

2023 LENTEN DEVOTIONAL
YEAR A

HOLY WEEK



WATER IN THE DESERT



water in the desert



40 days of creative contributions from the
Christ Church Cathedral community and beyond

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THANK YOU

A Letter from the Team

holy week



in your light

BY JACOB TAYLOR

DAY 35
APR 03

CLICK
HERE FOR
SCRIPTURES
OF THE DAY

in your light



we see light

Please Hold: A Litany

BY SUNITI NELSON

DAY 36
APR 04

CLICK
HERE FOR
SCRIPTURES
OF THE DAY

She stood and wept outside the tomb.
They dared to ask,
“Woman, why are you weeping?”

As if you don't know!
Aren't her tears enough for you?
A dead man laid here for three days and now he is gone!
Perhaps her tears were a litany.

Maybe she believed her god had forsaken her.
She held vigil anyway.
Do not ask me why I weep,
but instead

Hold this vigil for me and my own.
Hold this vigil
For the children forsaken by their god,
For those who are no longer innocent
because they have seen too much,
And know that the law
Won't protect them.

And when you hold this vigil
Do not forget.
Do not forget the lives stolen,
Those who are “lucky to be alive,”
- those who lived to tell the tale.
My brother isn't lucky.
He is not another statistic.

Hold this vigil
For those who mourn
And those who survive
For those whose prayers go unanswered,
For those who struggle to keep going,
when told they are less than,
over and over again;

Hold this vigil
Because I won't forget,
but I can't hold this vigil anymore.
Hold this vigil for me and my own.
Please hold them.
Please hold me
And do not forget.

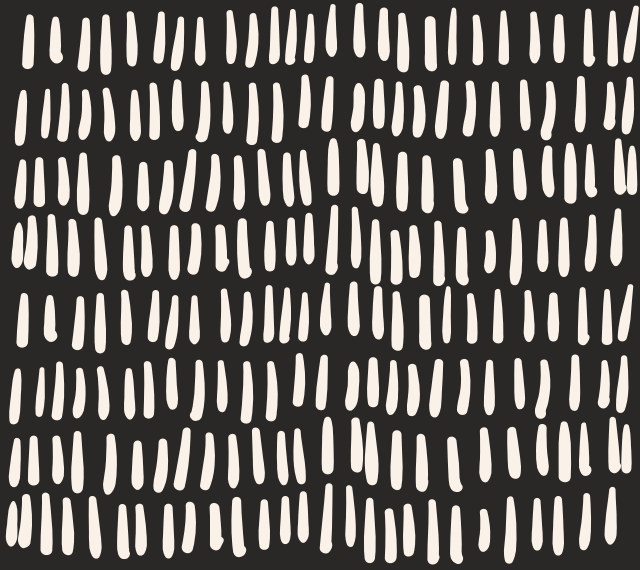


MOVEMENTS

BY JENNIFER MURRAY

DAY 37
APR 05

CLICK
HERE FOR
SCRIPTURES
OF THE DAY



In each of the readings, I noticed a moment when my whole body shifted. Take the gospel reading for example. It starts with Jesus “troubled in spirit” knowing he is about to be betrayed by one of his trusted friends, Judas leaves to do his deed and the story ends with Jesus declaring “Now the Son of Man has been glorified, and God has been glorified in Him.”

The feeling of disappointment, betrayal and deep relational suffering doesn’t often make me want to sing out prayers of glory, but this does feel like the invitation here. A gift of our faith is on display. Instead of bypassing the suffering or handing it authority, Jesus moves through the suffering and calls to mind the larger story he is a part of. In doing so, I think he is offering the world an invitation to do the same.

The shift happening in these readings made me think about the different movements in a classical piece of music. Your body is taken through a journey as it moves throughout the movements, each stirring a different emotive response in you. My reflection of what I read felt only right to be shared in a short piece of music with multiple movements. The first, my reflection on disappointment, betrayal, suffering. The last, my reflection on glory, the truth that all things will be made new. And in the middle, a reflection on this disorienting in-between, where you aren’t quite sure or ready to cross the threshold into trusting. In this middle reflection, I’m slowly searching for the true harmonic with a light touch of the finger. The searching causes a disorienting, whimsy sound, but the dust settles when I find the spot of trusting.

