

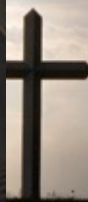
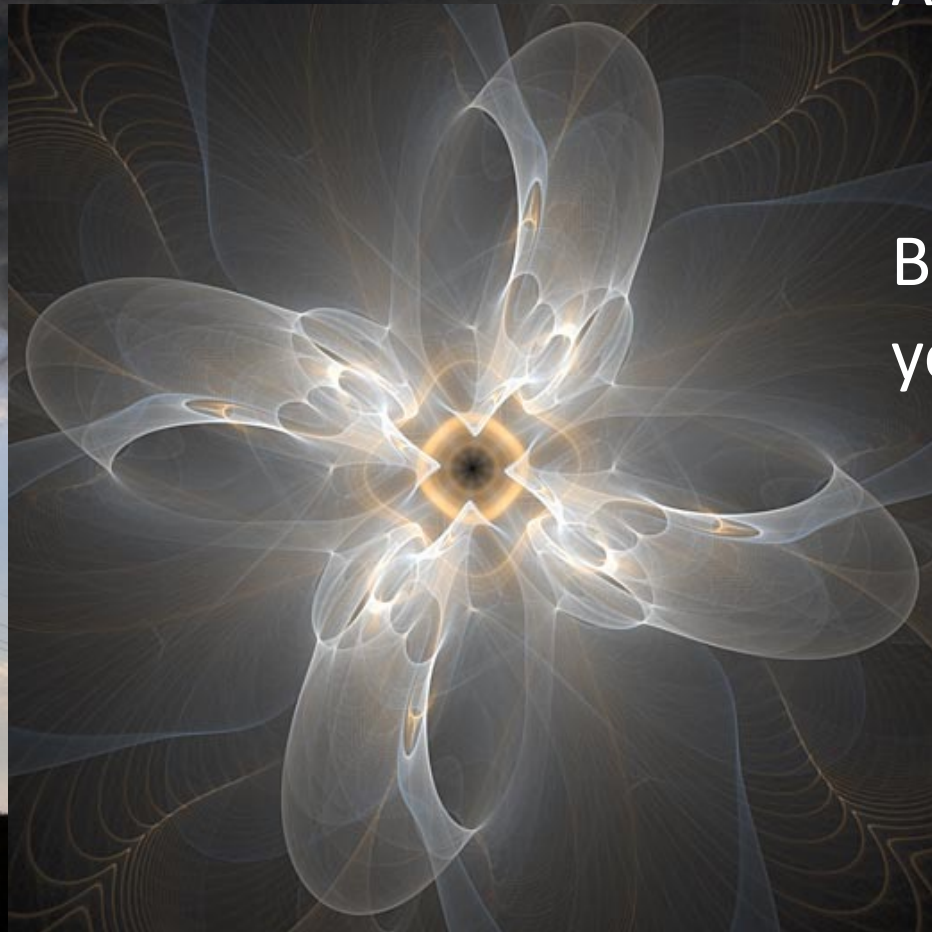


*And I remember laughing so much we cried
You knew my every thought,
there was Nothing I could hide
We celebrated moons, we marvelled at the night sky
With flute and drum and pen,
we were grateful for our lives
I hear you crying in my heart,
absent friends shall live by love
Remember places of my past
Absent friends shall live by love
And the dead shall live again
Absent friends shall live by
Love...love...love...love*

