

Wednesday 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.***

Psalms 113

Hallelujah! Give praise, you servants of the
LORD; * **praise the Name of the LORD.**

Let the Name of the LORD be blessed, *
from this time forth for evermore.

From the rising of the sun to its going down *
let the Name of the LORD be praised.

The LORD is high above all nations, * **and**
his glory above the heavens.

Who is like the LORD our God, who sits
enthroned on high, * **but stoops to behold**
the heavens and the earth?

He takes up the weak out of the dust * **and**
lifts up the poor from the ashes.

He sets them with the princes, * **with the**
princes of his people.

He makes the woman of a childless house *
to be a joyful mother of children.

"It was on a Wednesday".....

The Iona Community

It was on the Wednesday
that they called him a wasteful person.

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

It was like somebody had bumped an 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 shopper.
She was the poorest of the poor,
giving away the only precious thing she had.

And he sat still while she poured the liquid all
over his head. . .
as unnecessary as aftershave
on a full crop of hair and bearded chin.

And those who smelled it,
and those who saw it,
and those who remembered
that he was against extravagance,
called him a wasteful person.
They forgot that he was also the poorest of
the poor.

And they who had much
and who had given him nothing,
objected to a pauper giving him everything.

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

That was on the Wednesday,
when they called him a wasteful person.

Scripture reading

John 12:1-11

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