

Easter Message

Easter celebrates the resurrection of Jesus and is one of the chief tenets of the Christian faith. It is a time of hope and the start of a season associated with new life, longer days, holidays and family, and this year in particular, wonderful spring weather. It is therefore almost beyond belief that we find ourselves in lockdown, in a world in crisis with peoples of all races and faiths affected. This is made even harder when our churches are closed for the range of reflective services normally available at this time and, for now, we will be unable to witness the Church of Lent be transformed into the Church of the risen Christ.

In our prayers, we bring to mind people gravely ill, families in mourning and a multitude worrying about livelihoods. Our thoughts are with those risking their lives working incredibly hard to keep us all well, from the medical and care staff, support teams and teachers, food workers and farmers, warehouse staff and shop assistants - and to all those in essential services. We, in turn, can take comfort knowing that, as a family, we too can contribute by supporting not just each other, but crucially, those in the wider community also.

So, despite the testing circumstances, we can look to this Easter festival and its message of hope for the future and use it to bring comfort at a time when many need assistance - whether through prayer, a telephone call, donations, a streamed message or us providing other support where and when we can. In turn, we can take the joy of our Lord rising from the bleakness of that cold tomb of stone to give us the strength to praise God, to trust God and show, via our faith, that soon we will be able to join together in person in fellowship.

With our best wishes to Jane and to you all,

Bea & William
Parish Wardens

This poem has been circulated as part of the Poetry Exchange and given the isolated situations we find ourselves in, as well as this lovely spring weather that we have been blessed with, feels very apt!

Sonnet 98: From you have I been absent in the spring

By William Shakespeare

From you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April, dressed in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in everything,
That heavy Saturn laughed and leaped with him.
Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew:
Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;
They were but sweet, but figures of delight
Drawn after you, – you pattern of all those.
Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play.