

+++Jesus, you carried your cross, help me to carry mine and to believe in you.+++

HE IS NOT HERE; HE IS RISEN, JUST AS HE SAID.
from Matthew 28:6
NIV

LITURGIES OF THE
EASTER TRIDUUM

Holy Thursday: March 23

- 8:30am Morning Prayer
- 5:00pm Mass of the Lord's Supper
- 11:00pm Tenebrae

Good Friday: March 24

- 8:30am Morning Prayer
- 3:00pm Celebration of the Lord's Passion

Holy Saturday: March 25

- 8:30am Morning Prayer
- 9:00pm Paschal Vigil



Sacred Heart Church University of Notre Dame 1989

**CREATE IN ME
A PURE
HEART
O GOD,**

AND RENEW A
STEADFAST SPIRIT
WITHIN ME

PSALM 51:10

Lenten Penance Service

Tuesday, March 21st, 1989

10:00pm, Sacred Heart Church

Rev. Thomas Gaughan, C.S.C., Presider

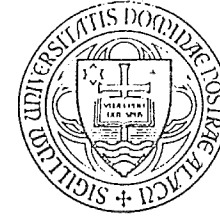


Opportunity for individual confessions following the service.

Please also note the time of Penance Services in your own residence halls.

When Jesus looks me in the eye
on Thursday and bids me
farewell, what will I say, how
will I feel?

Passion Sunday
March 19, 1989
Blessed is the King of Israel.



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Lenten Wk #6: Will I let
Jesus wash my feet?

*Jesus, like you, I am afraid,
remind me that you went first...*

I, too, can be stouthearted!

Holy Thursday

That was Jesus' last "official" gesture — to wash the feet of his friends. He said it was a sign of the service they were to perform for others.

In those times, under those circumstances, washing feet was more than a sign; it was a courtesy and an expediency. People walking through muddy streets in sandals would need their feet washed when they entered a house.

But that courtesy would be wasted tonight on us who entered this house of God after a short walk in our sturdy footwear across a paved street or parking lot. Therefore, instead of weakening the symbol, let us try to enter into the human dimensions of washing feet.

One of the most compelling scenes in the musical *Godspell* is Jesus' farewell to his disciples. He looks each of his friends in the eye; then he hugs or kisses or pokes or snaps a suspender. For each, he gives some personal gesture that signified their relationship.

In real life, of course, Jesus said goodbye while looking at their feet. Faces say too much; they are intimate and emotional. But feet are distant, safe, objective, even reasonable; they are easier to take leave of.

So, Jesus kneels first at the feet of John, the disciple to whom he was naturally drawn. We do not know why. He may have been a kindred spirit, someone with the same values and interest and tastes.

Maybe they had had a critical experience that had bonded them. After all, friendship means having been through a lot together. Or, maybe Jesus had no better reason for liking John than the simple fact that he liked him.

Next came the feet of James, perhaps a cousin of Jesus. Could there have been a family resemblance here? Maybe in feet, but certainly not in feeling. James was upwardly mobile. He wanted his feet to walk the road toward assistant kingship in God's kingdom, whereas Jesus had suggested the lowest place. James was a "son of thunder" who kicked his feet in anger and defiance, whereas Jesus would passively let himself be led to slaughter.

Why would Jesus choose to have these particularly aggressive feet under his peaceable table? Maybe he foresaw that James' feet would eventually take him far and wide to preach the good news he only dimly understood that evening. Loveable or not, still blessed are the feet of those who bear glad tidings.

Next are the feet of Matthew. Jesus would know them anywhere. Was it just his imagination, or did they seem a little pinched, a bit cramped, almost stingy looking — just the way you would expect a tax collector's soles (and soul!) to look?

Rash judgment or not, there was no doubt about the imprint left on Matthew's manicured feet by his profession. How hard it is to separate people

*Jesus, Jesus, you, my brother,
died for me, for us...*

from their money — or even from somebody else's money! You can put a man's feet under the eucharistic table, but his heart can stay at the tax table.

It is hard to turn worldly ambition into heavenly zeal, nearly impossible to cash money into grace, to exchange wealth for the coin of the kingdom. Matthew was fortunate that, with God, all things are possible.

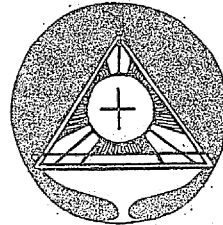
And so, Jesus went around the group. Each pair of feet had its story to tell — how their owner had journeyed, both physically and spiritually, to this upper room and this strange meal at this unique table. Finally, Jesus came to the feet of Peter.

