

Monday of Holy Week

The Last Five Days. . .

Opening Responses

Almighty God, we pray for your blessing on
the church in this place.

Here may the faithful find salvation,
and the careless be awakened.

Here may the doubting find faith,
and the anxious be encouraged.

Here may the tempted find help,
and the sorrowful, comfort.

Here may the weary find rest,
and the strong be renewed.

Here may the aged find consolation
and the young be inspired.

Through Christ Jesus our Lord. ***Amen.***

Psalm 84:1-6

How dear to me is your dwelling, O LORD of
hosts! * **My soul has a desire and longing
for the courts of the LORD; my heart and
my flesh rejoice in the living God.**

The sparrow has found her a house
and the swallow a nest where she may lay
her young; * **by the side of your altars, O
LORD of hosts, my King and my God.**

Happy are they who dwell in your house! *
they will always be praising you.

Happy are the people whose strength is in
you! * **whose hearts are set on the
pilgrims' way.**

Those who go through the desolate valley will
find it a place of springs, * **for the early rains
have covered it with pools of water.**

They will climb from height to height, * **and
the God of gods will reveal himself in
Zion.**

"It was on a Monday".....

The Iona Community

It was on the Monday
that religion got in the way.

An outsider would have thought
that it was a pet shop's fire sale.
And the outsider, in some ways,
wouldn't have been far wrong.

Only, it wasn't household pets,
it was pigeons that were being purchased.
And it wasn't a fire sale;
it was a rip-off stall in a holy temple
bartering birds for sacrifice.
And the price was something only the rich
could afford.

No discounts to students, pensioners,
or social security claimants.

Then he,
the holiest man on earth,
went through the bizarre bazaar
like a bull in a china shop.
So the doves got liberated
and the pigeons sellers got angry.
And the police went crazy
and the poor people clapped like mad,
because he was making a sign
that God was for everybody,
not just for those who could afford him.
He turned the tables on Monday. . .
The day religion got in the way.

Scripture reading

Matthew 21:12-17

Homily

Quiet reflection

Glorious God, your thoughts are not our thoughts.

Neither are your ways our ways.

You look at the ugliest soul and see, still
unstirred, the wings of an angel.

**We scan the finest of our neighbors,
anxious to find the flaw.**

You view time in the context of eternity, and
so find a place for waiting, for yearning,
even for suffering, even for dying.

**We demand instant results; and look for
tomorrow before savoring today.**

You know that only one who suffers can
ultimately save that is why you walk the
way of the cross.

**We fear that vulnerability which defies our
power; and so we cry for crucifixion.**

Your thoughts are not our thoughts,
Neither are your ways our ways.

And yet we know that your way is the ladder
to heaven, while, left to our own devices,
our ways slope downward to hell.

But we are here, not to have our worst
confirmed, but to have our best liberated.

So we pray,

**Forgive in us what has gone wrong,
Repair in us what is wasted,
Reveal in us what is good.**

And nourish us with better food than we could
ever purchase:

Your word, Your love, Your inspiration.

Your daily bread for life's journey in the
company of Jesus Christ, our Lord.

Amen.

The Lord's Prayer

Our Father, who art in heaven,
hallowed be thy Name,

thy kingdom come,

thy will be done,

on earth as it is in heaven.

Give us this day our daily bread.

And forgive us our trespasses,

as we forgive those

who trespass against us.

And lead us not into temptation,

but deliver us from evil.

For thine is the kingdom,

and the power, and the glory,

for ever and ever. Amen.

Closing Words