

# REGION OF HOLY WEEK

**ANDÚJAR 2023**

In charge of Da. Mercedes Fernández Arco



**Main Theater**

In Andújar, March 26, 2023



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*Andújar, arriving in April, is a  
portico of faith, feelings,  
traditions that enchant you and  
overwhelm you from the  
beginning to the end.*

*First, first Holy Week from Palm  
Sunday to Easter Sunday, with  
its Christs on the crosses with  
their Sorrowful Mothers,  
penitents, hoods, velvet, wool  
and twill, virgin wax in the  
hands, costaleros step by step,  
the mantillas, the combs, hopes  
in the breasts and arrows in the  
throat.*

*The poles under canopy and  
silver hammers proclaiming lifts,  
guiding cross, counter-guides  
and pushing to the heavens at  
the voice of the foreman.*

### **Who are you foreman?**

I am the one who guides the costaleros, the one who guides the step or throne, the one who looks at the sky, the one who breaks the silences and cocks the caller to the beat of the rolls and bugles under the Luceros and the one who gives thanks for being there for another year.

### **Who are you costalero?**

I am privileged because I enjoy being the feet, on this earth, of the walk of our Father Jesus and his Mother Mary. I am the one who shares the weight that falls on me, wrapping me as in a cloak of agony and, gritting my teeth, I hold on to my partner and raise my back to move forward and the one who gives thanks for being able to be there one more year.

### **Who are you incense?**

I am the one who symbolizes the prayer that goes up to God. I am the elevation of the mind towards divinity, exhaling the smell of Christ. I am worthy of the offering and sacrificial attitude of believers towards God. I am the one who unites the altar with God and above all with Christ Jesus that is offered in sacrifice. I am the one who will never be missing.

### **Who are you mantilla?**

*The echo of this question  
moves me, excites me,  
transforms me, laminates me,  
puts flights on my lips,  
paints dark circles in my  
eyes and in my songs  
legends that swallows hatch  
with petenera sticks, tearing  
the dead Christ from the  
crown, thorns*

*Murmurs that are whispers  
through alleys and corners,  
the air carries them slowly.*

*Crier, crier,  
Are you asking me who I am?*

*I am a symbol of grief,  
affliction, feeling, tradition  
that the women of Andújar,  
grace, modesty, prayer,  
hairpins in their hair,  
tortoiseshell, bone, ivory,  
when spring arrives they  
adorn their beauty and  
mourn their hearts.*

*That's me, crier!*

### **Who are you, Nazarene?**

I am the faithful penitent in the different Brotherhoods and Brotherhoods who accompanies the images in procession, carrying candles and incense, collected and silent.

### **Who are you arrow?**

### **Why do you proclaim mourning?**

I am faith and prayer, art and prayer, I am scream and tear, I rejoice and compás... Do you want me to say it even in verse?

*They nailed you with  
hammers, with nails on  
Good Friday,*

*hitting on a tree,  
Pilate's executioners*

*What torment, Holy Christ!*

Allow me to respond to you with my woman's verses...

*Three women, three Marys,  
at the foot of your Calvary,  
are filled with sorrow.*

*One is your Mother Mary,  
another is Mary of Cleopas,  
the third is Magdalene.*

**Who are you infinite people, leaders, counter-guides,  
pertiguero, acolyte, agüero, waitress, dresser, sculptor,  
image maker, embroiderer?**

We are children of God, those who want to follow this Cross  
that carry Christ and we call ourselves Christians!

rend Mr. Archpriest of Andújar Don Pedro Montesinos, Counselor  
of the Group of Brotherhoods and Brotherhoods of our Archpriest  
Don Antonio José Morillo, President of the Don Alfonso Soto Group  
and its Board of Directors.

His Excellency Mayor of the "Very Noble, Very Loyal and Very  
Marian City of Andújar" Mr. Pedro Luis Rodríguez and other  
members of the Municipal Corporation, Government Delegate of  
the Board in Jaén Mr. Jesús Estrella, His Excellency Senator Mrs.  
Micaela Navarro, Councilor for celebrations, Mr. Juan Lucas García,  
civil and religious authorities of our city.



Messrs. Older Brothers and Sisters and representatives of the Brotherhoods, Brotherhoods and Parish Groups of our city, devotees, companions of the “Maestro Amador” music band, dear brother Sergio Toribio, my presenter on this anniversary, media, family and all friends, very good and holy days.

Surely, the news that was given at the time about who was going to be at this lectern this morning would surprise you as much as it would surprise me.

It is true that in our environment, there are brothers with greater experience and, without a doubt, with greater preparation than my modest person. Today I occupy this place with palpitations in my heart and an imposing respect, but I assume the risk and ask for your indulgence... ***Here I am!***

I am a Christian and a brother, also the first woman, I hope not to be the last one, which has the privilege and responsibility of announcing Holy Week in Andújar, my birthplace, where I saw the light for the first time.

