



A Guide to Lent

Brought to you by Sacred Space
The Seattle School of Theology and Psychology
2015

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Upcoming Events

Art on Our Walls Conversation

Monday, March 9th from 6:15-7:15 pm in the Commons

Featuring Caleb Dodson & Zac Davis

Hosted by Dr. Chelle Stearns, Paul Steinke, and Sacred Space

Lowland Hum Concert

March 27th at 6:30pm in the Commons

\$9 cover includes refreshments

Watch the newsletter and Cohort Facebook pages for more info.

Holy Week Stations Downstairs, March 30th-April 4th

There will be stations set up during Holy Week. Sacred Space will provide materials from the chapel in the Commons. These stations will help us to consider how it is we might engage the liturgical season in our common spaces.

Lent Booklet

The remainder of this booklet holds a collection of laments and confessions for use in prayer and meditation. Invite the Spirit's presence and, as we say, be kind to yourself in this liturgical season even as you are drawn toward lament and confession. Use content of this booklet to enrich your prayer practices throughout the season.

Practices

Daily Prayer

As the bell chimes at noon, Eagle & Child invites all students, staff, and faculty to meet for 5 - 10 minutes for midday prayer in the chapel Monday through Wednesday. Use this time during Lent to center yourself and connect with God and others in the midst of your day.

Weekly Communion

Every Wednesday at 12:30 the Life Together class leads students, faculty, and staff in communion. During the season of Lent we invite you to remember and receive the body and blood of Christ.

Local Churches

Be on the lookout for an informational map of church gatherings in the Seattle area during Holy Week. The map will be posted on stairwell bulletin boards and watch for links in the community newsletter and on The Seattle School homepage.

The Seattle School Sacred Spaces During Lent

The Chapel

Along with the prayer stations, icons, and candles that are available throughout the year, materials have been added for staff and students to use during the season of Lent. We welcome you to touch the ashes of the laments that have been burned, or to shroud yourself in a blanket as you pray and meditate.

The Art Space

The chalkboard and art shelf outside the chapel are stocked with supplies to provide additional ways of connecting with God. We invite you to add to it by creating confessions and laments. There will be an informal gallery space to share your art with others.

Galleries

We have new gallery rotations for the season of Lent. Look below for more information and join us for the Art on Our Walls Conversation for an opportunity to interact with and hear more from the artists.

2nd Floor Gallery—*Zac Davis, '07 MACP, photographer and project director, is displaying photograph prints and text panels in a series entitled "The Rainier Beach Project: Overcoming Displacement." This project is a selection of images from a photography series titled, The Rainier Beach Project: Overcoming Displacement, which explores urban renewal and gentrification occurring in the Rainier Beach/Rainier Valley community. The subjects of the series are community members whose lives emanate from a center of social justice and equity.*

3rd Floor Gallery—*Caleb Dodson, 2nd year MATC student, is displaying a photography series entitled "A pilgrimage through suffering." This is a visual and auditory representation of a psychological journey towards embodiment. The formation of beauty – remaining in immense intrapersonal struggle and chaos until meaning is created.*

About Lent

Lent is the forty day-season which culminates in Easter. Beginning in the cold of winter from which spring emerges, this season has traditionally been marked by fasting and penance, preparing the soul for a celebration of resurrection. Lent is a season when we lament the darkness of the world and repent for the ways in which we have contributed to that darkness.

May this book of laments and confessions guide us through this season, giving us space to mourn, courage to confess, and hope for resurrection.

Psalm 130

I cry out to you from the depths, Lord—
my Lord, listen to my voice!
Let your ears pay close attention to my request for mercy!
If you kept track of sins, Lord—
my Lord, who would stand a chance?
But forgiveness is with you—
that's why you are honored.

I hope, Lord.
My whole being hopes,
and I wait for God's promise.
My whole being waits for my Lord—
more than the night watch waits for morning;
yes, more than the night watch waits for morning!

Israel, wait for the Lord!
Because faithful love is with the Lord;
because great redemption is with our God!
He is the one who will redeem Israel
from all its sin.

The Ballad of Reading Gaol

...And thus we rust Life's iron chain
 Degraded and alone:
And some men curse and some men weep,
 And some men make no moan:
 But God's eternal Laws are kind
 And break the heart of stone.

