



**Station of the Cross
for
Good Friday**

10th April 2020

Good Friday invites us each year to walk with Jesus to his cross. We cannot go there in place of him, but he invites us to come with him.

The Stations of the Cross has been used by Christians over the centuries as the focus of this day. Whether physically walking the pilgrimage to Jerusalem to walk this *Via Dolorosa* or 'Way of Sorrows', or going on this journey spiritually in their own churches or at home, we will discover different characters as we pause at the different scenes on the way to Jesus' cross. These 'stations' are places of discovery and revelation: about God and about ourselves. As the story unfolds, we reflect on the characters we find, and we are invited into the scene to find ourself present with Christ.

The artwork in this set of stations of the cross are particularly colourful, and painted from a provocative, inspiring and enlightening viewpoint. The artist is Sieger Köder (1925-2015), a German Roman Catholic priest who fought in the Second World War and brought his experience of Nazism and the holocaust into his artwork. The accompanying text was written over a decade ago but, as I have put together this booklet, I have found journeying to the cross in the light of current events regarding Coronavirus takes on a whole new meaning.

How to use this booklet:

- You can use this booklet in whichever way is helpful, over whatever time you have available and wish to spend on Good Friday.
- Traditionally at each station we encounter the picture, read the text and pause for prayer. If this takes 5 minutes approximately, then it will take you about 70 minutes for the whole journey. You can take longer in between each station if you wish.
- The suggested scripture readings are only as an option if you want to use scripture to inspire you spiritually.

*God's folly is wiser than human wisdom,
and God's weakness is stronger than human strength.
1 Corinthians 1:25*

Pictures and text taken from

The Folly of God: The Journey of the Cross A Path to Light.
A collection of 18 inspirational posters by Sieger Köder

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First published in the United Kingdom in 2000
by Pauline Books & Media
Slough SL3 6BS, England
www.pauline-uk.org
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wonder



I lift up my eyes to the mountains; where is my help to come from? Psalm 121:1

His glorified body translucent
Greeted by the seekers from of old,
The long awaited Messiah
Now revealed in all his splendour.
The old covenant
Is sealed with the new.

Watching from below
From the world of mortals
The three disciples are blessed
With a glimpse of heaven.

On the Mountain top.
The light from the world of the living
Penetrates the shell of the body
And they can see with their inner eyes,
The awe-inspiring vision.

It is so good to be here,
Blissfully content in God's splendour –
The glory of the beloved Son.

Listen to him!

The Son of Man has to suffer
To enter his glory.

Death is only the doorway.
We can now see him
Like in a mirror.
Then we shall see him as he really is.
We shall be forever
In the splendour of God's glory.

We Pray...

God our Father, in your son Jesus you reveal to us the wonder of your glory. Strengthen our faith so that, even when we are confronted with pain and death, the splendour of your glory may shine in us. Amen.

The Transfiguration manifests the profound and wonderful reality that we are partakers in the glory of the children of God. The radiance of Tabor projects light over the shadow of our world charged with the reality of suffering and death. It shows a thrust, which is more powerful than our desperation; a sun which will never set.

Jesus told us that he came so that we may have joy, a superabundant joy. The vision of Tabor is an experience open to each one of us when we are in touch in our inmost self, with God. It is a gratuitous gift, a divine enlightenment, a glimpse of our real destiny. On the 'mountain', close to God, though tired of our journeying into life, Jesus invites us to look upon him. To see him as the risen Lord, who holds the power over suffering and death. He is the Lord of the living.

Scripture to read: *Matthew 17:1-8; Mark 9:2-8; Luke 9:28-36; 2 Peter 1:16-18*

surrender



They led Jesus off to the house of Caiaphas, the high priest... Pilate took some water, washed his hands and said, 'I am innocent of this man's blood'. Matthew 26: 57. 27: 24

Three figures.
Three worlds.
On trial!

Possessive hands
Holding the scrolls of the Law.
Detached, unconnected eyes –
Priestly garments.

A seemingly harsh will of God
That the innocent
Should die for all.
Is this relying on God?
Is it not rather an escape,
Manipulation?
In God's name!

Washing hands,
Corrupting with blood
The pure water.

One day, that water
Had been changed into wine
To gladden the hearts.
Now, becomes blood of betrayal.

Truth?
What's the truth
Behind that masked face,
That furtive look?
The truth you refuse to see
The power you don't want to lose.
The truth?

