

Pereindod Yr Wythnos Fawr

O Sul Y Blodau i Dydd Iau yr Cablud



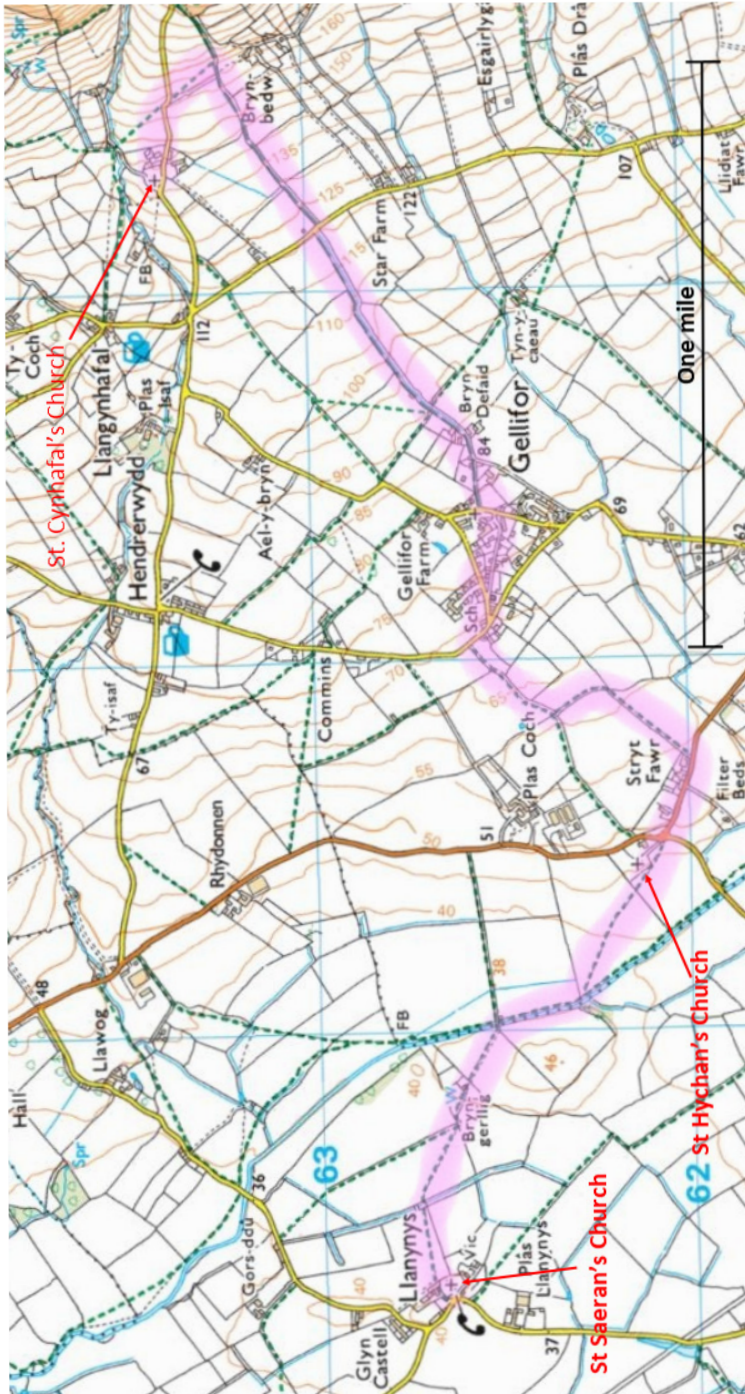
Holy Week Pilgrimage

Journeying from
Palm Sunday to Maundy Thursday



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Itinerary



- | | | |
|-------|--|------|
| 10am | We gather with Tea/Coffee
St Saeran's, Llanynys | |
| 10.30 | Dechrau'r Daith / The Journey Begins
St Saeran's, Llanynys | Pg4 |
| 11.15 | Jesus Curses the Fig Tree
We pause at the dead tree | Pg7 |
| 12.00 | The Cleansing of the Temple
The Healing Liturgies
St Hychan's, Llanychan | Pg9 |
| 12.40 | We have lunch | |
| 2.00 | The Mount of Olives
Jesus predicts his death
Gellifor Community Garden | Pg13 |
| 3.00 | A Meal in Bethany
The Eucharist
St Cynhafal's Llangynhafal | Pg16 |
| 3.45 | Diwedd y Daith / Our Journeys End
Join us for refreshments | |

*"There's no discouragement shall make him once relent his first
avowed intent to be a pilgrim" John Bunyan*

A what?
Sounds very high church,
pretty doubtful really;
an example of extremism,
fanaticism...

