

## 29 March: Monday – Holy Week

### *Lectionary readings*

**Isaiah**

**42:1-9;**

Psalm

36:5-11;

Hebrews

9:11-15;

**John**

**12:1-11**

### **Extravagance for the poor**

How can my gratitude be enough for your gift of life?

Expensive perfume poured for you,  
Your life willingly given up –  
both are extravagance!

I feel the same about the life you have restored in me –  
much more than I deserve –  
and so I offer all I have:  
myself, my family, my home and hospitality.

But, still, such a gift invites more.  
Your purpose extends beyond just me and you.  
You are “a light to the nations”, so the Prophet said,  
“not breaking a bruised reed or quenching a  
flickering flame”.

“The poor are always with you”, you say,  
and I recall, too, that “whatever I shall do for the least,  
I shall do for you.”

So, may I not disregard the least, the bruised,  
the flickering.  
Instead, encourage me to share your extravagance.  
May I give of myself,  
rejoicing in the life you have given to me.

*Mark Fisher*

*Lectionary readings*

Isaiah  
49:1-7;  
Psalm  
71:1-14;

1 Corinthians  
1:18-31;  
**John**  
**12:20-36**

## We wish to see Jesus

When the hosannas fade  
the questions emerge  
and the answers are unfathomable...

the grain falls  
into ground that is ready:  
the seed is sown.

The soul is troubled,  
God is speaking,  
the Beloved heeds unvarnished truth;

the Son is shining  
the invitation echoes;  
“Walk in the light!”

*Rachel Poolman*



# 31 March: Wednesday – Holy Week

*Lectionary readings*

Isaiah  
50:4-9a;  
Psalm 70;  
Hebrews  
12:1-3;  
**John**  
**13:21-32**

## “Is it me?”

It is a disturbing thought, Jesus,  
that one of us, your friends, would betray you.  
When you said it during supper none of us could  
believe it,  
having set out to follow you faithfully.  
Yet, our having to ask you “Who is it? Is it me?”  
is evidence  
of our own sense of weakness.  
I am shamed, knowing the frailty of faith.

In that same moment, you claim glory for the Son  
of Man  
and for the Father through him. How can this be?

In those moments, when betrayal is what I am about,  
when I fail to love the person I am  
or see the potential your gifts offer;  
as I give little attention to the needy of the world,  
failing to even know my neighbours,  
let alone love them;  
when religion is about my personal gain –  
I long for your forgiveness and the renewal of your  
love in me.

Give me, Lord,  
that bit of bread, your body broken, your life  
unreservedly given,  
that I might know your forgiveness and your faith in me.

May you be glorified through me as your Father is in you.

*Mark Fisher*



# 1 April: Maundy Thursday

## *Lectionary readings*

Exodus  
12:1-4,  
(5-10), 11-14;  
Psalm  
116:1-2,  
12-19;  
1 Corinthians  
11:23-26;

**John**  
**13:1-17,**  
**31b-35**

## **The heart of the journey**

With death foreshadowed  
you knelt;  
a servant  
embracing,  
cleansing,  
blessing –  
the touch of love.

With betrayal in the air  
you lay at the table  
a rabbi  
listening,  
teaching,  
feeding –  
the word of life.

With the journey set  
you waited;  
the Son of God  
weeping,  
praying,  
pleading –  
the light of the world.

*Rachel Poolman*



*Lectionary readings*

Isaiah  
52:13-53:12;  
Psalm 22;  
Hebrews  
10:16-25  
or Hebrews  
4:14-16,  
5:7-9;  
**John**  
**18:1-19:42**

### **“In the midst – who are you?”**

In the midst of the maelstrom of religion, politics and popular desire,  
I find you, Jesus, standing in my world.  
I want to know who you are. Where are you from?  
You say your kingdom is not of this world and yet  
you invite my participation. Your kingdom is near, you say.

Will you destroy my religion, because you are above it all?  
Will you emasculate my power,  
coming with a kingdom of your own?  
Will your voice overcome the clamour that claims my  
attention?

“It is finished,” you cry.

The priests return to their impotent temple;  
Pilate has washed his hands;  
the crowd has no big cause to cheer;  
criminals appreciate your promise of paradise;  
your Mother and friends stand in silence;  
a few friends care for your body.

Your body, bearing the marks of suffering and death,  
has given all of its energies in love.

Help me, Jesus, Son of God,  
to care for those for whom you died;  
to expend all that is humanly possible in love,  
there to discover who you are.

*Mark Fisher*

*Lectionary readings*

Job  
14:1-14  
or

Lamentations  
3:1-9, 19-24;

Psalm  
31:1-4, 15-16;

1 Peter  
4:1-8;

Matthew  
27:57-66

or **John**  
**19:38-42**

## The divine pause

Life is lost:  
life goes on –

the yearning,  
the grieving,

the hours unfold,  
the world keeps turning;

usual rhythms,  
mundane necessities,

everything is changed –  
but in the absence there is presence,

in the hollow emptiness,  
there is God.

*Rachel Poolman*

