

## Monday 6 April

### Matthew 21:12-17

Then Jesus entered the temple and drove out all who were selling and buying in the temple, and he overturned the tables of the money-changers and the seats of those who sold doves. He said to them, 'It is written,

“My house shall be called a house of prayer”;  
but you are making it a den of robbers.’

The blind and the lame came to him in the temple, and he cured them. But when the chief priests and the scribes saw the amazing things that he did, and heard the children crying out in the temple, 'Hosanna to the Son of David', they became angry and said to him, 'Do you hear what these are saying?' Jesus said to them, 'Yes; have you never read,

“Out of the mouths of infants and nursing babies  
you have prepared praise for yourself”?’

He left them, went out of the city to Bethany, and spent the night there.

### The Turning of the Tables.

Today we are reflecting on that scene in the temple when the tables were turned over by Jesus. There is a lot to be angry about right now. Angry at people seeming to flout the expert's advice, angry at why we are here in the first place, angry at the stories of apparent selfishness or at those exploiting this situation. It is easy too to feel angry at God for all of us this and we will explore that more later in the week as Jesus comes to the cross; but for now let us reflect on that anger we may feel towards this situation, and others within it. If Jesus got angry, then so can we; but the issue is where we take it. Jesus' outburst in the temple was targeted and specific, and he did not carry it on, within a few days he was forgiving a criminal beside him on the cross, and receiving the friends who had betrayed him back with love. We can be angry at so much right now, but if we let the anger win, then it will control us, and lead us to actions that make others angry with us. Just to note, this is not simple - and there may be things that make us angry for very profound and strong reasons and things that will not be dealt with overnight, there is no condemnation here, just an invitation to start.

Today you are invited to begin by using these short prayers as a prompt to give the things that make us angry, frustrated and unsure in these times to God.

## **Prayers**

*For the actions of others who we are quick to judge and slow to seek to understand.*

**Lord have mercy**

**Lord have mercy**

*For the things we are angry about and have held on to, may we seek to begin to let them go*

**Christ have mercy**

**Christ have mercy.**

*May God help us to be open to honestly discern when anger can be used for good and when it needs to be put down.*

**Lord have mercy**

**Lord have mercy**

*For the frustrations, the uncertainties, the things we wish were not unknown at this time. May we know God's grace and love within them.*

**Amen**

*If you would like to you may like to sing Within our Darkest Night at this point*

## **Within our Darkest Night**

Within our darkest night  
You kindle the fire that never dies away  
That never dies away

*(repeat)*

**Dans nos obscurités**

*♩ = 68*

Dans nos obs-cu - ri - tés, al - lu - me le feu qui ne s'é-teint ja -

mais, qui ne s'é-teint ja - mais. Dans nos obs-cu - ri - tés, al - lu - me le

feu qui ne s'é-teint ja - mais, qui ne s'é-teint ja - mais. Dans nos obs-cu - ri -

The image shows a musical score for the song 'Dans nos obscurités'. It consists of three systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo is marked as quarter note = 68. The lyrics are in French and are split across the three systems. The first system ends with a double bar line. The second system ends with a double bar line. The third system ends with a double bar line.

**Cleansing of the Temple, a Poem by Revd Caroline Beckett**

When the cool pillars no longer seemed to reach Heaven  
 And the sacred space swarmed with a Babel of trade and depravity  
 I watched the white fury rise in his face  
 Like divine lightning.

He was flame: upright, urgent, devouring,  
 Taut with a purpose his flesh could neither contain nor sustain  
 Without violence. Suddenly terrifying and tall,  
 This mild carpenter from Galilee.

I watched him knot the cords, his muscles bunching  
 Each movement brutally eloquent of the deepest rage.  
 He trembled and sweat lapped the corner  
 Of one widening eye.

In the shade behind him, knife whetted, I stood  
Spellbound by the majesty of an anger that broke  
From the rock of eternity, potent as fire.  
I yearned toward him in his indignation.

He struck out with lash and with cry,  
With a heart too much breaking to be exultant  
And while my arm tensed for the fray and my heart whispered messiah  
I wept for his pain.

### **Prayers**

*In your prayers today you are invited to think of those who you would be seeing this week but cannot. To think about family, friends, those who may be on their own this week, those in hospital and those sick at home.*

We end with

God of compassion,  
be close to those who are ill, afraid or in isolation.  
In their loneliness, be their consolation;  
in their anxiety, be their hope;  
in their darkness, be their light;  
through him who suffered alone on the cross,  
but reigns with you in glory,  
Jesus Christ our Lord.  
**Amen.**

### **Blessing**

May the peace of the Lord Christ go with you,  
wherever He may send you.  
May He guide you through the wilderness,  
protect you through the storm.  
May He bring you home rejoicing  
at the wonders He has shown you.  
May He bring you home rejoicing  
once again into our doors.

(Northumbria Community)