

Holy Week



Palm Sunday – The Paradox of Praise and Pain

****Scripture:****

“Hosanna to the Son of David; blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord; hosanna in the highest.” — Matthew 21:9 (NABRE)

****Reflection:****

Palm Sunday begins in joy. The crowds shout, “Hosanna!” They wave palms, lay their cloaks on the road, and welcome Jesus as King. It is a scene of triumph—but one with shadows already forming.

Within days, the same voices will cry, “Crucify Him.” The palms will wither. The cloaks will be gathered up. The crowds will scatter. How quickly praise turns to rejection.

This day invites us to ask: Which crowd am I in? Am I quick to praise Jesus when it’s easy, but slow to follow Him when the road turns to suffering? Do I welcome Him into my life as King, or only as a guest?

Palm Sunday holds the tension of glory and the cross. It teaches us that true kingship in Christ is not about power, but about surrender. It’s not about popularity, but fidelity. He enters Jerusalem to reign not from a throne, but from a tree.

As we receive our blessed palms today, may we not only honor Jesus with our voices, but follow Him with our hearts—through the cheers, through the silence, and yes, through the suffering.

****Prayer:****

Lord Jesus,
You entered Jerusalem knowing the cross awaited You.
Give me the courage to walk with You not only in joy,
but in the hard and hidden places of my life.
Help me to stay faithful when the crowd turns quiet.
Let this Holy Week be a time of true surrender,
where my praise becomes not just words, but love in action.
Amen.

Holy Monday – The Cleansing of the Heart

****Scripture:****

“Jesus entered the temple area and drove out all those engaged in selling and buying there. He overturned the tables of the money changers...” — Matthew 21:12 (NABRE)

****Reflection:****

Today, Jesus enters the Temple and finds it filled with noise, profit, and distraction. A place meant for prayer had become cluttered. And He does not remain silent—He cleanses it.

This bold act is not one of rage, but of love. The Lord desires His Father’s house to be a place of communion, not corruption. He desires the same for our hearts.

Holy Monday invites us to ask: What tables need overturning in me? What noise drowns out the voice of God? What distractions, sins, or attachments have taken the place of prayer?

Jesus comes not only to cleanse the Temple in Jerusalem, but to purify the temple of our hearts. And though His cleansing may feel uncomfortable, even painful, it is healing. It is mercy. He desires to make space for grace.

This is the time to surrender—not with fear, but with trust. The Lord removes only what does not belong. And what He leaves is peace.

****Prayer:****

Lord Jesus,
Come into the temple of my heart.
Overturn what does not glorify You.
Sweep away what distracts me from prayer.
Silence the noise, clear the clutter, and make me whole.
May my heart be a house of prayer,
a dwelling place fit for the King of Kings.
Amen.

Holy Tuesday – Trusting Through Uncertainty

****Scripture:****

“Amen, amen, I say to you, one of you will betray me.” — John 13:21 (NABRE)

****Reflection:****

Holy Tuesday is a day of shadows. Jesus speaks openly of betrayal. Tension thickens around the table. Hearts are uncertain. Even the apostles—who walked with Him, learned from Him, loved Him—are shaken.

Each asks, “Is it I, Lord?” Not in arrogance, but in genuine fear. They are uncertain not only of the future, but of themselves.

We too live in that tension. We know our desire to follow Christ, yet we also know our weakness. Sometimes we fear what we’re capable of—how we might fail Him, how we have before. Holy Tuesday holds that sacred discomfort.

And yet, Jesus does not turn away from His disciples. He does not reject them in their weakness. He stays with them. Breaks bread with them. Loves them to the end.

Today, the Lord invites us not to perfect certainty, but to honest trust. Even in our uncertainty, He is sure. He knows us, and He does not turn away.

****Prayer:****

Lord Jesus,

I am not always certain of myself.
There are places in my heart I do not understand.
But You know me fully—and still You love me.
Help me to trust You, especially in the shadows.
When I feel uncertain or afraid,
let me lean on Your steadfast heart.
Amen.

Holy Wednesday – Betrayal and Stillness

****Scripture:****

“Then Judas, his betrayer, said in reply, ‘Surely it is not I, Rabbi?’ He answered, ‘You have said so.’” — Matthew 26:25 (NABRE)

****Reflection:****

Holy Wednesday is often called Spy Wednesday—the day Judas makes the secret arrangement to hand over Jesus. It is the quiet before the storm, a stillness that feels heavy. Not peaceful, but sorrowful. The calm before the clash of love and death.

The betrayal is not sudden. It’s slow, subtle—born of hidden motives, festering wounds, quiet resentment. Judas walks with Jesus, eats with Him, listens to His words. And still, his heart turns.

This day invites a deep and sobering reflection: What in me is tempted to betray love? Not in dramatic ways, but in small compromises—in selfishness, silence, pride, or control.

And yet, Jesus does not condemn Judas outright. He lets him choose. He continues to love even as He is being betrayed.

Holy Wednesday is an invitation to enter into silence—not avoidance, but a holy stillness. A space where we ask hard questions, and let God’s mercy meet us there.

****Prayer:****

Lord Jesus,
You were betrayed by one You loved,
and yet You did not stop loving.
Search my heart. Reveal what I hide—even from myself.
Cleanse me of anything that turns from You.
Help me to remain faithful,
and when I fall, to return to Your mercy without fear.
Amen.

