



faith+arts

This Lenten devotional guide has been created and curated by the Faith+Arts ministry especially for Christ Church. It begins with a devotional entry for Ash Wednesday, followed by an entry for each week of Lent. Each entry contains an image, a collect prayer, a psalm, and a work of creative writing (i.e. poetry, prose, etc).

On the cover:

He Was Tempted, by Mike Moyers

A Lenten Devotional

HOW TO USE THIS GUIDE

Feel free to engage with this guide in whatever manner works best for you. For example, you might choose to treat it as a once-a-week devotional. Alternatively, you could spread a week's content over the course of an entire week, engaging a little bit here and there; you could even read each week's content every day of that week. The exceptions to this would be the entries that are intended for specific days: Ash Wednesday, St. Patrick's Day, and the days of Holy Week.

This devotional guide is intended to be both an accessible entry point into Lent and a tool to help guide you into a deeper observance of the Lenten season. We hope and pray it will be a blessing to you.

VISIO DIVINA

Visio Divina – “sacred seeing” – is an ancient form of Christian prayer in which we allow our hearts and imaginations to enter into a sacred image, in silence, to see what God might have to say to us.

You can use the following instructions to help you engage with the visual art in this devotional guide.

As you gaze at the image, notice your breath and your body.

Simply be present to the image and allow it to speak to your heart, without any particular agenda. It might speak to you in words or wordlessly.

How do you feel looking at the image?

If you had to describe the image in a sentence or two silently to yourself, what would you say?

If you were in the image, where would you place yourself?

Do you get a glimpse of the sacred from this image? Is God speaking to you in this image?

Does a name for God arise for you from this image? In silence, sit with what you have received.



CHRISTCHURCH

February 22

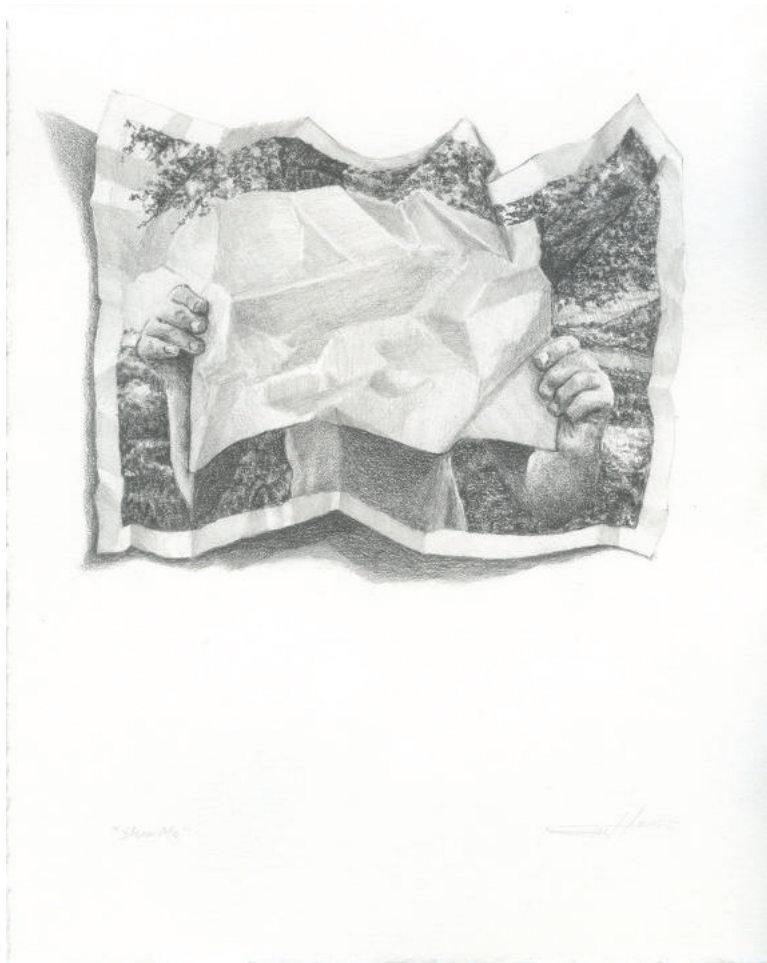
Ash Wednesday

PSALM 51:1–10

Have mercy on me, O God,
according to your steadfast love;
according to your abundant mercy
blot out my transgressions.
Wash me thoroughly from my iniquity,
and cleanse me from my sin!

