or achievement. This Way of the Cross is extreme. Yet life itself is the most genuinely extreme challenge. On the Extreme Way of the Cross (EWC), we only prepare ourselves—as a soldier trains on the battlefield to win the war. "The life of man upon earth is warfare," we read in the Book of Job (Job 7:1).

How do we win at life? Through comfort or wealth? Different people pursue different goals. We, the people of EWC, are idealists. As idealists, we aspire to live as such—and to die as such.

Love, however, is the first and greatest ideal. **Love makes us human, love elevates us, and love is God.**

St. Mother Teresa of Calcutta is a true master of extreme love. **Her sanctity reached the streets**—literally. She loved those dying on the sidewalks. She loved all people, but especially the most abandoned.

A Year of Jubilee

Pope Francis wrote: "The Christian life is a journey that also requires 'intense moments' to nourish and strengthen hope, that indispensable companion that helps us to see the goal: the encounter with the Lord Jesus."

The Extreme Way of the Cross is precisely one of these "intense moments."

The Jubilee of 2025 is centered on the theme "Pilgrims of Hope." Pope Francis encourages us: "We must rekindle the flame of hope given to us and help everyone to find new strength."

New strength. The Pope adds: "On the paths of hope, we are called to seek a farsighted vision of life." We seek it. Today.

We are called to look to the future with openness. And we do. Because we, the people of EWC, are not complainers, lamenting the state of the world. We are idealists. People who take life into their own hands. People who take responsibility for themselves and their love.

Even as we are immersed in the harshness of life, we strive to "overcome evil with good." Idealists.

The Core Principles of the Extreme Way of the Cross:

1. EWC sets the following expectations:
 - 40 kilometres overnight (or 30 kilometres with elevation gains exceeding 500 meters);
 - alone or in small groups, always in silence and reflection;
 - it is not a sport, but a pilgrimage with meditations;
 - you may eat and drink but avoid turning it into a picnic.
2. While sacrifices are encouraged, every decision to return home early is respected.
3. EWC is different from other initiatives—it does not cater to comfort but challenges. It helps you transcend your limitations.
4. Silence is essential on the journey. If someone distracts others, kindly ask them to maintain quiet.
5. EWC is not measured solely by physical effort—we expect spiritual fruit, an inner transformation for the better. EWC is a way of life.



Now, let us go deeper. Do you know what unites all the Stations of the Cross? Loneliness on the edge of pain and hope. This is an extraordinary journey.

Each station is an invitation to open the door to the mystery within your heart—to what is most beautiful and most wounded within you.

Each station can be like a switch that illuminates the lamp of your heart.

Now kneel. Fall to your knees. You are beginning the true Extreme Way of the Cross.

The Prayer of Solitude

"Lord is the friend of silence." His language is silence.

Lord, who in silence accepted an unjust judgment,
– when all turned their faces away, You remained **silent out of love** –
Open my heart to Your presence in my moments of solitude.
Teach me a solitude that is not emptiness but quietness.
Show me solitude as a path—a path to You, to Love.
Jesus, lead me into solitude that is not desolation but sacred space.
Lord, in my solitude, be my whisper,
And the light that always guides me to life.

Jesus now speaks to you: You know who you are, but you do not yet know who you can become. You can love, you can create, you can build, and you can live in ways beyond your imagination. There is no such thing as "impossible."

Jesus says: "Whoever seeks to save his life will lose it, but whoever loses his life for My sake will find it" (Luke 9:23).

Jesus says: Seek true life on the paths of the Extreme Way of the Cross.

Well then, rise and go forth!

† Station 1: Jesus is Condemned to Death

The Loneliness That Hurts

Extreme Prayer:

Lord, I do not ask for a comfortable life.
Lord, I do not ask for an easy road.
Lord, I ask for tears that will be a sign of my transformation.
Lord, I ask for a heart unafraid of the pain of existence.
Lord, I ask for silence that sets me free.

Mother Teresa's Reflection:

I once visited a nursing home in England, one of the finest in the country. Our sisters worked there. As I walked through the halls, I saw elderly residents surrounded by beautiful furniture and luxurious amenities. Yet, on their faces, there was no trace of joy. They sat still, their eyes fixed on the door.

THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS 'IMPOSSIBLE'!



I asked one of the sisters, "Why do they behave like this? Why do they not smile?" (I am used to people smiling. I think smiles begets smiles, just as love begets love. She replied, "They are waiting. Every day, they wait for someone to visit them. But no one comes. Their loneliness is the deepest poverty."

