

**The Cotteridge Church**  
Sunday 7 April **Easter 2**

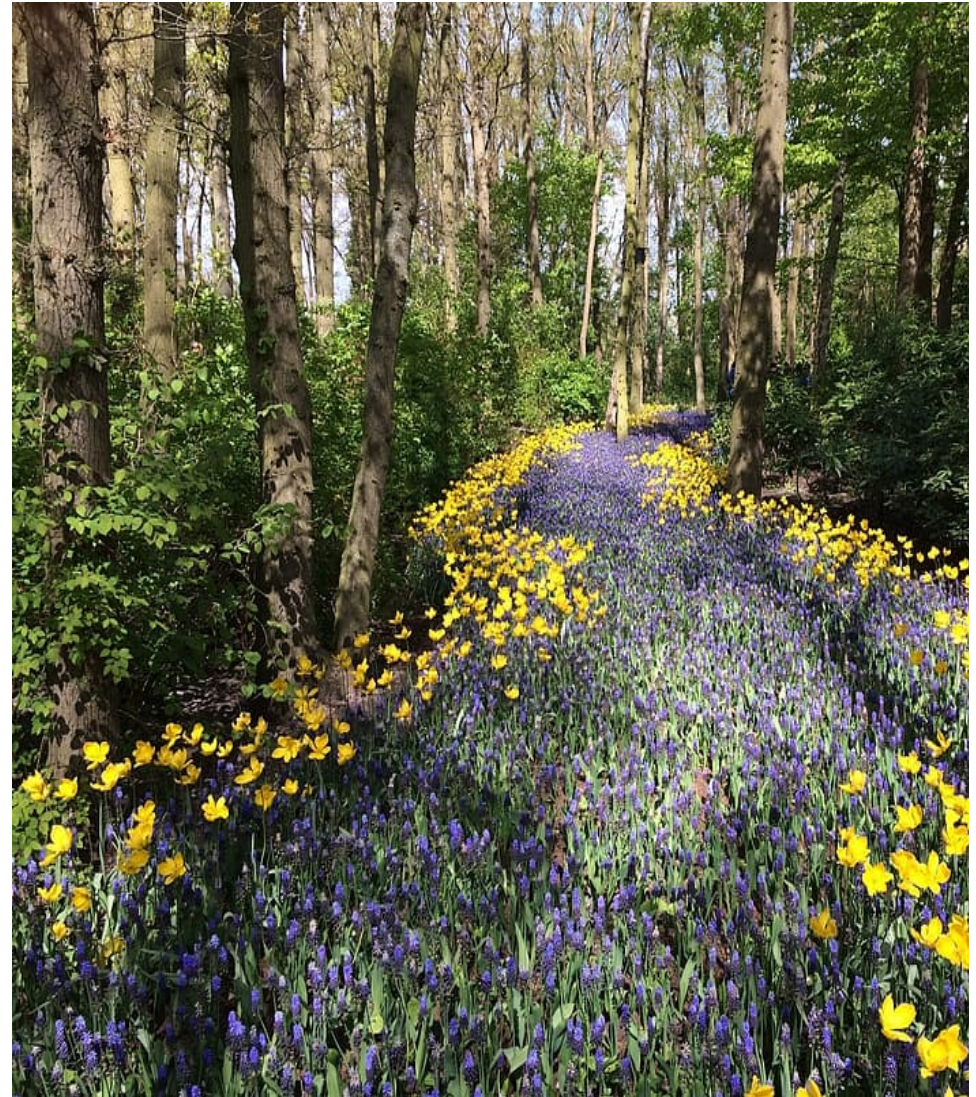
Fred Kaan

Help us accept each other, as Christ accepted us;  
teach us as sister, brother, each person to embrace.  
Be present, Lord, among us and bring us to believe:  
we are *ourselves* accepted  
and meant to love and live.

Teach us, O Lord, your lessons, as in our daily life  
we struggle to be human and search for hope and faith.  
Teach us to care for people, for all - not just for some,  
to love them as we find them  
or as they may become.

Let your acceptance change us so that we may be  
moved  
in living situations to do the truth in love;  
to practise your acceptance until we know by heart  
the table of forgiveness  
and laughter's healing art.

Lord, for today's encounters with all who are in need,  
who hunger for acceptance, for justice and for bread,  
we need new eyes for seeing, new hands for holding on:  
renew us with your Spirit;  
Lord, free us, make us one!



## **Bible Readings**

Acts 4:32-35   Psalm 133   1 John 1:1-2:2   John  
20:19-31

## **Collect**

Risen Christ,  
for whom no door is locked, no entrance barred:  
open the doors of our hearts,  
that we may seek the good of others  
and walk the joyful road of sacrifice and peace,  
to the praise of God the Father.

