

Passiontide Promise

Daily Morning Prayer During the Last Two Week of Lent



St Mary's LINTON

Rooted in God. Rooted in Community



On Thursday - reflection by Lindi

*O, dearly, dearly has he loved, and we must love him too,
And trust in his redeeming blood, and try his works to do (C F Alexander)*

O Lord, open our lips
and our mouth shall proclaim your praise.
Let your ways be known upon earth,
your saving power among the nations.

Blessed are you, Lord God of our salvation,
to you be praise and glory for ever.
As a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief
your only Son was lifted up
that he might draw the whole world to himself.
May we walk this day in the way of the cross
and always be ready to share its weight,
declaring your love for all the world.
Blessed be God, Father, Son and Holy Spirit.
Blessed be God for ever.

**Jesus, remember me when you come into your kingdom;
Jesus, remember me when you come into your kingdom;**

(Taizé community)

Thursday Psalm 23 and a reading from 1 Peter

1 The Lord is my shepherd;
therefore can I lack nothing.

2 He makes me lie down in green pastures
and leads me beside still waters.

3 He shall refresh my soul
and guide me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

4 Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil;
for you are with me;
your rod and your staff, they comfort me.

5 You spread a table before me
in the presence of those who trouble me;
you have anointed my head with oil
and my cup shall be full.

6 Surely goodness and loving mercy shall follow me
all the days of my life,
and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

**Glory to the Father and to the Son
and to the Holy Spirit;
as it was in the beginning is now
and shall be for ever. Amen.**

Christ himself bore our sins in his body on the cross, so that, free from sins, we might live for righteousness; by his wounds you have been healed.

For you were going astray like sheep, but now you have returned to the shepherd and guardian of your souls.

1 Peter 2.24,25

Reflection



Reflection 2 April 2020 Virtual Passiontide

' ISOLATION and HOPE'

The two topics that come up whilst having conversations on the phone or over Zoom or Skype is the strangeness of the **isolation** and let's **hope** we get through this safely.

The painting we are looking at is **Hope** by George Frederick Watts. It shows Hope personified as a young woman. Hope is alone, seated precariously on a globe, her eyes bandaged. She holds on to a battered lyre which has all but one string broken. Her head bent down, she is listening intently for the possibility of the music she might extract from this single remaining string. This intense isolation; this desolation, the danger of her position seems to speak of the fragility of hope.



So much of society's hope is placed in material things. We are measured by what we have; we look forward to having more, more stuff, more power. We measure in material, short-term gains and progress is linear. We continue to strive for economic growth.

I am reminded in Romans 8, when Paul says,

Now hope that is seen is not hope. For who hopes for what is seen? But if we hope for what we do not see, we wait for it with patience.

I hope when we come through this we will a better less materialistic kinder society. That we will realise we do not need so much, that we become more content. That we look after each other and cherish the world better.

So is there any hope? Yes there is.

There are many acts of human kindness. There is love, there is joy, children are born, friends are made, and people are healed. And all of this is part of the bigger story. The story that begins with God's own hope as he hovers over the chaos, as he speaks light into the darkness and void, as he moulds and forms the waters and land and breathes his life-giving spirit into his creation.

So what of the painting, Hope? This wretched creature, who must be freezing cold up there on her globe, with bare feet and what looks like a flimsy garment, despite this, she has the audacity to hope.

Maybe it is in the music she can make, but, maybe what you haven't seen, because it's almost impossible in this reproduction, there is a tiny pinprick of light, like a star at the very top of the painting above her right shoulder. So this is the greater story. This is the eternal Hope. It seems to me very much like a glimmer of that light which shines in the darkness, and which the darkness cannot overcome or comprehend. It's that something that keeps us going in the midst of despair. It's what kept Moses and the people of Israel going through the wilderness. It's what kept the people going when they were exiled in Babylon. It's Isaiah's light and hope.

In the painting it's easy to miss this tiny pinprick of hope and for many people in life it's easy to miss. Easy to look in the wrong places, easy to try to conjure up music of our own making. Like in this painting, it's almost as though the darkness has swallowed it up. Has consumed it, has begun to overcome it and yet it is there coming from somewhere beyond the physical realm shining its light on the misery and tragedy of the world.