Here is the MAN!

The obedient servant.
Mute like a lamb.
His ear attentive
His back,
Stripped of the regal garments,
Offered to violent strokes.
His face at peace,
In the heart a song:
Here I am,
I come to do your will!

Where can we find real strength, where is the truth? In those with positions of power, or in the one whose head is bowed, whose arms are lowered in peace, only being raised when nailed to the cross?

How many innocent people pay the price of dishonesty, of abuse of power. Even by those who act in God's name. Indeed by anyone who manipulates the truth of the gospel to justify non-involvement, refusal of the truth. How ready we all are to surrender to hypocrisy and to hide behind the mask of our lack of courage. We would rather not get involved, distance ourselves from the wrong we see around us. Keep silence in the face of injustice inflicted on our brothers and sisters: friends, colleagues, neighbours and loved ones... All we want is to keep our name clean and our reputation good.

We Pray...

Jesus, you didn't hesitate to pay the price of our wrongdoing. Give us the courage to face the truth when we fail. Give us strength to be true to your gospel and to be true to our brothers and sisters. Amen.

Scripture to read: *Mark 15:12-15*

embrace



Carrying his own cross, he went out to the Place of the Skull, as it is called in Hebrew, Golgotha. John 19: 17

The naked heavy wood
Embraced tenderly
By bleeding bared hands.
Crimson garments soaked
With streams of red blood.

The wood is steady, firm.
On it heavily leans
Another piece of wood –
The cross.

In the background, hanging nooses
Reminders of violence and war,
Indisputable witnesses to
Generations of innocent victims.
Yesterday, today!

Two hands embracing
An unjust verdict,
The human sorrow.

A destiny shared,
A cry hidden behind the cross –
The Innocent One.

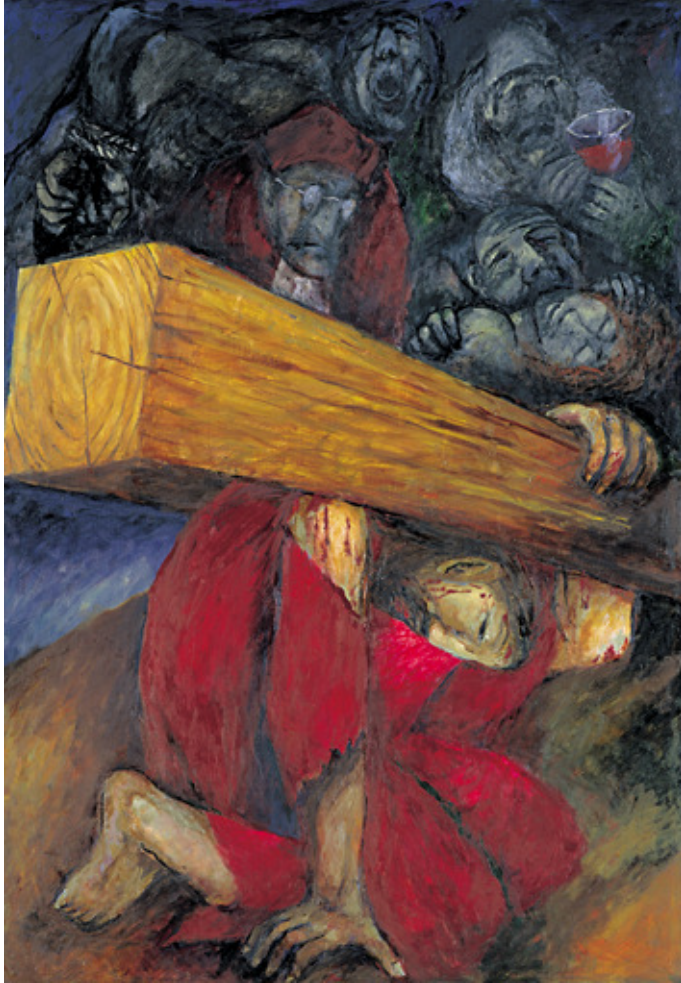
It takes courage to embrace that which we really would rather not. To daily reach out and take on board the violence and atrocities of our world. To make a decision to accept Jesus and the paradox of his cross.

Our hands are a precious gift. We can create or destroy, lift up or force down. We can embrace or push away. Jesus used his hands to bless, to gather the lost to his arms, all the time working for peace, until finally he gave his hands up to the cross. Accepting and embracing it, he embraces our sorrows, our cross.