And every human heart that breaks,
 In prison-cell or yard,
 Is as that broken box that gave
 Its treasure to the Lord,
And filled the unclean leper's house
 With the scent of costliest nard.

Ah! happy those whose hearts can break
 And peace of pardon win!
How else may man make straight his plan
 And cleanse his soul from Sin?
How else but through a broken heart
 May Lord Christ enter in?

Psalm 13

How long will you forget me, Lord? Forever?
How long will you hide your face from me?
How long will I be left to my own wits,
agony filling my heart? Daily?
How long will my enemy keep defeating me?

Look at me!
Answer me, Lord my God!
Restore sight to my eyes!
Otherwise, I'll sleep the sleep of death,
and my enemy will say, "I won!"
My foes will rejoice over my downfall.

But I have trusted in your faithful love.
My heart will rejoice in your salvation.
Yes, I will sing to the Lord
because he has been good to me.

Psalm 42-43

Just like a deer that craves streams of water,
 my whole being craves you, God.
 My whole being thirsts for God, for the living God.
 When will I come and see God's face?
 My tears have been my food both day and night,
 as people constantly questioned me,
 "Where's your God now?"
 But I remember these things as I bare my soul:
 how I made my way to the mighty one's abode,
 to God's own house,
 with joyous shouts and thanksgiving songs—
 a huge crowd celebrating the festival!

Why, I ask myself, are you so depressed?
 Why are you so upset inside?
 Hope in God!
 Because I will again give him thanks,
 my saving presence and my God.

My whole being is depressed.
 That's why I remember you
 from the land of Jordan and Hermon,
 from Mount Mizar.
 Deep called to deep at the noise of your waterfalls;
 all your massive waves surged over me.
 By day the Lord commands his faithful love;
 by night his song is with me—
 a prayer to the God of my life.
 I will say to God, my solid rock,
 "Why have you forgotten me?
 Why do I have to walk around,
 sad, oppressed by enemies?"
 With my bones crushed, my foes make fun of me,
 constantly questioning me: "Where's your God now?"

Why, I ask myself, are you so depressed?
Why are you so upset inside?
Hope in God!
Because I will again give him thanks,
my saving presence and my God.

Establish justice for me, God!
Argue my case against ungodly people!
Rescue me from the dishonest and unjust!
Because you are my God, my protective fortress!
Why have you rejected me?
Why do I have to walk around,
sad, oppressed by enemies?
Send your light and truth—those will guide me!
Let them bring me to your holy mountain,
to your dwelling place.
Let me come to God's altar—
let me come to God, my joy, my delight—
then I will give you thanks with the lyre,
God, my God!

Why, I ask myself, are you so depressed?
Why are you so upset inside?
Hope in God!
Because I will again give him thanks,
my saving presence and my God.

**Oh God, Where Are You Now?
By Sufjan Stevens**

Oh God, hold me now
Oh Lord, hold me now
There's no other man who could raise the dead
So do what you can to anoint my head

Oh God, where are you now?
Oh Lord, say somehow
The devil is hard on my face again
The world is a hundred to one again

Would the righteous still remain?
Would my body stay the same?

Oh God, hold me now
Oh God, touch me now
There's no other man who could save the dead
There's no other God to place our head

Would the righteous still remain?
Would my body stay the same?

There's no other man who could raise the dead
So do what you can to anoint my head

Oh God, hold me now
Oh Lord, touch me now

Celtic Daily Prayer

Will it never end?
I'm not as sure as when I started.
I never knew it would be like this.
But this is my firm choice:
Lord, I will go on with You.
Lord, I will go on with You.

Lord, often I fall,
And the temptation is not to rise again
And continue with You.
When I fall and others watch and laugh,
Or say, 'I told you so, you'll never make it.'
Give me the strength to fulfill my promise:
Lord, I will go on with You.
Lord, I will go on with You.

Psalm 77

I cry out loud to God—
 out loud to God so that he can hear me!
 During the day when I'm in trouble I look for my Lord.
 At night my hands are still outstretched and don't grow numb;
 my whole being refuses to be comforted.
 I remember God and I moan.
 I complain, and my spirit grows tired.

