

BINDING

JOURNEY

THE

THROUGH

WOUNDS

HOLY

OF

WEEK

CHRIST

# MONDAY

## Jesus suffers Betrayal

*Judas appeared and with him a large number of men armed with swords and clubs, sent by the chief priest and the elders of the people. Now the traitor had arranged a sign with them "The one I kiss", he had said, "he is the man. Take him in charge." So he went straight up to Jesus and said, "Greetings, Rabbi", and kissed him.*

*Mt 26: 47-50*

Lord, a kiss is the sign of love and friendship, yet here the one who claimed to be your friend, used it to betray you. The treachery is compounded, the wound is twice as deep. This is how he repaid your companionship, your unconditional love for him. I wonder how you must have felt and I look to myself...

Have I abused others' friendship? Have I ever betrayed a friend? Have I ever been wounded by the betrayal of someone close to me. How did I feel? Lord, I contemplate this painful scene and tell you what is in my heart. I pray that I will never betray or dishonour anyone. I think of my brothers and sisters throughout the world who suffer betrayal from their friends, their family, their government. These are the wounds of Christ today. In what ways can I show my concern for these people and so tenderly 'bind your wounds'?

Lord Jesus, Come take my lips, may they speak your truth. Take them for your service, Lord. Take them for your glory, Lord.

Come, Lord Jesus take my lips.

K. Mayhew

## TUESDAY

### Jesus suffers mockery and insults

*The passers-by jeered at him; they shook their heads and said, 'So you would destroy the Temple and rebuild it in three days!*

*Then save yourself! ...The chief priests with the scribes and elders mocked him in the same way. 'He saved others;' they said 'he cannot save himself...He puts his trust in God; now let God rescue him if he wants him.*

*Matthew 27: 39-43*

Lord, they used cruel words to insult and mock you. They challenged your faith in God, your Father. They used it against you. Your tormentors demand a miracle as proof that you are who you say you are. I wonder how you must have felt and I look to myself... Have I ever asked you to prove yourself to me? Have I ever ridiculed those whose values challenged my way of life and resorted to cruel words to undermine them? Lord, I contemplate this painful scene, and tell you what is in my heart. I pray that I will never insult, mock you or deny your presence in my life. I think of my brothers and sisters throughout the world who are being abused, mocked and insulted in many ways. These are the wounds of Christ today. In what ways can I show my concern for these people and so tenderly 'bind your wounds'?

Lord Jesus, Come take my mind, may it show your love, Take it for your service Lord, Take it for your glory Lord, Come, Lord Jesus take my mind.

K. Mayhew (adapted)

## WEDNESDAY

### Jesus suffers physical violence & humiliation

*One of the guards standing by gave Jesus a slap in the face saying "Is that the way to answer the high priest?"*

*Matthew 26:67*

*Then they spat in his face and hit him with their fists.*

*John 18:22*

Lord, they used their hands to hurt and humiliate you. Yet, what had you done to them? How had you offended them? You only ever used your hands to welcome, to bless, to heal. Now, your hands are tied on the wood of the cross, useless, unable to move. I wonder how you must have felt and I look to myself...

Have I used my hands in ways which hurt people, perhaps when dealing with the more vulnerable or the needy? Maybe I have been wounded, physically or emotionally, at the hands of people who thought they had power over me, how did I feel?

Lord, I contemplate this painful scene and tell you what is in my heart. I pray that my hands will never hurt or humiliate you. I think of my brothers and sisters throughout the world who are suffering physical violence and humiliation at the hands of others. These are the wounds of Christ today. In what ways can I show my concern for these people and so tenderly 'bind your wounds'?

Lord Jesus, Come, take my hands, take them for your work. Take them for your service Lord, Take them for your glory Lord, Come, Lord Jesus take my hands.

K. Mayhew

## HOLY THURSDAY

### Jesus' humility is met with a lack of understanding

*Never!" said Peter "You shall never wash my feet"... When he had washed their feet and put on his clothes again he went back to the table. 'Do you understand' he said 'what I have done to you?...I have given you an example so that you may copy what I have done to you.*

*John 13: 8, 12&15*

Lord, as the time of your death drew near, you demonstrated your perfect love for your disciples by kneeling to wash their feet. In your humility, you showed them how they were to continue your ministry on earth, but even then, they did not understand. I wonder how you must have felt and I look to myself... Have I ever failed to understand my friends when they were in trouble and needed my support? Have others shown me, by word or deed, that they did not understand my actions or way of thinking? How did that make me feel? Lord, I contemplate this painful scene and tell you what is in my heart. I pray that I will always try to understand others who do not think as I do. I think of my brothers and sisters throughout the world who are in need of a God who would stoop to wash their feet and who understands their needs. These are the wounds of Christ today. In what ways can I show my concern for these people and so tenderly 'bind your wounds'?

Lord Jesus, Come, take my understanding. Take it for your service Lord, Take it for your glory Lord, Come, Lord Jesus, take my understanding.

K. Mayhew (adapted)

# GOOD FRIDAY

## Jesus suffers death on the cross

*Having twisted some thorns into a crown they put this on his head. (Matthew 27: 29) "Jesus remember me when you come into your kingdom". "Indeed, I promise you," replied Jesus, "today you will be with me in paradise."(Luke 23:43) They found he was already dead, and so instead of breaking his legs one of the soldiers pierced his side with a lance.*

*(John 19: 34)*

Lord, they scourged your body, pierced your hands and feet and crowned your head with thorns. Yet even in these last hours of agony, you show your love and compassion for the 'good thief' who believes in you and asks for mercy. But the violence isn't over. The soldiers continue to inflict wounds on your broken body even after your death. They pierce your heart. Your pain, your agony cannot be imagined and I look to myself... Am I able to show compassion to those around me, even when I am sorely tried? Have others hurt me by being so indifferent to my suffering that it felt like I was physically wounded? Lord, I contemplate this painful scene and tell you what is in my heart. I pray that I will always feel compassion for the suffering of others. I think of my brothers and sisters throughout the world who unlike the good thief have no hope of paradise. These are the wounds of Christ today. In what ways can I show my concern for these people and so tenderly 'bind your wounds'?

Lord Jesus, Come, take my heart, fill it with your compassion,  
Take it for your service Lord, Take it for your glory Lord, Come,  
Lord Jesus take my heart.

K. Mayhew (adapted)

## HOLY SATURDAY

### They have taken the Lord out of the tomb

*Mary Magdalen came to the tomb. She saw that the stone had been moved away from the tomb and came running to Simon Peter and the other disciple, the one Jesus loved. 'They have taken the Lord out of the tomb' she said 'and we don't know where they have put him.'*

*John 20: 1-2*

Lord, I can sense Mary Magdalen's distress. I have accompanied you all week through your sufferings. I tried to be with you, to bind your wounds tenderly through my concern for the helpless, the needy, the victims of violence. I realise that you have No body now but mine, No hands, no feet on earth but mine. Mine are the eyes with which you look With compassion on this world. Mine are the feet with which you walk to do good, Mine are the hands, with which you bless all the world. Mine are the hands, mine are the feet, Mine are the eyes, I am his body. You have no body now on earth but mine. I contemplate the scene at the tomb. I share Mary's feeling of emptiness. Yet throughout the barrenness of this Holy Saturday, I think of my brothers and sisters throughout the world who live in darkness, who believe their situation offers no hope. I pray that one day they will be able to catch a glimpse of the light of your resurrection.

Risen Lord Jesus, Come, take my body, take it for your work,  
Take it for your service Lord, Take it for your glory Lord, Come,  
Lord Jesus take my all.

K. Mayhew (adapted)