

Monday to Wednesday

Dear Lord, it seems that you are so madly in love with your creatures that you could not live without us. So you created us; and then, when we turned away from you, you redeemed us. Yet you are God, and so have no need of us. Your greatness is made no greater by our creation; your power is made no stronger by our redemption. You have no duty to care for us, no debt to repay us. It is love, and love alone, which moves you.

© St Catherine of Siena



O God, I am glad that I need not pretend during prayer: I am tired now and my words do not come easily; I have not kept all my bright promises of the morning; I have smudged the clear truth of some of my words; I have been a little short in some of my replies; I have overlooked others' needs, absorbed in my own; I have failed in cheerfulness at times.

You know, O God my Father, what troubles me now, on reflection, as I come to my rest. I seek your forgiveness. Without your forgiving, sustaining, renewing love I cannot fully rest. I commit myself to you anew, in the name of Jesus my Master. Amen.

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Easter Eve

We thank you for Joseph who came to the Governor by night and asked for the Life of all to be laid in his garden of graves.

We thank you for Mary who with sorrow wept as she saw her son hanging on the tree, her heart pierced with sorrow.

We thank you for the women who went to the grave to watch, to weep and offer fragrant spices of devotion. We too, will watch and weep and offer you our tears, our memories, our tenderness, our faith.

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Into our place of darkness into our place of strife, into our fears and worries come with eternal life.

Into those who are dying into those weary of life, into those lost and despairing come with eternal life.

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Benefice of Eglwysilan & Caerphilly

Prayers for Holy Week



Produced by the Benefice

Monday to Wednesday

May the light of lights come
to my dark heart from thy place;
May the Spirit's wisdom come
to my heart's tablet from my Saviour.
Be the peace of the Spirit mine this night,
Be the peace of the Son mine this night,
Be the peace of the Father mine
this night,
Each morning and evening of my life.

© Mary Batchelor

I was slow to love you, Lord
your age-old beauty is still as new to me:
I was so slow to love you!
You were within me,
yet I stayed outside seeking you there;
in my ugliness I grabbed at
the beautiful things of your creation.
Already you were with me,
but I was still far from you.
The things of this world kept me away:
I did not know then
that if they had not existed through you
they would not have existed at all.

Then you called me
and your cry overcame my deafness;
you shone out and your light
overcame my blindness;
you surrounded me with your fragrance
and I breathed it in,
so that now I yearn for more of you;
I tasted you and now I am hungry and
thirsty for you; you touched me, and now
I burn with longing for your peace.

© St Augustine

Maundy Thursday

Dear God,
You let your walking do your talking
And your word is always made flesh.
Show me what to do
by looking at the things you did
and doing them myself.
Let this be how people know
I'm your disciple. Amen.

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where charity & love are...

We will stay close to you,
we will not draw back through fear,
we will commune with you at the mystic
table and in our hearts,
we will wash one another's feet,
we will have your bearing towards
one another, serving and honouring
our brothers and sisters.

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...there God is.

Our desire is to do your will, O God,
our desire is to do your will.
Our frames are tired and our souls are
bowed, yet still we desire your will.

In the dark night of the soul
we cry out to you,
in the dark we cry out to you.
Our strength and our friends may fall
away, yet still we cry out to you.

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Good Friday

Crucified Christ, Son of the Father,
conceived by the Holy Spirit,
born of the Virgin Mary, we adore you.
Crucified Christ, bearing contempt,
forgiving your enemies,
remaining always true, we adore you.
Crucified Christ, Treasure house of
wisdom, champion of justice,
fount of love, we adore you.
Crucified Christ, faithful to the end,
gatekeeper of paradise,
eternal Friend, we adore you.

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From the throne of grace, O God of mercy,
at the hour your Son gave himself to
death, hear the devout prayer
of your people.
As he is lifted high upon the cross,
draw into his exalted life all who are
Reborn in the blood and water flowing
from his opened side.

© CinW Book of Common Prayer

This is the night of tears, the three days'
space, sorrow abiding of the eventide,
Until the day break with the risen Christ,
And hearts that sorrowed
shall be satisfied.
So may our hearts have pity on thee, Lord,
That they may sharers of your glory be;
Heavy with weeping,
may the three days pass,
To win the laughter of thine Easter Day.

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