Giovanni Rubaltelli

We adore you, O Christ
And we praise you

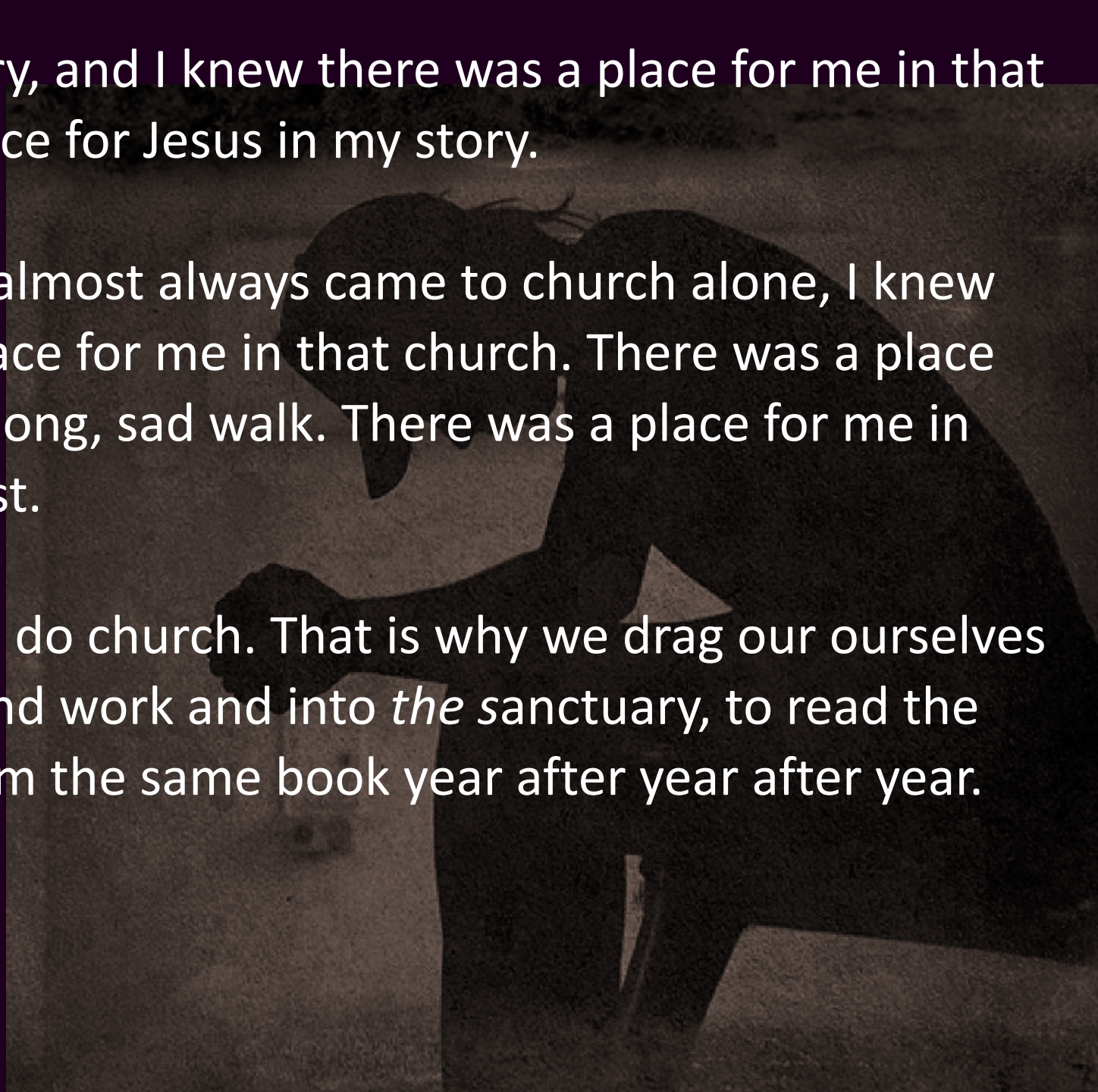
Because by your holy cross
you have redeemed the world.



I knew the story, and I knew there was a place for me in that story and a place for Jesus in my story.