We Pray...

Lord Jesus, the mystery of your cross is at the heart of our lives. Help us embrace the world as you did. Give us the perseverance we need to make our world a better place. Your kingdom come, your will be done. Amen.

cornerstone



Crushed, because of our guilt. The punishment reconciling us fell on him, and we have been healed by his bruises. cf Isaiah 53:5-7

On your knees
Under the cry of the world
Heavily weighing on you,
The pillar of the universe.

Darkness and horror plunge
Onto the wood of your cross –
The implacable grim-faced judge,
The tormented bodies of the victims
Of violence and vices:
The sin of the world.

On your knees.
The translucent flesh
Stained with blood.
Your right arm firmly strained
Unbent, steady
Like a pillar beam.

The right hand, firmly planted
Over the solid stone –
Supporting, securing...

The head leaning on your heart,
The source of your strength.
Determined as you are
To lose none of the little ones
Entrusted to you.
You the cornerstone,
You the pillar of the universe.
You, carry us all.

We all know the feeling: 'I can't go on'. The very life is being squeezed out of us. Lack of love in our lives can weigh us down. When we are rejected we become vulnerable. We neither respect others nor ourselves. We become violent and abusive towards those who are more vulnerable than we are. Our human dignity is lost, and we condemn ourselves to shame and degradation. Jesus died to save us from ourselves. He took away the sin of the world. He restored in us the likeness of the children of God.

We Pray...

Jesus, you bore our sin so that we might live. You are the rock of our strength. Do not allow us to neglect those who are crushed by their own mistakes, those who feel rejected, the sinful. Amen.

no words



It is hard to stand by and see a child, a friend, a loved-one struggle with life.

Sometimes it is difficult even to say the right thing. Often we don't even know what to say. We would like to spare those we love from the burden of carrying their own cross.

Love is utterly vulnerable, completely defenceless, open to whatever comes. To love is to set people free to follow the demands of God, whatever the cost. All we can do is be there, just being ... consoling ... Supporting ... Showing respect. These are sacred moments.

*His mother kept all these things in her heart.
Luke 2: 51*

Two figures
Bound together by the vigorous wood,
Firmly standing between them.
Two lives tied as one
By the same destiny.

Two persons identifiable only,
One, by the scarlet regal garment;
The other, by the green clothing,
The mourning veil.
A mother and child?
So intimate.

What is the emotion depicted on their faces?
What are the words they utter to each other?
Do they lean on each other's shoulders?
Does the mother caress her child's cheek?
Does the child comfort the mother?
We know not.

Only the hands speak to us.
A gentle touch –
Encouraging,
Reassuring,
Affirming.

A sacred encounter,
An intimate moment
Not to be exposed
To indiscreet eyes.
The only witness,
The strong protecting wood,
Held in their embrace

Silent words.

We Pray...

Lord Jesus, your mother shared your pain, your destiny. As so often we hurt those we love, and fail those we hold dear, help us to share in the healing power of your love. Amen

Scripture to read: *Luke 2:19-20; 34-35; 48-50; (Matthew 16:21, 23; Mark 8:31-33)*

unison



Our streets are crowded with people struggling under the weight they carry. Degradation, desperation, hunger, violence, abuse... Do we have the courage to stop, to get involved? Perhaps we would rather keep our distance. Strangers, refugees? Are they any concern of ours? Who is my neighbour?

What happens around us affects us all in one way or another. Called to be one, our command is to love one another. We owe each other love and support. Simon of Cyrene can inspire us: by accepting to help a stranger, he became as one with Jesus, the Son of God.

They seized a passer-by, Simon of Cyrene, who was coming from the countryside, to carry his cross. Mark 15: 21

Travellers on the same road
Under the one same load.
Body upholding body,
Shoulder to shoulder,
Cheek by cheek:
Twinned as one.

Carrying the same weight
They become one.

Their eyes fixed in the one direction
They strive onward,
Towards the same goal.

There is a need to stay close
To one another.

Synchronising their pace,
Gaining strength –
The beam on their shoulders
Is heavy!
Any shift in weight,
Any disharmony
Will weaken them both.

Together as one!
Is it by love,
Friendship,
Solidarity
Or simply by chance?

Whatever brought them close
Is irrelevant –
Under the same weight
They are as one.

We Pray...