Loneliness—the real one that hurts the most—is not the absence of material things. It is the absence of love, presence, the simple affirmation: *You are*. Loneliness is not the lack of people around you; it is the silent pain of realizing you no longer matter to anyone. It is the absence of a gaze that sees you, of a touch that says, *You are important*.

Testimony:

Pawel:

When I was 11, my father left us. My mother became abusive. Forty years later, I found my father, but in protest, my older brother walked away. Then my mother passed away. Then my mother dies, Before that my grandmother, my grandfather. Then my best friend fell ill... and died. I thought that was the peak of loneliness.

Then I built a family of my own. Here, I found happiness. In 2022, the war in Ukraine brought 60 gravely ill, disabled children to my town. I helped as much as I could. And as I looked into their eyes, I saw an unfathomable loneliness in their hearts. Orphans, bedridden for years. I saw loneliness beyond words.

I fell in love with one of the children. In January 2024, she passed away.

Tears. A pain that shattered my heart and soul.

But in that loneliness, I met God.

Resolution:

You must choose solitude to be able to love.

Silence carries the questions we fear to ask.

Silence exposes the chaos of thoughts that consume us.

Silence reminds us of the difficult decisions we dread making.

Only silence is a true invitation to meet.

Jesus, lead me on the path of silence.

As you walk between the stations, embrace solitude and silence.

† *Station 2: Jesus Takes Up His Cross*

Challenges Shape a person

Challenges shape a person. An athlete trains, increasing resistance, mastering new movements, and breaking mental barriers. Lying back in comfort wins nothing. Fear accomplishes nothing. Running from challenges achieves nothing. Parents who shield their children from hardship destroy their future. A Church that seeks comfort will become empty.

Mother Teresa's Reflection:

During a visit to the United States, she shared this story:

"Our novitiate is overflowing. You won't believe how many letters I receive from young people—even from your own children here in America. In just two months, we welcomed over fifteen new members."



EXTREME WAY OF THE CROSS 2025

She spoke of one girl from a wealthy family who wrote: *I long for this. Jesus calls me. Jesus has chosen me. I want to give myself to Him completely.*

Then Mother Teresa observed that young *people love sacrifice. They seek a freedom the world cannot offer—the freedom that comes from voluntary poverty. It is the freedom to love God with an undivided heart and to love the poor with total devotion.*

Her words were an invitation: to love beyond material comfort, to embrace something greater.

Testimony:

Kazimierz:

Years ago, I did something terrible—something that shames me. I betrayed the trust of my wife and children. Seeking penance, I joined the Extreme Way of the Cross (EDK). I had no idea what to expect from that night of silent walking through the mountains. But it changed my life.

As a miner working deep underground, I saw many parallels. I walked through the night with a headlamp, just like I work underground with my helmet light. I climbed steep paths and descended into valleys—like descending into the mines. Fog enveloped me so thickly that I couldn't see the trail—just like dust obscures vision when coal is being cut. Sweat poured down my face, stinging like it does in the heat below the earth.

The difference was that in the basement I told everyone: "God bless you", and then in the silence, I whispered: *Lord, give me strength.* I don't know if it's a coincidence, but I had three crises along the way—like Christ's three falls under the Cross. God gave me the desire to participate in EWC, and gave me the strength to complete it.

Very tired, and cold, and had many blisters on my feet and numerous abrasions. I lay at home in a warm bed in the early morning and could not fall asleep. I was so happy that the excitement and joy did not allow me to close my eyes... My heart was too full. From that night on, I return to the EDK each year, bringing more people with me—so they too can encounter the joy of meeting God.

Extreme Prayer:

Lord, You chose the weight of the Cross,
Not an easy, pleasant, and indulgent life.
Lord, Your Cross was meant to be destruction and annihilation,
But it became the foundation of a New Life.
Lord, I choose the weight of the Cross.
Lord, I choose challenges and a life of purpose.
Lord, I choose idealism.

Resolution:

Find a small stone. Carry with you as a symbol of your extreme decision—
Choosing to live with challenges and ideals. Choosing to live from the Spirit, not the flesh.
You may leave it at the next station.

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† *Station 3: Jesus Falls for the First Time*

Love Can Hurt Deeply

Love can hurt, but the lack of love hurts even more.
God is love, and so He experiences pain, the pain of love.
If nothing ever hurts you, it means you are not truly alive.
If love does not ache, it means you no longer exist.

Love is always delight and pain at the same time.

So stop. Literally—stop.
Feel the weight of the night.
Listen to how life can hurt—without reason.
Listen. Do not turn inward to your own worries.