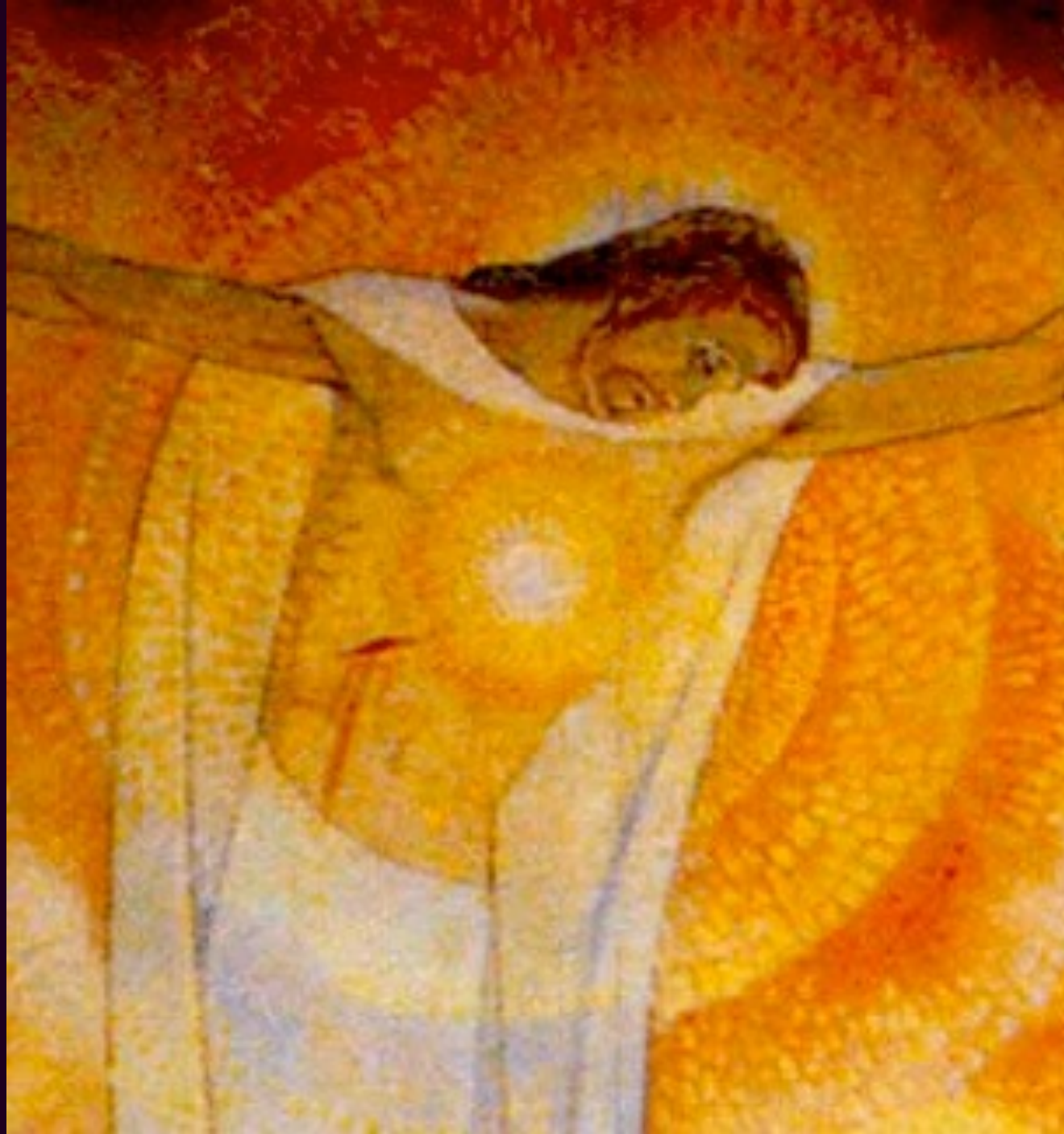
Even though I almost always came to church alone, I knew there was a place for me in that church. There was a place for me in that long, sad walk. There was a place for me in the life of Christ.

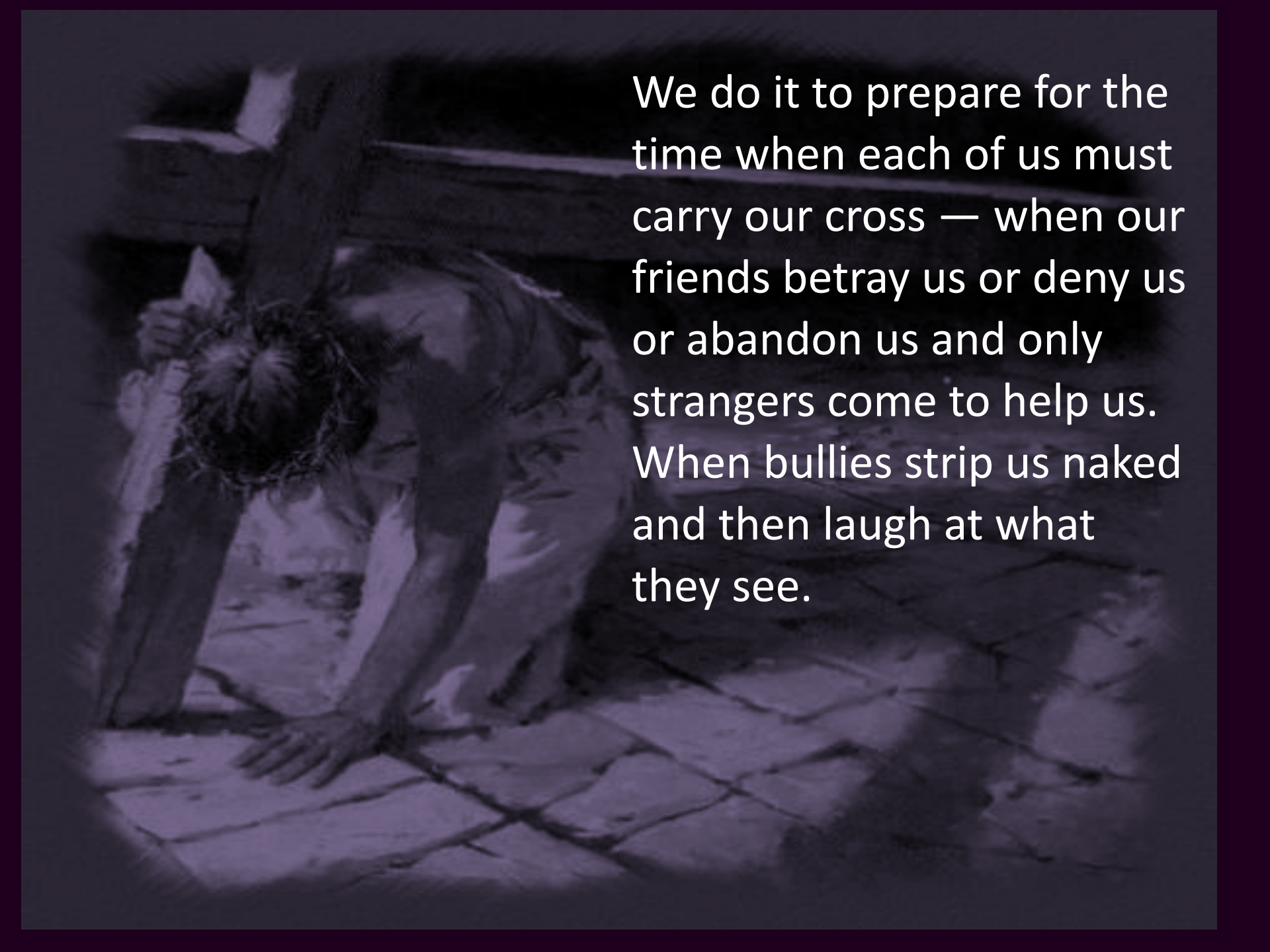
That is why we do church. That is why we drag our ourselves out of home and work and into *the* sanctuary, to read the same story from the same book year after year after year.