WASH ANOTHER'S FEET

BY JACK JOSE

CLICK
HERE FOR
SCRIPTURES
OF THE DAY

DAY 38
APR 06

*play
music*



LYRICS:

LORD WASH MY FEET. LORD WON'T YOU WASH MY FEET?
LORD WASH MY FEET. LORD WON'T YOU WASH MY FEET?

JESUS SAID, "DO YOU KNOW WHAT I HAVE DONE FOR YOU?
YOU CALL ME 'LORD' AND 'TEACHER' AND THAT IS RIGHT.
JUST AS I HAVE WASHED YOUR FEET,
YOU SHOULD WASH ANOTHER'S FEET."

LORD NOT JUST MY FEET, ALSO MY HANDS AND HEAD.
LORD NOT JUST MY FEET, ALSO MY HANDS AND HEAD.

JESUS SAID, "DO YOU KNOW WHAT I HAVE DONE FOR YOU?
YOU CALL ME 'LORD' AND 'TEACHER' AND THAT IS RIGHT.
JUST AS I HAVE WASHED YOUR FEET,
YOU SHOULD WASH ANOTHER'S FEET."

MAUNDY THURSDAY

THE PATH OF DEATH AND RESURRECTION

CLICK
HERE FOR
SCRIPTURES
OF THE DAY

BY CHRIS LA RUE

I wonder if Love gets tired
Or wishes there was another way.

It necessarily comes through death
Is seen in death
And uses death to bring all things to Itself.

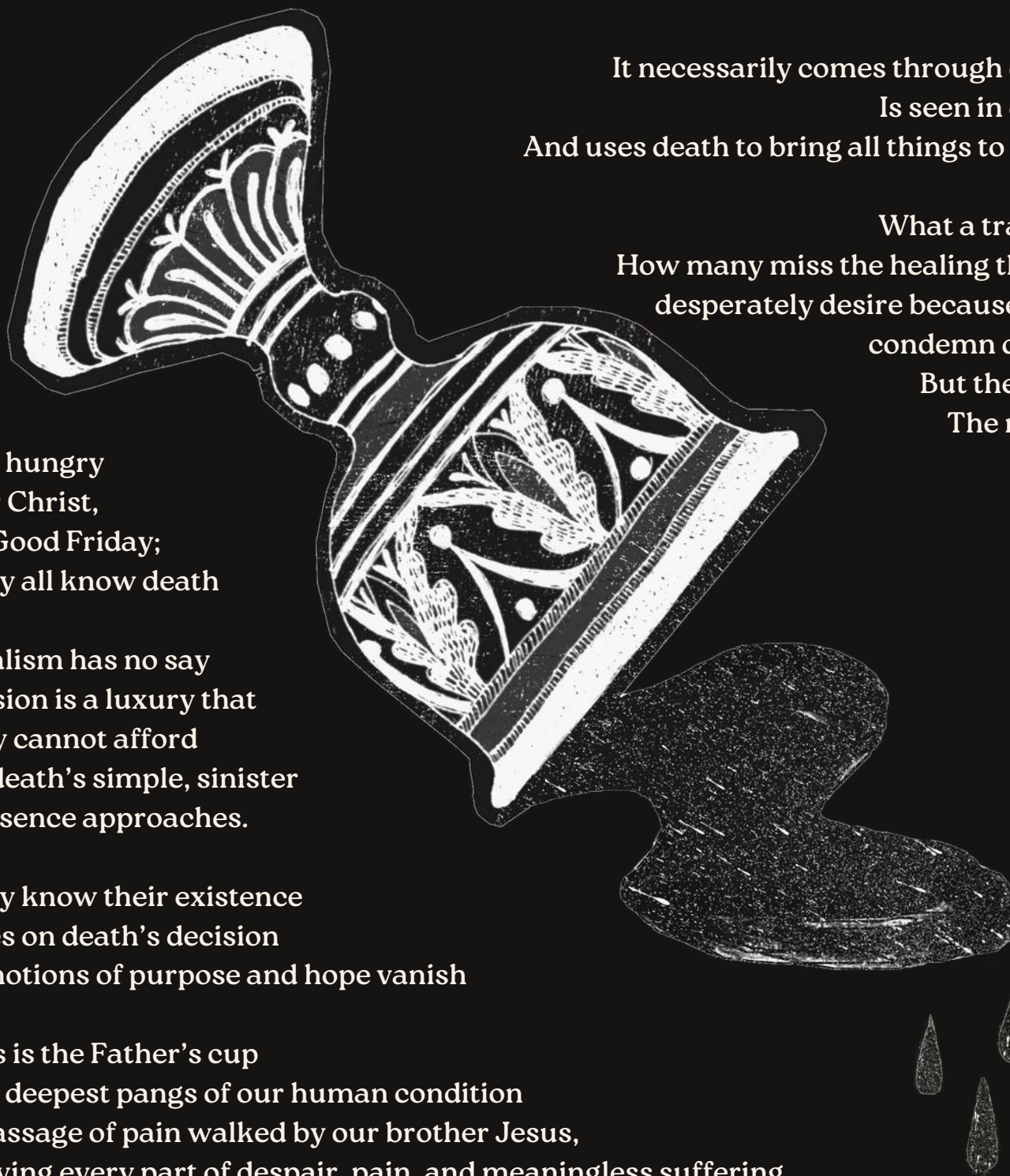
What a tragedy
How many miss the healing they so
desperately desire because they
condemn death.
But the poor
The needy

