



S^T PAUL'S
ANGLICAN CHURCH
MANUKA
& S^T DAVID'S, RED HILL

HOLY WEEK DAILY DEVOTIONS

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MONDAY IN HOLY WEEK



FROM THE RECTOR

THIS week is about Jesus; that is obvious. It is also very much about us and what it is to be human. We see in the events of Holy Week many aspects of the business of being human in sharp relief: what does it mean to be loyal; to be a true friend; to get swept up by public opinion; to opt for simple answers? We see the fallout of political machinations; the damage caused by myopic religious fanaticism that cannot or will not see God in the situation. We see too the drama and power of choice; the pain and cost of love; the depths of loss; the anguish of fear; the dejection of misunderstanding; innocence and guilt; indifference and greed; impulse; vulnerability; violence; corruption; abuse of power... death... all of this is here.

I invite you to move through this week slowly; contemplating and worshipping as this heady admixture of themes parades us by. Look also to Jesus to see God's loving-action at work. Look to the disciples and see how the pilgrimage of following Jesus is challenging, unclear and often leads through bleak and murky terrain. Look at the forces, institutional, psychological, political and personal that work in opposition of Christ. And look too for yourself in the scene. Don't just *read* the story - enter into it: pray it, live it.

The devotions in this booklet are intended to assist us to enter into the rhythm of Holy Week and are designed to supplement the Daily Offices of the Church. They are based around the Gospel passage set for the daily Eucharist in Holy Week, which of course, due to the pandemic, we are unable to share at present.

I hope that in making space this week for the Holy, the old, old story speaks to us anew as we listen with open ears.

MONDAY IN HOLY WEEK

INTRODUCTION

Today's Gospel reading for the Eucharist presents a homely scene - a dinner party. A gathering to celebrate Lazarus's resurrection and to give honour to Jesus. Like so many dinner parties, things don't go to plan and there are some moments of awkwardness. Someone behaves in an unexpected manner – extravagance, impropriety or sheer gratitude – whatever, it provokes criticism. And like so much criticism, this critic, we know, is hardly qualified to be speaking up.

Well, none of us is likely to be going to a dinner party anytime soon. However, this scene speaks to us of the homeliness of spirituality - 'that the Lord walks among the pots and firkins,' as St Theresa says. Stuck in our homes, we may still find the Lord with us, waiting for us to turn aside to him, ready to receive our adoration.

INVOCATION AND OPENING PRAYER

In the name of God: Father, Son and Holy Spirit. Amen.

**Almighty God,
may the fragrance of holiness
and the perfume of love
and the scent of hope
fill my heart this day and always.**

**Holy God, Holy and Mighty, Holy and Immortal, have mercy on us.
Holy God, Holy and Mighty, Holy and Immortal, have mercy on us.
Holy God, Holy and Mighty, Holy and Immortal, have mercy on us.**

COLLECT

Almighty and everlasting God,
of your tender love towards us you sent your Son, our Saviour Jesus Christ,
to take upon him our flesh, and to suffer death upon the cross,
that all should follow the example of his great humility:
mercifully grant that we may both follow the example of his patience,
and also be made partakers of his resurrection;
through the same Jesus Christ our Lord. **Amen.**

THANKSGIVING

What shall I give you, Lord, in return for all your kindness?
Glory to you for your love. Glory to you for your mercy.
Glory to you for your patience. Glory to you for forgiving us all our sins.
Glory to you for coming to save our souls.
Glory to you for your incarnation in the virgin's womb. Glory to you for your bonds.
Glory to you for receiving the cut of the lash. Glory to you for accepting mockery.
Glory to you for your crucifixion and burial. Glory to you for your resurrection.
Glory to you that you preached to men and women. Glory to you in whom they believed.
Glory to you that you were taken up into Heaven.
Glory to you that you sit in great glory at the Father's right hand.
Glory to you whose will it is that the sinner should be saved through your great mercy and compassion.
Glory to you!

