

# HOLY WEEK 2025

# STATIONS OF THE CROSS



Reflections for every day of Holy Week  
from Palm Sunday to Easter Sunday

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## **Introduction**

The Stations of the Cross are a practice of spiritual devotions used commonly during Lent. They offer a way of taking a spiritual pilgrimage along the road Jesus took on the day of his crucifixion. Traditionally, there are a set of fourteen images that take you from Jesus's arrest to when he is taken down from the cross and laid in the tomb. Each image depicts a point along the road to Calvary. The idea is that you travel from one image to the next, reflecting on the scene, prayerfully.

Our set of images are a little different. For starters, there are not fourteen; only eight! They start when Jesus entered Jerusalem and finishing with the empty grave! Also, they are not depictions in the truest sense. They are interpretations of what is in scripture. However, through them, in combination with prayers and hymns, we hope they encourage you to take that spiritual pilgrimage and journey with Jesus. For it is in that journey our faith is revealed and our brokenness healed.

**Palm Sunday**  
Sunday 13<sup>th</sup> April 2025

# TRIUMPHANT



*Hosanna to the Son of David!  
Hosanna to the King of kings!  
Glory in the highest heaven  
for Jesus the Messiah reigns.*

## **Luke 19:28b-38 (The Message)**

Jesus headed straight up to Jerusalem. When he got near Bethphage and Bethany at the mountain called Olives, he sent off two of the disciples with instructions: “Go to the village across from you. As soon as you enter, you’ll find a colt tethered, one that has never been ridden. Untie it and bring it. If anyone says anything, asks, ‘What are you doing?’ say, ‘His Master needs him.’”

The two left and found it just as he said. As they were untying the colt, its owners said, “What are you doing untying the colt?”

They said, “His Master needs him.”

They brought the colt to Jesus. Then, throwing their coats on its back, they helped Jesus get on. As he rode, the people gave him a grand welcome, throwing their coats on the street.

Right at the crest, where Mount Olives begins its descent, the whole crowd of disciples burst into enthusiastic praise over all the mighty works they had witnessed:

Blessed is he who comes,  
the king in God's name!  
All's well in heaven!  
Glory in the high places!

*You are the King of glory,  
you are the Prince of Peace,  
you are the Lord of heaven and earth,  
you're the Son of righteousness.  
Angels bow down before you,  
worship and adore,  
for you have the words of eternal life,  
you are Jesus Christ the Lord.*

*Hosanna to the Son of David!  
Hosanna to the King of kings!  
Glory in the highest heaven  
for Jesus the Messiah reigns!*

## **Prayer**

With triumphant shouts of “hosanna”,  
you were welcomed as a King.

We look on in wonder, O King of all,  
seeing palm branches waving  
and cloaks being laid out like a red carpet.  
We find ourselves drawn in—  
the urge to shout, “hosanna”, irresistible—  
for there is so much for which you should be praised;  
so much for which you should be honoured and glorified.

What, though, is the triumphant that we are witnessing?  
What are the mighty works being declared?

Feeding the hungry. Healing the sick.  
Welcoming the outcast. Befriending the lost.

Calming a storm. Filling empty nets.  
Sharing wisdom through stories. Speaking only truth.

Not the powerful acts of an earthly king.  
Not the forceful actions of an earthly sovereign  
who would want to elevate a nation.

They are the deeds of one who would save the world:  
who came in humility, to serve and not to be served.

As we watch you ride by—  
not on a war horse,  
but a young donkey easily startled  
yet surefooted with you—  
our hearts, our voices do rise in praise:  
for you are the King of Glory  
and through you, we are saved!

*It is a thing most wonderful,  
almost too wonderful to be,  
that God's own Son should come from heaven,  
and die to save a child like me.*

*And yet I know that it is true:  
He chose a poor and humble lot,  
and wept and toiled and mourned and died  
for love of those who loved him not.*

## **Luke 19:39 (The Message)**

Some Pharisees from the crowd told Jesus, “Teacher, get your disciples under control!”

### **Prayer**

Not all hands were waving,  
not all voices were shouting “hosanna”:  
there were those who looked on in disgust,  
those who feared the jubilation that suggested triumphant.

Saviour Lord, knowing where this road will lead—  
yes to a place of triumphant, but also to a place of pain—  
we too might wish to still the crowds.