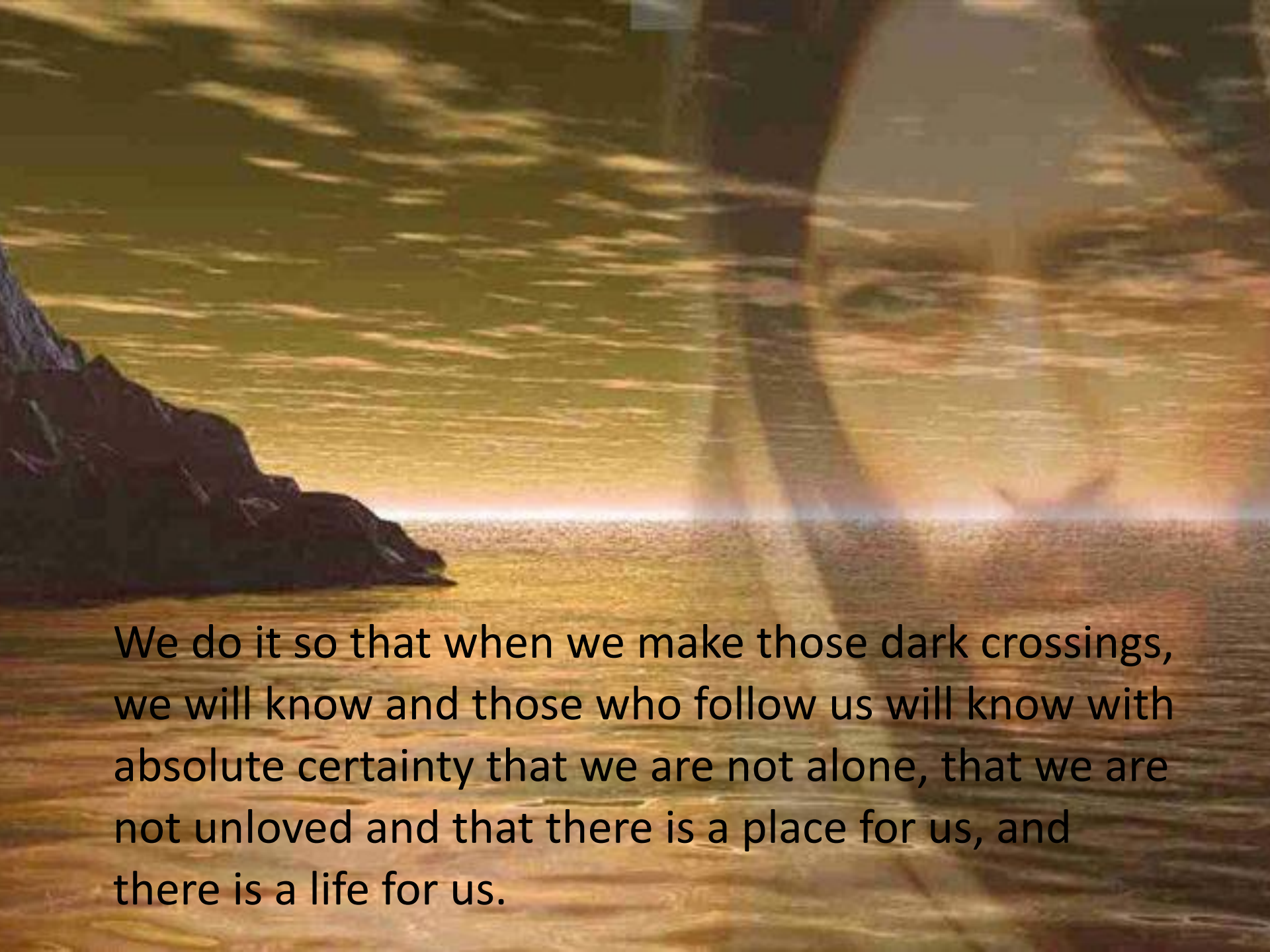
We do it to embed that story in our hearts so
that
can be
in Jes