Peter's feet could only belong to Peter. They were solid, square, functional — like those of a quarter horse, no good for racing but unequalled for the ordinary chores of daily life. Peter's were proud feet that could refuse to be washed, humble feet that could turn around when they found themselves going in the wrong direction.

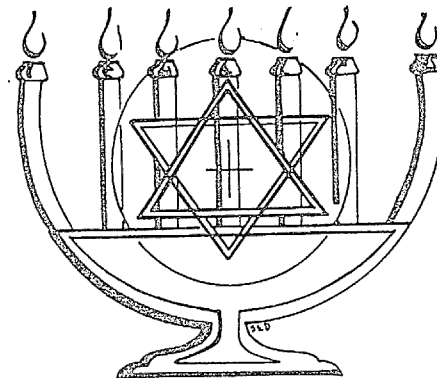
They were light feet that could walk on water, and heavy feet that could sink like a rock; fearful feet that would run from persecution and repentant feet that would return for crucifixion. They were earthy feet to carry a church, and at the end (so legend tells us) they pointed heavenward as Peter died upside down on a cross in Nero's Rome.

You can tell a lot about people from their feet. But, let us not dwell on that. Instead, throwing ourselves upon the mercy of the Lord, let us confidently put our feet under his table.

Peter
Andrew
James
John
Philip
Bartholomew



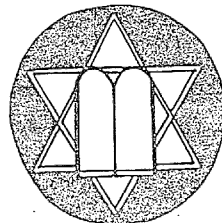
Thomas
Matthew
James
Thaddeus
Simon
Judas Matthias



Clearly,
this man
was the
Son
of
God

At that moment the curtain
in the sanctuary was torn in two
from top to bottom

Reuben
Simeon
Levi
Judas
Zebulun
Issachar



Dan
Gad
Asher
Nephthali
Joseph
Benjamin

Good Friday

The passion and death of Jesus compel us to consider our own suffering and death — not in general, but very specifically. Human nature itself may be a clean concept but human beings are messy things. After we have been told that evil is merely the absence of good and that suffering builds character, we still do not know what to make of the suffering that smothers our planet and its inhabitants.

Suffering is not a private matter entirely. Everybody does it, history is full of it. It is the thorniest problem in all theology, and religion sinks or swims on the way it "solves" the problem of suffering.

In the Hebrew scriptures, the book of Deuteronomy says that, sometimes, suffering is a punishment for sin. Jesus said that, sometimes, suffering is for the glory of God. And, in song, the Ink Spots told us that you always hurt the one you love.

That last statement contradicts our usual tendency to look for exotic sources for our suffering. The truth is that most of our suffering has causes that are closer to home: our environment, our genes, the dust we are made of and the dumb things we do. Suffering and death are inherent in the human condition.

That used to be commonly understood: Suffering was expected and death was simply the natural end of life. But, in the 14th century, when the Black Plague devastated Europe and people dropped dead on every side, then death was experienced as a sudden, arbitrary, outside force. It was no longer an

internal disintegration but an external assault. It was not life's natural conclusion but its impertinent interruption.

There is something inhuman, uncalled for, about suffering and death. There ought to be a more fitting fate for the images of God that we are.

It is instructive to compare the death scenes of two great lives. Socrates greeted death with dignity and poise. He calmly accepted the verdict of the court, politely drank the hemlock and — while waiting for the poison to take effect, he gave a classic discourse on the immortality of the soul.

Jesus, on the other hand, was afraid, looked for comfort and escape and only reluctantly bowed to death with a loud cry.

It happened this way because Jesus was much weaker than Socrates. And, in that weakness, God's strength came to full power. Socrates never wept over Athens; he never expressed sorrow at the betrayal of friends. Socrates was always self-possessed and integrated. He died firmly convinced that a just person could suffer no permanent harm. All that Socrates left us was the model of a perfect human specimen. But Jesus saved us.

That difference holds the key to a true understanding of suffering and death. We have to experience in our lives the power of weakness. God has an ironic way of having the last word, and that word — if we would finally believe it — is: Weakness is strength. That is what suffering does in us, if we let it.

Suffering breaks us physically and shatters us spiritually so that we can be put back together on a higher level, a level where we no longer live but Christ lives in us. He really will, if we let him. Until we do, suffering will make no sense on the purely human level.

That is one of the reasons why Jesus suffered and died. He was God, Paul tells us, but he emptied himself. He was the fullness of fullness but he made himself empty. And God put him back together again.

The Lord will do no less for us who must also suffer and die.