A Story from the Sisters of Mother Teresa:

A witness recounts:

Gita was a little girl who had forgotten how to smile. I saw her in a home for abandoned children in India. She stood in her crib, facing the wall. This wouldn't have been unusual for a baby, but she was nearly three—she should have been running, playing, discovering the world. While other children rolled on the floor, Gita remained still, refusing to meet anyone's gaze.

I asked Sister Alberta why the child behaved this way. She told me her story.

Years before, a terrible fire swept through a village Dumka. Gita's parents perished, but a firefighter pulled her from the flames. She was taken to a hospital, where she hovered between life and death for weeks. She survived, but her face was left covered in scars.

No relatives came forward to claim her. When her health stabilized, she was sent to the Missionaries of Charity. Gita needed surgery—to open her mouth, to regain the use of her hands. Doctors offered to perform the operations for free, but Sister Alberta said, *Now is not the time. Gita is in such shock that she cannot endure more pain. First, we must heal her heart.*

Testimony:

Joanna:

The grief of a mother who has lost her child is unbearable.
I am such a mother. My child is gone.

In this pain, many mothers isolate themselves. I did too.

One day, by chance, two grieving mothers met.
I did not set out to help her.
I had no strength to help myself—how could I help another?

Yet, over time, I realized that by helping, I was also being helped.
There are many of us—bereaved mothers.
We carry this pain together.



Resolution:

Imagine standing beside Mother Teresa, looking at Gita.
A child. A person who never had a chance to learn how to smile.
A face disfigured, a heartbroken.

Pain locks a person inside themselves.
Pain makes us self-focused.
Pain screams—silently, inwardly.
The pain must be tamed so that love can break through so that we can reach beyond ourselves.
The pain must not be greater than the strength to live.
The hope to live.

Action:

Find a place along the way.
Kneel in silence.
Be alone with your pain.
Rise with a decision: *I want to love.*

Extreme Prayer:

Lord, give me the courage to love despite everything.
Give me a heart strong enough to bear the weight of love.
Jesus, You got up and walked on.
Help me do the same.
Lord, I long. I long for truth and for love.

† Station 4: Jesus Meets His Mother

Love Requires Time

Is everything important?
If everything is important to you, you have already lost your life.
If you cannot plan, or choose, you have already failed.

Love. Work. Pray. Rest.
Even waste time—but do not turn your life into a formless mess.

The art of time management is also the art of managing love.

Mother Teresa's Reflection:

A few weeks ago, around midnight, I heard a child crying outside our home.
I went downstairs and found a little boy—no more than seven—sobbing.

He told me, *I went to my father, but he did not want me. I went to my mother, but she did not want me either. At least you accept me.*”

This was the suffering of a child—rejected by both parents.
And I assure you, we encounter thousands like him.
Everywhere, there are unwanted and neglected people.

THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS 'IMPOSSIBLE'!



Mother Teresa's Words:

Everyone is running madly—chasing success, and greater wealth, so that on the one hand, children have little time for their parents, and on the other, parents have no time for their children, for themselves. And in these homes, the peace of the world is destroyed.

Testimony:

Jarek:

In my home, we spend too much time scrolling through the internet.

I pray that God gives me the willpower to stop.

To not waste time on fleeting distractions.

While my children call out: *Dad, play with us!*

I say, *In a moment.*

But that moment never comes.

And eventually, they stop calling. They do something else.

Then, when I finally put down the phone, I felt the weight of regret—

Knowing I have missed something precious.

Extreme Prayer with Mary:

Mary, teach me a presence.

That speaks more than a thousand words.

Mary, teach me love

That strengthens others.

Mary, teach me to look and see, listen and hear, be close.

to listen with my soul,

To truly be there.

Mary, teach me silence.

Silence—to hear.

Resolution:

Do you know how to pray the Rosary?

Silently pray for one decade.

One *Our Father*, ten *Hail Marys*. Count them on your fingers.

You can pray anywhere—walking, driving.

It is not for others to see that you pray, but for God to hear.

Afterward, reflect on your time.

Do you manage it well?

Do you spend meaningful time with those you love?



† *Station 5: Simon of Cyrene Helps Jesus Carry the Cross*

The Rule of Full Engagement

Not all love is the same. Mother Teresa knew this well.
Her approach to love was based on the principle of full commitment.
Every moment was an opportunity to be fully present, to give of herself completely.