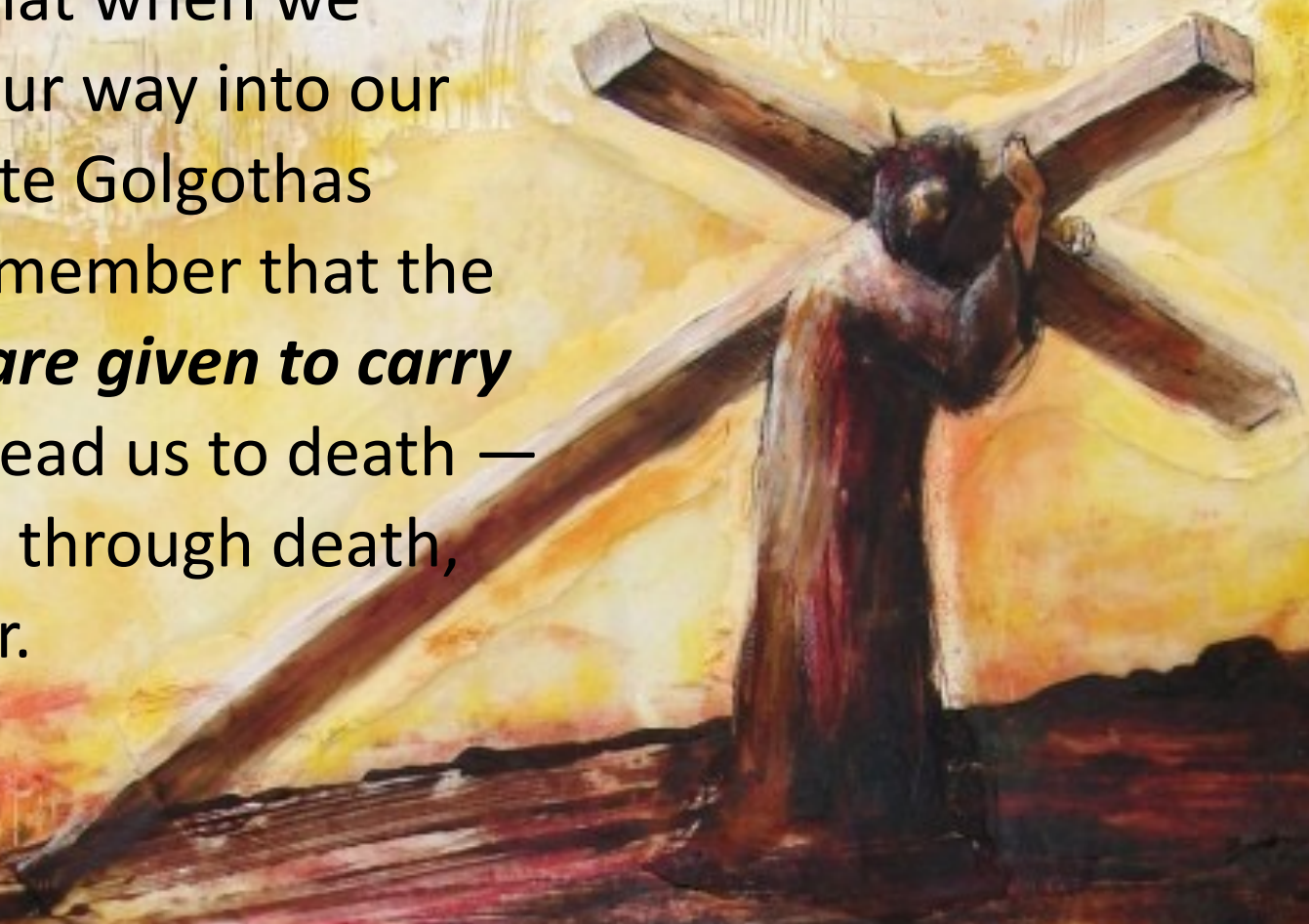
We do it to prepare for the time when each of us must carry our cross — when our friends betray us or deny us or abandon us and only strangers come to help us. When bullies strip us naked and then laugh at what they see.