For I know my transgressions,
and my sin is ever before me.
Against you, you only, have I sinned
and done what is evil in your sight,
so that you may be justified in your words
and blameless in your judgment.
Behold, I was brought forth in iniquity,
and in sin did my mother conceive me.
Behold, you delight in truth in the inward being,
and you teach me wisdom in the secret heart.

Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean;
wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
Let me hear joy and gladness;
let the bones that you have broken rejoice.
Hide your face from my sins,
and blot out all my iniquities.
Create in me a clean heart, O God,
and renew a right spirit within me.



by Billy Hollis

COLLECT

O God, you delight not in pomp and
show, but in a humble and contrite heart.
Overturn our love of worldly possessions
and fix our hearts more firmly on you,
that, having nothing, we may yet possess
everything, a treasure stored up for us in
heaven. Amen.

Changer: A Prayer Poem for Ash Wednesday

by Adrienne Trevathan

Cover me with ashes,
the thick-smoke soot of the earth.
Make my breathing like the journey
from death into life — second by second,
prayer by prayer.

Cover me with a cloak — bring me low to the earth,
your justice whispering to me like the gleam of red rocks,
the colors dancing in the darkness.
Let me know the power of sage and cedar in my bones,
not that I may trap them there,
but bring them forth in words.

Cover me with darkness —
with the presence of my elders, their tears falling around me,
reminding me of why we are here —
sighing, groaning with our singing, longing to hear us into being,
stretching us beyond breathing and praying and weeping.

Cover me with mercy —
let the bones you have crushed rejoice,
like the woman who channeled every ounce of courage and dignity
to touch your cloak and find new life.
Breathe unto me life anew,
of possibility, of beauty,
of balance,
of grace.

Cover me with mud —
bring me to my lowest state, so that in my weaknesses
I see your strength —
the reflection of your eyes in the brokenness around me,
the fullness of your love in the depths of our hearts.

Cover me with ashes —
the ashes of my grandmother,
who in living her days knew no strangers,
worked tirelessly with worn hands
and lifted grandchildren high into the air.

Cover me with mercy —
let my cheek come to rest on the cold earth,
its faithful presence a call to walk humbly
beyond myself
beyond my fears
and ever on to the red road that leads to your love.

ᄒᄇᄂᄆᄂᄆ — Changer
Cover me.
Cover me with ashes.
Change me.

February 26

Week 1

PSALM 91:9–16

Because you have made the Lord your dwelling place—
the Most High, who is my refuge—
no evil shall be allowed to befall you,
no plague come near your tent.

For he will command his angels concerning you
to guard you in all your ways.

On their hands they will bear you up,
lest you strike your foot against a stone.

You will tread on the lion and the adder;
the young lion and the serpent you will trample underfoot.

“Because he holds fast to me in love, I will deliver him;

I will protect him, because he knows my name.

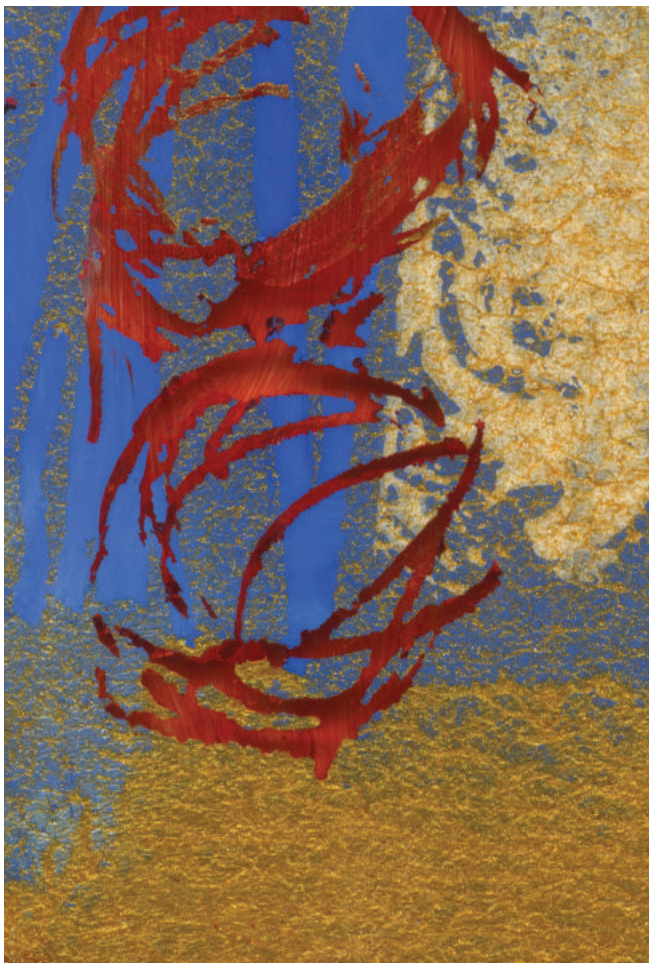
When he calls to me, I will answer him;

I will be with him in trouble;

I will rescue him and honor him.