Yet you deserved that royal welcome,  
for soon enough the cheers of the crowd would change.

As we turn now to face what is to come,  
and walk the road with you,  
we pray that we do not fall silent,  
or waver in our praise,  
that “hosanna” remains on our lips  
even when tears roll down  
and we are overcome by your selfless love.

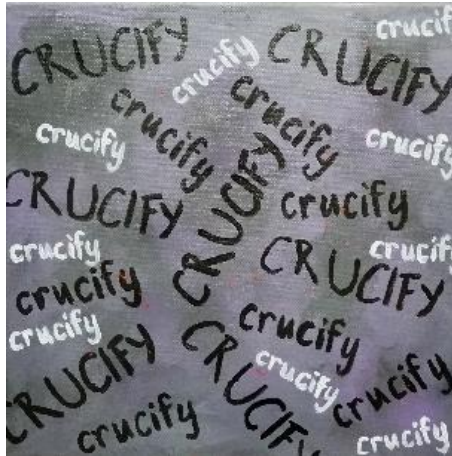
*Ride on! ride on in majesty!  
Hark! All the tribes ‘Hosanna!’ cry;  
O Saviour meek, pursue thy road  
with palms and scattered garments strowed.*

*Ride on! Ride on in majesty!  
In lowly pomp ride on to die;  
O Christ, thy triumphs now begin  
o’er captive death and conquered sin.*

**Holy Monday**  
Monday 14<sup>th</sup> April 2025

# CONDEMNED

**Station 1: Jesus is condemned to death**



*Jesus walked this lonesome valley.  
He had to walk it by himself;  
O, nobody else could walk it for him,  
he had to walk it by himself.*

**Luke 22:66-23:10 (NRSV)**

When day came, the assembly of the elders of the people, both chief priests and scribes, gathered together, and they brought him to their council. They said, 'If you are the Messiah, tell us.' He replied, 'If I tell you, you will not believe; and if I question you, you will not answer. But from now on the Son of Man will be seated at the right hand of the power of God.' All of them asked, 'Are you, then, the Son of God?' He said to them, 'You say that I am.' Then they said, 'What further testimony do we need? We have heard it ourselves from his own lips!'

Then the assembly rose as a body and brought Jesus before Pilate. They began to accuse him, saying, 'We found this man

pervverting our nation, forbidding us to pay taxes to the emperor, and saying that he himself is the Messiah, a king.’ Then Pilate asked him, ‘Are you the king of the Jews?’ He answered, ‘You say so.’ Then Pilate said to the chief priests and the crowds, ‘I find no basis for an accusation against this man.’ But they were insistent and said, ‘He stirs up the people by teaching throughout all Judea, from Galilee where he began even to this place.’

When Pilate heard this, he asked whether the man was a Galilean. And when he learned that he was under Herod’s jurisdiction, he sent him off to Herod, who was himself in Jerusalem at that time. When Herod saw Jesus, he was very glad, for he had been wanting to see him for a long time, because he had heard about him and was hoping to see him perform some sign. He questioned him at some length, but Jesus gave him no answer. The chief priests and the scribes stood by, vehemently accusing him.

### **Prayer**

Jesus,  
You stood in silence before your accusers,  
your heart steady, your spirit unwavering,  
bearing truth with dignity and grace.

As you faced injustice,  
not with anger but with quiet strength,  
teach us to walk the same path  
when our own trials come.

Give us the courage to speak truth  
even when it costs us comfort,  
the integrity to remain faithful  
when the world calls us to compromise.

Let us not shrink from the weight of the moment,  
but meet it with your resolve.  
Not seeking vengeance, but standing firm in love.  
Not chasing approval, but holding to what is right.



Help us to remember that you, too,  
were misunderstood, falsely accused, and betrayed—  
and yet you did not waver.

So when fear rises in us,  
when we feel alone, or judged, or pressed,  
remind us of your calm in the storm,  
your peace in the chaos,  
your truth that stands forever.

Strengthen our hearts, Lord.  
May we reflect your light in dark places,  
and trust that, like you,  
we do not stand alone.