Holy Thursday – The Gift of Presence and Service

****Scripture:****

“Then he poured water into a basin and began to wash the disciples’ feet...” — John 13:5 (NABRE)

****Reflection:****

Holy Thursday draws us into the Upper Room—into intimacy, humility, and divine mystery. Tonight, Jesus does two astonishing things: He kneels to wash feet, and He gives Himself in the Eucharist.

Both are acts of total self-gift. Both reveal the heart of Christ: a love that serves and a love that remains.

He washes their feet—not just Peter’s, but Judas’s too. He humbles Himself in a way no earthly king ever would. And then, in bread and wine, He leaves us His very Body and Blood—not a symbol, but His Real Presence, the new Passover, the gift that nourishes and sustains the Church until the end of time.

Holy Thursday is not only about remembering—it’s about receiving. We are called to let Jesus wash our feet, to receive the Eucharist with reverence, and to imitate His love in our lives.

This is the night of the mandatum—the mandate: “As I have done for you, you should also do.” (John 13:15). We are not only loved. We are sent to love.

****Prayer:****

Lord Jesus,
You knelt before Your friends in humility,
and You placed Yourself in our hands in the Eucharist.
Teach me to receive You with awe.
Teach me to serve with joy.
Let this night change me—
that I may live not for myself,
but in love, as You have loved me.
Amen.

Good Friday – Love Laid Down

****Scripture:****

“It is finished.” And bowing his head, he handed over the spirit. — John 19:30 (NABRE)

****Reflection:****

Good Friday is the day the world grew quiet under the weight of love. No Eucharist is celebrated today. No bells ring. The altar is bare. The Church enters into mourning—but not without hope.

On the cross, Jesus speaks few words. And yet, with His silence, He speaks volumes. He does not fight back. He forgives. He entrusts His spirit to the Father. And with His final breath, He completes the work of our salvation.

This is the mystery of the Cross: where death becomes life, defeat becomes victory, and the greatest suffering becomes the deepest act of love.

It is not something we fully understand. It is something we gaze upon. We kneel. We venerate. We let the wood of the Cross touch our hearts. For it is not merely a symbol of suffering—it is the throne of our Redeemer.

Today, we don't try to fix or explain. We simply stay. With Mary. With John. With the silence. We let love speak for itself.

****Prayer:****

Lord Jesus,
You gave everything for me.
On the cross, You held nothing back.
Help me to stay with You today—
in the silence, in the sorrow, in the mystery.
Teach me to love as You have loved me,
even when it costs, even when it hurts.
By Your wounds, heal my heart.
Amen.

Holy Saturday – The Silence of the Tomb

****Scripture:****

“They took the body of Jesus and bound it with burial cloths... Now in the place where he had been crucified there was a garden, and in the garden a new tomb... they laid Jesus there.” — John 19:40–42 (NABRE)

****Reflection:****

Holy Saturday is the day of waiting. The tomb is sealed. The world is quiet. It is the only day in the Church's calendar when no Mass is celebrated—when the altar remains empty, the tabernacle stands open, and the light of the sanctuary lamp is gone.

It is the day of silence. And silence is not easy.

We often want resolution. We want the joy of Easter. But Holy Saturday teaches us something deeper: that God is still at work even when we cannot see Him. That the silence of the tomb is not abandonment—it is preparation for resurrection.

This day invites us to sit with loss. To wait with Mary. To believe, even in darkness, that the story is not over.

In our own lives, we face Holy Saturday moments—times when prayers seem unanswered, hope seems distant, and God seems silent. But today reminds us: He is not absent. He is descending into the depths. He is harrowing hell. He is preparing the way for victory.

****Prayer:****

Lord Jesus,
Today I wait in silence with You.
Teach me how to trust in the in-between,
when the light has not yet returned.
In my waiting, let me not lose hope.
Let me stay with Your Mother,
who believed even in sorrow.
May I rest in the tomb with You,
and rise with You into life.
Amen.

Easter Sunday – Risen Hope

****Scripture:****

“Why do you seek the living one among the dead? He is not here, but he has been raised.” —
Luke 24:5–6 (NABRE)

****Reflection:****

The tomb is empty. The stone is rolled away. The silence of Holy Saturday bursts into the song of Alleluia. Christ is risen—truly, fully, gloriously risen!

This is not metaphor. It is not memory. It is miracle.

The Resurrection is not just the happy ending to a tragic story—it is the beginning of a new creation. The light of Easter is not a denial of the cross, but its fulfillment. Death has been conquered not by avoidance, but by love that walked through it.

Today, we celebrate the victory of Jesus—not just in history, but in our lives now. He is alive. He comes to meet us in the Eucharist, in His Word, in the depths of our hearts. The risen Christ still bears the wounds, but now they shine. And so will ours.

Whatever tomb you find yourself in—fear, doubt, sorrow—know this: it is not the end. The stone will be rolled away. The Gardener still walks in the garden. And He calls you by name.

****Prayer:****

Risen Lord,

You have conquered death and brought life to the world.

Roll away the stones in my life—

the fear, the doubt, the sin, the despair.

Let me live in the power of Your Resurrection,

with faith that is bold,

with love that is real,

with joy that never ends.

Alleluia, Lord—I am Yours.

Amen.
