

THE GROUPED PARISHES OF BOOTERSTOWN & CARYSFORT WITH MOUNT MERRION

St Philip & St James' Church & St Thomas' Church

Tuesday of Holy Week

30th March 2021

The Lord be with you. And also with you.

The Introduction

Opening Responses

We come to your house, not because you are not in every house, but because in your house, you are the host and make us welcome. This house is not about the structure but about your presence and our presence... together, within. We come to your house, where everything is held in common and we cannot envy the possessions of others. *May our actions, our words, our prayers, be according to your will.*

We come to your house to spend time with you, where there are no distractions, where it is you and me,

in the midst of you and us.

Hymn No. 237 (North Coates)

[Verses 1-2] O my Saviour, lifted from the earth for me, draw me, in thy mercy, nearer unto thee.

Speed these lagging footsteps, melt this heart of ice, as I scan the marvels of thy sacrifice.

<u>Penitence</u>

If we have used your house for our purposes as if you did not mind or it did not matter,

Lord, forgive us.

If we have cosseted your house in tradition, rather than hallowed it by prayer,

Lord, forgive us.

If we have made it a house for one nation, or part of a nation, or for part of the Church,

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Lord, forgive us.

And if we can see clearly the misuse others make of your house and are blind to our own malpractices, *Lord, forgive us.*

Kindle in us and in all your people the desire to make all your sanctuaries the shop windows of heaven rather than religious theme parks of earth. We ask this for your own name's sake. *Amen*.

<u>The Collect of Tuesday in Holy Week</u> O God, who by the passion of your blessed Son made an instrument of shameful death to be for us the means of life: grant us so to glory in the cross of Christ, that we may gladly suffer pain and loss for the sake of your Son our Saviour Jesus Christ; who lives and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit, one God, now and for ever. **Amen**

Hymn No. 237 (North Coates)

[Verses 3-4] Lift my earth-bound longings, fix them, Lord, above; draw me with the magnet of thy mighty love.

Lord, thine arms are stretching ever far and wide, to enfold thy children to they loving side.

The Word of God - Mark 11: 15-19

15 Then they came to Jerusalem. And he entered the temple and began to drive out those who were selling and those who were buying in the temple, and he overturned the tables of the money-changers and the seats of those who sold doves; ¹⁶ and he would not allow anyone to carry anything through the temple. ¹⁷He was teaching and saying, 'Is it not written, "My house shall be called a house of prayer for all the nations"?

But you have made it a den of robbers.'

¹⁸And when the chief priests and the scribes heard it, they kept looking for a way to kill him; for they were afraid of him, because the whole crowd was spellbound by his teaching. ¹⁹And when evening came, Jesus and his disciples went out of the city.

This is the Word of the Lord. Thanks be to God.

Hymn No. 237 (North Coates)

[Verses 5-6]

And I come, O Jesus; dare I turn away? No, thy love hath conquered, and I come today:

bringing all my burdens, sorrow, sin and care, at they feet I lay them, and I leave them there.

<u>Reflection</u>

<u>Hymn No. 227 Man of Sorrows (Man</u> of Sorrows)

[Verses 1-3] Man of sorrows! What a name for the Son of God, who came ruined sinners to reclaim: Alleluia! What a Saviour!

Mocked by insults harsh and crude, in my place condemned he stood; sealed my pardon with his blood: Alleluia! What a Saviour!

Guilty, helpless, lost were we: blameless Lamb of God was he, sacrificed to set us free: Alleluia! What a Saviour!

<u>The Prayers</u>

The Lord's Prayer

The Blessing for Passiontide and Holy <u>Week</u> Christ draw you to himself and grant that you find in his cross a sure ground for faith, a firm support for hope, and the assurance of sins forgiven: and the Blessing . . .

<u>Hymn No. 227 Man of Sorrows (Man of Sorrows)</u>

[Verses 4-5]

He was lifted up to die: 'It is finished' was his cry; now in heaven exalted high: Alleluia! What a Saviour!

When he comes, our glorious king, all his ransomed home to bring; then again this song we'll sing: Alleluia! What a Saviour!

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