



St James's  
Church  
Piccadilly

# Lent Contemplative Space

**A regular space for prayer, readings,  
and silence throughout Lent**

Fridays 7 March – 11 April  
2025

## Lent Contemplative Space 2025

- What?** Each session will be facilitated by a member of the St James's Church community and will include a welcome, guided silence, a scripture reading, a poem, a prayer and time to share reflections.
- Where?** Live streamed on Zoom.
- When?** Fridays in Lent, 6.00 – 7.00 pm
- Who?** Everyone is welcome to attend for all or part of the time each evening.

### Friday 7 March

#### Matthew 4: 1-11

Then Jesus was led up by the Spirit into the wilderness to be tempted by the devil. He fasted for forty days and forty nights, and afterwards he was famished. The tempter came and said to him, 'If you are the Son of God, command these stones to become loaves of bread.' But he answered, 'It is written, "One does not live by bread alone, but by every word that comes from the mouth of God."' '

Then the devil took him to the holy city and placed him on the pinnacle of the temple, saying to him, 'If you are the Son of God, throw yourself down; for it is written, "He will command his angels concerning you", and "On their hands they will bear you up, so that you will not dash your foot against a stone."' Jesus said to him, 'Again it is written, "Do not put the Lord your God to the test."' '

Again, the devil took him to a very high mountain and showed him all the kingdoms of the world and their splendour; and he said to him, 'All these I will give you, if you will fall down and worship me.' Jesus said to him, 'Away with you, Satan! for it is written, "Worship the Lord your God, and serve only him."' '

Then the devil left him, and suddenly angels came and waited on him.

### **For Lent by Madeleine L'Engle**

It is my Lent to break my Lent,  
 To eat when I would fast,  
 To know when slender strength is spent,  
 Take shelter from the blast  
 When I would run with wind and rain,  
 To sleep when I would watch.  
 It is my Lent to smile at pain  
 But not ignore its touch.

It is my Lent to listen well  
 When I would be alone,  
 To talk when I would rather dwell  
 In silence, turn from none  
 Who call on me, to try to see  
 That what is truly meant  
 Is not my choice. If Christ's I'd be  
 It's thus I'll keep my Lent.

### **My Lent Prayer by Madeleine L'Engle**

Dear God,

help us to embrace this Lenten period with an open and trusting heart which tries to embrace the beauty and the suffering in the world and in ourselves without fear and apprehension.

AMEN.

## **Friday 14 March**

### **Luke 5. 1-11**

#### **Jesus Calls His First Disciples**

One day as Jesus was standing by the Lake of Gennesaret, the people were crowding around him and listening to the word of God. He saw at the water's edge two boats, left there by the fishermen, who were washing their nets. He got into one of the boats, the one belonging to Simon, and asked him to put out a little from shore. Then he sat down and taught the people from the boat.

When he had finished speaking, he said to Simon, "Put out into deep water, and let down the nets for a catch."

Simon answered, "Master, we've worked hard all night and haven't caught anything. But because you say so, I will let down the nets."

When they had done so, they caught such a large number of fish that their nets began to break. So they signaled their partners in the other boat to come and help them, and they came and filled both boats so full that they began to sink.

When Simon Peter saw this, he fell at Jesus' knees and said, "Go away from me, Lord; I am a sinful man!" For he and all his companions were astonished at the catch of fish they had taken, and so were James and John, the sons of Zebedee, Simon's partners.

Then Jesus said to Simon, "Don't be afraid; from now on you will fish for people." So they pulled their boats up on shore, left everything and followed him.

### **Out of Nothing by Thomas Keating**

To be nothing  
Is to consent to being a simple creature  
This is the place of encounter with  
"I AM that I AM"

When there is no more "me, myself, or mine,"  
Only "I AM" remains

Then the "I" may fall away  
Leaving just the AM.

God empowers our powerlessness  
So that we never despair  
Of unconditional forgiveness and infinite mercy.