I'm moderate,
measured,
middle of the road,
sound. Yes, sound,
I certainly don't believe in shrines
and walking barefoot 'til your feet blister.

And look at the lot who travelled through the pages of Chaucer
to Canterbury -
hypocritical, greedy, immoral.
Pilgrimage is a hotbed, a breeding ground for trouble.
So unsuitable
for moderate, measured, middle-of-the-road me.

But
where are you going?
What are you seeking?
Are you sure it's safe, and sound... and sound?
I'd like to travel on as well:
it's not quite my 'avowed intent'
but maybe I'll take a step or two.

Only
let's not call it pilgrimage.
It's just a journey,
my journey.
And I'm seeking,
going towards...
but keeping in the middle of the road,
just in case...

Dechrau'r Daith The Journey Begins St Saeran's

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

Hosanna to the Son of David;
Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord!
The King of Israel
Hosanna in the Highest!

Jesus has come to Jerusalem
Shout Hosanna

Open the gates, Raise the ancient doors
Shout Hosanna

We waved our branches, we spread our coats before him
Shout Hosanna

Peace in heaven, Glory in highest heaven
Shout Hosanna

Lord, lead us through Holy Week
We live your story
We follow in your footsteps
Lead us through Holy Week

We journey towards death
Lead us through Holy Sorrow

We hope for resurrection
Lead us to Holy Joy

O Living God,
age after age the children of dust
make their way to holy places to seek you,
Yet you are closer than our own breath

In temples and in churches
people make sacrifices and offerings,
but what you seek

Is the love and well being of your children

Introduction to our Pilgrims Journey

A pilgrims prayer for the journey to encounter

Arise within us, Holy mystery, Holy friend.

keep danger near enough for the summoning of protection

keep doubt strong enough for the deepening of trust

keep despair near enough for the stirring of hope

keep darkness strong enough for the stirring of hope

keep darkness strong enough for the sustaining of peace

keep fear strong enough for the arousing of love

keep greed near enough for the lavishing of generosity

keep uncertainty strong enough for the bolstering of courage

keep surprise near enough for the gifting of grace

keep chaos near enough for the flowering of creativity

keep divinity near enough for the perfecting of humanity

Arise within us, Holy mystery, take us on a journey,

O Christ who is the leader of our faith

Show us the Way

O Christ who will suffer for the sake of love

Show us the Truth

O Christ, who goes ahead of us into the heart of God.

Show us the Life

The Life that creates life

the Life that saves life

the Life that loves life. **Amen.**

At each stage of our pilgrimage we shall sing a section of our Pilgrim Hymn set to the tune of When I survey the Wondrous Cross

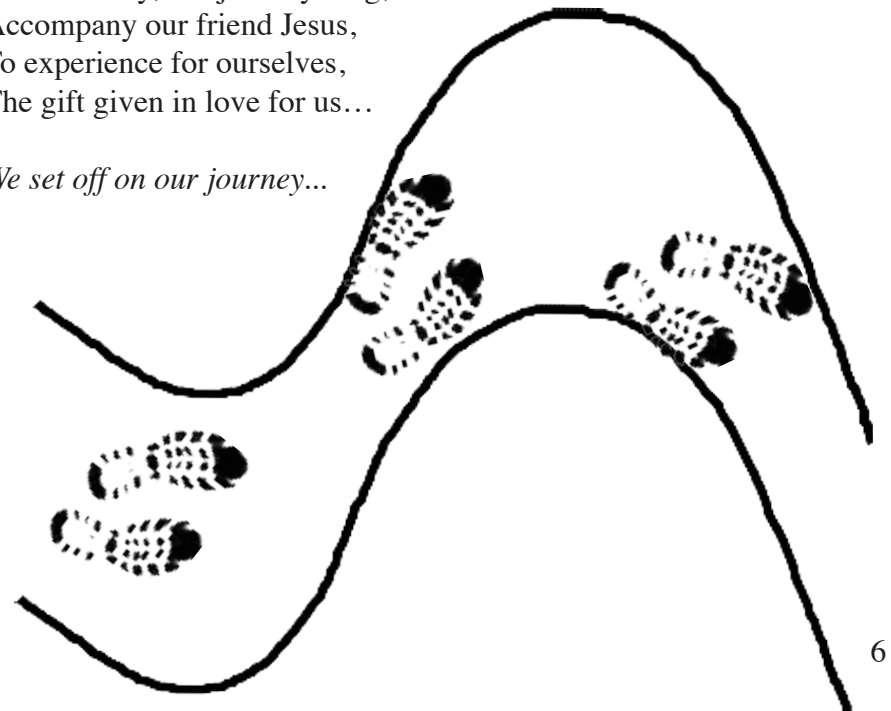
What is this journey I am on,
Is it for me or something more,
Following the story well known,
Treading the paths of long ago...