For those who know me and know me, I cannot make the Pregón of Holy Week without my mantilla.

If you allow me a moment, I only need some hairpins, the comb and the mantilla. If the peaks in front are equal, those in the back are also equal. Seven folds that are collected by a pin, one in the center and three on each side, just like the bullfighters with their riding capes who collect it with seven folds in their hand when they go out. Square. Yes, remember, seven folds like the sacraments.

A pin pinned to the dress so that the mantilla stays planted, and now... I'm ready!

*In my pulses I feel, when I  
sing to the mantilla, to the  
Spanish mantilla, to the  
Andalusian mantilla, that to  
the rhythm of my heartbeat  
of my prayers and prayers,  
my heart beats, silence  
becomes a ritual, the night  
of Good Friday seen I  
mourn for Christ.*

*I would like to embroider  
with verses what I feel inside  
when I wear the chantilly or  
lace mantilla, which  
copleros and poets have  
sung in their saetas with  
cadence and purity.*

*Holy Week is... silence, a  
filigree of feelings, a low bun  
with a comb, it is passion  
and feeling, the rosary in  
the hands for the Christ  
that the prophets  
announced on the Cross.*

*On the afternoons of Holy  
Thursday and the nights of  
Holy Friday in the small  
squares of Andújar, hillocks  
and alleys, I feel like a  
Nazarene, touched with the  
mantilla.*

*The nails are coming loose,  
my sorrows are coming loose,  
my heart is breaking into splinters!*

When talking about feelings, intimate memories, when you talk to Christ about the experiences and beliefs of your life, memories bloom like hidden treasures, they become witnesses of yesterday in the trials of the present.

I know that God will guide me in this journey of penance and glory on this preaching morning.

Here I am, Father, to do your will, let what is done to me you want. I have always tried to make that my philosophy of life as a Christian and a woman committed to the wonderful task of following and accepting your designs.

All my life linked to your Cross, whatever they call you, whatever they name you, Christ of Patience, Christ of Agony, Christ of Sentence, Christ of Expiration, Christ of Providence, Fallen Jesus, Captive Jesus, Christ of Veracruz, Christ of Health, Lord of the Gentlemen, Great Power, Christ of the Column, Risen Christ...

Accept my proclamation as a promise of faith.

It is a healthy pride for me to have been preceded by a person like Sergio Toribio Navarrete, a complete example, an example of a committed Christian, ferment and yeast of a society that must and does commit to respect and love for others because this has been, should be and will always be our motto, our message, brother Sergio.

Each procession a story, each step an effort, each throne a legend, each brotherhood its hour and its time, data that have been signed each year by their corresponding crier.

It would be endless to quote the dozens and dozens of criers of the Andujar Holy Week, allow me to pay tribute to everyone in the already mentioned person of Sergio Toribio, divine youth, hope in Andújar.

Thank you Sergio, thank you for your loving and beautiful words.

Also my gratitude to the Group of Brotherhoods and brotherhoods, to my family, friends and of course, to Jesus and Mary.

With Holy Week we recreate our history, our culture, our religious convictions, our traditions...

Truly, for those who, due to their culture, do not understand our way and manner of celebrating Holy Week, it is inexplicable that we do it by suffering under the workers, walking under the weight of a Cross or enduring long hours in the penitence station.

The brotherhoods, which emerged back in the Middle Ages, have had the ability to adapt to the times, overcoming the difficulties that progress entails, while at the same time they have known how to preserve their deepest roots, despite the stormy times we have gone through.

If Jesus Christ walked on the sea, we can also affirm that the Brotherhoods and Brotherhoods have overcome waves and blizzards with the always certain compass of faith, hope and charity.

I leave you a commandment:

*Look with love at your  
neighbor, do not stick  
thorns in them anymore,  
lift them up when they fall,  
forgive each other their offenses,  
embrace each other as brothers,  
for I am among you.  
and I bless you with my hands.*

The Brotherhoods, Brotherhoods and Parish Groups, you are conscious and coherent with the chosen path, the path to Golgotha, the light of the Resurrection. You are men and women who sow the mustard seed, women and men with the clear ideas:

*Work for the Passion of Christ!*

Virgins, Crucified Christs or Nazarenes, represent a Via Crucis with your procession through the streets of Andújar. You, you are the authentic preachers of Holy Week in Andújar.

I, I am here passing through.

*Easter has arrived,  
spring too!*

*The crosses have blossomed  
to go out to the squares,  
to the streets and hilltops so  
that this morning I may  
proclaim and feel like a preacher,  
a preacher of the Christs,  
a preacher of pain, that this land of hope*

*On his shield he has written,  
it is the key to a large river  
where Euphrasius preached.  
with the price of his blood..*

*Easter has arrived,  
spring too!*

Let's go to processions... Let's make history.