A dramatic landscape featuring a large, dark tree trunk in the foreground on the right. In the background, a body of water reflects a vibrant rainbow that stretches across the horizon. The sky is filled with soft, golden light, suggesting a sunrise or sunset. The overall mood is serene and hopeful.

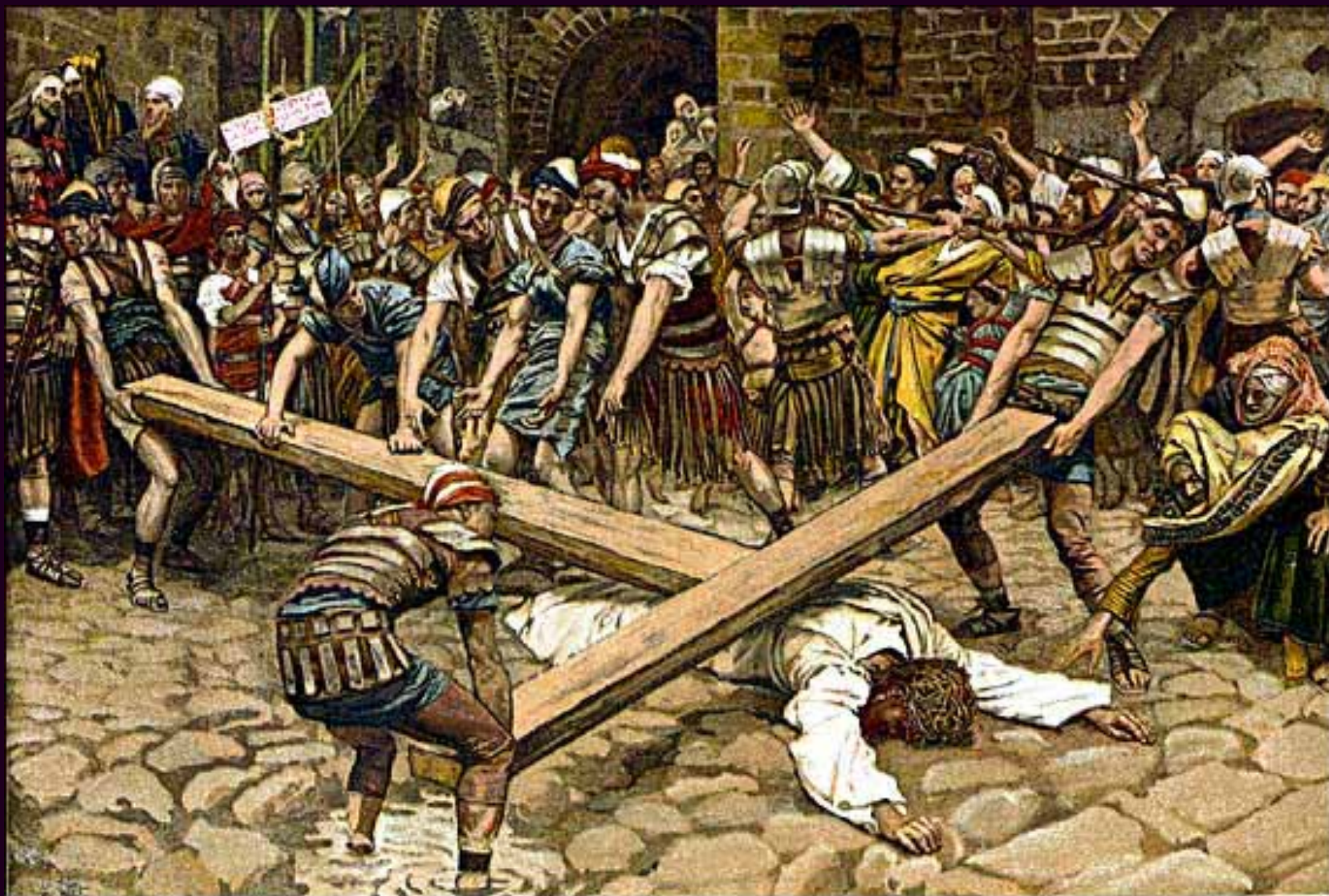
We do it so that when we make those dark crossings,
we will know and those who follow us will know with
absolute certainty that we are not alone, that we are
not unloved and that there is a place for us, and
there is a life for us.