You've kept my eyelids from closing.
 I'm so upset I can't even speak.
 I think about days long past;
 I remember years that seem an eternity in the past.
 I meditate with my heart at night;
 I complain, and my spirit keeps searching:
 "Will my Lord reject me forever?
 Will he never be pleased again?
 Has his faithful love come to a complete end?
 Is his promise over for future generations?
 Has God forgotten how to be gracious?
 Has he angrily stopped up his compassion?"
 It's my misfortune, I thought,
 that the strong hand of the Most High is different now.

But I will remember the Lord's deeds;
 yes, I will remember your wondrous acts from times long past.
 I will meditate on all your works;
 I will ponder your deeds.
 God, your way is holiness!
 Who is as great a god as you, God?
 You are the God who works wonders;
 you have demonstrated your strength among all peoples.
 With your mighty arm you redeemed your people;
 redeemed the children of Jacob and Joseph.

The waters saw you, God—
the waters saw you and reeled!
Even the deep depths shook!
The clouds poured water,
the skies cracked thunder;
your arrows were flying all around!
The crash of your thunder was in the swirling storm;
lightning lit up the whole world;
the earth shook and quaked.
Your way went straight through the sea;
your pathways went right through the mighty waters.
But your footprints left no trace!
You led your people like sheep
under the care of Moses and Aaron.

Walking With Grief

Do not hurry
As you walk with grief;
It does not help the journey.

Walk slowly,
Pausing often:
Do not hurry
As you walk with grief.

Be not disturbed
By memories that come unbidden.
Swiftly forgive;
And let Christ speak for you
Unspoken words.
Unfinished conversation
Will be resolved in Him.
Be not disturbed.

Be gentle with the one
Who walks with grief.
If it is you,
Be gentle with yourself.
Swiftly forgive;
Walk slowly,
Pausing often.

Caim Prayer

This night and every night
Seems infinite with questions,
And sleep as elusive
As answers.

Pain and longing are always present,
Dulled only a little
By the distractions of day.
I am weary; I am angry.
I am confused.

Circle me, Lord.
Keep despair and disillusionment without.
Bring a glimmer of hope within.

Circle me, Lord;
Keep nightmare without.
Bring moments of rest within.

Circle me, Lord;
Keep bitterness without.
Bring occasional sense
Of Your presence within.

Psalm 88

Lord, God of my salvation,
by day I cry out,
even at night, before you—
let my prayer reach you!
Turn your ear to my outcry
because my whole being is filled with distress;
my life is at the very brink of hell.

I am considered as one of those plummeting into the pit.

I am like those who are beyond help,
drifting among the dead,
lying in the grave, like dead bodies—
those you don't remember anymore,
those who are cut off from your power.
You placed me down in the deepest pit,
in places dark and deep.
Your anger smothers me;
you subdue me with it, wave after wave.
You've made my friends distant.
You've made me disgusting to them.
I can't escape. I'm trapped!
My eyes are tired of looking at my suffering.
I've been calling out to you every day, Lord—
I've had my hands outstretched to you!

Do you work wonders for the dead?
Do ghosts rise up and give you thanks?

Is your faithful love proclaimed in the grave,
your faithfulness in the underworld?
Are your wonders known in the land of darkness,
your righteousness in the land of oblivion?

But I cry out to you, Lord!
My prayer meets you first thing in the morning!
Why do you reject my very being, Lord?
Why do you hide your face from me?
Since I was young I've been afflicted, I've been dying.
I've endured your terrors. I'm lifeless.
Your fiery anger has overwhelmed me;
your terrors have destroyed me.
They surround me all day long like water;
they engulf me completely.
You've made my loved ones and companions distant.
My only friend is darkness.