It is Friday of Sorrows, Lent is coming to an end; in in a town near our city, in La Ropera, one of the events that announce the immediacy of Holy Week begins..

Women and men, young people and children, descendants of those good people who arrived light of luggage and full of enthusiasm from Génave and Écija to the town, with their Brotherhood of the Parish Group prepare to procession the VIRGIN OF PAINS.

But the Virgin no longer processions alone, she is accompanied by CHRIST OF THE HEALTH.

In the Rapier, that afternoon-night, aroma of wax and incense. In In its clean and humble Church of San Isidro there is bustle and commotion, which is going to come out, the 1st Virgin of Sorrows. People with big hearts, humble and testimonial, to which four years ago they added a Christ on the way to Calvary, the Christ of Healt

Holy Week begins in these "Southern Lands", the crosses they walk!

But first, allow me to cite an innocent event, an event that I have had the privilege of experiencing and enjoying for 15 years.

years: SMART EASTER, that of Father Rafael Villoslada's children. Thanks to such a worthy institution, the SAFA (the Holy Family), for sowing the commandment of Christ in the children of Andújar, taking a step forward, so that the "little trees" grow fertilized and watered with the vocation of becoming trees of mustard as are their trainers in the faith. Thank you

On Palm Sunday, the "Jesús de la Borriquita" comes to bless the residents of Andújar. OUR FATHER JESUS, IN HIS TRIUMPHAL ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM, opens between "palms and "we prayed" the hosanna to the Lord.

Jesus enters our hearts by opening doors and airing our consciences, distributing blessings of peace and hope to every corner of Andújar. It is a day of luminous joy, a light that announces that the shadows of abandonment will soon appear, loneliness, betrayal, injustice and torment.

But today, open the doors of Jerusalem to the King of Peace in smell of crowds, the people only shout: *sanna, Hosanna to the Son of God, blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord!*

CHRIST OF THE COLUMN: Next door, in the north of the Palace of Pilate, there was a column, it was a column of whippings, it was not made of marble or alabaster, it was rough like esparto grass, full of rings and hooks. The Holy of Holies suffered torture and torment with leather whips and thorn rods, with knots and points, his skin was destroyed, his back was stripped, his chest was sore

And today I ask myself:

What Image is there in Andújar to remember such infamy?

The one that processions under the auspices of the Brotherhood of Veracruz, or the one that for hundreds of years housed the now closed Church of Santiago, today restored and venerated in Santa María the biggest?

I have no doubt: Both! The two images bear witness of that flagellation, of that torture announced by the prophets.

*“When man does not know God, then man does not know to the man”*, these words from John Paul II, words that owe us to make people reflect so that man turns his gaze to God and knows his neighbor, his brother, his adversary.

The reality is so tremendous, the infamous reality that we are experiencing live and direct that, to avoid anguish I return to history, the story of the two Christs tied to the Column that symbolize in Andújar, slander, interference in life private and personal, the abuse, the incoherence, the usurers, the masters of power, since all this is tying up again, in the middle of the century XXI, tying the Son of Man to an infamous column.

And the night takes us to the Cross, to the true Cross, the VERACRUZ, the dean of the Penitence Brotherhood of our city that has the honor and glory of being a pioneer in Andalusia and carrying on its shoulders the responsibility of maintaining the faith, hope and charity of this town of Andújar since the year 1427 by bull of the Pope Martin V.

The people know it, they know that they are contemplating the oldest procession in Andújar, one of the most important of that time. Arab, Christian and Jewish Andalusia.

We are talking about the times of King John II who called it “City”, of Henry IV who called it “Very noble and loyal” and of our mayor,



Pedro Luís Rodríguez, since five centuries have passed, that under his devotion and mandate, the title of “Very Mariana” has been added to it.

The Nazarene of Veracruz is not alone, as he is accompanied by Our Lady of Sorrows and Saint John the Evangelist, the Mother and the most beloved, pain and love.

**Is loving suffering?**  
*Square of the Old Square,  
 of the stream, yesterday  
 Mestanza, torches from  
 your castle nailed to its  
 battlements, to Christ the  
 True Cross, illuminated his  
 face in the Nazarene night.*

*They call the Cross Vera,  
 you are light and you are truth,  
 on your divine shoulders,  
 you carry it Jesus on your back  
 when spring arrives.*

THE CAPTIVE OF SIERRA MORENA wants to suffer on the road of the Sanctuary its Via Crucis.

