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“Hope can cry out even when all seems lost”

In his 10 September general audience, Pope Leo XIV continued his catechetical cycle on Jesus Christ, our hope, speaking about Jesus' death.

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Dear brothers and sisters,

Good morning, and thank you for your presence: a beautiful witness!

Today we will contemplate the culmination of Jesus' life in this world: his death on the cross. The Gospels attest to a very precious detail, which is worthy of contemplation with the intelligence of faith. On the cross, Jesus does not die in silence. He does not fade away gradually, like a light that burns out, but rather he leaves life with a cry: "Jesus uttered a loud cry, and breathed his last" (*Mk 15:37*). That cry contains everything: pain, abandonment, faith, offering. It is not only the voice of a body giving way, but the final sign of a life being surrendered.

The cry of Jesus is preceded by a question, one of the most heart-rending that could be uttered: "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" It is the first verse of Psalm 22, but on Jesus' lips it assumes a singular weight. The Son, who always lived in intimate communion

with the Father, now experiences silence, absence, the abyss. It is not a crisis of faith, but the final stage of a love that is given up to the very end. Jesus' cry is not desperation, but sincerity, truth taken to the limit, trust that endures even when all is silent.

At that moment, the sky darkens and the veil of the temple is torn (cf. *Mk* 15:33,38). As is as if creation itself was participating in that pain, and at the same time revealing something new. God no longer dwells behind a veil – his face is now fully visible in the Crucified One. It is there, in that broken man, that the greatest love manifests itself. It is there that we can recognize a God who does not remain distant, but who traverses our pain to the very end.

The centurion, a pagan, understands this. Not because he has listened to a speech, but because he saw Jesus die

in that way: “Truly this man was the Son of God!” (*Mk* 15:39). It is the first confession of faith after the death of Jesus. It is the fruit of a cry that did not vanish in the wind, but touched a heart. At times, what we are unable to say in words, we express with the voice. When the heart is full, it cries. And this is not always a sign of weakness; it can be a profound act of humanity.

We are accustomed to thinking of crying out as something disorderly, to be repressed. The Gospel confers an immense value to our cry, reminding us that it can be an invocation, a protest, a desire, a surrender. It can even be the extreme form of prayer, when there are no words left. In that cry, Jesus gave all that he had left: all his love, all his hope.

Yes, because there is this too, in crying out: a hope that is not

resigned. One cries out when one believes that someone can still hear. One cries not out of desperation, but out of desire. Jesus did not cry out *against* the Father, but *to* him. Even in silence, he was convinced that the Father was there. And, in this way, he showed us that our hope can cry out, even when all seems lost.

To cry out therefore becomes a spiritual gesture. It is not only the first act of our birth, when we come into the world crying: it is also a way of staying alive. One cries when one suffers, but also when one loves, one calls, one invokes. To cry out is saying who we are, that we do not want to fade away in silence, that we still have something to offer.

In the journey of life, there are moments in which keeping something inside can slowly consume us. Jesus teaches us not to be afraid to cry out, as long as it is

sincere, humble, addressed to the Father. A cry is never pointless, if it is born of love. And it is never ignored, if it is delivered to God. It is a way to not give in to cynicism, to continue to believe that another world is possible.

Dear brothers and sisters, let us learn this too from the Lord Jesus: let us learn the cry of hope when the hour of extreme trial comes. Not to hurt, but to entrust ourselves. Not to shout at someone, but to open our hearts. If our cry is genuine, it can be the threshold of a new light, of a new birth. As with Jesus: when everything seemed to be over, in reality salvation was about to begin. If it is made manifest with the trust and freedom of the children of God, the suffering voice of our humanity, united with the voice of Christ, can become a source of hope for us and for those around us.

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