A Prayer in Pain
by Courtney Hollingsworth

I jumped into the deep end, or I was pushed, I'm not quite sure.
 The water is dark and icy, torrent like a storm.
 I can't even recall what the sunshine feels like on my face.
 My tears well up in my heart, and overflow onto my cheeks,
 Though they are veiled by the rain.
 Do you see my tears?
 Struggling to swim, gasping for breath,
 My arms grow tired.
 Do see my hands reaching for the sky? Do you even see me?
 There are weights on my ankles,
 And the more I fight, the heavier they become.
 I wish I could say my voice is hoarse from calling out your name,
 I wish I could say my eyes have never left the horizon, searching for
 your face.
 I'm afraid I have drifted too far out to sea.
 If you're there, I cannot see you.
 If you're there, I cannot hear your voice.
 Have you left me to struggle alone?
 Do you see me at all, or have I wandered too far?
 I told you I was prone to wander,
 You knew it was true.
 Where was your hand in mine?
 Did you forget me too?
 I just can't do it anymore; I'm just not going to make it.
 My Shepherd, you have never failed me, you have never let me drown.
 I cannot save myself. I cannot protect myself, try as I might.
 I must hide in the shadow of your mighty wing.
 You see every tear I cry and hold it in your hand, my Comforter.
 I long for the day when you will wipe away all my tears.
 Keep me firm in your embrace until that day. Hold me fast.
 I beg you not to let me drown.
 Please do not forget me.

Psalm 32

The one whose wrongdoing is forgiven,
 whose sin is covered over, is truly happy!
 The one the Lord doesn't consider guilty—
 in whose spirit there is no dishonesty—
 that one is truly happy!

When I kept quiet, my bones wore out;
 I was groaning all day long—
 every day, every night!—
 because your hand was heavy upon me.
 My energy was sapped as if in a summer drought.
 So I admitted my sin to you;
 I didn't conceal my guilt.
 "I'll confess my sins to the Lord," is what I said.
 Then you removed the guilt of my sin.

That's why all the faithful should pray to you during troubled times,
 so that a great flood of water won't reach them.
 You are my secret hideout!
 You protect me from trouble.
 You surround me with songs of rescue!

I will instruct you and teach you
 about the direction you should go.
 I'll advise you and keep my eye on you.
 Don't be like some senseless horse or mule,
 whose movement must be controlled
 with a bit and a bridle.
 Don't be anything like that!
 The pain of the wicked is severe,
 but faithful love surrounds the one who trusts the Lord.
 You who are righteous, rejoice in the Lord and be glad!
 All you whose hearts are right, sing out in joy!

New Zealand Prayer Book

Almighty and merciful God,
we have sinned against you,
in thought, word and deed.

We have not loved you with all our heart.
We have not loved others as you have loved us.
We are truly sorry.

In your mercy
forgive what we have been,
help us to amend what we are,
and direct what we shall be.

That we may
delight in your will,
and walk in your ways,
through Jesus Christ our Savior.

Exodus 34:6-9

The Lord passed in front of [Moses] and proclaimed:

“The Lord! The Lord!

God who is compassionate and merciful,
very patient,
full of great loyalty and faithfulness,
showing great loyalty to a thousand generations,
forgiving every kind of sin and rebellion,
yet by no means clearing the guilty,
punishing for their parents' sins
their children and their grandchildren,
as well as the third and the fourth generation.”

At once Moses bowed to the ground and worshipped. He said,
“If you approve of me, my Lord, please go along with us.
Although these are stubborn people, forgive our guilt and our
sin and take us as your own possession.”

An Ash Wednesday Prayer

Righteous God,
in humility and repentance
we bring our failures in caring, helping, and loving,
we bring the pain we have caused other,
we bring the injustice in society of which we are a part,
to the transforming power of your grace.
Grant us the courage to accept the healing you offer
and to turn again toward the sunrise of your reign,
that we may walk with you in the promise of peace
you have willed for all the children of the earth,
and have made known to us in Christ Jesus. Amen.

A Prayer for Lent

Steadfast God,
you reach out to us in mercy
even when we rebel against your holy call
and prefer to walk in disobedience
rather than in the way of your divine truth.
soften our hearts with the warmth of your love,
that we may know your Son alive within us,
redeeming us
and raising us up into your eternal presence. Amen.

Forgive Us For the Times

Our Father, you tell us to be in the world:
To love you and our neighbor.
To pursue justice.
To seek the welfare of our city.
To make disciples of all nations.

Forgive us for the times we have despised the world.
When we have coveted our neighbors' possessions.
When we have looked on those in need with contempt.
When we have withdrawn from those around us.

Forgive us for the times we have selfishly used the world.
When we have been ruled by self-ambition.
When we have not been good stewards of the world's resources.
When we have had a posture of taking instead of giving.

