

Service Knox Church Ōtepoti-Dunedin
7pm Sunday 6 April 2025

Lent 5 – The Discipline of Paying Attention

Led by Rachel Tombs, Alisha Jefferis, Rebecca Dudley

Gathering music

Little Joys of the Finite by Tom Rosenthal

Welcome and introduction - Rachel

Be still for the presence of the Lord

tune: *Be Still* CH4 189

Be still for the presence of the Lord,
The Holy One is here
Come bow before Him now,
With reverence and fear
In Him no sin is found
We stand on holy ground
Be still for the presence of the Lord,
The Holy One is here

Be still for the glory of the Lord,
Is shining all around
He burns with holy fire,
With splendour He is crowned
How awesome is the sight
Our radiant King of light
Be still for the glory of the Lord,
Is shining all around

Be still for the power of the Lord,
Is moving in this place
He comes to cleanse and heal,
To minister His grace
No work too hard for Him
In faith receive from Him
Be still for the power of the Lord
Is moving in this place

No work too hard for Him
In faith receive from Him
Be still for the power of the Lord
Is moving in this place

Readings - Alisha

Isaiah 43:16-21

¹⁶ This is what the Lord says—he who made a way through the sea, a path through the mighty waters,

¹⁷ who drew out the chariots and horses, the army and reinforcements together, and they lay there, never to rise again, extinguished, snuffed out like a wick:

¹⁸ “Forget the former things; do not dwell on the past.

¹⁹ See, I am doing a new thing! Now it springs up; do you not perceive it? I am making a way in the wilderness and streams in the wasteland.

²⁰ The wild animals honour me, the jackals and the owls, because I provide water in the wilderness and streams in the wasteland, to give drink to my people, my chosen,

²¹ the people I formed for myself that they may proclaim my praise.

Extract from '*The Summer Day*' by Mary Oliver

I don't know exactly what a prayer is.

I do know how to pay attention, how to fall down
into the grass, how to kneel down in the grass,
how to be idle and blessed, how to stroll through the fields,
which is what I have been doing all day.

Tell me, what else should I have done?

Doesn't everything die at last, and too soon?

Tell me, what is it you plan to do
with your one wild and precious life?

John 12:1-8

¹Six days before the Passover, Jesus came to Bethany, where Lazarus lived, whom Jesus had raised from the dead. ² Here a dinner was given in Jesus' honour. Martha served, while Lazarus was among those reclining at the table with him. ³ Then Mary took about a pint of pure nard, an expensive perfume; she poured it on Jesus' feet and wiped his feet with her hair. And the house was filled with the fragrance of the perfume.

⁴ But one of his disciples, Judas Iscariot, who was later to betray him, objected, ⁵ "Why wasn't this perfume sold and the money given to the poor? It was worth a year's wages.^[b]" ⁶ He did not say this because he cared about the poor but because he was a thief; as keeper of the money bag, he used to help himself to what was put into it.

⁷ "Leave her alone," Jesus replied. "It was intended that she should save this perfume for the day of my burial. ⁸ You will always have the poor among you,^[c] but you will not always have me."

⁹ Meanwhile a large crowd of Jews found out that Jesus was there and came, not only because of him but also to see Lazarus, whom he had raised from the dead. ¹⁰ So the chief priests made plans to kill Lazarus as well, ¹¹ for on account of him many of the Jews were going over to Jesus and believing in him.

Group reflection – Rebecca

What is explicit in the story of Jesus' being anointed in Bethany?

What lies between the lines, in the silences, unsaid?

What is something you practise to help you pay attention?

Gathering the threads – Rachel

Over my head

When I think of _____, I hear music in the air x3
There must be a God somewhere!

Over my head I hear music in the air x3
There must be a God somewhere!

(Repeat whole song x3)

Sending out – Rachel

Kia tau ki a tātou katoa, te atawhai o tō tātou Ariki, o Ihu Karaiti

me te aroha o te Atua, me te whiwhinga tahitanga ki te Wairua Tapu, ake, ake.

Āmine