Such is the grace of inner resurrection,  
And the reward of seeking no reward.

### **Prayer**

Dear God,  
like Thomas Keating help us never to despair of your unconditional forgiveness and infinite mercy.  
AMEN.

## **Friday 21 March**

### **Hebrews 10: 24 – 25**

And let us consider how we may spur one another on toward love and good deeds, not giving up

meeting together, as some are in the habit of doing, but encouraging one another—and all the more as you see the Day approaching.

### dear matafele peinam

A poem to my daughter by **Kathy Jetnil-Kijiner** at the United Nations Climate Summit 2014.

dear matafele peinam  
 you are a seven month old sunrise of gummy smiles  
 you are bald as an egg and bald as the buddha  
 your thighs that are thunder and shrieks that are lightning  
 so excited for bananas, hugs and  
 our morning walks past the lagoon

dear matafele peinam,  
 i want to tell you about that lagoon  
 that lucid, sleepy lagoon lounging against the sunrise  
 men say that one day  
 that lagoon will devour you  
 they say it will gnaw at the shoreline  
 chew at the roots of your breadfruit trees  
 gulp down rows of your seawalls  
 and crunch your island's shattered bones  
 they say you, your daughter  
 and your granddaughter, too  
 will wander rootless  
 with only a passport to call home

dear matafele peinam,  
 don't cry  
 mommy promises you  
 no one  
 will come and devour you  
 no greedy whale of a company sharking through political seas  
 no backwater bullying of businesses with broken morals  
 no blindfolded bureaucracies gonna push  
 this mother ocean over  
 the edge  
 no one's drowning, baby  
 no one's moving  
 no one's losing  
 their homeland  
 no one's gonna become  
 a climate change refugee  
 or should i say  
 no one else  
 to the carteret islanders of papua new guinea  
 and to the taro islanders of the solomon islands  
 i take this moment

to apologize to you  
 we are drawing the line here  
 because baby we are going to fight  
 your mommy daddy  
 bubu jimma your country and president too  
 we will all fight  
 and even though there are those  
 hidden behind platinum titles

who like to pretend that we don't exist  
 that the marshall islands  
 tuvalu  
 kiribati  
 maldives  
 and typhoon haiyan in the philippines  
 and floods of pakistan, algeria, colombia  
 and all the hurricanes, earthquakes, and tidalwaves  
 didn't exist  
 still  
 there are those  
 who see us  
 hands reaching out  
 fists raising up  
 banners unfurling  
 megaphones booming  
 and we are  
 canoes blocking coal ships  
 we are  
 the radiance of solar villages  
 we are  
 the rich clean soil of the farmer's past  
 we are  
 petitions blooming from teenage fingertips  
 we are  
 families biking, recycling, reusing  
 engineers dreaming, designing, building  
 artists painting, dancing, writing  
 and we are spreading the word  
 and there are thousands out on the street  
 marching with signs  
 hand in hand  
 chanting for change NOW  
 and they're marching for you, baby  
 they're marching for us  
 because we deserve to do more than just  
 survive  
 we deserve  
 to thrive

dear matafele peinam,

your eyes are heavy  
 with drowsy weight  
 so just close those eyes, baby  
 and sleep in peace  
 because we won't let you down  
 you'll see

### **Prayer**

Dear God

Let us remember those who are so directly affected by the consequences of climate change. Help us to resolve to do everything we can to demonstrate our solidarity and commitment to the struggle for climate justice with our brothers and sisters throughout the world.  
 AMEN.

## **Friday 28 March**

### **Timothy 4: 11-13**

Command and teach these things. Don't let anyone look down on you because you are young, but set an example for the believers in speech, in conduct, in love, in faith and in purity. Until I come, devote yourself to the public reading of Scripture, to preaching and to teaching.

