

*It is...*

*It is not as one thinks.  
It is covered with sorrow.*

*Its pain often wishes for death to alleviate it.  
Its tunnel is dark, many times relying on wisdom  
As the only way to course through it.*

*Its situation will tempt one to wonder, "Is it worth it?"  
It contains such bitterness that all who have experienced  
It sought not to go through its depths.*

*Its greatness is measured in its level  
Of intensity of sorrow it brings.*

*It is grief.  
Its path is covered with snares and traps  
And many do not make it.*

*Its tears are not of the eyes but of the heart.  
It defines "woe" to the deepest meaning  
For the one who reaches its peak.*

*Its summit, once scaled, having passed through its  
Purifying requirements brings clarity, vision, and jubilation  
For once reached, it is the height of crushing defeat,  
The measurement of which its depths determines  
The measurement of its heights.  
Jesus formed its sign with two wooden beams.*

*It is...victory*

*By A Friend of Medjugorje*