



HOLY WEEK

Readings and reflection for the death
and resurrection of Jesus

mynyddbbedwellte.church



PALM SUNDAY

We read

Mark 11:1-11

Then they brought the colt to Jesus and threw their cloaks on it; and he sat on it. Many people spread their cloaks on the road, and others spread leafy branches that they had cut in the fields. Then those who went ahead and those who followed were shouting,
"Hosanna!

Blessed is the one who comes in the name of the Lord!

Blessed is the coming kingdom of our ancestor David!

Hosanna in the highest heaven!"

Then he entered Jerusalem and went into the temple; and when he had looked around at everything, as it was already late, he went out to Betha

We Pray

Jesus, you enter our lives humbly
riding on a donkey,
staying on our level,
inviting our response.
Circle in our hearts
centre our minds
still our bodies
be present to us now.
Amen

Palm Sunday

Now to the gate of my Jerusalem,
The seething holy city of my heart,
The saviour comes. But will I welcome him?
Oh crowds of easy feelings make a start;
They raise their hands, get caught up in the singing,
And think the battle won. Too soon they'll find
The challenge, the reversal he is bringing
Changes their tune. I know what lies behind
The surface flourish that so quickly fades;
Self-interest, and fearful guardedness,
The hardness of the heart, its barricades,
And at the core, the dreadful emptiness
Of a perverted temple. Jesus come
Break my resistance and make me your home.

Malcolm Guite

Put your palm somewhere you will notice it



HOLY MONDAY

We Read

Luke 19:41-44

As he came near and saw
the city, he wept over it,
saying, 'If you, even you, had
only recognized on this day
the things that make for
peace! But now they are
hidden from your eyes.
Indeed, the days will come
upon you, when your
enemies will set up ramparts
around you and surround
you, and hem you in on every
side. They will crush you to
the ground, you and your
children within you, and they
will not leave within you one
stone upon another; because
you did not recognize the
time of your visitation from
God.'

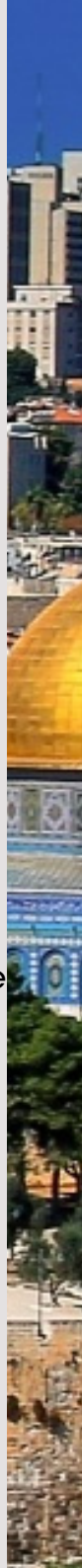
We pray

Lord of all tears
Bring peace in our hearts
Bring peace in our homes
Bring peace in our world
We long to know your peace
Bring you peace in our tears
Amen

Jesus weeps

Jesus comes near and he
beholds the city
And looks on us with tears in
his eyes,
And wells of mercy, streams
of love and pity
Flow from the fountain
whence all things arise.
He loved us into life and
longs to gather
And meet with his beloved
face to face
How often has he called, a
careful mother,
And wept for our refusals of
his grace,
Wept for a world that, weary
with its weeping,
Benumbed and stumbling,
turns the other way,
Fatigued compassion is
already sleeping
Whilst her worst nightmares
stalk the light of day.
But we might waken yet, and
face those fears,
If we could see ourselves
through Jesus' tears.

Malcolm Guite



HOLY TUESDAY

We Read

John 15:13

No one has greater love than this, to lay down one's life for one's friends.

We pray

Lord, of all love we give you, our needs and the needs of the world, help us to love and care for those in need in prayer and action. Amen

"Christ has no body now but yours. No hands, no feet on earth but yours. Yours are the eyes through which he looks compassion on this world. Yours are the feet with which he walks to do good. Yours are the hands through which he blesses all the world. Yours are the hands, yours are the feet, yours are the eyes, you are his body. Christ has no body now on earth but yours."

Teresa of Avila



HOLY WEDNESDAY



We Read

Mark 13

A woman came with an alabaster jar of very costly ointment of nard, and she broke open the jar and poured the ointment on his head. But some were there who said to one another in anger, 'Why was the ointment wasted in this way? For this ointment could have been sold for more than three hundred denarii, and the money given to the poor.' And they scolded her. But Jesus said, 'Let her alone; why do you trouble her? She has performed a good service for me.'

We pray

God of all humility, guide us to show our love for you in true, heartfelt acts of worship that lead to our hearts and minds being renewed by the power of your spirit. Amen

The Anointing at Bethany

Come close with Mary, Martha , Lazarus
So close the candles stir with their soft breath
And kindle heart and soul to flame within us
Lit by these mysteries of life and death.
For beauty now begins the final movement
In quietness and intimate encounter
The alabaster jar of precious ointment
Is broken open for the world's true lover,
The whole room richly fills to feast the senses
With all the yearning such a fragrance brings,
The heart is mourning but the spirit dances,
Here at the very centre of all things,
Here at the meeting place of love and loss
We all foresee, and see beyond the cross.