Journeying through Holy Week,
We begin, such joy and hope,
Carried by crowds waving palms high,
Loud Hosannah's we're our cry!

Our hope and faith riding so high,
Upon the donkey marching on,
the time is now, our salvation
Awaits us at our journeys end...

So let's away, our journey long,
Accompany our friend Jesus,
To experience for ourselves,
The gift given in love for us...

We set off on our journey...



Jesus Curses the Fig Tree

What use a fruitless tree?

Matthew 21:18-19

Early in the morning, as Jesus was on his way back to the city, he was hungry. Seeing a fig tree by the road, he went up to it but found nothing on it except leaves. Then he said to it, "May you never bear fruit again!" Immediately the tree withered.

You paused us on the journey long,
To curse a tree beside our path,
Can we see why you'd do such a thing,
What reason for a fruitless tree?

The word of God is planted in
Each living thing to grow up strong,
But where's the fruit our lives produce
Faith without works is truly dead.

On our journey through life
our hearts and our hands
have become stained and dirtied.
If we have stretched out our hands in greed, or lust, or love of money,
Lord, cleanse us by your mercy

If our hearts have been sullied by pride or resentment,
Lord, cleanse us by your mercy

If we have turned aside from our pilgrimage to follow the world's ways,
or to seek false gods,
or spirits other than your Holy Spirit,
Lord, cleanse us by your mercy

Lord, you forgive the sins of all who turn to you in sincerity;
you cleanse the penitent heart from all uncleanness.
**Lord, set our course according to your word,
So that we may take up afresh the challenge
of the journey to the Holy City.**

Give us new strength to follow you on your way, so that even we may
ascend the hill of the Lord and stand in the holy place.
Through Jesus Christ, our Lord.
Amen.

You have shown us love, O Christ

May we bear fruit

You have shown us God.

May we bear fruit

Show us also our true face

May we bear fruit

and the true face of every human being

May we bear fruit

show us the desire for love and the strength to give ourselves in love

May we bear fruit

The love that is woven into the fabric of our being.

May we bear fruit

For we are made in the image of love

May we bear fruit

We are made in the image of God.

May we bear fruit

Let's journey on, our path is long,
Accompany our friend Jesus,
To experience for ourselves,
The gift given in love for us...



The Cleansing of the Temple

St Hychan's

Matthew 21:12-16

Jesus entered the temple courts and drove out all who were buying and selling there. He overturned the tables of the money changers and the benches of those selling doves. "It is written," he said to them, "My house will be called a house of prayer,' but you are making it 'a den of robbers.'"

The blind and the lame came to him at the temple, and he healed them. But when the chief priests and the teachers of the law saw the wonderful things he did and the children shouting in the temple courts, "Hosanna to the Son of David," they were indignant.

"Do you hear what these children are saying?" they asked him.

"Yes," replied Jesus, "have you never read,

"From the lips of children and infants
you, Lord, have called forth your praise'?"

Here at the temple we arrive
The fulfilment of promises made,
Our Saviour come to cleanse our world
God's Kingdom now to usher in

But somethings wrong, not quite right,
Our way is blocked, we can't get in,
Access to God is bought and sold,
Our Fathers house a den of thieves

The wrath of God, an awesome sight,
Tables are flung, cattle go wild,
My Fathers house is meant for prayer,
How dare you sell God's grace to share

*In the quiet of this place,
Be still and know the precense of God
All round you, and deep within your soul*

Each time we hear the bell we sing:

O Lord hear my prayer, O Lord hear my prayer,
When I call answer me,
O Lord hear my prayer, O Lord hear my prayer,
Come and listen to me. (x3)

In the inifinity of open skies
In the free flashing of lightning
In whirling elemental winds
You are God.

In the impenetrable mists of dark clouds
In the wild gusts of lashing rain
In the ageless rocks of the mountains
You are God and I come to know you.