*Christ is taken captive along the  
 stone roads, the Trinitarian  
 Captive today in peace,  
 yesterday in war.*

*Your destroyed mysteries, your  
 sonnets destroyed by strife  
 between brothers, have already  
 been restored to you.*

*Captive you now pass  
between your bronze plates,  
between your verses and stones.*

*Your poets from heaven  
They pray in procession.*

*That the children who fell  
have already given each  
other their forgiveness!*

*hey take you captive,  
Christ, a Nazarene without  
your Cross, your hands are  
tied, your eyes looking at  
the ground, you wear a  
cord around your neck,  
three powers in your hair  
that remember your triumph,  
death, pain and evil.*

*Trinitarian scapular!*

*The Virgin of the Head,  
in her Royal Sanctuary,  
encircles the hearts along  
the roads going down,  
on the afternoons of  
Holy Tuesday between stones of a Rosary.*

And in Andújar, the CHRIST OF PROVIDENCE, who is a Christ for the soul, a Crucified who heals our sores with the balm of his contemplation, who tears us away with his Providence the rusty mistakes of life.

A sack bearer was crying under the sack of that pass. At night  
a dark cry of agony sounds:

*Who protects me, my Christ? My mother is dying!*

OUR FATHER JESUS OF THE AGONY IN THE GARDEN,  
processions alongside the majestic image of the PAINS, the Holy  
Wednesday.

The sacred prayer of Jesus in the garden of Gethsemane,  
kneeling On his knees, sweating blood, and abandoned in total  
solitude, he shows us his human side, the son of God became Man.

*Eternal Father, omnipotent,  
this dark night I am sweating  
drops of blood.*

*I sense my agony, Gethsemane is  
my Golgotha, your will be done  
and may Judas betray me with the  
betrayal of his kiss, on the Cross  
crucified I will rise on the third day  
between the living and the dead.*

*A ray of late sun at the Arco de  
Capuchinos  
He has gilded it against the sky.*

*A woman, under a canopy,  
walks pained by daggers, a complexion of  
sonorous clarity, rapture that  
reaches the soul,  
of Sorrows, Mary, seven  
stabbed daggers,*

*seven wounds My Mother,  
for us sinners.*

*How much I would like to  
hug you, how much  
I would like to praise you Maria!*

Let's make a stop. The passage stops at the height of "El Gallina", the bronze monument, the stone monolith that remembers that gypsy who sang to Virgins on that corner and Christs.

Japan heard his singing and in Tokyo there were arrows...

*Silhouettes of hoods,  
white twill tunics, maroon capes  
and on the hood a shield  
with the Chalice and the  
Cross embroidered in fine silver.*

At the corner of Pablillos  
the Procession stops,  
the costaleros rest.

*And Rafael, who is a gypsy,  
from the balcony of the  
heavens, tears the night  
through reeds  
with his bronze throat,  
with his very deep moans,  
with the very medium beat wasting feelin*

*Oh Christ of Agony in the Garden  
of Olives!*

*You sweated blood stubbornly and  
Pastora Candalija in glory told you*

*That I fell in love with a gypsy  
calé with my soul!*

*Capirotas on the night of Holy  
Wednesday, shadow the sky  
between silence and prayers.  
The Lord, eternal Father, comes  
out, made Man, made PATIENCE,  
naked, sore and battered, his  
temples twisted with pain, sitting,  
calm and serene, Lamb who takes  
away sin by forgiving with a  
coastal step between arrows and  
prayers entangled in your body.*

*You advance majestically in your  
powerful basket, you advance  
patiently with the lordship of the  
one who knows the only truth, the  
only path to eternal life.*

*You distribute, Lord, with your  
eyes, spring, tenderness and hope.*

*That Jesus is already before the  
people, humble of the humble,  
simple of the simple, patient of the  
patient.*

*Bless Jesus forever, bless! Fifteen silver  
ROSARIES, one on each*

*pole, one on the front, and two that  
She carries, one, the one of the  
promises, and another, her own.*

*ifteen rosaries moving to the  
rhythm of their costaleros.*

*They carry it with their hearts!*

*Sublime dove among poles, graceful  
tinkling of Rosaries, fleur-de-lys is  
your countenance, love of God is  
your temperance, Lady with dawn s  
un, clinging to my thoughts.*

*There is no way or wind that clouds  
your sacred image, because only  
You know Mary, Queen of my trust,  
who fills my torments with peace,  
who fills my words with good.*

*Refuges of sinners, Star worthy  
of praise.*

*That your people are already  
begging, that your moon is in the  
square, that wants to permeate  
your people, be filled with peace  
and hope!*

Holy Thursday dawns. The light of the afternoon arrives in which  
the justice, Barabbas or the Nazarene?

Justice is done by the people and their people sentence them!  
 Barabbas obtains a pardon and Jesus, insulted and mocked,  
 condemns him to the Cross, They crown it with thorns without  
 remedy or hope.

