

Lifting our souls, Trusting in God

LENT AND EASTER COURSE FROM THE
DIOCESE OF ABERDEEN AND ORKNEY

Hebrews 10:19-25

Therefore, my friends,^[a] since we have confidence to enter the sanctuary by the blood of Jesus, by the new and living way that he opened for us through the curtain (that is, through his flesh), and since we have a great priest over the house of God, let us approach with a true heart in full assurance of faith, with our hearts sprinkled clean from an evil conscience and our bodies washed with pure water. Let us hold fast to the confession of our hope without wavering, for he who has promised is faithful. And let us consider how to provoke one another to love and good deeds, not neglecting to meet together, as is the habit of some, but encouraging one another, and all the more as you see the Day approaching.



COLLECT

Almighty God, whose
Son Jesus Christ
gives the water of
eternal life, may we
always thirst for you,
the spring of life and
source of goodness;
through him who
lives and reigns with
you and the Holy
Spirit, one God, now
and for ever.
Amen.



Hemryk Siemiradski (1843-1902) *Christ and the Samaritan Woman*, Lviv Art Gallery, Ukraine.

“All doors are open to the believer. It is the lesson of the Samaritan woman at the well.” — Patti Smith

“Aliveness, he will teach, is a gift available to all by God's grace. It flows not from taking, but giving, not from fear but from faith, not from conflict but from reconciliation, not from domination but from service. It isn't found in the upper trappings of religion -rules and rituals, controversies and scruples, temples and traditions. No, it springs up from our innermost being like a fountain of living water. It intoxicates us like the best wine ever and so turns life from disappointment into a banquet.” — Brian D. McLaren

The Gospel reading for the Third Sunday of Lent is the story of Jesus and the Samaritan Woman at the Well. A conversation that starts around being asked to share something - water at the well and becomes something more. Jesus challenges and encourages the woman.

Kindness inspires more kindness. Just think about simple acts - smiling at someone often means they smile back. There are ways that we can share hope, share stories that inspire us and share stories that encourage us in our faith.

Today you're asked to consider the stories, art, and/or ideas that lift you up and make you feel hope. Who might you be called to share with - a book, song, film or spiritual practice that helps you?

Prayer

Father God, thank you for people who inspire us. Help us bring encouragement to others. Amen.

To Listen:

I heard the Voice of Jesus Say by Horatius Bonar

A playlist of music suggestions for the course can be found at <https://open.spotify.com/playlist/3pJcG5xA1xzhL2Aolau0Q4?si=582cd1f921ae4fb1>





Hemryk Siemiradski (1843-1902) *Christ and the Samaritan Woman*, Lviv Art Gallery, Ukraine.

Our Saviour and the Samaritan Woman at the Well by
Rosanna Eleanor Leprohon

Close beside the crystal waters of Jacob's far-famed well,
Whose dewy coolness gratefully upon the parched air fell,
Reflecting back the bright hot heavens within its waveless breast,
Jesus, foot-sore and weary, had sat Him down to rest.

Alone was He—His followers had gone to Sichar near,
Whose roofs and spires rose sharply against the heavens clear,
For food which Nature craveth, whate'er each hope or care,
And which, though Lord of Nature, He disdained not to share.

While thus He calmly waited, came a woman to the well,
With water vase poised gracefully, and step that lightly fell,
One of Samaria's daughters, most fair, alas! but frail,
Her dark locks bound with flowers instead of modest, shelt'ring veil.

No thought of scornful anger within His bosom burned,
Nor, with abhorrent gesture, His face from her He turned;
But as His gaze of purity dwelt on her, searching, meek,
Her bright eyes fell, and blushes hot burned on her brow and cheek.

He told her with a gentleness, by God-like pity nursed,
Of wond'rous living fountains at which to slake her thirst;
That those whose lips, thrice blessed, should a draught from them obtain,
Despite earth's toils and troubles, would ne'er know thirst again.

He spoke, too, of the frailties which her womanhood had marred,
That priceless crown which, she, alas! had sadly failed to guard,
No word of bold denial did that woman dare to plan—
She felt that He who spoke with her was more than mortal man.

And when the twelve disciples returned, their errand done,
They wondered at His converse with that lost and erring one,
But still they asked no question, while she, with thoughtful mien,
Returned to tell her friends at home of all that she had seen.

Not only for that daughter of Samaria's hot clime—
Child of an ancient people, of a by-gone faith and time—
Was meant the exhortation that from His lips then fell,
But for His Christian children, for us, to-day, as well.

For us, still pure and sparkling, those living waters flow
Of which He told Samaria's child long centuries ago:
Forgetting thoughts of earthly pride, and hopes of worldly gain,
Seek we but once of them to drink—we'll never thirst again.

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