

Dear Jesus

We're really sorry, but we're going to have to cancel your party this year.

It's not that we've been buying land or livestock or even getting married.

(If it helps, all those things have been cancelled too).

It's that we are burying our fathers and mothers and friends.

And those of us not burying today

are worried that we'll be burying tomorrow.

We know you've not accepted this as an excuse in the past but hope that this time you will understand.

Plus

we've had to lock up the venue.

We were all looking forward to the party food so you see

we are really as disappointed as we know you will be.

(And, if we're honest,

we're not really in the mood for party music).

Sorry again.

Hopefully we will be back to normal next year.....

Dearly beloveds

Please don't apologise.

I've been there before....remember?

I love that you enjoy the feasts you put on for me

but there is more than one way to party

and some of the best I've been to have had

a soundtrack of the Blues.

What

if I come round to your place this year?

We can have a Lockdown party

There's precedent.

I know you're worried about security but

I'll let myself in.

I've a track record of making feasts of store cupboard ingredients

so just leave the food to me.

And I know some of you are angry with me

(even if you're too polite to say so)
so I'll bring a peace offering.

Refs: Luke 14:15-24; 9:59; John 20:19;2:1-12; 6:1-14

*written at 5:00 a.m. on Easter Sunday morning 2020 by Rev. Rachel Parkinson
~ Chair of the Wolverhampton & Shrewsbury District of the Methodist Church ~*