## **Hope for the Flowers**

A man found a butterfly cocoon. One day a small opening appeared. He sat and watched the butterfly for several hours as it struggled to force its body through that little hole. Then, it seemed to stop making any progress, as if it had got as far as it could. So the man decided to help, he took a pair of scissors and snipped off the remaining bit of the cocoon. The butterfly then emerged easily. But it had a swollen body & small, shrivelled wings. The man continued to watch the butterfly because he expected that, at any moment, the wings would enlarge and expand to be able to support the body, which would contract in time. Neither happened! In fact, the butterfly spent the rest of its life crawling around with a swollen body and shrivelled wings. It never was able to fly. What the man, in his kindness and haste, did not understand was that the restricting cocoon and the struggle required for the butterfly to get through the tiny opening were God's way of forcing fluid from the body of the butterfly into its wings so that it would be ready for flight once it achieved its freedom from the cocoon. Sometimes struggles are exactly what we need in our lives. If God allowed us to go through our lives without any obstacles, it would cripple us. We would not be as strong as what we could have been. We could never fly!

StF 526

Jan Struther (Joyce Placzek)

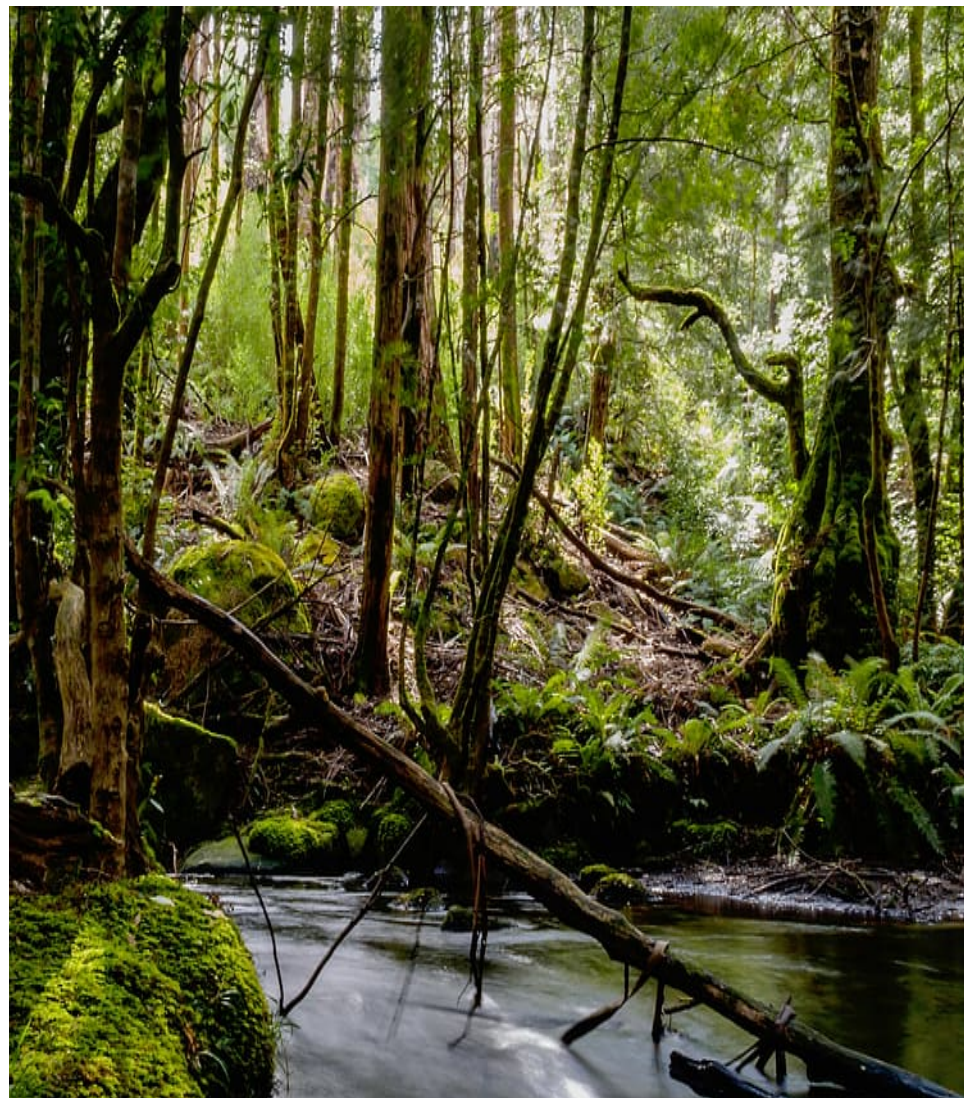
**The Cotteridge Church**  
Sunday 14<sup>th</sup> April **Easter 3**

1 Lord of all hopefulness, Lord of all joy,  
Whose trust, ever child-like, no care could destroy,  
Be there at our waking, and give us, we pray,  
Your bliss in our hearts, Lord, at the break of the day.