You are in all things
And contained by no thing.
You are the life of all life
And beyond every name.
You are God and in the eternal mystery I praise you

A period of silence until we hear the bell:

O Lord hear my prayer, O Lord hear my prayer,
When I call answer me,
O Lord hear my prayer, O Lord hear my prayer,
Come and listen to me. (x3)

For you Spirit woven into the fabric of creation
for the eternal overlapping with time
and the life of the earth interlaced with heaven's vitality
I give you thanks, O God.

For your untamed creativity
your boundless mystery
and your passionate yearnings
planted deep in the soul of every human being
I give you thanks.

Grant me the grace to reclaim these depths
to uncover treasure to liberate those longings
and in the being set free in my own spirit
to act for the well-being of the world.

A period of silence until we hear the bell:

O Lord hear my prayer, O Lord hear my prayer,
When I call answer me,
O Lord hear my prayer, O Lord hear my prayer,
Come and listen to me. (x3)

O Brother Jesus
who wept at the death of a friend
and overturned tables in anger at wrong
let me not be frightened by the depths of passion.
Rather let me learn the love and anger
and wild expanses of soul within me
that are true expressions of your grace and wisdom.
And assure me again that in becoming more like you
I come closer to my true self
made in the image of outpouring Love
born of the free eternal Wind.

A period of silence until we hear the bell:

O Lord hear my prayer, O Lord hear my prayer,
When I call answer me,
O Lord hear my prayer, O Lord hear my prayer,
Come and listen to me. (x3)

As you feel moved, please come forward for the sacrament of
Anointing with the Healing Oils... and know God's love deep within
you.

A period of silence until we hear the bell:

O Lord hear my prayer, O Lord hear my prayer,
When I call answer me,
O Lord hear my prayer, O Lord hear my prayer,
Come and listen to me. (x3)

Lord, You have always given
bread for the coming day;
**and though we are poor,
today we believe.**

Lord, You have always given
strength for the coming day;
**and though we are weak,
today we believe.**

Lord, You have always given
peace for the coming day;
**and though of anxious heart,
today we believe.**

Lord, You have always kept
me safe in trials;
**and now, tried as we are,
today we believe.**

Lord, You have always marked
the road for the coming day;
**and though it may be hidden,
today we believe.**

Lord, You have always lightened
this darkness of ours;
**and though the night is here,
today we believe.**

Lord, You have always spoken
when time was ripe;
**and though you be silent now,
today we believe.**

*We take a break for lunch...
Don't forget Chilli Cows for pudding!*

O Christ, in whom the fullness of God dwells,
you are deep within our lives and all life
you are deep within this place and every place.
In this place and this time and in the depths of our own souls
we have drawn from the inner well of your love
that we too might be filled with fullness of God
and that you might do within us and in our world
far more than we could ever ask or imagine.
Healed and strengthened for the journey ahead
May we follow the path you lay before us.

Let's journey on, our path is long,
Accompany our friend Jesus,
To experience for ourselves,
The gift given in love for us...

Mount of Olives

Gellifor Community Garden

John 12:20-36a

Now there were some Greeks among those who went up to worship at the festival. They came to Philip, who was from Bethsaida in Galilee, with a request. "Sir," they said, "we would like to see Jesus." Philip went to tell Andrew; Andrew and Philip in turn told Jesus. Jesus replied, "The hour has come for the Son of Man to be glorified. Very truly I tell you, unless a kernel of wheat falls to the ground and dies, it remains only a single seed. But if it dies, it produces many seeds. Anyone who loves their life will lose it, while anyone who hates their life in this world will keep it for eternal life. Whoever serves me must follow me; and where I am, my servant also will be. My Father will honor the one who serves me.
"Now my soul is troubled, and what shall I say? 'Father, save me from this hour'? No, it was for this very reason I came to this hour. Father, glorify your name!"

Then a voice came from heaven, "I have glorified it, and will glorify it again." The crowd that was there and heard it said it had thundered; others said an angel had spoken to him.

Jesus said, "This voice was for your benefit, not mine. Now is the time for judgment on this world; now the prince of this world will be driven out. And I, when I am lifted up from the earth, will draw all people to myself." He said this to show the kind of death he was going to die. The crowd spoke up, "We have heard from the Law that the Messiah will remain forever, so how can you say, 'The Son of Man must be lifted up'? Who is this 'Son of Man'?"

Then Jesus told them, "You are going to have the light just a little while longer. Walk while you have the light, before darkness overtakes you. Whoever walks in the dark does not know where they are going. Believe in the light while you have the light, so that you may become children of light."