Mother Teresa's Words:

*"Do not seek great deeds, just do small things with great love.
The smaller the deed, the greater the love must be."*

She lived by an instinct of immediate action.
"I believe in direct contact between people," she once said.
"Every person I meet is Christ to me. In that moment, they are the only ones in the world."

Those who met her, felt at least for a moment the most important person in the world.

Simon of Cyrene:

Simon was from Cyrene, in Africa, near the Mediterranean.
He helped Jesus carry the Cross.
Later, he became a pillar of the early Church.
His two sons, Alexander and Rufus, were recognized as saints.

Perhaps his help was small.
But it built up a great human.

Extreme Prayer with Simon of Cyrene, St. Alexander, and St. Rufus:

Lord Jesus, life is made of moments.
Moments become seconds,
Seconds become minutes,
Minutes become hours,
Hours become days,
Days become years—
And years become a lifetime.

Lord Jesus, I am beginning to understand.
I must learn to plan and choose.
Lord Jesus, I helped You with full engagement.
I sensed the rule of full commitment was wise.
Lord Jesus, I want to do small things with great love.

Resolution:

If you are so wise, count how many moments pass between stations.
But do not waste a single one.



† *Station 6: Veronica Wipes the Face of Jesus*

A Sensitive Heart Sees Much

Sensitivity is a great gift. It allows one to see beyond personal benefit. It perceives pain, suffering, and wounds—it sees real people. Life is both tragic and comic. At times, we feel triumphant; at others, everything collapses. Sensitivity does not sweep matters under the rug. It does not pretend that nothing is happening.

Mother Teresa: A few months ago, in the middle of the night—as you know, we also work at night—we walked the streets of Calcutta and took in four or five people. Due to their condition, we brought them to the home of the dying. Among them was an elderly woman in critical condition. I told the sisters, "I will take care of her." When I laid her in bed, she grasped my hand, and her face lit up with a radiant smile. She uttered just one word: "Thank you." And then, she passed away.

This woman gave me far more than I gave her. She offered me profound gratitude and love. For a moment, I looked at her and wondered, "What would I have done in her place?" I answered myself, "I would have done everything I could to draw attention. I would have shouted, 'I am hungry! I am cold!' or 'I am dying!'" But she was so great, so noble in her generosity. The poor—I will never cease to say it—are extraordinary.

Testimony

Józek: Many years ago, when I was still in elementary school, one of my classmates relentlessly mocked a girl in our class. She was poor, small, and thin—yet she endured it all with humility. Even when he cruelly ridiculed the death of her mother. Until then, I had never wondered how she might feel about all of this, and I did not pay attention to the one who was teasing her. No one in our class did. I was only shaken by my indifference when he began mocking her mother's death. Only then did I start to react. To this day, I am ashamed that I did not stand up for the weaker people often in my life.

Veronica's Extreme Prayer

I watched, and I could not believe it. How could they? How could they do this to Him? How could they torment and humiliate someone like that? I could not believe people's indifference. Their laughter, their thrill at another's suffering, was terrifying. I did not know what to do. But I had to do something. With my beautiful scarf, the one I was so proud of, I wiped the face of Jesus. Was it wise? I still do not know. It was an impulse, a compulsion of the moment. Was I to pretend I did not, see? That it did not concern me? I know that now my scarf is a relic. At that time, for me, it was just an ordinary gesture. A moment, as it turned out, worthy of eternity.

Jesus, be a guide for Your disciples. A guide at the moment. A guide in great love.

Saint Veronica, patron of sensitivity, prays for us.

Resolution

As you walk, watch and listen. Keep your eyes and ears open. Do not focus on what you feel. Look and listen to what is around you. Those consumed with themselves neither see nor hear.



† *Station 7: The Second Fall of Jesus*

Reignite Your Life

Perhaps your life is like an old, dusty lamp. Do you know what is remarkable about a lamp? It does not go out forever. It only needs someone to help it shine again.

Mother Teresa: In Melbourne, I visited an elderly man whom everyone had forgotten. His room was in terrible disorder and filth. I tried to clean it, but he protested: "Leave it as it is. It is fine." Eventually, without any pressure from me, he relented. In the room, there was a beautiful but heavily dust-covered lamp. I asked, "Why don't you light it?" He replied, "Why should I if no one comes to see me? I don't need it." Then I said, "Would you light the lamp if the sisters visited you?" He answered, "If I heard a human voice in this house, I would light the lamp." A few days ago, I received a short letter from this man: "Tell my friend that the lamp she lit in my life is still burning."