2 Lord of all eagerness, Lord of all faith,  
Whose strong hands were skilled at the plane and  
the lathe,  
Be there at our labours, and give us, we pray,  
Your strength in our hearts, Lord, at the noon of the  
day.

3 Lord of all kindness, Lord of all grace,  
Your hands swift to welcome, your arms to embrace,  
Be there at our homing, and give us, we pray, Your  
love in our hearts, Lord, at the eve of the day.

4 Lord of all gentleness, Lord of all calm,  
Whose voice is contentment, whose presence is  
balm,  
Be there at our sleeping, and give us, we pray,  
Your peace in our hearts, Lord, at the end of the day.



## **Bible Readings**

Acts 3:12-19

Psalm 4

1 John 3:1-7

Luke 24:36b-48

## **Collect**

Risen Christ,

you filled your disciples with boldness and fresh  
hope:

strengthen us to proclaim your risen life  
and fill us with your peace,  
to the glory of God the Father.

Amen

“In his note there was a very naughty word.” Paul Harvey tells about a robber in Oceanside, California wearing a motorcycle helmet and carrying a gun who strode into a branch bank. He selected a teller who appeared fiftyish, soft, kindly, an easy mark. He handed her a note demanding money or her life. The woman reached for the cash drawer. Then she looked again at the note and her eyes flashed, her lips clenched. She pulled the entire cash drawer out, but instead of giving him money, she clobbered the robber over the head with the drawer. And again and again. She was scolding him. Money was flying everywhere and she was beating him and shouting shame on him and bouncing blows off his helmet "until the young man turned and ran. Police caught him in nearby shrubbery. Then they asked the woman teller how come she was about to give him money at gunpoint and then, suddenly, instead, became enraged? She said, "In his note there was a very naughty word." Different people get upset at different things. Jesus shouted, "Take these things out of here! Stop making my Father's house a marketplace!" Jesus got their attention. Sometimes we need to get angry. Anger can lead to creative and constructive solutions.

Andrew E Pratt

- 1 If we claim to love our neighbour  
while the hungry queue for food,  
are we prey to self-deception?  
Is perception quite so crude?  
If we sit beside our neighbours,  
begging for the things they need,  
we might share their own injustice  
in a world that thrives on greed.
- 2 If we punish those with nothing,  
blaming them for where they stand,  
is this love of friend or neighbour,  
do we still not understand?  
Love of neighbour is not easy,  
cuts us till we feel the pain,  
sharing hurt that they are feeling  
till they find new life again.
- 3 Love of neighbour sets us squarely  
in the place where they now sit,  
till the richness God has given  
builds a pearl around the grit;  
till each person shares the comfort  
of the love of which we preach,  
till we live as fact the Gospel:  
none can be beyond love's reach.

**The Cotteridge Church**  
Sunday 21<sup>st</sup> April **Easter 4**



## **Bible Readings**

Acts 4:5-12

Psalm 23

1 John 3:16-24

John 10:11-18

## **Collect**

Risen Christ,  
faithful shepherd of your Father's sheep:  
teach us to hear your voice  
and to follow your command,  
that all your people may be gathered into one flock,  
to the glory of God the Father.  
Amen

One day a man stopped in a convenience store to get a newspaper, he noticed that the owner of the store had tears in his eyes and kept looking out the window. He asked what was going on.

The store owner said, "Do you see that bus bench over there? A woman comes there every day around this time. She sits for about an hour, knitting and waiting. Buses come and go, but she never gets on one and no one gets off for her to meet. The other day, I carried her a cup of coffee and sat with her for a while. Her only son lives a long way away. She last saw him two years ago, when he boarded a bus there. He is married now, and she has never met her daughter-in-law or their new child. She told me, 'It helps to come here & wait. I pray for them as I knit little things for the baby, and I imagine them saving money to come home. I can't wait to see them.'"

The owner was looking out of the window at that particular moment because the three of them--the son, his wife and their child--were getting off the bus. The look on the woman's face when this small family fell into her arms was one of pure joy.

The store owner commented, "I'll never forget that look as long as I live."

The next day the same man returned to the store the owner was again behind the counter. Before she could say or do anything, the customer said, "You sent her son the money for the bus tickets, didn't you?"