How wonderful and how terrible is your love, O God.
How wonderful and how terrible is your love, O God.

The love which weeps with longing for your children
while they plan to crucify you.

The love which longs to enfold them as a hen enfolds her chicks,
but which is spread-eagled on a cross to die in agony.

The love which allows us to go the way we have wrongly chosen,
but which follows us into our Godforsaken-ness

How wonderful and how terrible is your love, O God;
before the mystery we bow.

May we know that enfolding love now, as we turn from our folly
to the love which created us
the love which comes to save us,
the love which will never let us go.

In the silence now, may your enfolding love reach each one of us.

A period of Silence

For the assurance of your love given to us afresh,
thanks be to God, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

With your love to enfold us and your peace to uphold us,
We journey on our way
With your word to guide us and your heavenly host to guard us,
We journey on our way,
With the fellowship of the Holy Spirit between us,
We journey on our way.

Your passion now is looming nigh,
It's shadow cast on everything,
Up the mount of olives you went
To teach your friends one final time

In parables you spoke to them
About the fall 'Jerusalem
Wars and plagues, famine and strife
The final judgement on mankind

But as the world is darkening
Hope remains because of you
The light that shines, from Passiontide
The Cross that pierces darkest gloom

Let's journey on, our path is long,
Accompany our friend Jesus,
To experience for ourselves,
The gift given in love for us...

A Meal in Bethany

St Cynhafal's

Mark 14:3-9

While he was in Bethany, reclining at the table in the home of Simon the Leper, a woman came with an alabaster jar of very expensive perfume, made of pure nard. She broke the jar and poured the perfume on his head.

Some of those present were saying indignantly to one another, "Why this waste of perfume? It could have been sold for more than a year's wages[a] and the money given to the poor." And they rebuked her harshly.

"Leave her alone," said Jesus. "Why are you bothering her? She has done a beautiful thing to me. The poor you will always have with you,[b] and you can help them any time you want. But you will not always have me. She did what she could. She poured perfume on my body beforehand to prepare for my burial. Truly I tell you, wherever the gospel is preached throughout the world, what she has done will also be told, in memory of her."

The Sermon

As we bring this bread to you Lord of the Elements, we offer up to you our hearts, our energies our labor, our leisure our relationships, our minds our thoughts, time and talents, all that we create, all that we possess, our souls, our coming, our going, our strength, our days and nights, our hopes and fears, the day of our birth and the moment of our death, Oh bread and breath of life.

Blessed be God for ever.

We pour out this wine and offer to you the woes of life poured out. Disappointment, disease, hurt, or handicap. As grapes crushed to make this wine so we offer to you all who are crushed by hunger, homelessness, violence or abuse. You who put beam in sun and moon, take all this and transform it into the deep rich wine of everlasting life.

Blessed be God for ever.

It was at a table
that the story began:
a people longing
for freedom;

**A meal to prepare them
For the journey
Into the wilderness.**

It was at a table
That the story continued,
A gathering of friends,
Sharing warmth and companionship,
Anointing with love,
And saying farewell.

**A meal to give strength
For the journey
Into betrayal and suffering**

It was at a table
that the story was re-told:
a teacher and students
wondering what
the coming hours
would bring;

**A meal to prepare them
For the journey
Into death.**

It is at the Lord's table
that the story is remembered:
by people struggling
to be faithful;

**A meal to prepare us
For the journey
Into resurrection.**

Bydded Arglwydd y Swperau Olaf *May the God of Last Suppers
gyda chwi be with you.
A hefyd gyda thi. And also with you.*

Agorwch eich calonnau i Dduw *Open your hearts to God
Rydym yn eu hagor i'r un We open them to the one
y bydd ei galon wedi torri whose heart will be broken*

Yng nghanol yr ansicrwydd a'r ofnau, *In the midst of uncertainty and
byddwn yn canmol Duw fears, we will praise God.
Ein diolch a gynnigir i'r un Our thanks are offered
sydd yn cerdded ac yn disgwyl To the one who walks and waits
amdanom. for us.*

In the beginning, before betrayal and denial, O God,
creator of all that is seen and not seen,
you blessed us with the gift of this universe
and this world in which we live.

A place of beauty and challenge,
a place of endless sky and minute form,
a place of similarity and difference.
Present from the beginning was the Word,
bringing forth your grace through the waters of sea and sky,
river and stream, and through all living things.
You formed us in your image,
but rather than praising your name for all that was and is,
again and again we turned away from you,
preferring our own gods and our own ways.