*A cowardly SENTENCE Pilate washed  
 his hands, Pilate ordered him to be  
 flogged  
 without conscience or mercy.*

*You endured slaps, the taunts of  
 soldiers, blasphemies with saliva,  
 tearing off your skin  
 the weights of the vergajos.*

*Tied with feet and hands sentencing  
 your innocence.  
 A thousand lashes, Holy Christ!*

*And the people cheering, slaves of the  
 tyrants, imprecating against God, the  
 King of the Jews being a “captive” of  
 the Romans.*

*From where, where from Jesus so much strength?  
 Where does so much cruelty come from, where?*

*Looking for a human REMEDY, stabbed  
 by grief, Andújar remains mute, the  
 moon remains still, the Virgin cries and  
 cries in the Cuna alley, between squads  
 in sections for her son Jesus Christ.*

*The Lady dressed in her canopy with  
poles, with her finery like the sky, in step  
and with elegance, the Good Remedy  
approaches and the scenes dance to the  
beat of her coastal children.*

*In the silent afternoon the night has  
turned black, Christ comes out, the  
CHRIST OF GREAT POWER, the Lord of  
the lanterns, the Lord of San Miguel.*

*Look at his eyes, contemplate the look of  
God made Man and Man made pain!*

*The night has turned black  
Looking for sunrises, San Miguel opens  
its doors, the silent people wait to see,  
with the Cross on their backs, Jesus of  
the Great Power.*

*The night has turned black  
looking for sunrises,  
San Miguel opens its doors,  
the silent people wait  
see with the Cross on his back,  
to Jesus of the Great Power.*

*The workers creak, the first one  
rises, a murmur among the crowd  
and a tunic dragging over the drops  
of wax, chains that are promises for  
a love that has gone..*



*His shoulders are lacerated  
by the weight of the Cross,  
the weight of sins  
of those who did not  
find the light.*

*For Valdivia and the Master  
the stars kneel,  
four lanterns tinkle imploringly  
against the sky.*

*Oh Christ of the Great Power,  
you took my pilgrim*

The testimonies of faith continue, tradition never dies, and tradition, here and now, is called HOPE, the Queen under a green canopy of love, hope of green looks, hope of hands that implore, hope of hard moments in intimacy personal, hope in illness, in new projects, in the love that is born and in the family that emerge.

It is hope in the values of man, in the renewal of faith and above all hope in the Resurrection.

Still immersed in Holy Thursday, Jesus fell among the people, and angels, from heaven, came down to help him with the weight of the tree covered with hope.

*In Andújar, get up early next  
to the clock tower when Hope,  
the Queen of Holy Thursday,  
the sister of Good Remedy in a  
filigree canopy with lily  
ornaments, comes out...*

*Together with his FALLEN SON  
due to so much weight,  
with the Cross of sins to  
fulfill our penalties.*

*I want to follow your path,  
help me to know you, give my  
life meaning and teach me  
to love you.*

**-hour-**

*On the night of Holy Thursday  
a star comes to look at you,  
and seeing you suffering so much,  
it wants to illuminate your  
brokenness to be able to  
console you*

On the morning of Good Friday, OUR FATHER JESUS NAZARENE, THE LORD OF LORDS, makes the season of penitence to the clamorously announcing hum of the Crucifixion of Christ. The horns tremble, not a bird flight nor swallows nor swifts.

Honor, glory and memory to Don Rafael Pérez de Vargas, Count of the Quinteria.

*Silence in the streets,  
silence in the towers  
and in the corners of the air,  
silence, silence..*

*The Nazarene is already  
parading, the Lord of Lords*

*helps him the Cyrenean  
to walk with the Cross.*

*The morning shines among  
omens of death, the horns  
give tremor, the purple tunics,  
the esparto slippers  
and trembling  
between my hands.*

*Forgive me if my voice  
trembles when I speak to you  
and listen to me my Lord!*

*Lord of Lords,  
Silence in the streets,  
Silence in the air,  
Silence in the corners,  
that Jesus of Nazareth  
walks between silences.*

In the middle of the afternoon, Christ dead, our procession goes out. LADY OF ANGUSTIAS, and leaves San Juan de Dios.

*And for you,  
a sword will pierce your soul,  
alone and anguished,  
a painful moment in which the Son,  
a tortured and lifeless body,  
rests on Mary's lap.*

*Her loneliness, her anguish,  
her anguish, her affliction,  
go along with the women who,*

*in Andújar, accompany her in a mantilla.  
Seven daggers, seven stuck against his chest,  
with a transfixed gaze and your Son,  
already lying, resting on your knees.*

*Nailed to your chest,  
Mary feels anguish,  
contemplating in pain  
that you carry Christ  
dead in your candid lap.*

*You are not alone, my Mother,  
you are not alone in your anxiety,  
you are not alone in your affliction,  
the women accompany you,  
mourning with a mantilla,  
their hearts contracted.*

When it is already dark at night, the San Bartolomé neighborhood shakes with its Student Brotherhood, the brotherhood OF THE HOLY CHRIST OF THE EXPIRATION, HOLY MARY MAGDALENE AND OUR LADY OF BITTERNESS.

