

## Some thoughts to start...

Engaging in the practice of faith is not always easy. For some people, sitting down and having an open, in-depth chat with God is not difficult. For many of us, however, it is.

What we're trying to do here is to give people a resource – to help them in their thinking about scripture, and in the practice of personal prayer.

Everything written here is simply a *suggestion*. If you find other practices more helpful, please use them!

Find a bible and head to a place you won't be disturbed. Take a few moments to sit quietly. In that quiet moment you might want to say to God, "What would you like me to hear today?"

Read each of the scriptures. Some people prefer to read silently, while others find it more helpful to read out loud. Take a few moments to reflect on what you've heard. (If you would like, the 'reflection' section is there to help start you off.)

Finally, take a few moments to talk with God. The printed prayer is there as a guide, but there may be other things you want to share. Chat, as openly and honestly as you can. Then, through the day, listen for God's response.

**This resource was initiated by St. Andrew's Haney United Church, Maple Ridge, BC.**

The suggested scripture readings are based on the Consultation on Common Text's *Daily Lectionary*.

If you'd like to share some thoughts about what you've read, head over to the 'chat space' at [www.standrewsuc.com](http://www.standrewsuc.com)

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## ST. ANDREW'S HANEY UNITED CHURCH

# Daily Scripture and Prayer Time

(April 2<sup>nd</sup> to 7<sup>th</sup>, 2007)

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## Monday

### Scripture:

- Isaiah 42.1-9
- Psalm 36.5-11
- John 12.1-11

### Reflection:

I was more than a bit surprised when she walked into my office. She looked around the room, pointed at the shelf... and scrooned (a cross between a scream and a groan), "What is *that* doing up there"

"That" was a gift she had made for me. A beautiful, hand thrown mug and bowl. I don't know how she had done it, but the glaze looked like it was glowing... and when the sun shone on it... well, there aren't really words to describe its glory.

She left the room, coming back quickly – with a box of cereal and a jug of milk. She pulled a chair over to the shelf, reached up, and pulled down the mug and the bowl. Then she poured the cereal and milk in... and handed everything to me.

"There," she said.

"It wasn't meant to be wasted."

Where is the waste in your life? Is it possible for us to waste through *non-use*?

### Prayer:

God of *all* creation -  
there are things in my life I use too much of.  
There are things in my life I use too little.  
Help me to see the waste  
in both of these places...  
so that, in wisdom, I might honour you  
with all that I have  
and all that I am.

Today, I remember and pray for \_\_\_\_\_,  
friends blessed by your love and compassion.

For your grace,  
with your love,  
and in Christ's name, I pray.

## Tuesday

### Scripture:

- Isaiah 49.1-7
- Psalm 71.1-14
- John 12.20-36

### Reflection:

When I was about 10 years old, someone I knew was dying. He had been pretty special to me – one of those people that I could talk with about anything.

One day, while we were sitting, playing a game of chess, he told me about his impending death. He talked – a little bit – about being frightened. He talked – a lot – about being curious about this next adventure.

All the while he talked, I had this tightness in my chest – every muscle in my face was aching.

He looked closely at me and said, "You want to cry, don't you?"

Being a 10-year old guy, of course I responded, "No!"

He paused and said, "You remember when we took that engine apart? You remember how we talked about the gas and the oil? What happens when you run an engine without any oil?"

"It gets all seized up... turns into a block of metal."

"Yeah," he replied. "Tears are oil for your soul. If you don't let 'em flow... you get all seized up."

And we cried.

### Prayer:

Holy God... bless my tears.  
Bless those moments when my tears flow.  
Bless those moments  
when my tears are stopped up.

Bless those moments,  
when I see the Christ,  
in my tears,  
and in the tears of those around me.

Today, I remember and pray for \_\_\_\_\_,  
friends blessed by your love and compassion.

For your grace,  
with your love,  
and in Christ's name, I pray.