*Lord, as we journey help us to see those who stagger along the path of the cross: the refugees, the homeless, the lonely. We ask for strong shoulders on which to ease the load of others and a heart filled with love for all.
Amen*

Scripture to read: *Luke 23:26; Matthew 11:28-30. 27:31; Mark 15:21; Galatians 6:2*

true icon



Where do we see the face of Christ today? Is it to be found in artistic reproductions? No. He told us where we can see his face. If only we have the courage to look at those who are hungry, those who are naked, those who are lonely, imprisoned; the least, the last...there we see Jesus himself. A gesture of love to release the pain of these brothers and sisters restores in us our likeness to Jesus. We often hear of heroic acts which helped save the lives of many. How often though do we hear of the simple acts of love, the little ways in which love is shown? Being beside someone on his or her way to death and mopping their brow is a simple yet love filled, intimate act, which can only bring us closer to Christ.

*I tell you solemnly, in so far as you did this to the least of my brothers and sisters, you did it to me.
Matthew 25: 40*

A gesture of love.
And the spotless linen,
Soaked with blood,
Reveals the features
Of a wounded man.
A Suffering figure,
An enduring face,
At peace.

A woman,
In mourning robe,
Her face screened by
The linen she holds,
Tenderly,
Compassionately,
Displays the shroud
Resting on her chest –
Imprinted as part of her very being.

An empty cracked bowl,
Seemingly emerging
From the body
Whose face is fixed
On the linen,
Held up for all to see.

Whose hands?
We can guess,
By the colour of the skin.

Whose empty cracked bowl?

We Pray...

*Lord, help us to recognise you in the hidden corners of our world. In the forgotten ones, those who mean so little to the world, whose presence is never greeted with a smile. We ask that we might reflect your love for all people in everything that we do.
Amen*

Scripture to read: *Matthew 25:32-45; Luke 10:16; John 13:34-35*

with us

Anyone who does not carry his cross and come after me, cannot be my disciple. Luke 14: 27



Pressures from society, our peers, and possibly even our weak wills may stop us from being a true follower of Jesus. It can be difficult to lead the way; yet we know the exhilaration of winning a race, or struggling for what is right in life. We know what we should do and yet we carry on doing the things we shouldn't.

It may be difficult for us today to see any value in the cross. Suffering is a great mystery to us. We may have feelings of helplessness and find ourselves only able to ask 'Why'? And yet the choice remains with us. Do we allow ourselves to be crushed beneath the weight of our daily cross, or do we pick ourselves up, and follow in the way of Jesus?

Rough hewn,
Heavy beams
Hammering, forcing the shoulders
Of those who carry them.
So great the strain,
So grotesque
The misshapen bodies beneath.

The throng emerge
As an unseen multitude
Beneath the horizon
Bathed in the pale light.

Different races, peoples
Prostrate on their knees.
Heaving their own load –
They have no escape.

Someone surges forward,
Fixing gazing eyes
On the one who leads the way.
In him a difference.

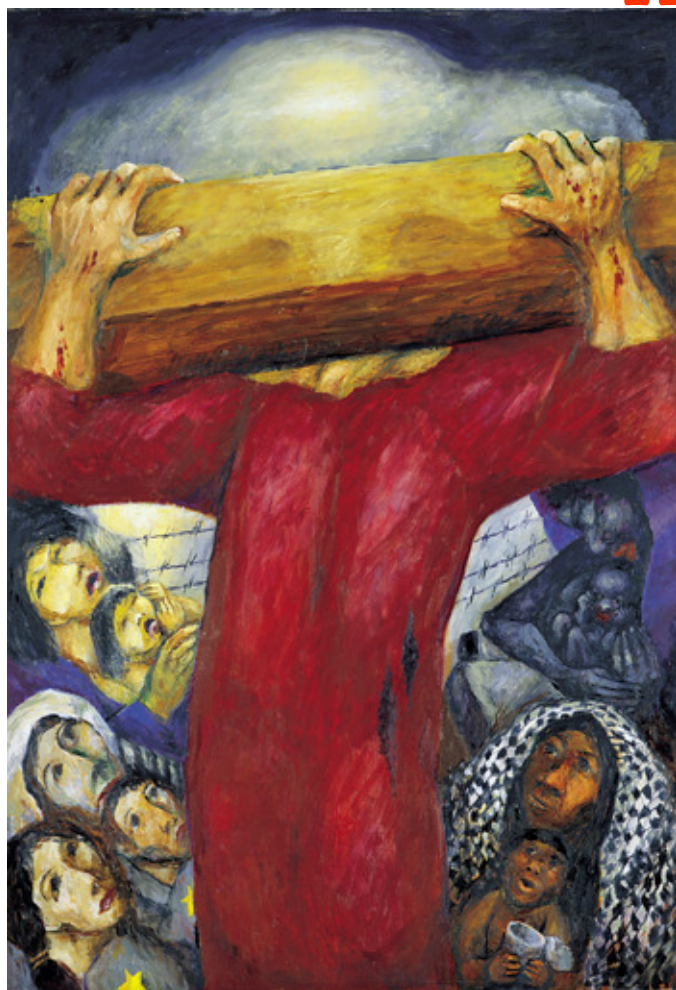
With his arms
Clinging the rough wood
That bends him down.
He seems to have a purpose
He seems to know the sense...
On his knees,
He draws them all.