Forgive us for the times we have blended into the world.
When we have not lived distinctly Christian lives.
When we have been apathetic to those in need.
When we have sinfully sought the approval of others.
When we have been ashamed of your name.

Forgive us and renew us.

Laws Of The Great Spirit

Give us hearts to understand that to destroy earth's music is to create confusion;
that to wreck her appearance is to blind us to beauty; that to callously pollute her
fragrance is to make a house of stench; that as we care for her she will care for us.

We have forgotten who we are.
We have sought only our own security.
We have exploited simply for our own ends.
We have distorted our knowledge.
We have abused our power.

Great Spirit, whose dry lands thirst, help us to find the way to refresh your lands.

Great Spirit, whose waters are choked with debris and pollution, help us to find the way to cleanse your waters.

Great Spirit, whose beautiful earth grows ugly with misuse, help us to find the way to restore beauty to your handiwork.

Great Spirit, whose creatures are being destroyed, help us to find a way to replenish them.

Great Spirit, whose gifts to us are being lost in selfishness and corruption, help us to
find the way to restore our humanity.

Far Too Often

Father in heaven, we say we want to serve you.

We say we want to help others.

We say we want justice.

But the truth is,

far too often,

we want power and status and money and recognition.

We say we want to know you.

We say we want to enjoy you forever.

But the truth is,

far too often,

we seek knowledge and enjoyment

in a manner that doesn't lead us to you

and leaves us impoverished and exhausted.

Free us from our self-fascination and addiction to autonomy
and the anxious activity they breed.

Cause us to grow into the people you desire us to be.

Teach us and mold us in your inexhaustible love

and make us eager to serve and love others.

God Gave Us Hands

Merciful God, we come to you with dirty hands.

You have given us hands to build,

but we have learned how to tear down.

You have given hands to touch,

but we have learned how to hurt.

You have given us hands to help,

but we have learned how to wound.

You have given us hands to give,

but we have learned how to take.

You have given us hands to invite,

but we have learned how to reject.

You have given us hands to care,

But we have learned how to be indifferent.

You have given us hands to protect,

but we have learned how to kill.

You have given us hands to pray,

but we have learned how to curse.

Cleanse us, O Lord. Have mercy on us.

Psalm 51

Have mercy on me, God, according to your faithful love!
Wipe away my wrongdoings according to your great compassion!

Wash me completely clean of my guilt;
purify me from my sin!

Because I know my wrongdoings,
my sin is always right in front of me.

I've sinned against you—you alone.

I've committed evil in your sight.

That's why you are justified when you render your verdict,
completely correct when you issue your judgment.

Yes, I was born in guilt, in sin,
from the moment my mother conceived me.

And yes, you want truth in the most hidden places;
you teach me wisdom in the most secret space.

Purify me with hyssop and I will be clean;
wash me and I will be whiter than snow.

Let me hear joy and celebration again;
let the bones you crushed rejoice once more.

Hide your face from my sins;
wipe away all my guilty deeds!

Create a clean heart for me, God;
put a new, faithful spirit deep inside me!
Please don't throw me out of your presence;
please don't take your holy spirit away from me.

Return the joy of your salvation to me
and sustain me with a willing spirit.

Then I will teach wrongdoers your ways,
and sinners will come back to you.

Deliver me from violence, God, God of my salvation,
so that my tongue can sing of your righteousness.
Lord, open my lips,
and my mouth will proclaim your praise.
You don't want sacrifices.
If I gave an entirely burned offering,
you wouldn't be pleased.
A broken spirit is my sacrifice, God.
You won't despise a heart, God, that is broken and crushed.
Do good things for Zion by your favor.
Rebuild Jerusalem's walls.
Then you will again want sacrifices of righteousness—
entirely burned offerings and complete offerings.
Then bulls will again be sacrificed on your altar.

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Dates to Remember

More details inside.

February 18th Ash Wednesday

March 9th Art on Our Walls Conversation

March 27th Lowland Hum Concert

March 29th Palm Sunday

March 30th-April 5th Prayer Stations

April 3rd Good Friday/Passover

April 4th Holy Saturday

April 5th Easter Sunday