And if we dare to look up, to tear ourselves away from the music we are trying to make with our own battered instruments, pull away our blindfolds, we can see this thing that is really Hope and be transformed by it. I certainly pray so. **AMEN**

L Kent

(With thanks to Revd. Petra Shakeshaft on whose original work I have based this reflection)

Thursday Week One: IV Jesus meets his mother

*This darker path into the heart of pain
Was also hers whose love enfolded him
In flesh and wove him in her womb. Again
The sword is piercing. She, who cradled him
And gentled and protected her young son,
Must stand and watch the cruelty that mars
Her maiden making. Waves of pain that stun
And sicken pass across his face and hers
As their eyes meet. Now she enfolds the world
He loves in prayer; the mothers of the disappeared
Who know her pain, all bodies bowed and curled
In desperation on this road of tears,
All the grief-stricken in their last despair,
Are folded in the mantle of her prayer.*







Malcolm Guite

We adore you, O Christ, and we bless you;
by your holy cross, you have redeemed the world.
God chose what is weak in the world to shame the strong.
We adore you, O Christ, and we bless you.

We preach Christ crucified,
the power of God and the wisdom of God.
By your holy cross, you have redeemed the world.
God forbid that I should glory,
save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.
We adore you, O Christ, and we bless you;
by your holy cross, you have redeemed the world.

cf 1 Corinthians 1 and Galatians 6

**The word of the cross is folly
to those who are perishing,
but to those who are being saved
it is the power of God.**

1 Blessed be the Lord the God of Israel, 
who has come to his people and set them free.
2 He has raised up for us a mighty Saviour, 
born of the house of his servant David.
3 Through his holy prophets God promised of old 
to save us from our enemies, from the hands of all that hate us,
4 To show mercy to our ancestors, 
and to remember his holy covenant.
5 This was the oath God swore to our father Abraham: 
to set us free from the hands of our enemies,
6 Free to worship him without fear, 
holy and righteous in his sight all the days of our life.

7 And you, child, shall be called the prophet of the Most High, ♦
for you will go before the Lord to prepare his way,
8 To give his people knowledge of salvation ♦
by the forgiveness of all their sins.
9 In the tender compassion of our God ♦
the dawn from on high shall break upon us,
10 To shine on those who dwell in darkness and the shadow of death, ♦
and to guide our feet into the way of peace.

Luke 1.68-79

**Glory to the Father and to the Son
and to the Holy Spirit
as it was in the beginning is now
and shall be for ever. Amen.**

**The word of the cross is folly
to those who are perishing,
but to those who are being saved
it is the power of God.**

With faith and love and in union with Christ,
let us offer our prayer before the throne of grace.

Have mercy on your people,
for whom your Son laid down his life:

God of love, hear our prayer

Bring healing and wholeness to people and nations,
and have pity on those torn apart by division:

God of love, hear our prayer

Strengthen all who are persecuted for your name's sake,
and deliver them from evil:

God of love, hear our prayer

Look in mercy upon all who suffer,
and hear those who cry out in pain and desolation:
God of love, hear our prayer

Bring comfort to the dying,
and gladden their hearts with the vision of your glory:
God of love, hear our prayer

Give rest to the departed
and bring them, with your saints, to glory everlasting:
God of love, hear our prayer

Let us commend the world, for which Christ died,
to the mercy and protection of God.

Collect - Week One:

Most merciful God,
who by the death and resurrection of your Son Jesus Christ
delivered and saved the world:
grant that by faith in him who suffered on the cross
we may triumph in the power of his victory;
through Jesus Christ our Lord.
Amen.

Standing at the foot of the cross,
as our Saviour taught us, so we pray

**Our Father in heaven,
hallowed be your name,
your kingdom come,
your will be done,
on earth as in heaven.
Give us today our daily bread.
Forgive us our sins
as we forgive those who sin against us.
Lead us not into temptation
but deliver us from evil.
For the kingdom, the power,
and the glory are yours
now and for ever.
Amen.**

The Conclusion

May Christ, who bore our sins on the cross,
set us free to serve him with joy.

Amen.

Let us bless the Lord.

Thanks be to God.

Acknowledgements:

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