*We must walk this lonesome valley,  
we have to walk it by ourselves;  
O, nobody else can walk it for us,  
we have to walk it by ourselves.*

*You must go and stand your trial,  
you have to stand it by yourself,  
O, nobody else can stand it for you,  
you have to stand it by yourself.*

**Holy Tuesday**  
Tuesday 15<sup>th</sup> April 2025

# MOCKED

**Station 2: Jesus is scourged and crowned with thorns**



*Ride on, ride on, your critics wait,  
intrigue and rumour circulate;  
new lies abound in word and jest,  
and truth becomes a suspect guest.*

*Ride on, ride on, while well aware  
that those who shout and wave and star  
are mortals who, with common breath,  
can crave for life and lust for death.*

*Ride on, ride on, though blind with tears,  
though dumb to speak and deaf to jeers.  
Your path is clear, though few can tell  
their garments pave the road to hell.*

### **Luke 22:63-65 (NRSV)**

Now the men who were holding Jesus began to mock him and beat him; they also blindfolded him and kept asking him, 'Prophecy! Who is it that struck you?' They kept heaping many other insults on him.

*To mock your reign, O dearest Lord,  
they made a crown of thorns;  
set you with taunts along that road  
from which no one returns.  
They could not know, as we do now,  
how glorious is that crown:  
that thorns would flower upon your brow,  
your sorrows heal our own.*

### **Luke 23:11 (NRSV)**

Herod with his soldiers treated him with contempt and mocked him; then he put an elegant robe on him, and sent him back to Pilate.

*In mock acclaim, O gracious Lord,  
they snatched a purple cloak,  
your passion turned, for all they cared,  
into a soldier's joke.  
They could not know, as we do now,  
that, though we merit blame,  
you will your robe of mercy throw  
around our naked shame.*

### **Prayer**

Not a kind word in sight:  
mocks, jeers, snipes  
to make a point, to state a case,  
to stake a claim in what was proclaimed.

We stand and listen with you, Saviour God,  
and feel the bristle of indignity.

How did you take the slander?  
How did you not react?

We would have shouted about injustice.  
Claimed our innocence  
and cried to be heard.

Yet, you stood in silence.  
You let them push and pull you around;  
dressing you in a crimson robe,  
crowning you with thorns,  
making fun of what they did not understand.

This, though, was the coronation of your destiny.  
It was never meant to be one of grandeur,  
or of great pomp and ceremony.  
You arrived on a donkey,  
no fine carriage or chariot.  
Your sovereignty was always to be  
what the world least expected.

So, although we want shout in your defence,  
condemning the actions of others;  
we instead bow in reverence  
acknowledging you as our King.  
For this is the appointed hour,  
when kingdoms built on lies and hate  
crumble and fall,  
and your kingdom of love rises up.

*A sceptred reed, O patient Lord,  
they thrust into your hand,  
and acted out their grim charade  
to its appointed end.  
They could not know, as we do now,  
though empires rise and fall,  
your kingdom shall not cease to grow  
till love embraces all.*

**Holy Wednesday**  
Wednesday 16<sup>th</sup> April 2025

# CARRIED

**Station 3: Simon of Cyrene helps Jesus carry the Cross**



*Upon the road to Calvary,  
With wounds and sorrow deep,  
The Saviour bore a heavy cross,  
The path was rough and steep.*

**Luke 23:26 (NRSV)**

As they led him away, they seized a man, Simon of Cyrene, who was coming from the country, and they laid the cross on him, and made him carry it behind Jesus.

**Prayer**

Lord Jesus,  
In Your moment of deep suffering, when the weight of the cross pressed upon You,  
You received help from the hands of a stranger—Simon of Cyrene.  
Though the road was heavy and the burden immense,  
You did not refuse the help given to You.

You showed us that even the Son of God accepted support in His darkest hour.

Today, Lord, I stand in need of help.  
The burdens I carry—seen and unseen—are weighing me down.  
Give me the humility to accept support,  
To recognise the Simons You send into my path.  
And if I cannot yet see them,  
Help me to trust that You are sending them.

Lord, surround me with those who will lift me when I fall,  
Who will walk beside me when the road feels too long,  
Who will carry the cross with me when I cannot carry it alone.  
And when I am able, make me a Simon for someone else—  
Willing to pause, to bear another's burden,  
And to walk with them, even for just a part of their journey.

Thank You, Jesus, for showing us the beauty of shared burdens  
And the strength that comes through love.