We Pray...

Lord, to pick up our cross and follow you is a difficult request. It may be that in today's world our responsibilities are our crosses. Whatever the cross may we understand that only with you the burden is light. Amen.

Scripture to read: *Isaiah 41:10-13; Matthew 11:28-30; 12:15-21*

nurturing



Mothers, women, they know the pain of loving. In the face of human sorrow and tragedy, mothers are those who pay the highest price of seeing their own children, flesh of their flesh, being deprived of their dignity, abused, tortured, killed. Mothers know the hard way of the cross. The cross – this horrible means of torture of the past has been replaced with modern and more sophisticated means of mass destruction. Yet Jesus calls women to nurture a better world, so to spare humanity from even greater tragedy. Indeed, he calls us all to have a mother-like heart, to nurture life around us.

We Pray...

Lord, to pick up our cross and follow you is a difficult request. It may be that in today's world our responsibilities are our crosses. Whatever the cross may we understand that only with you the burden is light. Amen.

*Daughters of Jerusalem, do not weep for me, but weep for yourselves and for your children
Luke 27: 28*

Mothers weeping, lamenting
By the well-worn path
Trodden daily by the convicted
Being led to death.

Injustice manifest before their very eyes:
An innocent seized, an horrendous crime.

They know him – A firstborn child,
Nurtured by his mother like a sapling.
He lived among them
Curing their ills, soothing their pain,
Embracing their children.

Should evil be returned for good?

Mothers of the world
Do not weep for me,
Weep for yourselves,
Weep for your children.

Look at your vulnerable off spring,
The children you nurtured in your womb.
Can you spare them
From the violence of war?
From devastation of nuclear attacks?
From barbed wire
That tortures their flesh?

Mothers weeping and lamenting
On the roads of the world.

Your cry resounds
Throughout all of history:
It is heard
In Ramah... in Bethlehem...
In Hiroshima... in Auschwitz...
In Yemen... in Italy...

There is no end to the tears
Running from your eyes.

Mothers on the journey of life,
Trust the green wood,
The innocent SON
Who has strength
To carry your sorrow,
To give your children hope.

Scripture to read: *Luke 23:27-32; Isaiah 66:12-13; Jeremiah 9:16-19; Hosea 11:2-4*

amen!



In everyone's life there are moments of inner loneliness, a rejection no words can describe. It is the isolation of the aged, the loss of a dear one, the collapse of a family's fortune, the horror of war, the loss of a job, the breaking of a relationship, dreams not coming true... Weighed down by the awfulness of it all, we feel like worms trampled under foot!

Jesus experienced this emptiness on his very flesh. He drank the chalice to the very dregs, still trusting in the Father's unfailing love. With him we will be able to pick ourselves up from the mud, shake the dust off ourselves and proceed onwards towards our final goal.

His yoke is on my neck, He has deprived me of strength. Lamentation 1:14

The weight of the whole world!
Pressed on the dust of the road
Rejected
Wasted.

The thick timber
Holding his neck –
Pinned like a mouse in its trap!

Who could ever arise again
After such a fall!

No one passing by
No weeping women
No consoling friends
No mother's touch
To comfort, to reassure...
Not even the jeering throng.

Crushed and alone.
Where is God?

Mingled with the dust of the earth
Held down
Exhausted.

Under the vastness
The immensity
Of a pale blue sky.

Can anyone ever stand again
After such a fall?