The hungry
Our Christ,
on Good Friday;
They all know death

Idealism has no say
Illusion is a luxury that
they cannot afford
As death's simple, sinister
presence approaches.

They know their existence
rides on death's decision
As notions of purpose and hope vanish

This is the Father's cup
The deepest pangs of our human condition
A passage of pain walked by our brother Jesus,
Leaving every part of despair, pain, and meaningless suffering
Touched by Love's brave persistence
To stand in solidarity,



This passage of pain now becomes our path to healing.

What a victory- could there be any greater victory?
Than to take an enemy's weapon and turn it against him
As he is still wielding it?

How beautiful. Yes, how hopeful.
So perhaps the tragedy is not within Love's use of death
Perhaps the tragedy is within those who
attempt to fight a battle that has already been won.
Perhaps the tragedy is within the rich, the powerful.
Those who enjoy an illusion of existence
In which death is downplayed,
Ignored,
Condemned.

How tragic,
That one would condemn
that which saves them.
How beautiful a story
That transforms a gun
into a garden spade
A sword into a mirror
A weapon into a walkway
to wedlock with You.



I wrote this poem during a low point in my life. 2020 brought isolation, pain, and depression into my life in a way I hadn't ever experienced.

The passion narrative was one I turned to for solidarity; I'm continually humbled by the way the Christian lineage holds a story of Great Love without bypassing pain, but rather birthing Great Love by passing through the deepest cries of our human condition.

Love coming through death isn't an attractive reality for many of us, and this poem was a way for me to wrestle with the conversation between our deepest pain and deepest healing- a conversation that is humbly and generously held by the passion narrative.

REST & RISE

DAY 40
APR 08

BY JACOB BOEHNE

CLICK
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This painting is a meditation on Holy Saturday. Jesus is resting in the cradle of death. Swallowed up in the mouth of the skull. The skull is also the Eucharist chalice. The water flowing from the sides showing the reality that Christ's work of salvation is for all of creation. Our place at the table is secured and we eat and drink for the healing of soul and body. The Son of God is holding the two skulls - representing humanity - and the newness of life is bursting forth in the form of the rainbow. A symbol of hope and rebirth. The Lord is rising from the skull and we rise with Him and in Him. It is love. God is love.