Testimony

Maria: It was unbelievable... My father always had a problem with alcohol. He was arrogant and loved being in the center—the life of the party. My mother was no one, in his eyes. That was the message he sent her throughout their lives. Not smart enough for a career or intellectual conversations—a mere housewife. My brother and I were valued only through achievements that could be shown off. Shameful and difficult matters were swept under the rug. On the outside, everything had to look perfect, so others would envy us. My father's alcoholism was ignored, non-existent. The childhood tears, the pleas for him to return home from drunken revelries, the embarrassment before friends and family—it was all standard.

I never believed in miracles. But my mother did. And she remained steadfast in prayer.

In August, a new priest arrived in our parish. My father got involved in helping him settle into our small town. And so, four months before his sudden death, he became a sacristan, attending daily Mass and receiving the Eucharist. After his passing, my mother said, "It is worth being persistent in prayer."

Perhaps you know this. You have seen it. In yourself and in others. The cycle of the same mistakes and failures. The cursed, relentless loop. The source of true misery. A single failure is a problem. Two are a problem. But a repeating cycle is true suffering. Because each failure, identical to the last, steals the hope that things can be different.

Extreme Prayer of Last Resort

Lord Jesus, sometimes I act like a fool. I do the same things, expecting a different result.

Lord Jesus, grant me creativity. That every day, I may do at least one small thing differently.

Lord Jesus, grant me creativity. When I see someone lost, I may love them in a new way.

Lord Jesus, the rule is simple: if not this way, then another way.

Lord Jesus, I know You expect creativity from me.

Resolution

Before you move on, consider what you can do differently on the way to the next station. You know how you have walked. Seek a new way to proceed.



† Station 8: Jesus Meets the Weeping Women

The Time to Learn Silence and Listening

Disordered emotions in the heart are like a storm that drowns out the voice of God. In silence, there is space to hear what is truly important. It is not about the absence of sound but the absence of chaos.

It is in silence that hope is born. It is in silence that God speaks to your heart because he knows that the storms within you are not meant to be silenced by words.

Mother Teresa once said: *“God is the friend of silence. His language is silence.”* God calls us to silence so that we may discover Him. He speaks to us in the stillness of our hearts. Jesus spent forty days in silence before beginning His public ministry. He often withdrew to solitude, spending nights on the mountain, immersed in silence and prayer. He, who spoke with authority, spent His early years in silence.

We need silence—to be alone with God, to speak to Him, to listen to Him, to meditate upon His words in the depths of our hearts. We must remain in silence before Him in order to be reborn and transformed. Silence gives us a new perspective on life.

Mother Teresa ministered to people in all conditions: on the streets, in shelters, wherever she was. Yet she always safeguarded her time for prayer. She remained in silence. She was rigorous in this. The same discipline is upheld by the sisters and brothers of her order. When the hour of prayer arrives, all other concerns must be set aside.

How could Mother Teresa have met people if she had not first met with God and herself? Prayer and silence are not additions to life; they are essential. Prayer and silence are not for later, for some distant "never." They are for now.

Here is a prayer and poem from Mother Teresa—the fruit of her prayer and silence. She loved God, and because of this, she loved life deeply.

LIFE IS LIFE

Life is an opportunity, seize it.

Life is beauty, admire it.

Life is a blessing, savor it.

Life is a dream, make it real.

Life is a challenge, face it.

Life is a duty, fulfill it.

Life is a game, play it.

Resolution

Can you enter into your silence? A silence that is not emptiness but space. A silence that is neither comfort nor outcry but presence.

Lord Jesus, in my chaos, teach me silence. Let the storm within me be stilled, that I may hear Your voice. May Your presence fill what is empty and restless within me. Give me a heart that does not fear silence.



Spiritual Exercise

As you walk between stations, find a tree. Rest your forehead against it. Ask it for a master's lesson in silence. Learn from the tree how to be still.

† *Station 9: Jesus Falls for the Third Time*

A Bite of a Smile, a Bite of Time—Let People Eat You

To give, one must first have.

Some people marry, choosing those who are kind, beautiful, and virtuous. But where do such people come from? From work upon themselves. Every challenge, every new skill, and every step of growth builds a person. This is how one *becomes* someone. We are the sum of our own efforts.

Conversely, laziness, unresolved wounds, bad habits, unnecessary emotions, and addictions lead to misery. A person who has nothing to offer can destroy not only their own life but the lives of many others.

But a person who has something to give—who has cultivated themselves—can become a source of joy. This is as certain as the Amen in prayer.