Their “diamond wedding” has already passed. It was in 2022, so, 75 years, already 75 and one more, since it was April 5, 1947, when the image of the Crucified was acquired from the Merlo house.

A year later, the generosity of the Gisbert Garrido family added to our Holy Week, the image and throne of Saint Mary Magdalene, a circumstance that derived some time later in adding the image of Our Lady of Bitterness.

The story spreads...

With its falls and rises come the 80s of the last century, and the Students miraculously strengthen the Holy Week of Andújar.

Venerable brotherhood of the HOLY SEPULCHER, the Holy Burial, To the beat of a drumbeat, he makes his penance station. Jesus has died.

At the foot of the Cross, Mary suffers desolately. Everything has been consummated. Let's collect his body, let's proceed to his burial... Death has not been able to with his beauty or his serenity, in his face you can guess that he has died, knowing that his divine word will spread throughout the ends of the world.

Dead God passes through the crowd, serenely, waiting The crowd is surrounded by murmurs of prayers, silence and respect.

Everything is finished. Christ has expired on the Cross! It the prophets announced, the evangelists left it written:

— Luke, the physician, wrote: And Jesus, with a loud voice, said, "Father I leave my spirit in your hands". And in saying this, he expired.

— Matthew, the publican, son of Alphaeus and Cleopas, left it written: "And "Jesus, giving out a loud cry again, exhaled his spirit."

— Marcos, a countryman from Cyrene, gave testimony, as he noted: "But Jesus uttered a loud cry and died."

— John, the most beloved, asserted in his Gospel: "When Jesus took the vinegar he said: "It is finished" and bowing his head gave up the spirit."

*It was already the sixth hour,  
others say the ninth,  
when the sun is at its zenith  
and darkness has arrived.*

*It became night and it was day,  
the tulle of the temple was torn and the  
terrified people asked what was  
happening, that the stones were breaking,  
that the earth was moving,  
and even the sun was darkened.*

*The answer, the answer,  
was given to us by a centurion  
when he shouted:  
It is true that Christ  
was the son of God!  
Andújar Christ cries for you  
with mourning in his heart,  
while you go to your tomb,  
On the night of Good Friday,  
silence invades us,  
it becomes ice and affliction..*

Everything is crying, loneliness and absences. What pain did that one feel? Mother when she saw her Son die?

Those of us who have given birth with pain know this very well, and who today at this moment have their children in the ordeals of the trenches of Ukraine and in the wastelands of Ethiopia, without a grain of wheat to put in their mouths.

They are the mothers of the world, we are the women we look at the night of Good Friday to LONELINESS.

*Desolate Solitude,  
the Solitude that anguishes,  
the Solitude that laminates,  
the Solitude that saddens  
the early hours of Good Friday.*

*The streets of the route,  
made of wax, have their stones,  
in their eaves swifts,  
swifts in black mourning  
and swallow's nests,  
with the thorns of Christ.*

A tinkling of bells announces the most anticipated miracle. It has happened as it was written: "Our Lord is RISEN."

The force of life is greater than death, love conquers hate, forgiveness flourishes in the shadow of anger and revenge, the light clears the darkness.

Christ know, Christ is risen!

*Hallelujah! Hallelujah!  
The Lord has brought  
a new path full of hope,  
a path of glory for all peoples,  
the Good News,  
peace and consolation.*

*Joy floods me, Andújar  
flourishes in peace and work,  
breaking armor, the towers ring,  
the people embrace each other.*

How much shared emotion, how great our Holy Week!

A glorious ending was missing. We did it, they made it possible the children of Saint Euphrasius.

It was in 2006 when Eduardo Muñoz, Juan Manuel Barrero, Manuel Bueno and other angels today in glory, tried and managed to make the expert hand of Manuel López shine a Sunday with the splendid and glorious image of the Risen Lord.

Andújar shines, it always shines on the third day.

That is why on April 11, 2017, the Official Gazette of the State, proclaimed the following: “Holy Week is declared as representative manifestation of the International Cultural Heritage”.

Let the laws remain silent and the people speak, the sovereign people, the people of Andújar, the people who, without petulance or boasting, knew how to lead the Roman Baetica the message of Euphrasius.

Popular song tells us: “They are devotions that of the same tree have been born.” And I tell you that the Andújar proclamation tree has been adorned this morning with the aromas of women.