Malcolm Guite



MAUNDAY THURSDAY

1 Corinthians 11:23-26

For I received from the Lord what I also passed on to you: The Lord Jesus, on the night he was betrayed, took bread, and when he had given thanks, he broke it and said, "This is my body, which is for you; do this in remembrance of me."

In the same way, after supper he took the cup, saying, "This cup is the new covenant in my blood; do this, whenever you drink it, in remembrance of me."

For whenever you eat this bread and drink this cup, you proclaim the Lord's death until he comes.

Descending Theology: The Garden - Mary Karr

We know he was a man because, once doomed,
he begged for reprieve. See him
grieving on his rock under olive trees,
his companions asleep
on the hard ground around him
wrapped in old hides.
Not one stayed awake as he'd asked.
That went through him like a sword.
He wished with all his being to stay
but gave up
bargaining at the sky. He knew
it was all mercy anyhow,
unearned as breath. The Father couldn't intervene,
though that gaze was never
not rapt, a mantle around him. This
was our doing, our death.
The dark prince had poured the vial of poison
into the betrayer's ear,
and it was done. Around the oasis where Jesus wept,
the cracked earth radiated out for miles.
In the green center, Jesus prayed for the pardon
of Judas, who was approaching
with soldiers, glancing up—as Christ was—into
the punctured sky till his neck bones
ached. Here is his tear-riven face come
to press a kiss on his brother.

We Pray

Servent King, you kneel at our feet: Show us how to serve.
Gracious Host, you break and bless the bread: show us how to
share. Suffering Friend, you pour out your heart: show us how
to wait for you. Quiet our hearts and minds as we still our
bodies, slow our breathing, and open ourselves to you. Amen

A large, dark wooden cross stands on the left side of the page, its vertical beam extending from the bottom to the top. The background is a warm, orange-hued sunset sky. The cross is made of two thick, weathered wooden beams. The horizontal beam is slightly to the right of the vertical one. The cross is set against a bright orange and yellow sky, with some dark silhouettes of trees visible at the bottom left.

GOOD FRIDAY

We read

1 Peter 2:24

He himself bore our sins in his body on the tree, that we might die to sin and live to righteousness. By his wounds you have been healed.

We Pray

Gracious God, your hands now bear the wounds, your heart now holds the agony of that appealing cross. Hold us in your everlasting arms as we face the little deaths of daily life and the mystery of our mortality. May we find you there beside us, light in our darkest night. Amen

Good Friday

Am I a stone and not a sheep,
That I can stand, O Christ, beneath Thy cross,
To number drop by drop Thy blood's slow loss,
And yet not weep?

Not so those women loved
Who with exceeding grief lamented Thee;
Not so fallen Peter weeping bitterly;
Not so the thief was moved;
Not so the Sun and Moon
Which hid their faces in a starless sky,
A horror of great darkness at broad noon -
I, only I.

Yet give not o'er,
But seek Thy sheep, true Shepherd of the flock;
Greater than Moses, turn and look once more
And smite a rock.

Christina Rossetti

HOLY SATURDAY



"...He Slept,
so that We might be
Awakened,
He Died,
so that We might
Live."

St Augustine (354-430)

EASTER SUNDAY

We read

John 20 1-9

On the first day of the week,
Mary of Magdala came to the tomb early in the morning,
while it was still dark,
and saw the stone removed from the tomb.
So she ran and went to Simon Peter
and to the other disciple whom Jesus loved, and told them,
"They have taken the Lord from the tomb,
and we don't know where they put him."

So Peter and the other disciple went out and came to the tomb.

They both ran, but the other disciple ran faster than Peter
and arrived at the tomb first;
he bent down and saw the burial cloths there, but did not go in.

When Simon Peter arrived after him,
he went into the tomb and saw the burial cloths there,
and the cloth that had covered his head,
not with the burial cloths but rolled up in a separate place.
Then the other disciple also went in,
the one who had arrived at the tomb first,
and he saw and believed.

For they did not yet understand the Scripture
that he had to rise from the dead.



We Pray

Risen Lord Jesus, you're present with us now,
open our hearts to receive you, open our minds to
understand you, and ignite our will to follow you.
Bring your resurrection life to all that is dead in us, your living
hope to all that despairs, your risen joy to all that is
sorrowful, bring your love to transform our living.
May our lives touch all those we meet, that all your children
may come to know you, to be their life, joy, hope and love.
Amen.

XV Easter Dawn

He blesses every love which weeps and grieves
And now he blesses hers who stood and wept
And would not be consoled, or leave her love's
Last touching place, but watched as low light crept
Up from the east. A sound behind her stirs
A scatter of bright birdsong through the air.
She turns, but cannot focus through her tears,
Or recognise the Gardener standing there.
She hardly hears his gentle question 'Why,
Why are you weeping?', or sees the play of light
That brightens as she chokes out her reply
'They took my love away, my day is night'
And then she hears her name, she hears Love say
The Word that turns her night, and ours, to Day.

Malcolm Guite