We become what we do.
So we practice doing that
story so that when we
stumble our way into our
own private Golgothas
we will remember that the
cross ***we are given to carry***
does not lead us to death —
it leads us through death,
into Easter.

Jim Foster

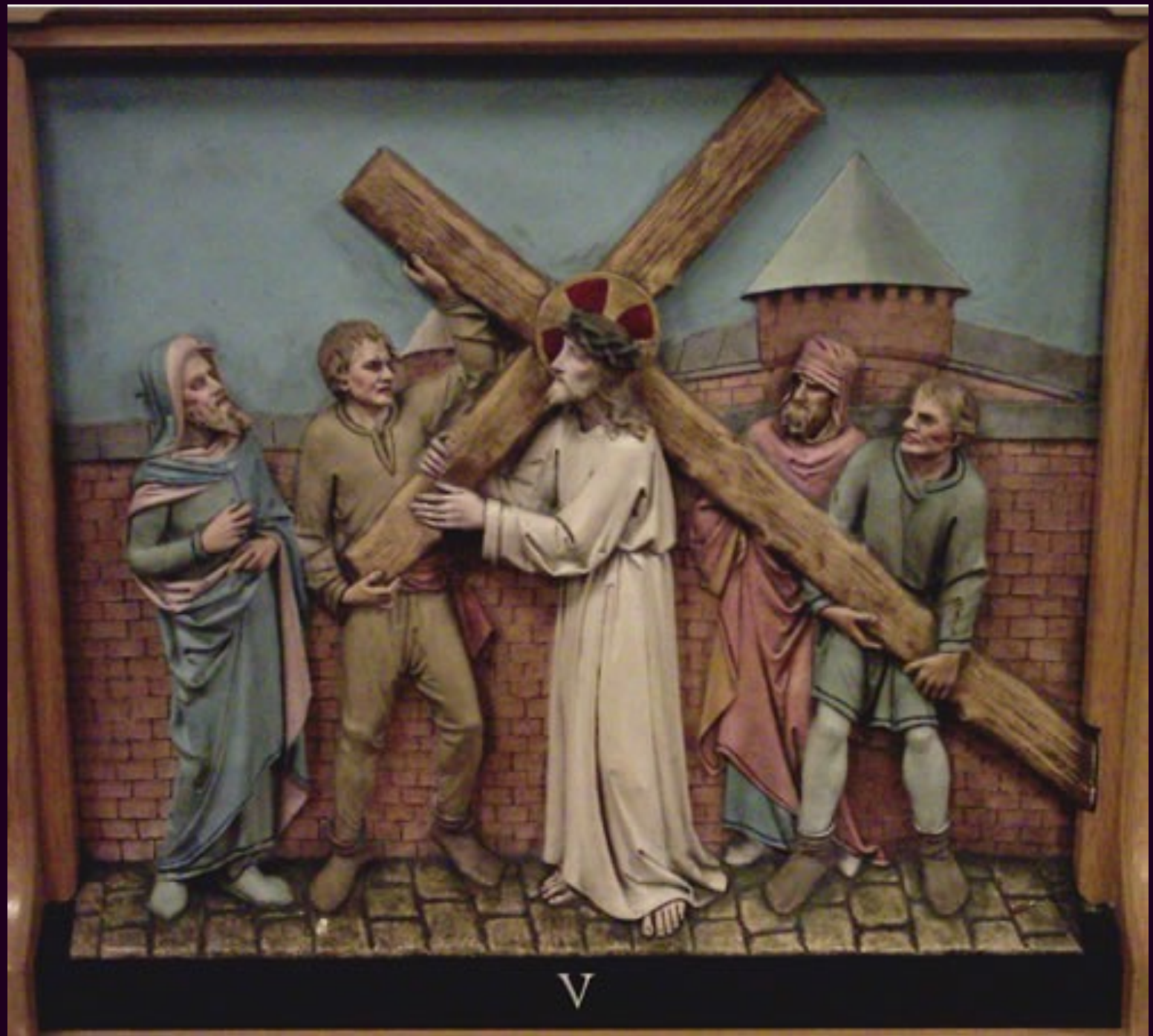


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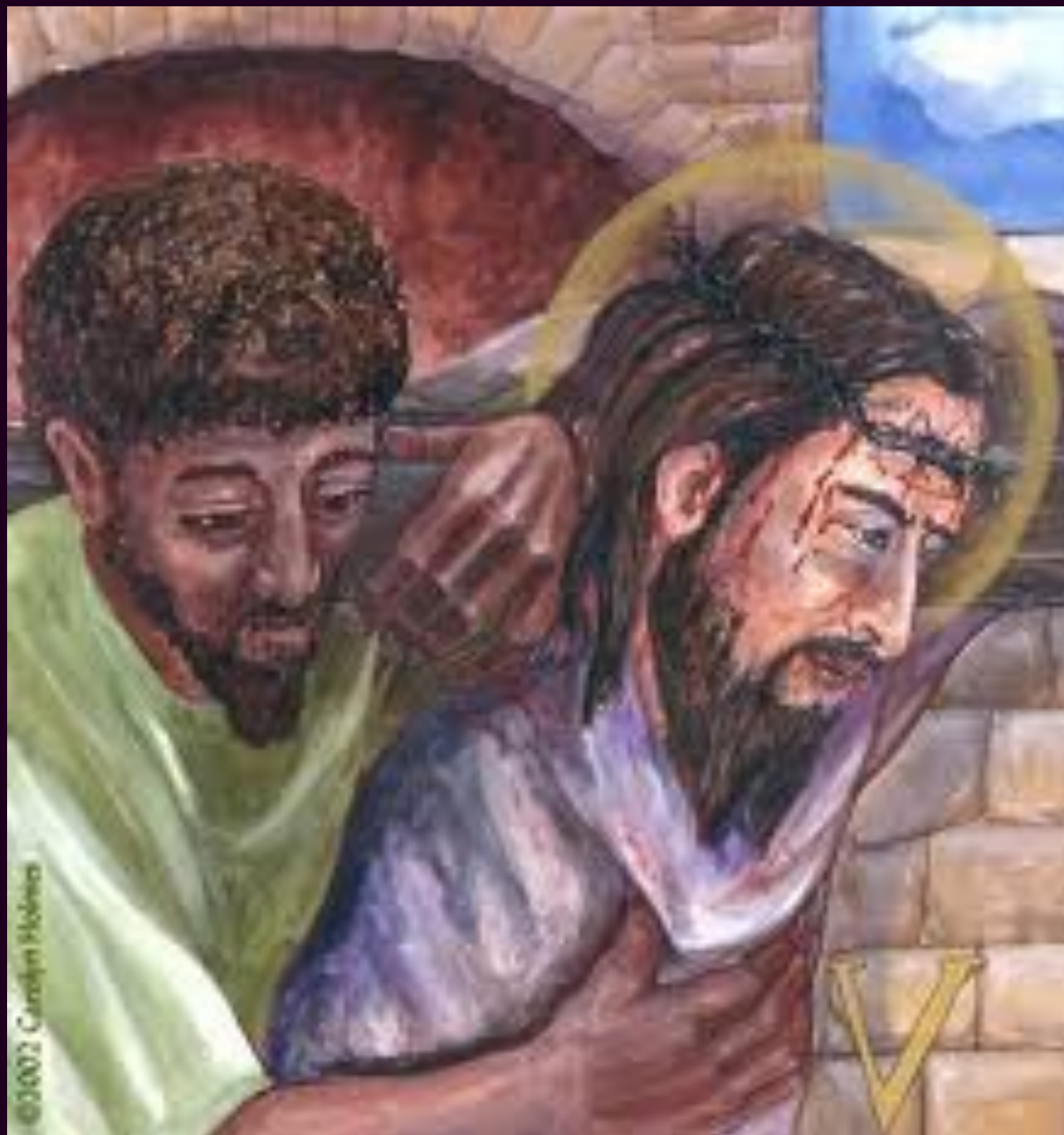


















Simon of Cyrene Helps



We adore you, O Christ
And we praise you

Because by your holy cross
you have redeemed the world.





In the silence of this day
when all is dark within and
still
somewhere in the
shimmering haze
a glimmer...

In the silence of this day
when tears erupt and ever
flow
somewhere deep inside
lies a glimmer...

In the silence of this day
amongst the memories of miracles
dreams and hopes of peace and joy
waits a glimmer



In the silence of this day
we are called to wait and watch
for the only glimmer of hope we know
the hope of love...