With long life I will satisfy him

and show him my salvation.”



Holy Even in Pain by Jan Richardson

COLLECT

God of deliverance and freedom, you taught the people of Israel to acknowledge that all things come from your bountiful hand. Deepen our faith so that we may resist temptation and, in the midst of trial, proclaim that Jesus Christ is Lord, now and for ever. Amen.

Lenten Devotional

by Jeffrey Allen Mays

“How much longer?”

“Well, it’s only Friday. You can have a drink on Sunday.”

“Ho, man. Why did I agree to this?”

“Agree to it? It was optional, you know.”

“I know.”

“And you wanted to. I didn’t make you—”

“I know, I know!”

“You’re doing great. Really proud of you. Just hang in there.”

“It’s just that I’m not feeling it like I did Tuesday night. Ugh. So many pancakes. And vodka.”

“I think you overdid it.”

“Did I ever. Ash Wednesday was just what I needed. It’s like I was already doing penance even before the service started.”

“Mm.”

“Woo-hoo Mardi Gras.”

“Shrove Tuesday.”

“Right. Say, maybe I could, like, only drink after sundown. Don’t the Muslims do that?”

“Richard, it’s only been three days. How are you going to make it six weeks? And Muslims don’t drink at all.”

“I know, it’s just that—”

“Do you need a drink? If you simply must have a martini, it’s fine. Or I could fix you some eggs. I’m happy to.”

“No Gwen, I’m just...”

“Because if your heart’s not in it, what’s the point? If you don’t feel some gratitude, or repentance, or consider your mortality, then—”

“No I’m okay, I’m okay. Not one peep. I can make it.”

“...”

“...”

“...”

“Gwen.”

“Mm?”

“Do you...feel all that stuff?”

“I guess I...mediate on those themes.”

“It’s gloomy.”

“Why don’t you pray for Lizzy.”

“Ha! I drink to take my mind off Lizzy.”

“I can hardly think about anything else.”

“When’s the last time you heard from her?”

“A couple of weeks. She doesn’t answer my texts.”

“She didn’t answer texts even when she was living at home.”

“She needs our prayers, Richard. And Tommy too.”

“Ugh! The little punk.”

“Richard!”

“How can I talk to God about him? After last night?”

“That was bad. The worst he’s ever been I think.”

“I almost hit him. Can you believe it? Me!

I really felt like clocking him in the face. I don’t know where this violence comes from! It scares me. It really...scares me and I don’t—”

“...Richard?”

“What ever happened to our sweet little boy—”

“Aw, honey...”

“I still see him...on his little bike...”

“Let’s pray for him and Lizzie. Come on. What? What’s going through your mind?”

“I want a drink.”

“I’ll pray. Hold my hand. I’ll do the praying.”

“God, God. Help us.”

March 5

Week 2

PSALM 27:1–7

The Lord is my light and my salvation;
whom shall I fear?

The Lord is the stronghold of my life;
of whom shall I be afraid?

When evildoers assail me
to eat up my flesh,
my adversaries and foes,
it is they who stumble and fall.

Though an army encamp against me,
my heart shall not fear;
though war arise against me,
yet I will be confident.

One thing have I asked of the Lord,
that will I seek after:
that I may dwell in the house of the Lord
all the days of my life,
to gaze upon the beauty of the Lord
and to inquire in his temple.

For he will hide me in his shelter
in the day of trouble;
he will conceal me under the cover of his tent;
he will lift me high upon a rock.

And now my head shall be lifted up
above my enemies all around me,
and I will offer in his tent
sacrifices with shouts of joy;
I will sing and make melody to the Lord.

Hear, O Lord, when I cry aloud;
be gracious to me and answer me!



by Eric Kaufman

COLLECT

Creator God, you prepare a new way in the wilderness and your grace waters the desert. Help us to recognize your hand working miracles beyond our imagining.