Mother Teresa said: *“Let the poor and others eat you. Let people take bites of your smile, your time.”*

At times, when misunderstandings arise, you may not even want to look at another person. But in those moments, not only look—smile. Learn this by heart: **you must let people eat you.**

Testimony

Adam: I was sixteen when alcohol became my daily companion. I drank more and more, and things grew worse. There was no fatherly warmth in my home—my father, too, was an alcoholic. I often ran away from home, seeking the peace that wasn't there. And yet, amidst it all, something within me rebelled. I prayed to God to pull me out of it. I asked Him for strength, though it seemed to change nothing.

Only at the age of twenty-six did I finally enter therapy. It was difficult, but I never stopped praying or drawing closer to God. He gave me the strength to persevere. Two years later, I met a girl. We went on a pilgrimage to Czestochowa together. Kneeling, we asked the Mother of God that she might become my wife, that our life might be different, better. Today, she is my wife. We have two children. I have been sober for fourteen years. Every evening, we pray together as a family. It is all a miracle. I know that if I were to turn away from God, I would lose everything—my family, and my life. Praise the Lord, who gave me a second chance.

To give is beautiful—but only if you know where to draw from.

If you wish to love, begin with yourself. You must *become* someone to love. You must build yourself up. Learn, grow, and work through your emotions and bad habits.

Foolish principles are also a problem. Even when they come from home, they can be misguided. That is why one must seek a master, a sage.

And time must be spent in prayer, in silence. True life begins with detachment from oneself.

Do not take yourself so seriously. Let others joke about you. Let God joke about you.

THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS 'IMPOSSIBLE'!



Resolution

Walk this station alongside your shadow. Observe it. See how it shifts, how it strays, even how it disappears. But without you, it does not exist.

Your shadow is yours and not yours.

In this way, learn to take yourself less seriously.

If you return home and your loved ones notice only *this* one change, they will be amazed. Having a sense of humor about yourself is a great gift to others.

† Station 10: Jesus is Stripped of His Garments

If You Judge Someone, You Won't Have Time to Love Them

Do people truly know you? You know they don't. They have no idea who you really are, or what you have been through.

Do you truly know others? Of course not. You know them only from the outside, just as they know you. But our minds are lazy, so instead of truly getting to know someone, they prefer to judge. The mind does not like to think, to learn, to exert itself.

The rule is simple: the less wisdom one possesses, the quicker and more frequently one judges. It is easier that way. Yet fools do not have an easy life. They keep making mistakes, unaware of reality, convinced only of their own assumptions.

Mother Teresa's Reflection

"One night in London, we were walking through the city. The sisters in London also work at night. We met a teenager with long, well-kept hair. He sat deep in thought. I told him, 'You shouldn't be sitting here at this hour. You should be at home with your parents. It's not right for you to be here, in this place, on such a cold night.' The boy looked straight into my eyes and said, 'My mother doesn't want me because I have long hair.'

And that was it. A young boy, barely a teenager, rejected by those closest to him, by his own mother. I thought for a moment: Perhaps his mother cares about the starving in India, in Africa, or other places in the Third World. Maybe she wants to satisfy the hunger of everyone around her—except her own son. She is unaware that poverty, that hunger, is present in her own home. She herself is its source."

A Testimony

Krystian: In my senior year of high school, I met a girl (who has now been my wife for 25 years). At the beginning of our relationship, I didn't tell her about my past. I wanted to build our bond without the weight of painful episodes. But as I got to know her, I slowly began to open up. I told her about my parents' separation and later about their divorce. Though they were divorced, they still fought and lived under the same roof. My girlfriend also started revealing her own story. Her home wasn't ideal either. Slowly, we stripped away our worries, struggles, and painful experiences. We shared our imperfections and unhealed emotions. We didn't want to walk the same path our parents had."



An Extreme Prayer for Removing the Mask

Lord Jesus, help me take off the masks I wear.
Help me shed all pretense and hiding.
Teach me how to pray in silence, in moments when I can stand before You as my true self.
Do not let me hide my struggles even from myself.
Let me be authentic with those closest to me.
Truth heals relationships so deeply.
Teach me a simple principle: I am not better than others, nor worse—I am simply different.
Teach me to treat others in the same way.
Instead of judging, let me desire to know them.
Lord Jesus, they stripped You of Your garment, exposing Your wounds.
If I have wounds, help me to see them, to name them, to understand them.

Resolution

This time, focus on yourself. Look at yourself. And now, even if you feel weak, create a plan for your own growth.