*A stranger called out of the crowd,  
Pressed close by Roman hand,  
He took the wood from Jesus' back,  
And tried to understand.*

*He walked beside the Lamb of God,  
Unworthy, yet so near,  
To share in pain, to walk in love,  
To hold the cross in fear.*

*O may we, too, like Simon did,  
Draw near the suffering One,  
And lift the weight with humble hearts,  
Until His work is done.*

**Maundy Thursday**  
Thursday 17<sup>th</sup> April 2025

# **WEPT**

**Station 4: Jesus meets the women of Jerusalem**



*Great God, your love has called us here,  
as we, by love, for love were made.  
Your living likeness still we bear,  
though marred, dishonoured, disobeyed.  
We come, with all our heart and mind  
your call to hear, your love to find.*

*We come with self-inflicted pains  
of broken trust and chosen wrong,  
half-free, half-bound by inner chains,  
by social forces swept along,  
by power and systems close confined,  
yet seeking hope for humankind.*

## **Luke 23:27-31 (The Message)**

A huge crowd of people followed, along with women weeping and carrying on. At one point Jesus turned to the women and said, “Daughters of Jerusalem, don’t cry for me. Cry for yourselves and for your children. The time is coming when they’ll say, ‘Lucky the women who never conceived! Lucky the wombs that never gave birth! Lucky the breasts that never gave milk!’ Then they’ll start calling to the mountains, ‘Fall down on us!’ calling to the hills, ‘Cover us up!’ If people do these things to a live, green tree, can you imagine what they’ll do with deadwood?”

*Come and weep, come and mourn  
for your sin has pierced him there;  
so much deeper than the wounds of thorn and nail.  
All our pride, all our greed,  
all our fallenness and shame;  
and the Lord has laid the punishment on him.*

## **Prayer**

The scene brings tears to the eyes of the crowd—  
whether guilty or innocent,  
the anguish and pain of another human life  
paraded without remorse  
catches in one’s throat.

Yet, Lord, you told the crowd  
not to cry for you.  
Instead, to cry for themselves.

See the lands savaged by war:  
the hatred of neighbour for neighbour;  
the use of political power  
to control and manipulate.

See the seas swimming in garbage:  
the need for convenience over sustainability;  
the want for nothing over  
learning how to care and maintain.



See the air which should not be seen:  
filled with the smoke of fires that should not be burning;  
filled with the wind, the rain and the sands  
from melting snow and drying plains.

This is the havoc and destruction  
that we are reaping upon the earth  
and upon ourselves.

This is what should leave us in floods of tears,  
for this is the parade of suffering  
over which we appear to have no remorse.

Lord, as we approach the cross with you,  
as we feel the emotions welling up within,  
for whom do we cry? For what do we cry?

May the tears that fall  
be the start of rivers of change.

*We do not hope to ease our minds  
by simple answers, shifted blame,  
while Christ is homeless, hungry, poor,  
and we are rich who bear his name.*

*As long as justice is a dream  
and human dignity denied,  
we stand with Christ; disturb us still  
till every need is satisfied.*

*We cannot ask to live at peace  
in comfort and security  
while Christ is tried in Pilate's hall  
and drags his cross to Calvary.  
As long as hatred stifles truth  
and freedom is betrayed by fear,  
we stand with Christ; give us no peace  
till his peace reigns in triumph here.*

*We will not pray to be preserved  
from any depths of agony  
while Christ's despairing cry rings out:  
God, why have you abandoned me?  
As long as we have hope to share  
of life renewed beyond the pain,  
we stand with Christ all through the night  
till Easter morning dawns again.*

**Good Friday**  
Friday 18<sup>th</sup> April 2025

# DEATH

## Station 5: Jesus dies on the cross



*Lord Christ, we praise your sacrifice,  
your life in love so freely given.  
For those who took your life away  
you prayed: that they might be forgiven;  
and there, in helplessness arrayed,  
God's power was perfectly displayed.*

### **Luke 23:44-48 (NRSV)**

It was now about noon, and darkness came over the whole land until three in the afternoon, while the sun's light failed; and the curtain of the temple was torn in two. Then Jesus, crying with a loud voice, said, 'Father, into your hands I commend my spirit.' Having said this, he breathed his last. When the centurion saw what had taken place, he praised God and said, 'Certainly this man was innocent.' And when all the crowds who had gathered there for this spectacle saw what had taken place, they returned home, beating their breasts.