SNOWDROPS

Do you know what I was, how I lived? You know
what despair is; then
winter should have meaning for you.

I did not expect to survive,
earth suppressing me. I didn't expect
to waken again, to feel
in damp earth my body
able to respond again, remembering
after so long how to open again
in the cold light
of earliest spring-

afraid, yes, but among you again
crying yes risk joy

in the raw wind of the new world.

from *The Wild Iris*

by Louise Glück, American poet and essayist

THANK YOU

Dear contributors, readers, friends, wanderers,

As we journey through Holy Week to the glory of the Easter season, we've now concluded this year's inaugural Lenten devotional project. What began sometime in the fall of 2022 as a wonderful idea amongst our creative and contemplative cathedral community (how's that for alliteration?) became an expansive, dynamic, living thing because of the imagination, joy, deep listening, energy, and courage of all of you, with the inspiration of the Holy Spirit.

It has been a privilege to be entrusted with receiving your works in their raw forms and presenting them back to the community in this funny little format of a digital magazine. While an imperfect medium, this format felt like the best way to preserve the original vision of a tangible booklet while being able to include multi-media works like video, animation, and music. It also gave us the flexibility to issue weekly editions for the duration of Lent instead of needing to have it all put together at the beginning. Whew!

As we say often in the Noon Service, *we are convinced that we all have gifts and wisdom to share*, and we are confident that each of your contributions has touched hearts, deepened understanding, and kindled curiosity and imagination; most certainly ours.

As this was more of an experiment in shared devotion than a community art project, we thank you for your faithfulness this season in listening, praying, meditating on scripture, wrestling with and allowing the tension and self-consciousness that can arise, and most of all being open to the still, small voice that gently turns us from isolation toward Love over and over again. Abiding joy to you this coming Eastertide!

With sincere gratitude,
Brianna Kelly and Megan Suttman



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JACOB TAYLOR

Multidisciplinary Artist

Jacob Taylor is a grateful inhabitant of the Maketewah watershed. A student of the environmental humanities, he enjoys native plants, radical ecology, heavy riffs, and sitting very still.



SUNITI NELSON

Multidisciplinary Artist

Suniti was born and raised in Cincinnati, Ohio. Over the years she's built parade floats with flashing lights, painted floor tiles with sand, and designed clothes out of plants. She's worked in theater costume shops, community centers, libraries, light shows, hospitals, and art museums. In 2022, Suniti received an MA and MBA in art administration. Suniti is passionate about making community art resources as inclusive and accessible as possible.

JENNIFER MURRAY

Designer, Musician, Facilitator

Jennifer Murray (she/her) is a designer, cellist and facilitator. She has a deep love of people, nature and storytelling. You'll often find her with a friend, coffee or cocktail in hand.



JACK JOSE

Songwriter

Jack Jose is a Cincinnati songwriter. He currently works as a 911 Calltaker in Cincinnati and is the co-chair for Christ Church Cathedral's Gun Violence Prevention Working Group. His first two albums, "Ashland, Someplace" and "New Years Baby" are available on streaming services everywhere and on Bandcamp. He is currently in the studio working on album #3.



CHRIS LA RUE

Executive Director of the Hive, Facilitator

Chris La Rue (he/him) is the Executive Director of the Hive: A Center for Contemplation, Art, and Action in the Northside neighborhood of Cincinnati. A graduate student in theology at Xavier University, Chris is passionate about conducting rigorous dialogue with his Christian lineage, seeking to excavate the gifts the tradition may have to offer for the common good.



JACOB BOEHNE

Painter, Multimedia Artist

I'm Jacob, I live in Norwood with my wife, Adalia, and my two awesome kids, Sophie and Elijah. I am an Intervention Specialist and an Art Teacher for a Behavioral Health and Education program in Cincinnati. I am also a tattooer at a shop in Covington, KY. I love making things. I paint a lot of folk art, build stuff out of wood, and create picture books. You can learn more about my art by following my Instagram, @jacobboehne, or visiting my website, jacobboehne.com



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