The ONE who trusts.

Far above the pale blue sky
The sun beams its light,
Bathing the wood,
Resting on his face.

We Pray...

Lord Jesus, when all looks to be too much, when we feel overburdened by life, when nothing makes sense any longer, allow the warmth of your love to touch us. Give us the strength to say our AMEN to God and to trust in the Father's care. Amen.

Scripture to read: *Job 1:20-21; Lamentations 3:1-9; Luke 22:39-41*

whose?



They took Jesus' clothing and divided it into four shares. John 19: 23

Deprived of its oneness,
Stained with blood,
A seamless white robe,
Pulled at its four corners,

Tearing in the middle
Forming a cross.

Three Church leaders finely attired
Claim ownership of the cloth,

Hold it tightly, even comfortably.
Misled in their belief –
Blind to one another,
Each thinks he owns the lot.

Bloodied,
And fluttering like a flag
The fourth corner.
A black figure,
Marching, striving ahead.
Eager to reach out?

At the foot of the cross
The seamless white robe
Each part weakened,
Divided, spread out –
Yet held together
By the shadow of that same cross.

Before his passion Jesus prayed that we may be one. Yet division and war among his followers have marked the history of Christianity. Blood has been shed in Jesus' name too often, by too many, claiming to possess the true faith, Jesus himself. Our divisions are the crosses on which Jesus continues to die. Very often our diversity becomes division. Diversity is a gift of the Spirit and enriches the whole body, while division is the work of the evil one and impoverishes us all. 'There is one body, one baptism, one faith'. We belong to one another.

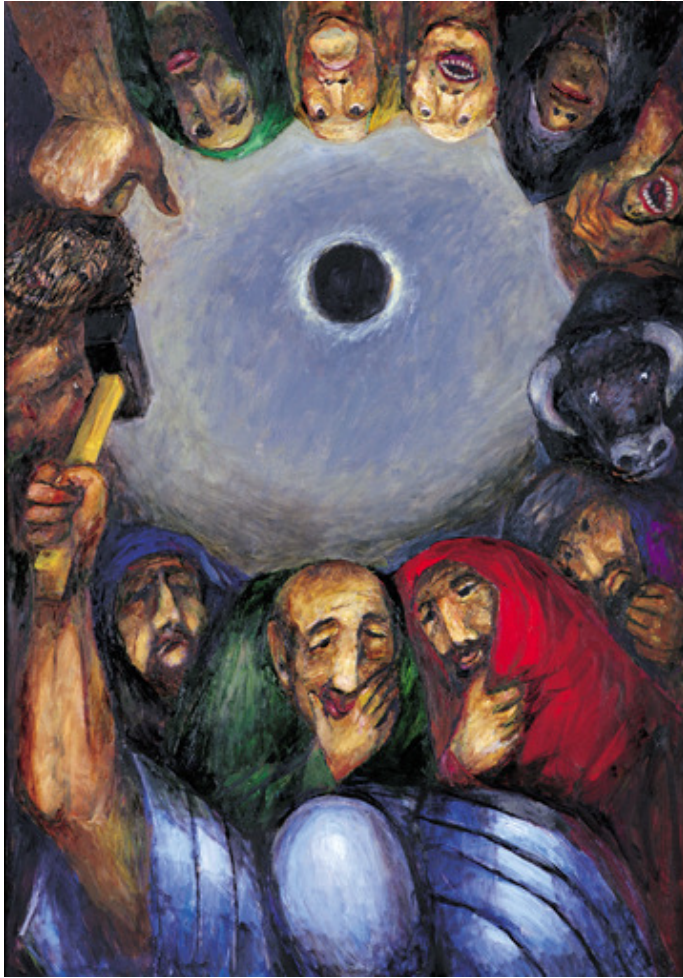
Every day we have the opportunity to work for unity and peace within ourselves, our family, our Churches. Or we may refuse to love our brothers and sisters, deepening the mark of the cross in our world.

We Pray...

Lord, our ways are not peaceful ways. Fill us with your Spirit, that we may truly become your people, the one body of Christ. Heal our divisions and give us courage to work for unity and peace. Amen

Scripture to read: *Psalm 22:18; Matthew 27:35; Mark 15:24; Luke 23:34; John 19: 23-24*

face to face



There are moments in each one's life when we feel as though we are 'nailed', as if on a cross, unable to move, totally at the mercy of others. It may be because of sickness, disability, fear, violence, physical or physiological hurts. When we feel helpless we come face to face with our own truth and the truth of those around us. We can become victims of others or we may make others pay the price of our indifference, of our insensitivity. As we look at the faces of those around Jesus, as he is being nailed on the cross, can we see ourselves?