Open our hearts to be transformed by the new thing you are doing, so that our lives may proclaim the extravagance of your love for all, and its presence in Jesus Christ. Amen.

Wilderness

by Eric Kaufman

I have no talent for gentle following.
In fear, I try to name
The wilderness of your seeking
Calling it despair.
Seeing only absence,
I feel alone and
Fill the empty air with words.
Fear keeps me from remembering.

But then,
My mind wakes,
Cognizant that
When lightning falls,
Incandescent,
From the livid sky,
The desert landscape glows
Resplendent,
Illuminated in a flash of
Dancing light. Transformed.
Reborn. Remade in beauty.

Hoping, once again for rain,
I recall that
Wilderness is holy ground:
The locale where God appears.
Fear finds its proper place.
I take off my shoes,
Lower my voice to a whisper,
And follow you softly like a gentle rain
Into the vastness.

March 12

Week 3

PSALM 63:1–8

O God, you are my God; earnestly I seek you;
my soul thirsts for you;
my flesh faints for you,
as in a dry and weary land where there is no water.
So I have looked upon you in the sanctuary,
beholding your power and glory.
Because your steadfast love is better than life,
my lips will praise you.
So I will bless you as long as I live;
in your name I will lift up my hands.

My soul will be satisfied as with fat and rich food,
and my mouth will praise you with joyful lips,
when I remember you upon my bed,
and meditate on you in the watches of the night;
for you have been my help,
and in the shadow of your wings I will sing for joy.
My soul clings to you;
your right hand upholds me.



by Trygve Skogrand

COLLECT

God of infinite goodness, throughout the ages you have persevered in claiming and reclaiming your people. Renew for us your call to repentance, surround us with witnesses to aid us in our journey, and grant us the time to fashion our lives anew, through Jesus Christ our Savior. Amen.

Kindness

by Naomi Shihab Nye

Before you know what kindness really is
you must lose things,
feel the future dissolve in a moment
like salt in a weakened broth.
What you held in your hand,
what you counted and carefully saved,
all this must go so you know
how desolate the landscape can be
between the regions of kindness.
How you ride and ride
thinking the bus will never stop,
the passengers eating maize and chicken
will stare out the window forever.

Before you learn the tender gravity of kindness
you must travel where the Indian in a white poncho
lies dead by the side of the road.
You must see how this could be you,
how he too was someone
who journeyed through the night with plans
and the simple breath that kept him alive.
Before you know kindness as the deepest thing inside,
you must know sorrow as the other deepest thing.
You must wake up with sorrow.
You must speak to it till your voice
catches the thread of all sorrows
and you see the size of the cloth.

Then it is only kindness that makes sense anymore,
only kindness that ties your shoes
and sends you out into the day to gaze at bread,
only kindness that raises its head
from the crowd of the world to say
It is I you have been looking for,
and then goes with you everywhere
like a shadow or a friend.

March 17

St. Patrick's Day

PSALM 105:1–6

Oh give thanks to the Lord; call upon his name;
 make known his deeds among the peoples!
Sing to him, sing praises to him;
 tell of all his wondrous works!
Glory in his holy name;
 let the hearts of those who seek the Lord rejoice!
Seek the Lord and his strength;
 seek his presence continually!
Remember the wondrous works that he has done,
 his miracles, and the judgments he uttered,
O offspring of Abraham, his servant,
 children of Jacob, his chosen ones!



by Caleigh Taylor

COLLECT

Hope beyond all human hope, you
promised descendants as numerous as the
stars to old Abraham and barren Sarah.

You promise light and salvation in the
midst of darkness and despair, and
promise redemption to a world that will
not listen.

Gather us to yourself in tenderness, open
our ears to listen to your word, and teach
us to live faithfully as people confident of
the fulfillment of your promises.

We ask this in the name of Jesus Christ.
Amen.

Patrick

by Malcolm Guite

Six years a slave, and then you slipped the yoke,
Till Christ recalled you, through your captors cries!
Patrick, you had the courage to turn back,
With open love to your old enemies,
Serving them now in Christ, not in their chains,
Bringing the freedom He gave you to share.
You heard the voice of Ireland, in your veins
Her passion and compassion burned like fire.

Now you rejoice amidst the three-in-one,
Refreshed in love and blessing all you knew,
Look back on us and bless us, Ireland's son,
And plant the staff of prayer in all we do:
A gospel seed that flowers in belief,
A greening glory, coming into leaf.