### **Patti Smith poem to Greta Thunberg on her 17th birthday**

This is Greta Thunberg, turning  
 seventeen today, asking  
 for no accolades, no gifts  
 Save we not be neutral.  
 The Earth knows its kind

just as all deities, just as  
 animals, and the healing  
 spring. Happy Birthday  
 to Greta who stood today  
 as every other Friday refusing  
 to be neutral.

### **Prayer.**

Dear God

Let us be grateful for the example set by Greta Thunberg, for her passion, vision and commitment to this most vital cause 'To save our Planet and to speak truth to power'.  
 AMEN.



## Friday 4 April

### Corinthians 12. 25-27

So that there should be no division in the body, but that its parts should have equal concern for each other. If one part suffers, every part suffers with it; if one part is honoured, every part rejoices with it. Now you are the body of Christ, and each one of you is a part of it.

### Manifesto: The Mad Farmer Liberation Front by Wendell Berry

Love the quick profit, the annual raise,  
vacation with pay. Want more  
of everything ready-made. Be afraid  
to know your neighbours and to die.  
And you will have a window in your head.  
Not even your future will be a mystery  
any more. Your mind will be punched in a  
card

and shut away in a little drawer.  
When they want you to buy something  
they will call you. When they want you  
to die for profit they will let you know.

So, friends, every day do something  
that won't compute. Love the Lord.  
Love the world. Work for nothing.  
Take all that you have and be poor.  
Love someone who does not deserve it.  
Denounce the government and embrace  
the flag. Hope to live in that free  
republic for which it stands.  
Give your approval to all you cannot  
understand. Praise ignorance, for what man  
has not encountered he has not destroyed.

Ask the questions that have no answers.  
Invest in the millennium. Plant sequoias.  
Say that your main crop is the forest  
that you did not plant,  
that you will not live to harvest.  
Say that the leaves are harvested  
when they have rotted into the mold.  
Call that profit. Prophecy such returns.

Put your faith in the two inches of humus  
that will build under the trees  
every thousand years.  
Listen to carrion – put your ear  
close, and hear the faint chattering  
of the songs that are to come.  
Expect the end of the world. Laugh.  
Laughter is immeasurable. Be joyful  
though you have considered all the facts.  
So long as women do not go cheap  
for power, please women more than men.  
Ask yourself: Will this satisfy  
a woman satisfied to bear a child?  
Will this disturb the sleep  
of a woman near to giving birth?

Go with your love to the fields.  
Lie down in the shade. Rest your head  
in her lap. Swear allegiance  
to what is nighest your thoughts.  
As soon as the generals and the politicians  
can predict the motions of your mind,  
lose it. Leave it as a sign  
to mark the false trail, the way  
you didn't go. Be like the fox  
who makes more tracks than necessary,  
some in the wrong direction.  
Practice resurrection.



## Prayer

Jesus Christ

Help us to follow your example and expand our horizons of possibility. To create God's kingdom on earth where love and justice are the prime motivation for all of us involved in this momentous struggle.

AMEN.

## Friday 11 April

### Romans 15: 13

May the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace as you trust in him, so that you may overflow with hope by the power of the Holy Spirit.

### Whistling Swans by Mary Oliver

Do you bow your head when you pray or do you look up into that blue space?

Take your choice, prayers fly from all directions.

And don't worry about what language you use, God no doubt understands them all.

Even when the swans are flying north and making such a ruckus of noise, God is surely listening and understanding.

Rumi said, There is no proof of the soul.

But isn't the return of spring and how it springs up in our hearts a pretty good hint?

Yes, I know, God's silence never breaks, but is that really a problem?

There are thousands of voices, after all.

And furthermore, don't you imagine (I just suggest it) that the swans know about as much as we do about the whole business?

So listen to them and watch them, singing as they fly.

Take from it what you can.

## Prayer

Dear Mother God

May we embody the sense of beauty, joy and mystery, captured in this Mary Oliver poem echoing the Medieval mystic Meister Eckhart when he says that '**All Creatures are Words of God**'.

AMEN.

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