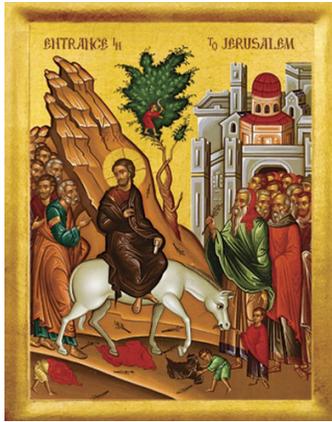


Lenten reflections – 6

Holy Week



Palm Sunday

Ride on, ride on in majesty

... over the broken glass of our world,
the rumours meant to hurt,
the prejudice meant to wound,
the weapons meant to kill,
ride on...
trampling our attempts at disaster into dust.

Ride on, ride on in majesty

... over the distance
which separates us from you,
measurable in half-truths,
in unkept promises,
in second-best obedience,
ride on...
until you touch and heal us,
who feel for no one but ourselves.

Ride on, ride on in majesty

... for in your company and at your side,
we might yet help to bandage and heal
the wounds of the world.

**Ride on, ride on in majesty,
and take us with you. Amen**

Monday

The anointing at Bethany

The place smelt like the perfume department
of a big store.

It was as if somebody had bumped their
elbow against a bottle and sent it crashing to
the floor, setting off the most expensive stink
bomb on earth.

But it happened in a house
not a shop.

And the woman
who broke the bottle
was no casual
afternoon shopper.
She was the penniless
poorest of the poor,
giving away
the only precious thing she had.

Jealousy was in the air
when a poor woman's
generosity became an embarrassment
to their tight-fistedness ...

Stages on The Way, Iona

Tuesday

Jesus before Pilate

The very air that Pilate breathes,
the voice with which he speaks in judgment,
all his powers
of perception and discrimination, choice,
decision, all his years, his days and hours,
his consciousness of self, his every sense,
are given by this prisoner, freely given.

The man who stands there making no defence,
is God. His hands are tied, His heart is open.
And he bears Pilate's heart in his and feels
that crushing weight of wasted life. He lifts
it up in silent love. He lifts and heals.
He gives himself again with all his gifts
into our hands. As Pilate turns away
a door swings open. This is judgment day.

Malcolm Guite

Wednesday

"Then one of the Twelve—the one called
Judas Iscariot—went to the chief priests
and asked, "What are you willing to give
me if I deliver him over to you?" So they
counted out for him thirty pieces of
silver. From then on Judas watched for an
opportunity to hand him over."

Matthew 26:14–16

Today, we reflect on Judas betraying you.
You invested countless hours in that
relationship. He was part of the core twelve
disciples. You brought him close, knowing the
pain that he would inflict on you.

So, we take time to pause today because we
come face to face with the Judas in us.
Our consumerism begs what's in it for us.
Our pride makes us the captain of our ship.
Our sin leads us away from you.

Father, forgive us.

Create in us clean hearts.

Purify our motives and desires.

We are beggars for your grace and mercy.

Peter Englert

Maundy Thursday

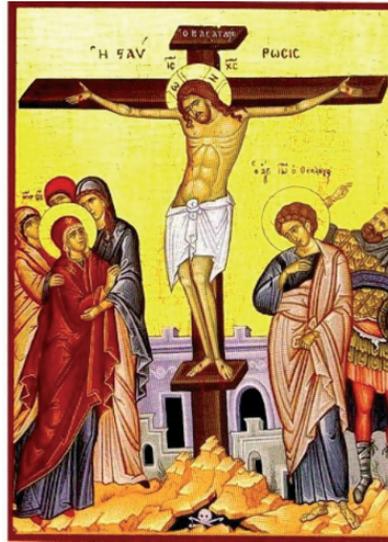


Christ,
whose feet were caressed
with perfume and a woman's hair;
you humbly took basin and towel
and washed the feet of your friends.
Wash us also in your tenderness
as we touch one another:
that, embracing your service freely,
we may accept no other bondage
in your name. Amen.

Janet Morley

Good Friday

This day
let all stand still
in silence,
in sorrow.
Sun and moon
be still.
Earth
be still.
Still
the waters.
Still
the wind.



Let the ground
gape in stunned
lamentation.
Let it weep
as it receives
what it thinks
it will not
give up.
Let it groan
as it gathers
the One
who was thought
forever stilled.
Time
be still.
Watch
and wait.
Still.

*Jan Richardson, from Circle of Grace:
A Book of Blessings for the Seasons*



Holy Saturday

I have no cause to linger
beside this place of death,
no reason to keep vigil
where life has left,
and yet I cannot go,
cannot bring myself
to cleave myself from here,
I can only pray
that this waiting
might yet be a blessing
and this grieving
yet a blessing
and this stone
yet a blessing
and this silence
yet a blessing still.

Jan Richardson, Circle of Grace

The sixth of a series of reflections
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the Rev Dr Michael Paterson

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