Thank you, thank you because yes, in Seville, the first preacher of Holy Week was Charo Padilla, me Mercedes Fernández Arco, I I’m going to say one thing:

*As a child I was taught  
to pray at bedtime:*

*Little Jesus of my life,  
you are a Child like me,*



*that is why I love you so much  
and I give you my heart!*

*I grew little by little with the  
“mayos a María” on the bright  
afternoons and I recited a  
thousand rosaries at dawn  
walking among rock bushes  
in search of the Lady.*

*When in my house  
my parents in front  
of the Holy Supper  
at the table our bread  
was broken with our hands  
my father gave Peace  
and an amen to my brothers.*

*In my youth  
I visited the tabernacles,  
spring in my veins  
and I put red carnations  
on the plants of the Christs  
and lilies on the Virgin.*

*That Holy Week I shared  
passion and ritual,  
life gave me a man to support  
me with a heartbeat next to mine,  
he was the father of my children!*

*And I grew as a woman,  
as a mother, as a wife,  
and from my womb*

*two beautiful Christians  
with splendid smiles were born.*

*Four lives, four dreams  
each day our bread each day  
our salt with work,  
with effort that heaven  
was putting.*

*But my passion  
came and my ordeal came,  
the nails stuck in me and  
a cross night and day  
little by little  
I embroidered my pain  
on a shroud.*

*I was Pain and  
Hope Good Remedy,  
Solitude I was Anguish  
and Bitterness Help  
in the early morning Rosary  
when the dawn arrived  
to feel at peace  
until I ran out of tears  
until I swallowed  
my anger until I swallowed  
my sorrow.*

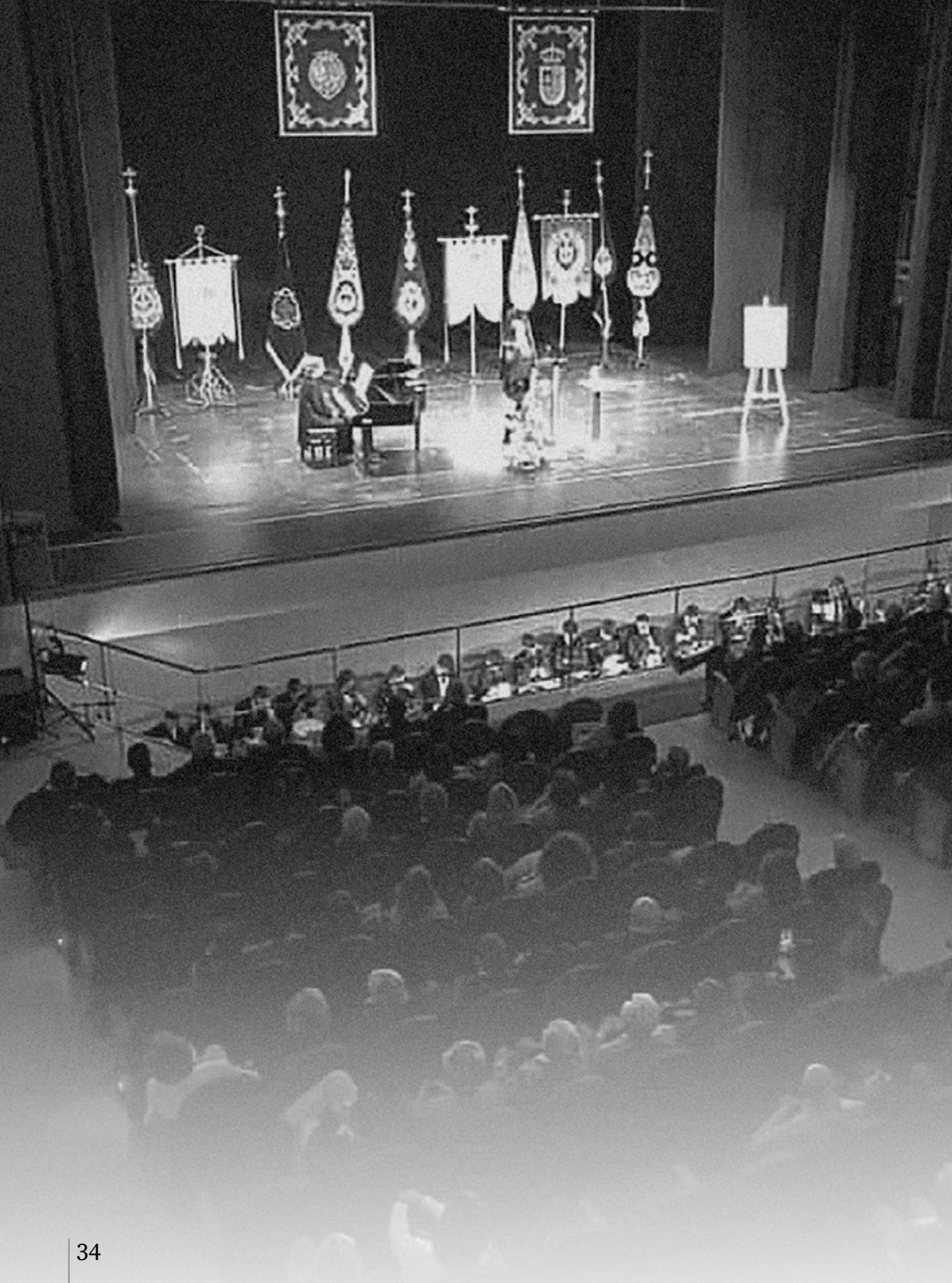
*This Marcian morning  
at this hour of the Angelus  
dressed in a mantilla  
of pain I have unraveled  
a wonderful miracle*

