

The Shroud, Scripture & Encounter

Welcome to the Shroud Exhibit and Museum

6 Years Old: (space donated by parishioners, utilities paid by donations) & (insurance is donated by the Diocese of Las Cruces)

Opening Prayer

Take a moment to put yourself in God's presence – who is God to you?

Wisdom 2:1a, 12-22, NAB: The wicked said among themselves, thinking not aright: "Let us beset the just one, because he is obnoxious to us; he sets himself against our doings, Reproaches us for transgressions of the law and charges us with violations of our training. He professes to have knowledge of God and styles himself a child of the LORD. To us he is the censure of our thoughts; merely to see him is a hardship for us, because his life is not like that of others, and different are his ways. He judges us debased; he holds aloof from our paths as from things impure. He calls blest the destiny of the just and boasts that God is his Father. Let us see whether his words be true; let us find out what will happen to him. For if the just one be the son of God, he will defend him and deliver him from the hand of his foes. With revilement and torture let us put him to the test that we may have proof of his gentleness and try his patience. Let us condemn him to a shameful death; for according to his own words, God will take care of him." These were their thoughts, but they erred; for their wickedness blinded them, and they knew not the hidden counsels of God; neither did they count on a recompense of holiness nor discern the innocent souls' reward. (Spontaneous prayer for hearts open to the Spirit)

Go over slideshow on Scripture & the Shroud



Wounds

Shoulders – from carrying the patibulum or crossbeam (John 19:17 and carrying the cross himself)

Knees & Nose – from falling (*Stations of the Cross #2 & 5 infer this*)

Front & Back, Shoulders to Ankles – Flagrum wounds on front & back (*Isaiah 50 I gave my back to those who beat me*)

Hands & Feet Pierced – (*Psalm 22 they have pierced my hands and feet*)

Torso – Side (*Zechariah 12 they shall look on him whom they have thrust through*)

Face – Bruising & beard has gaps (*Isaiah 50 I gave my...cheeks to those who plucked my beard; my face I did not shield from buffets and spitting*)

Bones

No Bones Broken – Legs, arms & shoulders are straight and natural; cannot count if broken (*Psalm 22 I can count all my bones*)

Face –dislocated cartilage (*Psalm 22 my bones are out of joint*)

A Couple More Prophecies Describing the Image

How this man felt – *Psalm 22 I am poured out like water...my heart is like wax, it is melted within my breast; my strength is dried up like a potsherd, and my tongue cleaves to my jaws; you do lay me in the dust of death.*

Mary and John certainly felt this way – *Zechariah 12 they shall mourn for him as one mourns for an only son, and they shall grieve over him as one grieves over a first-born*

Isaiah 53 his appearance was so marred, beyond human semblance and he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities; upon him was the chastisement that made us whole, and with his stripes we are healed

Liturgy: Dying he destroyed our death, rising he restored our life, Lord Jesus come in glory.

Romans 5:8 God shows his love for us in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us.

John 10:17-18 "This is why the Father loves me, because I lay down my life in order to take it up again. No one takes it from me, but I lay it down on my own. I have power to lay it down, and power to take it up again. This command I have received from my Father."

Other Information

Face – Unusually at peace with himself, those around him and with God considering the extreme torture

1898 & Modern Photos – image clarity unseen in positive, as if the positive and negatives are reversed – not a photo

Take a picture with your cell phone

St. Jude - From Legend of King Abgar V ~30AD, the first Christian city – Edessa, Turkey; Iconography

Pantocrator Icon (~550) – Modeled from the Shroud face

Hungarian Prayer Manuscript Illustration – Weave (chevron), hands crossed over, no thumbs, L-shaped burn holes

Dr. Petrus Soons hologram work –1) blood on top of head 2) both feet affixed with one nail

Give Background & Read Poem

The Quest of a Stranger

His heavy breathing could hardly be heard above the tumultuous crowd. The upward climb was a difficult one; harder than any had yet endured. Was there a purpose to all this madness? A goal to be reached? Truth would be known, sooner or later.

In the midst of the path the stranger traveled, in spite of the noise all around, there was quiet. Even though hatred surrounded him as a fog, love was present as oxygen which gives life. Riots were all around, yet there was peace. Is it true that a trail of innocent blood was left behind? Does evil finally triumph over good?

But what is this? The stranger has fallen. His knees are bruised and his blood is flowing again. Is there no one here to help an innocent stranger? Whips!! The punishment for falling is severe. Thank goodness I'm not in his place.

Up again, he moves slowly along. Pushed and kicked, spat upon and whipped, he struggles silently upward as the crowd mocks and screams. How is it cruelty seems to add insult to injury? Is it possible for a beard to be a souvenir? Still the man refuses to curse any. Has the world gone mad?

The hill traveled by the stranger seemed never ending, yet the end is in sight. The Legionnaires awaiting his arrival appeared anxious and angry at the delay. Surely his quest will be fulfilled at the top of this tortuous hill.

As he arrived at the apex, the Legionnaires ripped the robe off his torn back. They lean over him as they drive the spikes through his body, making him one with the wood. Why do they treat him with such contempt? Not even one word of protest did he speak.

As he stood suspended over all, darkness covered the land. Yet a voice could be heard, words coming from the mouth of the stranger, "Forgive them."

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A Word about Suffering

Jesus carried the cross so that we could also. Love without action is just words. Love transforms suffering into a holy sacrifice, a Eucharist.

Closing Prayer

Psalm 32, RSV: Blessed is the one whose fault is removed, whose sin is forgiven. Blessed is the man to whom the LORD imputes no guilt, in whose spirit is no deceit. Because I kept silent, my bones wasted away; I groaned all day long. For day and night your hand was heavy upon me; my strength withered as in dry summer heat. Then I declared my sin to you; my guilt I did not hide. I said, "I confess my transgression to the LORD," and you took away the guilt of my sin. Therefore every loyal person should pray to you in time of distress. Though flood waters threaten, they will never reach him. You are my shelter; you guard me from distress; with joyful shouts of deliverance you surround me. I will instruct you and show you the way you should walk, give you counsel with my eye upon you. Do not be like a horse or mule, without understanding; with bit and bridle their temper is curbed, else they will not come to you. Many are the sorrows of the wicked one, but mercy surrounds the one who trusts in the LORD. Be glad in the LORD and rejoice, you righteous; exult, all you upright of heart. (Spontaneous thanking God for working for us, in us and forgiving us)