† Station 11: Jesus is Nailed to the Cross

Violence is Always Evil

Violence, in any form, is evil.
It strikes with a hand, with words, with bullets.
It uses force, sometimes surprise, and sometimes deceit.
Violence preys on the weak because it can strike them without consequence.
It always cuts deep into the core of our being.
It tells us that we are nothing.

The aggressor strikes—and then often forgets. It is easier that way. But the victim remembers.
Remembers the emptiness.

"I am nothing. You are nothing."—whispers the wounded heart.

Mother Teresa's Reflection

"We always associate violence with a knife, a bomb, a gun. But for me, violence comes from a person's attitude. Telling someone they are worthless, calling them lazy, labeling them as something degrading—I consider this to be a great act of violence."

"God identified Himself with the hungry, the sick, the naked, and the homeless. Hunger is not just the lack of bread, but the lack of love, care, and the feeling of being someone to another. Nakedness is not only the lack of clothing but also the lack of compassion—so rarely shown to strangers. Homelessness is not just the absence of a shelter, but the loneliness we feel when there is no one close to us."

A Testimony

Anna: *"Fleeing violence in the middle of the night with small children is a challenge. Where do I go? Whom can I turn to for shelter? I went to my mother's sister. She let us stay for one night. When it*

THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS 'IMPOSSIBLE'!



happened again, she took us in, but with resentment. She said, "Why always me? I helped you today, but tomorrow go find help somewhere else."

A Few More Words About Violence

Fr. Jacek: *"I once led a retreat for married couples—of course, Catholic couples. Circumstances soon revealed how many marriages and families live with violence. The arguments started the moment they had to talk to each other. By the end of the second day, things escalated. Some children even ran away from the camp—out of fear. Identifying as a believer does not always mean renouncing violence. Many people, including those in the Church, carry violent tendencies. But this should never be. This **cannot** be. This station is about exactly that. Everyone walking the Extreme Way of the Cross should reflect not on others but on themselves.*

Remember: the aggressor strikes and then forgets. He buries it deep in his subconscious because to recall it would bring shame. The aggressor hardens his heart to avoid feeling the pain he causes. This cannot be.

Resolution

Face the reality of violence in your life—in whatever form it takes.

† **Station 12: Jesus Dies on the Cross**

In the End, Only Love Matters

Death—Mother Teresa believed—is something beautiful for those who lived like animals but died like angels: loved and surrounded by tenderness. Death was beautiful for an old man who had never slept in a bed but, gripping the metal frame of a simple cot, declared with a radiant smile: *"Now I can die like a human being."*

A Testimony

Fr. Jacek: *I spent many years working in a palliative care unit. I was with people as they were dying. I witnessed it many times. When someone realized they were nearing death, one question remained: **Does anyone love me?** Some were fortunate—they died in the presence of loved ones. Others were comforted by nurses in their final moments. But I also encountered stories of families completely indifferent to the passing of someone close to them.*

*And then there were those who lived in fear, wondering if anyone would visit them before they left this world. They pondered: **I drank all my life, I made many mistakes, but I helped someone once—just once. Will that be enough for someone to come?***

The truth is, it takes a certain kind of grace to die surrounded by loved ones. Sometimes a person lives a beautiful life, and has friends—but as they age, those closest to them pass away before they do. And those who remain see only the frailty of old age. They become indifferent because the elderly person offers them nothing of "value." That's why I have made it my rule to always have at least one elderly person whom I visit regularly.



Mother Teresa did not know that old man before she met him. And yet, he died happy—not because of the bed he was given, but because he received the gift of love, expressed through a simple place to rest. Old age is harsh and unappealing—it repels many.

An Extreme Prayer Before We Grow Old

Lord Jesus, this is my time.
Now, is the time to love.
Now, is the time to give myself away.
Now, right now, I must be close to those who are overlooked.
So that one day, it won't be too late.

Resolution

You must stay connected to your “base.” It is certain that you will die. So, for a moment, sit quietly on the ground. Let it be a sign that you acknowledge this reality. You know that you will die.

† Station 13: Jesus is Taken Down from the Cross

True Life Is Not the Things You Can Take with You, But the Moments You Give to Others

There was once a man who was a miser in his time. He had many important matters to handle. Above all, he had to take care of himself. And there was no time left for anything else.

For himself, about himself, around himself, under himself.

He simply wanted to feel good. He had no time. And when he did, he was not attentive, not engaged. He was absent.

He didn't do anything *wrong*, really.
He just... didn't have time.