*and rest assured that  
I feel like a Nazarene  
brotherhood,  
proclaimer of the crosses,  
of the Christs of the sorrowful  
Virgins of the thrones  
and of the steps  
of the Andújar  
brothers from  
my town...,  
in spring.*

*I give you my soul and my heart!*

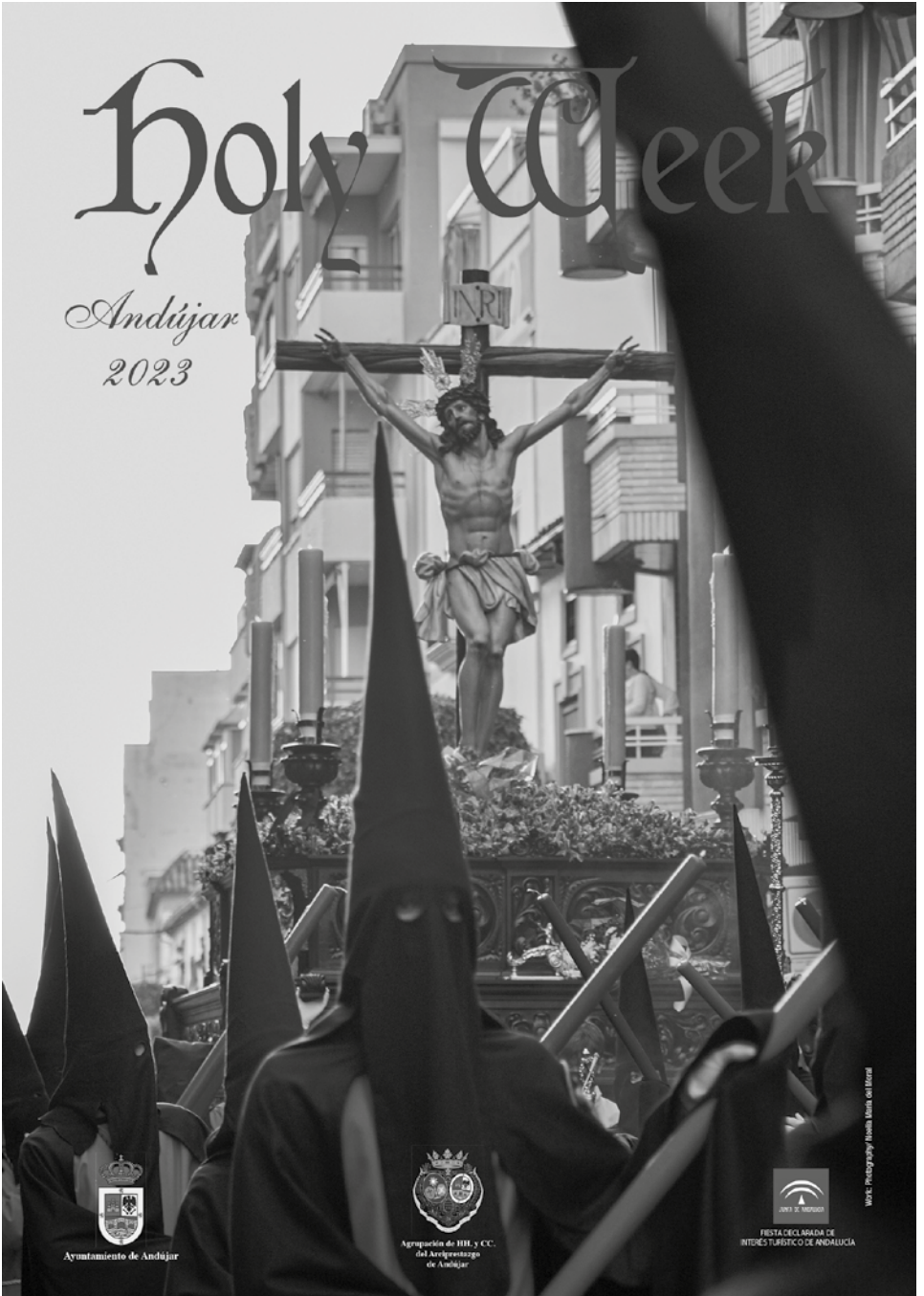
**I have proclaimed!**

HOLY WEEK PROCLAMATION



# Holy Week

*Andújar*  
2023



Ayuntamiento de Andújar



Agrupación de HH. y CC.  
del Arrepentazgo  
de Andújar



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