March 19

Week 4

PSALM 32:1–11

Blessed is the one whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered.

Blessed is the man against whom the Lord counts no iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no deceit.

For when I kept silent, my bones wasted away through my groaning all day long. For day and night your hand was heavy upon me; my strength was dried up as by the heat of summer.

Selah

I acknowledged my sin to you, and I did not cover my iniquity; I said, “I will confess my transgressions to the Lord,” and you forgave the iniquity of my sin.

Selah

Therefore let everyone who is godly offer prayer to you at a time when you may be found; surely in the rush of great waters, they shall not reach him.

You are a hiding place for me; you preserve me from trouble; you surround me with shouts of deliverance.

Selah

I will instruct you and teach you in the way you should go; I will counsel you with my eye upon you.

Be not like a horse or a mule, without understanding, which must be curbed with bit and bridle, or it will not stay near you.

Many are the sorrows of the wicked, but steadfast love surrounds the one who trusts in the Lord.

Be glad in the Lord, and rejoice, O righteous, and shout for joy, all you upright in heart!



Santa Elena Canyon, Big Bend, TX by Rachel Hillebrand

COLLECT

God of patient love, you await the return
of the wayward and wandering and eagerly
embrace them in pardon. Through baptism
you have clothed us with the glory of
Christ and restored our inheritance:

give us generous hearts to welcome all
who seek a place at the table of your
unconditional love. We ask this through
Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Legacies

by Rachel Hillebrand

Lately, I've been thinking about our legacies as people and as people of faith. I was recently walking around the Austin Zoo when I came across a binturong, an Asian bearcat. This naming distinction is really a misnomer because the animal is neither a bear, nor a cat. I read the plaque by the animal enclosure and was hit with the somber realization that we will never actually know the real meaning behind the word 'binturong' this side of heaven, because the original local language the word is in is now extinct, along with all the other animals in its same animal genus! It is therefore powerful and poignant that we still use this word today, despite this culture no longer existing. It may be just one of a handful of pieces of that culture's legacy left!

Likewise, hiking around Austin or Santa Elena Canyon in Big Bend National Park (as my acrylic painting depicts in the photo), we see evidence of water carving out escarpments and cliffs at one time. We see the aftermath and get to experience many things that we ourselves did not witness. If you are reading this you have probably shared in the rich historical heritage of the steadfast saints who came before us, most of whose specific names and actions we will never know. What we do know though is that the Truth of God has throughout time influenced those of the faith (and not of the faith too) to influence countless individuals to build structures, adopt orphans, advocate for trafficked individuals, offer prayers and meals in homes, amid other examples.

Likewise, our personal legacy is so important. Lent is the somber time in which we reflect on our current spiritual state with God, before celebrating in joy at Easter time. May we now use this time well to reflect on the personal spiritual legacy we leave as individuals and society. May we spend our time taking small consistent steps in our everyday routine, rather than striving for perfection, or seeking an elusive secret path to God that we are already on! My hope is that you feel joy and a refreshed sense of purpose as you continue building your legacy this new day.

March 26

Week 5

PSALM 126:1–6

When the Lord restored the fortunes of Zion,
we were like those who dream.
Then our mouth was filled with laughter,
and our tongue with shouts of joy;
then they said among the nations,
“The Lord has done great things for them.”
The Lord has done great things for us;
we are glad.

Restore our fortunes, O Lord,
like streams in the Negeb!
Those who sow in tears
shall reap with shouts of joy!
He who goes out weeping,
bearing the seed for sowing,
shall come home with shouts of joy,
bringing his sheaves with him.



by Eric Kaufman

COLLECT

God of the covenant, in the glory of the cross your Son embraced the power of death and broke its hold over your people.

In this time of repentance, draw all people to yourself, that we who confess Jesus as Lord may put aside the deeds of death and accept the life of your kingdom. Amen.

The Shadow-Cross

by Amit Majmudar

I just couldn't breathe in its shadow.
It weighed what the cross weighed, that shadow
Cross, more than any shadow should. No
Sun could shoulder that kind of shadow,
No man kneel there without a shudder.
The dark beams crushed me flat as shadow,
My flesh, grass, matted by the shade. No
Way a mere cedar cross could shed so
Much dark matter, so weighty a shadow.
I just couldn't breathe in that shadow
Until I made myself a shadow-
Swallowing sea and swallowed shadow

The way a sea will swallow daylight.
The shadow splashed down, and the sun's light
Spilled over—only I was the light's
Sole source, both the prism and the light
Beam split into the eye's wide palette.
The splash displaced a volume of light

Equal to one sun, this light the light
That made of the shadow cross a light
Cross to bear, the light that raised my light-
Weight body until then strange to flight

But now, death made light of by his dying,
Light-footed, fallen, risen, flying.