All who see me jeer at me, they sneer and wag their heads. cf Psalm 22

The sunlight thickens
Colours fade,
The sky darkens.
Why?

What are the people looking at?
Or rather, who is looking at them?
The Man being crucified,
Lying below...

The Roman soldier's arm
Clad with armour,
Brandishing the hammer,
Relentlessly striking on the nail
Penetrating the flesh.

A reaction at each heavy blow:
Compassion
Mockery
Grief
Condolence
Sneering
Dismay
Horror
Scorn.

Each face is different.

Some faces are shielded,
Unable to bear the sight.
Some scrutinise the scriptures
In an attempt to make some sense...
'Wild bulls encircle me
Strong bulls surround me'...
All the while the sun darkens
And the sky grows dimmer.

We Pray...

Lord of love and compassion, help us to be true to ourselves and to others. Give us a sensitive heart to ease the burden of those who can't help themselves. Amen

holocaust



As scripture says, 'You didn't accept sacrifices and holocausts... you gave me a body'. Here is the body of Christ, the innocent victim who takes upon himself the human sorrow. Jesus dying on the cross. His whole being stretched to the limits of human bearing. His tortured body recalls the torments of millions of men, women and even little children, in Nazi concentration camps; past and present victims of racism, hatred and war. Violence is becoming a commonplace experience in our homes. We run the risk of becoming used to the horrible scenes of violence shown by the media: brutalised bodies of children, old people and young, victims of terrorism and wars... We are becoming so accustomed to what we see, that we can watch undisturbed, making no distinction between fiction and reality. Even worse, we may be among those who inflict violence, to a greater or lesser degree, or we could be onlookers doing nothing to stop the violence.

*My God, my God, Why have you forsaken me?
Matthew 27:46*

Tortured,
Bleeding,
Wracked by pain
And so stretched
That his bones can be counted.
Thick ropes
Securing the body
To its torments.

The head cast toward the darkness;
The mouth releasing
A loud scream against the sky.

The ancient cry,
Eli Eli lama Sabacthani?
Will no longer be read -
It is now heard in the violent scream
That rips apart the sacred scroll.
Tearing the curtains of the temple
From top to bottom.

It is accomplished!

The ancient covenant,
Giving way to the new one.
In his blood.

The crowds appalled
Turning away from him -
So disfigured did he look
Seemingly no longer human...

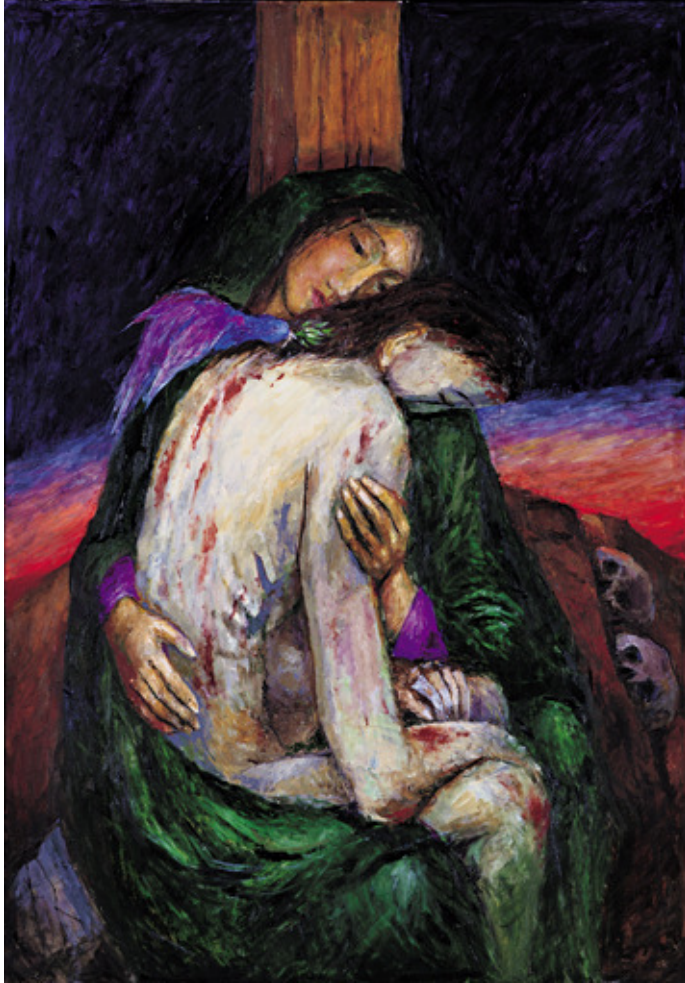
Without beauty, without majesty,
A thing despised, rejected by people
Struck by God...

