



**“ALL THIS IS INCARNATION”**  
**RE-SOURCE #1 — February 1 — May 27, 2023**

**“It’s Good Friday Every Day . . . .”**  
**“Thank you . . . . Old . . . . and New”**

by Kate Holmstrom, SHCJ & Joachim Forster, SHCJ

**GOOD FRIDAY —** Kate Holmstrom

Christ so silent in Paul

*who’s autistic,*

Christ in the shame of poor Vicky,

*just raped,*

Christ in hot tears

*at this young man’s passing,*

And Christ under morphine

*in that cancer ward.*

Christ in the law court,

*tense, white and worried,*

Christ has been mugged—

*now he’s shaken and sore.*

Christ got evicted, his things

*on the pavement,*

And Christ’s fallen out with the one

*that he loves.*

**‘No, it is for this reason**

**that I have come to this hour.**

**Father, glorify your name.**

**Then a voice came from heaven:**

**‘I have glorified it,**

**and I will glorify it again.’”**

John 12: 27-29

**“Now my soul is troubled.**

**And what should I say—**

**‘Father, save me from this hour?’**



Christ with a stammer

*and Christ with arthritis,*

Christ who’s obese

*and the others all laugh.*

Christ suspected

*and Christ in detention,*

Christ can’t speak English—

*he’s lost and afraid.*

There you are, Christ,

*in all faces of weakness.*

There is your glory,

*your wisdom and power.*

There is the gift

*of your self-revelation...*

That’s what you came for —

*welcome your hour. ♦*

# “Thank you . . . . Old . . . . and New”

Lord, help me live from day to day  
In such a self-forgetful way  
That, even when I kneel and pray  
My prayer shall be for “Others”.

Help me in all the work I do  
Ever to be sincere and true  
And know that all I do for you  
Must needs be done for “Others”.

Let self be crucified and slain  
And buried deep; and all in vain  
Its efforts be to rise again  
Unless to live for “Others”.

And when my work on earth is done  
And my new work in Heaven begun,  
May I forget the crown I’ve won,  
While thinking still of “Others”.

“Others”, Lord, yes, “Others”.  
Let this my motto be.  
Help me to live for others.  
That I may live for Thee.



Prayer of Thanks by Mary Joachim Forster, SHCJ (1896–1987)  
Joachim was in the first group of SHCJ going to west Africa in 1930

Prayer of Thanks by Kate Holmstrom, SHCJ



## I thank you, Lord, for you are good to me.



You woke me gently from a wholesome sleep,  
Provided crunching toast to please my palate.  
A sweet bird sang for me, high in a tree.  
A letter from a friend fell through the door,  
Warming my heart, and binding us once more.  
I didn’t miss the bus. I stroked a friendly dog  
Who wagged his tail and grinned: we liked each other!  
The sun came out a bit. My throat is sore no more.  
Passing an open window, I heard someone  
Practising on the flute. Mozart, I think.  
My neighbour’s funny baby amuses me,  
Investigating toes, and bag, with silent joy.  
His mother’s quiet good humour touches me:  
She talked to me, and listened to my answer.  
Your love shines through her peace and kindly smile.  
Such things are small, perhaps, but they are life –  
Your gifts to us, to me. I thank you, Lord.

**To me, all this is Incarnation.**