Mother Teresa's Reflection

"A man stopped me on the street recently and asked, 'Are you Mother Teresa?' 'Yes,' I replied. He said, 'Please, send someone to my house. My wife is half-mad, and I am half-blind. But we long for the sound of a human voice we love.'"

They were well-off people. They had everything in their home. And yet, they were dying of loneliness, desperately longing to hear a voice filled with love.

A Testimony

Basia: "Last year, my grandmother spent the weekend with us. It was Grandmother's Day. My brother and I gave her a small gift, but most importantly, we spent time with her. Everything was wonderful—except for one thing. Every so often, her smile faded, and she glanced at her phone... No one else called. No one sent even a simple text: 'Happy Grandmother's Day.'"

My grandmother gave birth to nine children. She has many grandchildren, even great-grandchildren. And yet... no one remembered."

THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS 'IMPOSSIBLE'!



A Prayer for Time

Lord Jesus, I have no time.

Jesus: **You have exactly as much time as everyone else—24 hours a day.**

Lord Jesus, I am running out of time.

Jesus: **Then perhaps you are filling your time with things that don't matter.**

Lord Jesus, why do others accomplish more than I do?

Jesus: **The only difference is that they make wiser choices.**

Lord Jesus, I still want to experience so much, to see so much.

Jesus: **Then take care of every moment given to you.**

Lord Jesus, Lord Jesus...

Stop complaining. Get to work.

Resolution

This time, come up with your own way to use the time you have been given.

† Station 14: Jesus is Laid in the Tomb

Imagine the Tomb

Imagine silence. Silence so dense that you feel it wrapping around you like a heavy blanket. You stand before the tomb—cold, dark, impenetrable. You are inside it. Everything in your life is paused, closed, lifeless. And this, now, is your life.

It is good that there were people who took care of Jesus' tomb. They were attentive and engaged because they loved it. Kindness is rooted in the heart, in love practiced daily.

I ask you, in the name of Mother Teresa of Calcutta: *Make mistakes out of kindness.* In doing so, you will fulfill her testament.

Mother Teresa repeated one simple yet profound phrase to her sisters:

"Be kind to one another. It is better to make mistakes out of kindness than to perform miracles through unkindness."

She pointed to the Blessed Mother as the model of gentleness and humility.

"Look at how much we owe to Mary's kindness," she would say. Mary could have simply explained everything to St. Joseph—what the angel had revealed to her. Yet she chose to remain silent. Instead, she kept these things in her heart, allowing God Himself to act.

One day, an elderly Muslim woman came to Mother Teresa with a request:

"When you hear that I am sick and dying, please come to me. I want to die with God."

A Testimony

Krystyna: *"My father once gave me this piece of advice about marriage: 'If you ever have an argument—no matter how bad it is—just throw your arms around him. As long as you can still throw your arms*



around each other, not only in moments of joy but also to apologize and embrace in reconciliation, everything will be fine.”

Mother Teresa of Calcutta was an extraordinary figure in the history of the Church. She lived love in its most radical form. She was no theorist—she spent her entire life learning love through action. Her words about love were simply a reflection of what she practiced herself.

She is the greatest teacher of mercy and extreme love in the history of the Church. That is why her lessons are filled with concrete examples. Practical guidance. She is the true inspiration behind these retreat meditations along the Way of the Cross.

For me, the one writing these words, is a *master*.

If you have ever encountered the **Noble Gift** project, you know how many ideas for helping others come directly from her legacy.

I asked myself: *If Mother Teresa is now in heaven, what would she desire? What would a saint like her be doing in heaven?*

I tried to answer.

She would want you to love.

She would want you to be compassionate.

She would want you to help others.

She would want you to embrace silence.

She would want you to learn the Gospel and walk with God.

Walk with Him, not just toward Him.

Do not ask God for health.

One can have health and still fail to love people.

With Mother Teresa, deal with matters of love, relationships, and service to others.

I know her a little—she will help, for sure.

An Extreme Prayer with Mother Teresa (Written by Her)

DO IT ANYWAY

People are often unreasonable, illogical, and self-centered.

Love them anyway.

If you do good, people may accuse you of selfish motives.

Do good anyway.

If you succeed, you will win false friends and true enemies.

Succeed anyway.

The good you do today will be forgotten tomorrow.

Do good anyway.

Honesty and sincerity make you vulnerable.

Be honest and sincere anyway.

THERE'S NO SUCH THING AS 'IMPOSSIBLE'!



Holy Mother Teresa of Calcutta, **pray for us.**

Resolution for Tomorrow

Rest. Relax.

Then, take a notebook and write down how you want to plan the rest of your life.