## Wednesday

### Scripture:

- Isaiah 50.4-9
- Psalm 70
- John 13.21-32

### Reflection:

As I wandered the web, thinking about today's readings, I came across the painting entitled, "Conscience: Judas" by the artist Nikolaj Nikolajewitsch Ge. The image has a slightly bent man standing on a dark night road, watching a small group of men walk further up ahead.

For me, the painting... and the gospel reading... speak of sadness, distance, and separation.

Have there been – or are there – places of separation in your life?

What would 'forgiveness' and 'reconciliation' mean to those places?

### Prayer:

God -  
there are moments of betrayal  
in my life.  
Times I have been betrayed.  
Times I have betrayed.

Would you help me to find forgiveness?

Would you help me to find wisdom?

Would you help me to find peace?

Today, I remember and pray for \_\_\_\_\_,  
friends blessed by your love and compassion.

For your grace, with your love,  
and in Christ's name, I pray.

## Thursday

### Scripture:

- Exodus 12.1-14
- Psalm 116.1-2, 12-19
- John 13.1-17, 31b-35

### Reflection:

Sometime during this day, many of us have or are going to, take part in a ritual foot washing.

Many of those who take part – whether they are washing or are being washed – will find themselves very uncomfortable.

For many of us, letting someone 'in our space' is difficult to do. When that someone is kneeling in front of us, bathing our feet, the discomfort can be overwhelming.

It's an intimate place, isn't it? Serving another by caring for their body... or being served by another's care – both.

Although the cultural reasons for the disciples' discomfort is different than our own, their discomfort is very visible.

I wonder if we can embrace that discomfort and accept the service offered and given... not just in the washing of feet, but in the days and weeks to come?

### Prayer:

God of all people, all places, all times...  
help me to open my heart -  
that I may give...  
help me to open my heart -  
that I may receive...  
knowing the joy  
of sharing in the peace of Christ,  
of sharing in your Love,  
of sharing in  
the Spirit's presence.

Today, I remember and pray for \_\_\_\_\_,  
friends blessed by your love and compassion.

For your grace,  
with your love,  
and in Christ's name, I pray.

## Friday

### Scripture:

- Isaiah 52.13-53.12
- Psalm 22
- John 18.1-19.42

### Reflection:

*The end.*

For everyone there – the guards, the decision makers, the people, the disciples... that's what it looked like.

*Everything... gone.*

Can I even begin to imagine the grief?

Not just a friend – not just a leader – not just the Son of Man – not just the one we thought would save us – not just someone we loved...

but our dreams, and our hopes, and our visions.

*Dead.*

### Prayer:

My God, my God...  
my God...  
in those hours of grief,  
in those hours of sorrow,  
in those hours of hopelessness,  
how did they stand it...  
how did he stand it...  
how did you stand it?

What am I to learn?

Today, I remember and pray for \_\_\_\_\_,  
friends blessed by your love and compassion.

For your grace,  
with your love,  
and in Christ's name, I pray.

## Saturday

### Scripture:

- Genesis 1.1-2.4a
- Psalm 16
- John 1.1-4

### Reflection:

There is something about the Saturday between Good Friday and Easter Morning that I find quite disquieting.

In my head, it's like any other day... but, every year, I find it to be a 'bland' day. Even when the sun is shining, it feels like it's a bit gray. Food doesn't taste quite right. My senses feel like they're wrapped in a wet blanket.

The day feels a bit *unreal*... in-between.

Until the watchfire is lit, and the *Exultat* sung – or sunlight beams across the horizon and we say the words of celebration.

Every year, I find myself pondering what Good Friday's *crucifixion* and Easter morning's *resurrection* mean to me.

What do they mean to you... today?

### Prayer:

God of in-between places,  
thank you for being here.  
God of in-between people,  
thank you for being in my life.  
In this in-between time,  
remind me of what tomorrow brings -  
new hope...  
new life...  
new day.

Today, I remember and pray for \_\_\_\_\_,  
friends blessed by your love and compassion.

For your grace,  
with your love,  
and in Christ's name, I pray.