In patience and love, you gave to us those
who called us back to your paths, but we chose different roads.
In a moment of time, you gave the word present before time,
to become flesh and make his home amongst us.
He taught of wholeness and celebration;
he healed those who came to him;
he sought those who had wandered from your way.
But still your grace-filled word was denied.

In remembrance of all that has been done for us,
through the word of creation,
and the word of prophecy,
and the word of all-giving grace,
we join with voices around us and beyond us
in the song of everlasting praise:

Sanctaid, sanctaid, sanctaidd Arglwydd, *Holy, holy, holy Lord,*
Duw gallu a nerth, *God of power and might,*
nef a daear sy'n llawn o'th ogoniant. *heaven and earth are full of*
Hosana yn y goruchaf. *your glory.*
Bendigedig yw'r hwn sy'n dyfod *Hosanna in the highest.*
yn enw'r Arglwydd. *Blessed is he who comes in the*
Hosanna yn y goruchaf. *name of the Lord.*
Hosanna in the highest.

We remember a meal with friends,
Where Jesus was anointed with their love,
And are pointed onwards to another meal,
Where Jesus gathered with his disciples.
He washed their feet, offered cleansing for their hearts,
and taught them to love as he loved and would love.
Whilst they were eating, he took bread,
and when he had given thanks,
he broke it and gave it to his disciples, saying,

“Take this and eat it,
this is my body, given for you,
Do this in remembrance of me”
Cymerwch hwn a'i fwyta
dyma fy nghorff, a rhoddir dros och chi.
Gwnewch hyn i gofio amdanaf.

Then he took a cup, and when he had given thanks,
he gave it to them, saying,
All of you drink from this cup,
because this is my blood –
the new promise of God's love,
Do this every time you drink it
to remember me.”
Yfwch o'r cwpan hwn bob un ohonoch
am mai hwy fy ngwaed -
yr addewid newydd o gariad Duw
Gwnewch hyn bob tro yr yfwch ef
i gofio amdanaf.

Here in this moment of time and in this place,
Christ is present with us as we share bread and wine.
Therefore, O God,
pour out your Holy Spirit upon us
and upon these gifts,
that they may be the body and blood of Christ for us,
that we may strengthened
To journey onwards with Christ

Through him, with Him, in Him,
in the unity of the Holy Spirit
all honour and glory are yours,
almighty Father,
for ever and ever. **Amen.**
Amen

As our Saviour has taught us, we boldly pray in the language of our
choosing:

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,
the power, and the glory,
for ever and ever. Amen.

Ein Tad, yr hwn wyt yn y nefoedd,
sancteiddier dy enw,
deled dy deyrnas
gwneled dy ewyllys;
megis yn y nef, felly ar y ddaear hefyd.
Dyro i ni heddiw ein bara beunyddiol
a maddau i ni ein dyledion,
fel y maddeuwn
ninnau i'n dyledwyr.
Ac nac arwain ni i brofedigaeth;
eithr gwared ni rhag drwg.
Canys eiddot ti yw'r deyrnas,
a'r gallu, a'r gogoniant,
Yn oes oesoedd. Amen.

Christ gives heavenly bread to the hungry,
and to the thirsty water from the living spring;
Every time we eat this bread and drink of this cup,
we proclaim the Lord's death until he comes.

Loving God,
you are far more generous than we know how to be.
Like a woman
pouring out her priceless perfume:
**you bathe us in blessings
and replenish us with the riches of your grace.**

Make us more receptive to your extravagance,
We are so cautious, so calculating.
**You hold nothing back.
You long to give us life; all the life there is.**

Pour into us,
**Something of your generosity;
your spontaneity;
your reckless unconditional love.**

Make us into candidates for transformation,
agents of uncalculating generosity in the world.
**Help us free things up.
Help us break open the gospel we carry,
bottled up in ourselves and our churches.**

Help us to anoint your body,
not for dying, but for living,
**in what we do for others
and who we are ourselves.**

And the Blessing of God Almighty,
The Father, The Son, and The Holy Spirit,
Be upon you and all who journey with you,
To Calvary and Beyond. **Amen.**

Our Pilgrimage is at end
Go in peace to Love and Serve the Lord.
In the name of Christ. Amen.

We conclude our Pilgrim Hymn

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God!
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Our pilgrimage is now complete
Our journey though has just begun
The Triduum now beckons us on
The Cross awaits, our salvation





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