Who can bear this sight?
Who has the strength to stand by?
A mother
A friend
A disciple.

We Pray...

Lord, dying you destroyed our death, rising you restored our life. Fill our hearts with your courage so that we no longer remain bystanders but can be counted among those who work for justice and peace. Amen

maternal womb



Of all women you are the most blessed, and blessed is the fruit of your womb. These words must have resounded in Mary's heart so many times as the mystery of Jesus unfolded day by day. How can we call *blessed* a mother whose child has been persecuted, maltreated and who ends up dead on a cross?

Mary is blessed because she believed in the faithfulness of God. Truly she personifies the maternal womb of God, that nurturing love, which gave Jesus' life over death and charges us with newness of life. The life of the children of God.

Can we trust God? Can we feel loved and blessed, held together in his continuous bond of love? Even when touched by suffering and death?

Peace be with you, my own peace I give you; a peace which the world cannot give, this is my gift to you. John 14:27

All is fulfilled!
Now there are
No cries of sorrow
No pain, no struggle.
A corpse finally at peace,
Secure in his mother's embrace.

Silence
Intimacy
Peace.

A mother, tenderly
Enfolding the child of her womb,
Cherishing his blood-stained body;
Naked as the day
She gave him birth.

Now she hushes him
Into the dawn of a new birth.

The skulls of our fore-bearers,
A symbol of death,
Now superseded
By the new creation.

A new dawn
Filtering through new life.

The dove,
Bearing an olive branch,
Announces
The new covenant of peace.
His gift to all.

We Pray...

Lord of life, we pray with Mary, give us faith to love when our hearts feel cold. Give us hope when all seems lost, and trust when we feel bereft. In Jesus, may we find the source of our new life and our peace. Amen

Scripture to read: *John 19:25-27. 32-35. John 3:3-4; 15-16; Luke 1:42. 11:28*

chrysalis



Unless the grain of wheat falls into the earth and dies it remains a single grain. If it dies it yields a rich harvest. John 12:24

The burial cloth
Translucent
Revealing
A body at rest.
The face at peace.
Wounded hands
Marked with red blood.

Inside, the tomb is dark and spacious.
Outside, the promise of a bright warm morning.

The light is breaking
Through the stone
Which seals the entrance.
Within the linen cloths
The body dazzles,
Like –
A pearl in the oyster shell
A chrysalis in its cocoon
A seed in germination
An embryo in the womb.

So often we feel the failures of our hopes, our dreams, our plans. Our efforts may appear empty and our attempts fruitless. The stone is rolled against the door of our hearts, on our relationships, our whole life – the stone shuts everything out.

Yet, unless the grain of wheat dies, it bears no fruit. Baptised in Christ, rooted in him, we are bearers of his new life. We carry God's reassurance that with him nothing is impossible.

The inexplicable
Untouchable
Invisible
Recreating energy!
Into the soil,
Swollen with new life.

We Pray...

Help us to believe, Lord, that ends are but beginnings and that graves are but the doorway to a new life. For you are the Lord of the living and the dead. Amen

Scripture to read: *Matthew 27:57-60; John 19:38-42; Mark 15:42-46; Luke 23:52-55*

At the end of the Stations:

Pause for a few moment to reflect on the journey you have been on, and what Christ's crucifixion means to you today. What is God speaking to you?

Perhaps you might like to say this prayer and the Lord's Prayer to conclude:

O Lord Jesus Christ,
Son of the living God,
set your passion, cross and death
between your judgement and our souls,
now and in the hour of our death.
Grant mercy and grace to the living,
rest to the departed,
to your Church peace and concord
and to us sinners forgiveness,
and everlasting life and glory;
for, with the Father and the Holy Spirit,
you are alive and reign,
God, now and for ever. Amen.

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.