April 2

Palm Sunday

PSALM 118:1–2, 25–29

Oh give thanks to the Lord, for he is good;
for his steadfast love endures forever!

Let Israel say,
“His steadfast love endures forever.”

Save us, we pray, O Lord!
O Lord, we pray, give us success!

Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord!

We bless you from the house of the Lord.

The Lord is God,
and he has made his light to shine upon us.

Bind the festal sacrifice with cords,
up to the horns of the altar!

You are my God, and I will give thanks to you;
you are my God; I will extol you.

Oh give thanks to the Lord, for he is good;
for his steadfast love endures forever!



Guatemala Procession by Betty LaDuke

COLLECT

Giver of light, your steadfast love endures forever. Open our hearts to the Blessed One who comes so humbly, on a borrowed colt. Open before us the gates of your justice, that we may enter, confessing in heaven and on earth that Jesus is Lord. Amen.

Spiritual Vertigo

by Christine Chandler Prater

We are dizzyed by his paradoxes,
disoriented by his dominion...

where The Lord of All Creation leaves
heaven's throne for a filthy feeding box

where The Creator of the Cosmos puts down
his kingly scepter and picks up a carpenter's tool

where The God of the Galaxies strips off
his royal robe and garbs himself in a peasant's tunic.

The Divine Orchestrator of Eternity shrugged on
skin and donned a diaper. He allowed himself to be tattled
on, tortured, and traded for an insurrectionist.
Then hung naked before the crowd, shamefully
placed between common criminals.

And though the earth shook
as he cried out, "It is finished,"
he was enshrouded and entombed
behind a stone. But while his disciples
wept and slept, **he didn't.**

*He looked hell straight in the face for us
and then defeated it to make a way for us.*
He rose.

And when he did, his kingdom
came with him.

It's rising even now;
an already dawning
in the not yet.

In this kingdom, things are not
as we've known or sown
or sought or thought.

**His kingdom is not
from this world...
but it is for it.**

We know that to be true
because God became
Mercy Incarnate.

This upside-down Kingdom
has its own extraordinary orbit—
seemingly filled with oxymorons
and opposites and bursting
with mystery and paradox.

Here,
the king is the servant
of the people
and sovereignty rules
with generosity.
Mercy and justice
are not rivals but allies,
justly joined

In the upside-down Kingdom,

he flips our tables
and topples our empires.
He inverts our assumptions
and upends our expectations.
He reverses our priorities
and upsets our majorities.

Here,

our nemesis is made
our neighbor,
our prayers poured out for
our persecutors,
and our love offered to
our arch enemies.

In the upside-down kingdom,

the happiest are the humblest,
the hungry are the most satisfied,
and the narrowest road leads to the largest life.

Here,

the earth is not the whole wide world
but merely a footstool for the divine,
and truth is not the antithesis of grace,
it is wedded with it.

Will the mighty bless the meek and those who mourn?

Can a criminal receive the promised rest?

Would a feast be served to celebrate the scorned?

And shall the sinful outcast sit as honored guest?

YES.

