

LIVING LENT
THE CROWNING WITH THORNS



**He was oppressed, and He was afflicted,
yet He opened not His mouth: He is brought as a Lamb to the
slaughter, and as a Sheep before its shearers.**

Isaiah 53:7

**Leader: Draw near O Lord, graciously hear us,
guilty of sinning before You.**

**All: O King exalted, Savior of all nations,
see how our grieving lifts our eyes to heaven;
hear us Redeemer, as we beg forgiveness.**

**Then the soldiers of the governor took Jesus into the common hall,
and gathered around Him the whole band of soldiers. And they
stripped Him of His clothes, and put on Him a scarlet robe. And when
they had platted a crown of thorns, they put it upon His head, and a
reed in His right hand: and they bowed the knee before Him, and
mocked Him, saying, Hail, King of the Jews! And they spit on Him,
and took the reed, and struck Him on the head. Matthew 27:27-30**

HYMN: CROWN HIM WITH MANY CROWNS

**Crown Him with many crowns, the Lamb upon His throne.
Hark! How the heavenly anthem drowns all music but its own.
Awake, my soul, and sing of Him who died for thee,
And hail Him as thy matchless King through all eternity.**

**Crown Him the Lord of life, who triumphed over the grave,
And rose victorious in the strife for those He came to save.
His glories now we sing, who died, and rose on high,
Who died eternal life to bring, and lives that death may die.**

**Crown Him the Lord of love, behold His hands and side,
Those wounds, yet visible above, in beauty glorified.
No angel in the sky can fully bear that sight,
But downward bends his burning eye at mysteries so bright.**

**Crown Him the Lord of lords, who over all doth reign,
Who once on earth, the incarnate Word, for ransomed sinners slain,
Now lives in realms of light, where saints with angels sing
Their songs before Him day and night, their God, Redeemer, King.**

OUR PRAYER: PHILIPPIANS 2: 5-11

**Have this attitude in yourselves which was also in Christ Jesus,
though He was in the form of God,
did not count equality with God a thing to be grasped,
but emptied Himself, taking the form of a servant,
being born in our likeness.**

**And being found in human form He humbled Himself and became
obedient unto death, even death on a cross.**

**Therefore God has highly exalted Him,
and bestowed on Him the name which is above every name,
that at the name of Jesus every knee shall bow, in heaven and on
earth and under the earth, and every tongue confess that Jesus Christ
is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.**

REFLECTION

‘Sticks and stones may break my bones, but words may never hurt me.’ Deep down we all know that this saying is false. Being tormented is one of the most painful things we can experience. In situations that are very hostile to the Faith, it can be very difficult to stand out and admit to being a Christian. We remember times that we have tried to hide our faith for fear that we would be made fun of.

Jesus does not hide His face from shame or spitting. All they that saw Him laughed Him to scorn; they curled their lips, and shook their heads. Jesus goes through all this for the atonement of our sins. Yet there are still times that we remain silent and do not stand up for Christ. He does so much for us, but we do so little for Him.

Meditating on the crowning with thorns makes us realize that Christ is King, but a very different kind of king from kings of the world. This meditation is an opportunity to let go of the pride that makes us want to save our faces. We can pray that we might have the courage to share in Jesus’ humiliation, for in this suffering Jesus is truly with us.



OUR RESPONSE

Soul of Christ, make me holy.

Body of Christ, save me.

Blood of Christ, fill me with love.

Water from Christ's side, wash me.

Passion of Christ, strengthen me.

Good Jesus, hear me.

Within Your wounds, hide me.

Never let me be parted from You.

From the evil enemy, protect me.

At the hour of my death, call me

That with your saints I may praise you through all eternity. Amen.

HYMN: O Sacred Head Surrounded

O Sacred Head Surrounded

By Crowns of Piercing Thorns

O bleeding Head so wounded

Reviled and put to scorn

Death's pallid hue comes o'er

Thee The glow of life decays

Yet angel host adore Thee

And tremble as they gaze

I see Thy strength and vigor

All fading in the strife

and death with cruel vigor

Bereaving Thee of life

O agony and dying

O love to sinners free

Jesus all grace supplying

O turn Thy face on me



**Saint John Baptist de La Salle
and all you holy Brothers who have gone before us,
help us to turn away from sin and live the Gospel.**

**Live Jesus in our hearts.
Forever**