## Prayer

Compassionate and merciful God,  
As darkness fell over the land and the curtain of the temple tore in two,  
We stand still—shaken by the weight of what has happened.  
Your Son, our Saviour, gave His final breath.  
The sky mourned, the earth trembled, and hearts broke open.

In this moment of despair, Lord, we join the crowd who beat their  
 chests and turned away,  
Overwhelmed by sorrow, confused by grief.  
How can hope still live when Love Himself has died?

But even now, in the silence of death,  
We trust that this is not the end.  
Even when we cannot see the light,  
We hold fast to the promise that Sunday is coming.

Give us strength in the waiting, Lord.  
Give us faith in the in-between.  
When despair threatens to close in, remind us of Your greater story—  
A story of redemption, of resurrection, of unrelenting love.

Let our hearts, like the centurion's, confess in awe:  
“Surely, this was the Son of God.”  
And may that truth sustain us, even in the darkest hour.

*Once helpless in your mother's arms,  
dependent on her mercy then;  
at last, by choice, in other hands,  
you were as helpless once again;  
and, at their mercy, crucified,  
you claimed your victory and died.*

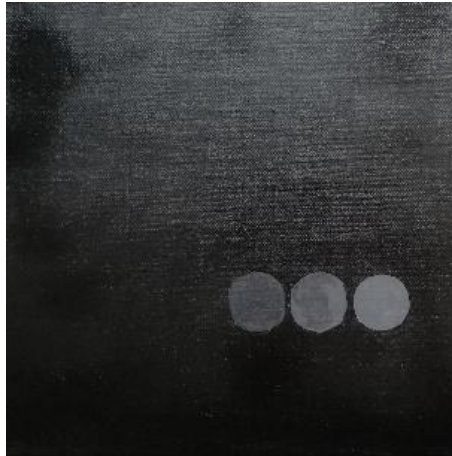
*Though helpless and rejected then,  
you're now as risen Lord acclaimed;  
forever by your sacrifice  
is God's eternal love proclaimed:  
the love which, dying, brings to birth  
new life and hope for all on earth.*

*So, living Lord, prepare us now  
your willing helplessness to share;  
to give ourselves in sacrifice  
to overcome the world's despair;  
in love to give our lives away  
and claim your victory today.*

**Holy Saturday**  
Saturday 19<sup>th</sup> April 2025

# BURIED

**Station 6: Jesus is laid in a tomb**



*Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?  
Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?  
Oh! Sometimes it causes me to tremble, tremble, tremble.  
Were you there when they laid him in the tomb?*

**Luke 23:50-56 (NRSV)**

Now there was a good and righteous man named Joseph, who, though a member of the council, had not agreed to their plan and action. He came from the Jewish town of Arimathea, and he was waiting expectantly for the kingdom of God. This man went to Pilate and asked for the body of Jesus. Then he took it down, wrapped it in a linen cloth, and laid it in a rock-hewn tomb where no one had ever been laid. It was the day of Preparation, and the sabbath was beginning. The women who had come with him from Galilee followed, and they saw the tomb and how his body was laid. Then they returned, and prepared spices and ointments.

On the sabbath they rested according to the commandment.

*There is a day  
when Love lay dead;  
all hope, all joy  
and promise bled  
into the ground;  
and, through the dark and dread,  
God uttered not a sound!*

## **Prayer**

Resting in the earth,  
returned to the eternal dust,  
silent.

As we have followed you—  
watching on,  
astounded and ashamed—  
was this what we expected, Lord?

As we heard the mocking of the soldiers to “save yourself,”  
was that not our secret hope?  
To see you jump down from the cross,  
to see the pain not grip you  
or for you to take one final breath.  
We expected you to show your might—  
your power as the Almighty.

But that is not where we stand today,  
with scattered palm branches  
dry and lifeless at our feet  
and ‘hosanna’ a distant song.  
In the place of the dead  
we find ourselves  
lost, confused, numb.

You are buried  
and all there is  
is silence.

*Silence*

Why are we here, God?  
Why must we grieve?  
Why must return to the dust of the earth  
and wait for you, the great I AM?