(St Ephrem of Syria 306-373AD)

THE HOLY GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST JOHN 12.1-11

Six days before the Passover Jesus came to Bethany, the home of Lazarus, whom he had raised from the dead. There they gave a dinner for him. Martha served, and Lazarus was one of those at the table with him. Mary took a pound of costly perfume made of pure nard, anointed Jesus' feet, and wiped them with her hair. The house was filled with the fragrance of the perfume. But Judas Iscariot, one of his disciples (the one who was about to betray him), said, 'Why was this perfume not sold for three hundred denarii and the money given to the poor?' (He said this not because he cared about the poor, but because he was a thief; he kept the common purse and used to steal what was put into it.) Jesus said, 'Leave her alone. She bought it so that she might keep it for the day of my burial. You always have the poor with you, but you do not always have me.' When the great crowd of the Jews learned that he was there, they came not only because of Jesus but also to see Lazarus, whom he had raised from the dead. So the chief priests planned to put Lazarus to death as well, since it was on account of him that many of the Jews were deserting and were believing in Jesus.

MARY MAGDALENE

GEORGE HERBERT (FROM 'THE TEMPLE' 1633)

When blessed Marie wip'd her Saviours feet,
(Whose precepts she had trampled on before)
And wore them for a jewell on her head,
Shewing his steps should be the street,
Wherein she thenceforth evermore
With pensive humbleness would live and tread:

She being stain'd her self, why did she strive
To make him clean, who could not be defil'd?
Why kept she not her tears for her own faults,
And not his feet? Though we could dive
In tears like seas, our sinnes are pil'd
Deeper then they, in words, and works, and thoughts.

Deare soul, she knew who did vouchsafe and deigne
To bear her filth; and that her sinnes did dash
Ev'n God himself: wherefore she was not loth,
As she had brought wherewith to stain,
So to bring in wherewith to wash:
And yet in washing one, she washed both.



It's not always easy to keep track of the Marys in the Gospels, and there has been some conflation of the identities of various Marys over the centuries. Pope Gregory the Great himself was prone to confusing the various Marys, resulting in the identification of Mary of Bethany with Mary Magdalene. In that tradition of muddled-Marys, George Herbert penned *Mary Magdalene* based on Luke's account of the anointing of Jesus. Although Luke's context is slightly different, the gesture is the same. Using the image of feet Herbert describes Mary's transformation from one whose life trampled the precepts of God to one who recognised the steps Christ's feet trod as forming the path to a new way, and so for her, his feet became jewels adorning her hair as she anointed and wiped them. Herbert then describes the mystery at work in this incident – the one who is stained, defil'd, with faults, filth and tears by cleansing another finds herself cleansed by God's grace.

MARY OF BETHANY

BEN EDWARDS

At this feast for the Lamb, nostrils flare;
that same scent that was about Lazarus –
there's a whiff of it about the room now,
as jar of ointment spills, and tension fills the air.

Feet and hair absorb funerary fumes,
the deathly stench overcomes the room
and this supper of life after death
seems an ironic folly in this morbid room.

Yet he doesn't hold his nose,
He doesn't recoil, but inhales and assents
And the irony grows -
her gesture showing she seems to know
that dung on soil
is the fragrance of new life.

PRAYING

Confined to home, may I behold you in the homeliness of life:
among the pots and firkins, as I go about chores, sorting, tdying, pottering about.
May I be grateful for roof over head, stock in the pantry,
running water, electricity and the interweb to connect me with others. May I realise how rich I am.
I pray for those without homes... and those unable to return home...

I pray for my household, my neighbours and the loved ones I can't visit and meet at present ...

I pray for generosity in my worship: may I truly give my attention, my time and my love to you.

I give thanks for the gifts of hospitality, companionship and friendship,
and as I look forward now to the day when the doors may be thrown open again for dinner-parties and
feasting, may the gift of hospitality simmer within me.

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.
Save us from the time of trial
and deliver us from evil.
For the kingdom, the power, and the glory are yours
now and for ever. Amen.

CLOSE

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit: as it was in the beginnig, is now and ever
shall be, world without end. Amen.

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Cover: Illumination *Vaux Passional*, Mary Magdalen anointing Christ's feet c. 1503-4, held by National Library of Wales.