



Diocese of Aberdeen and Orkney's Lent Course 2024

# THE WAY TO THE CROSS

TUESDAY 9 APRIL



## WORDS FROM OTHERS THE MERCY OF GOD

Today you're invited to reflect on words from others.

For the poetry what images does it evoke for you? Does it chime with specific parts of the readings from the Second Sunday of Easter? How does it speak to you and your journey of faith.

The words from others focus doubting Thomas and God's mercy. Do they resonate with you?

“Jesus' willingness to accommodate Thomas' unbelief is a reminder that God can handle our doubt. And that the rationalist doesn't need to see, touch, or run a lab test in order to believe in the resurrected Christ. Jesus told him, “You believe because you have seen me. Blessed are those who believe without seeing me” (Jn 20:29) This is not a plea to accept what goes against reason, but it is an invitation to discover a faith that goes beyond it. The example of Thomas is for the stubborn skeptic in us all.”

*David D. Flowers*

"By doubting we are led to question, by questioning we arrive at the truth.

*Peter Abelard*

Collect for the  
Second Sunday of  
Easter

Almighty and eternal God, the strength of those who believe and the hope of those who doubt, may we, who have not seen, have faith and receive the fullness of Christ's blessing, who is alive and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit, one God, now and for ever. Amen.

*A Doubting Thomas sort-of sonnet by Jill Alexander Essbaum*

Sometimes I think belief is obsolete.

The sky is empty. God does not exist.

That there's no point to life, and wishing it  
won't make it true. That miracles and feats  
arrive by way of science. Cures and healings?

Just suave doctoring. And soul's a quick  
and nitwit way of naming all the tricks  
our hocus-pocus human brains complete.

And death's the end of everything, full stop.

And heaven's ever-after is a ruse.

And we're no more than broken, bloody dopes  
who pray to ghosts. But. Sometimes something not-  
myself pervades the walls of my heart's room,  
goes boom, then wracks and blacks and blues my bones.  
The stone is rolled. I'm whole. I'm held. It's hope.

*In the Beginning God Said Light by Mary Szybist*

and there was light.

Now God says, Give them a little theatrical lighting

and they're happy,  
and we are. So many of us

dressing each morning, testing  
endless combinations, becoming in our mirrors

more ourselves, imagining,  
in an entrance, the ecstatic

weight of human eyes.  
Now that the sun is sheering

toward us, what is left  
but to let it close in

for our close-up? Let us really feel  
how good it feels

to be still in it, making  
every kind of self that can be

looked at. God, did you make us  
to be your bright accomplices?

God, here are our shining spines.  
Let there be no more dreams of being

more than a beginning.  
Let it be

that to be is to be  
backlit, and then to be only that light.

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Jesus said to him,  
"Have you  
believed because  
you have seen  
me? Blessed are  
those who have  
not seen and yet  
have come to  
believe."

*John 20.29*

*Usual Weekly  
Pattern*

Sunday  
RCL Eucharist  
Readings and Collect

Monday  
Delving Deeper into  
the Readings

Tuesday  
Words from Others  
(sacred & secular)

Wednesday  
Resources from the  
Arts

Thursday  
Contemplative Acts

Friday  
Personal Reflection  
- what this means to  
me

Saturday  
Acts & Deeds