April 6

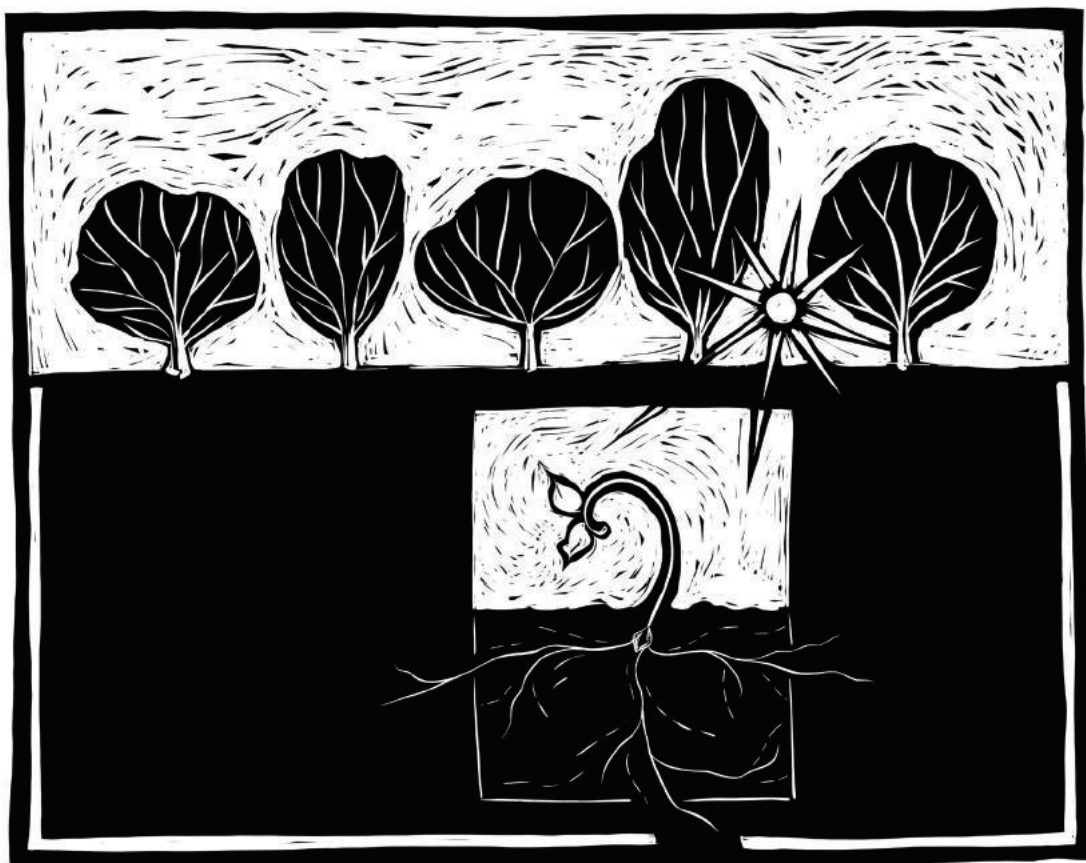
Maundy Thursday

PSALM 116:1–2, 12–19

I love the Lord, because he has heard
my voice and my pleas for mercy.
Because he inclined his ear to me,
therefore I will call on him as long as I live.

What shall I render to the Lord
for all his benefits to me?
I will lift up the cup of salvation
and call on the name of the Lord,
I will pay my vows to the Lord
in the presence of all his people.

Precious in the sight of the Lord
is the death of his saints.
O Lord, I am your servant;
I am your servant, the son of your maidservant.
You have loosed my bonds.
I will offer to you the sacrifice of thanksgiving
and call on the name of the Lord.
I will pay my vows to the Lord
in the presence of all his people,
in the courts of the house of the Lord,
in your midst, O Jerusalem.
Praise the Lord!



Sarah Andyshak

by Sarah Andyshak

COLLECT

Eternal God, in the sharing of a meal
your son established a new covenant for
all people, and in the washing of feet he
showed us the dignity of service.

Grant that by the power of your Holy Spirit
these signs of our life in faith may speak
again to our hearts, feed our spirits, and
refresh our bodies. Amen.

Blessing You Cannot Turn Back

by Jan Richardson

As if you could
stop this blessing
from washing
over you.

As if you could
turn it back,
could return it
from your body
to the bowl,
from the bowl
to the pitcher,
from the pitcher
to the hand
that set this blessing
on its way.

As if you could
change the course
by which this blessing
flows.

As if you could
control how it
pours over you—
unbidden,
unsought,
unasked,
yet startling
in the way
it matches the need
you did not know
you had.

As if you could
become undrenched.
As if you could
resist gathering it up
in your two hands
and letting your body
follow the arc
this blessing makes.

April 7

Good Friday

Judas, Peter

by Luci Shaw

because we are all
betrayers, taking
silver and eating
body and blood and asking
(guilty) is it I and hearing
him say yes
it would be simple for us all
to rush out
and hang ourselves

but if we find grace
to cry and wait
after the voice of morning
has crowed in our ears
clearly enough
to break our hearts
he will be there
to ask us each again
do you love me?



by Cheryl Kaufman

COLLECT

Grieving God, on the cross your Son
embraced death even as he had embraced
life: faithfully and with good courage.
Grant that we who have been born out of
his wounded side may hold fast to our faith
in him exalted and may find mercy in all
times of need. Amen.

