Reflections for Holy Week

Tuesday 15th April - Tuesday of Holy Week

Welcome

Welcome to our reflections for Holy Week, these are taken from the book 'Touching the Hem' by Jeannine Davies - today we look at Judas Iscariot:

Moment of quiet and opening prayer

Lord Jesus Christ,
in this week as we enter into your passion,
help us to learn of you, and know you,
and find a sure ground for faith,
a firm support for hope,
and the assurance of sins forgiven. Amen.

Reading

Matthew 27:3-5

When Judas, his betrayer, saw that Jesus was condemned, he repented and brought back the thirty pieces of silver to the chief priests and the elders. He said, "I have sinned by betraying innocent blood." But they said, "What is that to us? See to it yourself." Throwing down the pieces of silver in the temple, he departed; and he went and hanged himself.

Reflection

I hadn't meant for him to die . . . dear God . . . not that . . . I didn't mean to betray him . . . really, I didn't. I thought he'd escape – that he'd perform a miracle – prove he was God's son . . . He could have done that and made himself King . . . but Jesus just stood there – and called me friend.

What have I done, dear God? . . . What have I done?

With a sickening feeling I followed the crowd as the took him away – for I knew that my own foolishness, arrogant frustrated pride had led Jesus . . . and me . . . to this. I felt as if a knife had pierced my heart – I wish it had, for I realised that whether or not I had meant it, I had instigated Jesus' arrest.

I tried to get him back – told them that I had not intended for him to die, that Jesus was innocent – the Son of God – that he was too good, too kind, too loved to be killed. But they wouldn't listen.

I tried to give the money back – but they wouldn't take it. They laughed and gave me a new name . . . Betrayer of Friends . . . and

that is what I am. For I have betrayed Jesus, and sent him to his death on the cross . . .

In desolation I have sat in this tree, knowing that I cannot live with what I have done. And so, as I feel the stranglehold of the rope around my neck, I jump . . . and cry out, “I’m sorry . . . dear God . . . forgive.”

Time for reflection

Spend some time reflecting:

What struck you about the passage?
What surprised you?
How does it speak to you?

Prayer

Father God, I make mistakes, and mess things up - I see my errors and then regret them. Thank you for your forgiving love, and for the fact that I need only cry “Dear God . . . forgive . . . and you do.
Amen.

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