*Disciples numbed  
beyond relief,  
had never plumbed  
such depths of grief,  
or ever known  
such total disbelief,  
with spirits turned to stone.*

*There come such times  
when evil thrives,  
and hell, its crimes  
let loose, deprives  
the earth of light,  
consigning wasted lives  
to silent, loveless night.*

*Then those who trust  
must stand and bear  
hell's stifling dust  
that fills the air;  
not brush away  
the heart's despair, but dare  
to grieve till Love's third day.*



**Easter Sunday**  
Sunday 20<sup>th</sup> April 2025

# RISEN



*Yours be the glory, risen, conquering Son,  
endless is the victory over death you've won;  
angels in bright raiment rolled the stone away,  
kept the folded grave-clothes, where your body lay.*

*Yours be the glory, risen, conquering Son,  
endless is the victory over death you've won.*

## **Luke 24:1-12 (NRSV)**

On the first day of the week, at early dawn, they came to the tomb, taking the spices that they had prepared. They found the stone rolled away from the tomb, but when they went in, they did not find the body. While they were perplexed about this, suddenly two men in dazzling clothes stood beside them. The women were terrified and bowed their faces to the ground, but the men said to them, 'Why do you look for the living among the dead? He is not here, but has risen. Remember how he told you, while he was still in Galilee, that the Son of Man must be handed over to sinners, and be crucified, and on

the third day rise again.’ Then they remembered his words, and returning from the tomb, they told all this to the eleven and to all the rest. Now it was Mary Magdalene, Joanna, Mary the mother of James, and the other women with them who told this to the apostles. But these words seemed to them an idle tale, and they did not believe them. But Peter got up and ran to the tomb; stooping and looking in, he saw the linen cloths by themselves; then he went home, amazed at what had happened.

### **Prayer**

Risen Lord,  
At dawn, the women came—hearts heavy, spices in hand,  
Ready to honour the One they had loved and lost.  
But the stone was rolled away.  
The tomb was empty.  
And confusion filled their souls.

Where had You gone, Jesus?  
Why was death no longer holding You?

Then came the words that changed everything:  
Why do you look for the living among the dead?  
He is not here—He is risen!”

In that moment, sorrow turned to confusion,  
And confusion gave way to joy.

Lord, we confess: we still come to the tomb sometimes,  
Expecting to find You in our grief,  
In our doubts,  
In what seems lifeless or final.  
But You are not there.

You are alive.  
You are risen.  
You are ahead of us, calling us into new life.

Help us, like those faithful women, to run and tell the good news,  
Even when others do not believe.  
Give us courage to speak hope in the face of disbelief,  
To carry resurrection joy wherever we go.

May our hearts burn with wonder  
And our lives proclaim:  
The tomb is empty.  
Christ is risen indeed!

*See, Jesus meets us, risen from the tomb;  
lovingly he greets us, scatters fear and gloom;  
let the church with gladness hymns of triumph sing,  
for the Lord is living, death has lost its sting.*

*Yours be the glory, risen, conquering Son,  
endless is the victory over death you've won.*

*No more we doubt you, glorious Prince of life;  
life is naught without you: aid us in our strife;  
make us more than conquerors through your deathless love;  
bring us safe through Jordan to your home above.*

*Yours be the glory, risen, conquering Son,  
endless is the victory over death you've won.*

**Hymns included:**

*You are the King of Glory*, Mavis Ford

©1978 Authentic Publishing

*It is a thing most wonderful*, William Walsham How

*Ride on, ride on in majesty!*, Henry Hart Milman

*Jesus walked this lonesome valley*, African American Spiritual

*Ride on, ride on the time is right*, John Bell and Graham Maule

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*To mock your reign, O dearest Lord*, Fred Pratt Green

©1973 Stainer & Bell Ltd

*Upon the road to calvary*, Stephen Fellingham

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*Great God your love has called us here*, Brian Wren

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*Come and see, come and see*, Graham Kendrick

©1989 Make Way Music

*We do not hope to ease our minds*, Marnie Barrell

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*Lord Christ, we praise your sacrifice*, Alan Gaunt

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*Were you there when they crucified my Lord?*,

African American Spiritual

*There was a day*, Alan Gaunt

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*Yours is the glory, risen conquering Son*, Edmon Budry (tr. Alan Gaunt)

**All prayers written by**

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