PSALM 22

My God, my God, why have you forsaken me? Why are you so far from saving me, from the words of my groaning? O my God, I cry by day, but you do not answer, and by night, but I find no rest.

Yet you are holy, enthroned on the praises of Israel. In you our fathers trusted; they trusted, and you delivered them. To you they cried and were rescued; in you they trusted and were not put to shame.

But I am a worm and not a man, scorned by mankind and despised by the people. All who see me mock me; they make mouths at me; they wag their heads; “He trusts in the Lord; let him deliver him; let him rescue him, for he delights in him!”

Yet you are he who took me from the womb; you made me trust you at my mother’s breasts. On you was I cast from my birth, and from my mother’s womb you have been my God. Be not far from me, for trouble is near, and there is none to help.

Many bulls encompass me; strong bulls of Bashan surround me; they open wide their mouths at me, like a ravening and roaring lion.

I am poured out like water, and all my bones are out of joint; my heart is like wax; it is melted within my breast; my strength is dried up like a potsherd, and my tongue sticks to my jaws; you lay me in the dust of death.

For dogs encompass me; a company of evildoers encircles me; they have pierced my hands and feet—I can count all my bones—they stare and gloat over me; they divide my garments among them, and for my clothing they cast lots.

But you, O Lord, do not be far off! O you my help, come quickly to my aid! Deliver my soul from the sword, my precious life from the power of the dog! Save me from the mouth of the lion! You have rescued me from the horns of the wild oxen!

I will tell of your name to my brothers; in
the midst of the congregation I will praise
you: You who fear the Lord, praise him!
All you offspring of Jacob, glorify him,
and stand in awe of him, all you offspring
of Israel! For he has not despised or
abhorred the affliction of the afflicted,
and he has not hidden his face from him,
but has heard, when he cried to him.

From you comes my praise in the great
congregation; my vows I will perform
before those who fear him. The afflicted
shall eat and be satisfied; those who
seek him shall praise the Lord! May your
hearts live forever!

All the ends of the earth shall remember
and turn to the Lord, and all the families
of the nations shall worship before you.
For kingship belongs to the Lord, and he
rules over the nations.

All the prosperous of the earth eat and
worship; before him shall bow all who
go down to the dust, even the one who
could not keep himself alive. Posterity
shall serve him; it shall be told of the
Lord to the coming generation; they shall
come and proclaim his righteousness to
a people yet unborn, that he has done it.

April 8

Holy Saturday



by Garth Williams



by Shaun Fox

April 9

Easter Sunday

PSALM 118:1–2, 14–24

Oh give thanks to the Lord, for he is good;
for his steadfast love endures forever!

Let Israel say,
“His steadfast love endures forever.”

The Lord is my strength and my song;
he has become my salvation.

Glad songs of salvation
are in the tents of the righteous:

“The right hand of the Lord does valiantly,
the right hand of the Lord exalts,
the right hand of the Lord does valiantly!”

I shall not die, but I shall live,
and recount the deeds of the Lord.

The Lord has disciplined me severely,
but he has not given me over to death.

Open to me the gates of righteousness,
that I may enter through them
and give thanks to the Lord.

This is the gate of the Lord;
the righteous shall enter through it.

I thank you that you have answered me
and have become my salvation.

The stone that the builders rejected
has become the cornerstone.

This is the Lord’s doing;
it is marvelous in our eyes.

This is the day that the Lord has made;
let us rejoice and be glad in it.



by Clay Davis

COLLECT

We exult in your love, O God of the living,
for you made the tomb of death the womb
from which you bring forth your Son,
the first-born of a new creation, and you
anointed the universe with the fragrant
Spirit of his resurrection.

Make us joyful witnesses to this good news,
that all humanity may one day gather at
the feast of new life in the kingdom where
you reign for ever and ever. Amen.

What If a Lily

by Meredith Davis

What if	spreads wide	His voice,
for each thing given up	so that on Easter-tide	so strong, all along
freely released	lapping at the shores of Lent	just needed a way
though discomfort increased	our bodies spent	to get inside.
the Spirit's power	our spirit's renewed	Each crucified desire,
by the hour	sown with suffering	a hole
blooms	fragrant with gratitude	to drop a seed
so that while we may	and like those	to fill the need
hunger	ear trumpets of old	for Christ alone.
thirst	a lily, bold	He is risen,
yearn for what's denied	sprouts from an ear	risen indeed.
yet inside	and we can hear,	
a field of lilies	a little clearer,	



CHRISTCHURCH

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