The store owner looked back with eyes full of love and a smile and replied, "Yes, I sent the money."

Then he repeated her statement from the day before, "I'll never forget that look as long as I live."

This man had discovered a measure of the abundant life.

StF 663 Daniel L. Schutte

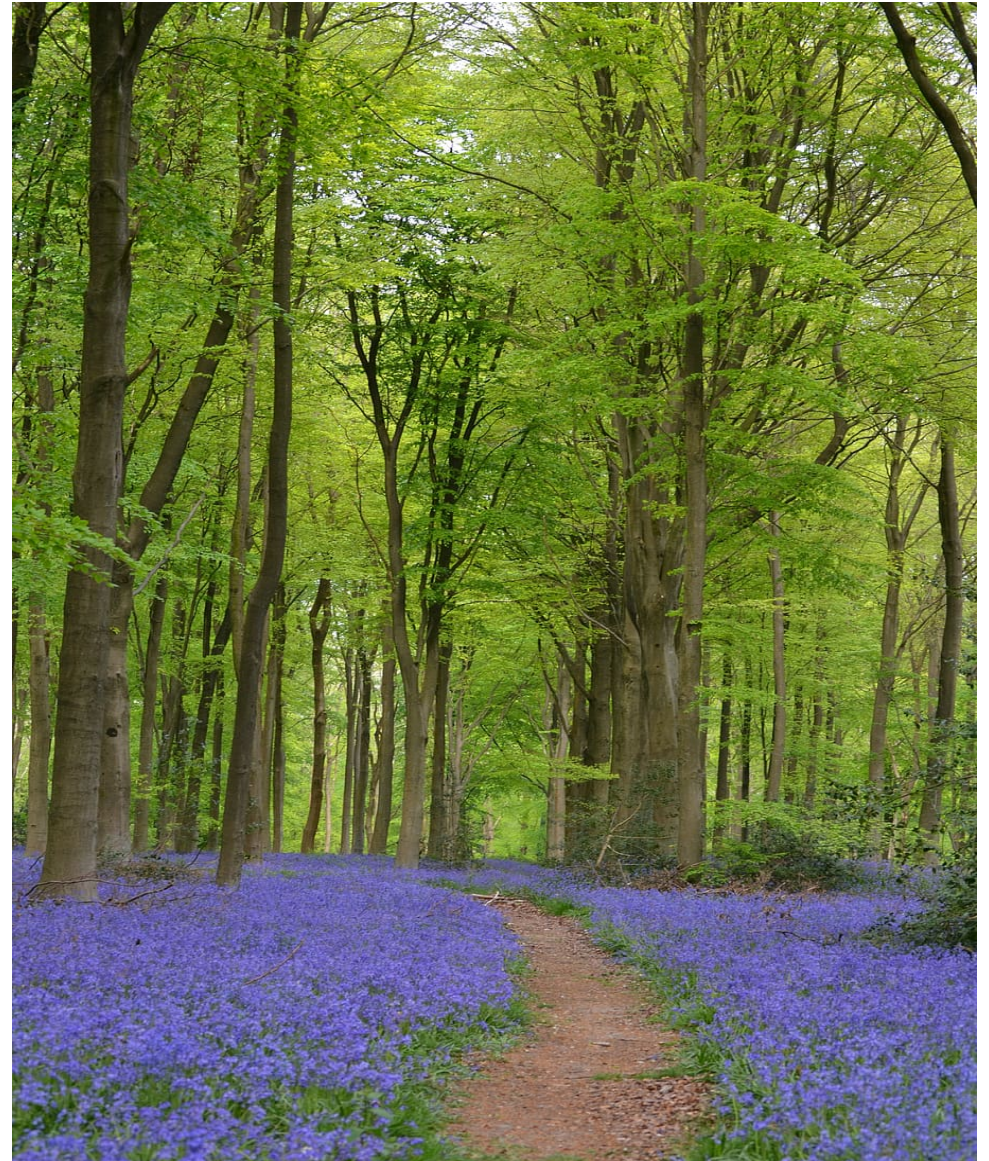
I, the Lord of sea and sky,  
I have heard my people cry.  
All who dwell in dark and sin my hand will save.  
I, who made the stars of night,  
I will make their darkness bright.  
Who will bear my light to them?  
Whom shall I send?

*Here I am, Lord. Is it I, Lord?  
I have heard you calling in the night.  
I will go, Lord, if you lead me.  
I will hold your people in my heart.*

I, the Lord of snow and rain,  
I have borne my people's pain.  
I have wept for love of them. They turn away.  
I will break their hearts of stone,  
give them hearts for love alone.  
I will speak my words to them.  
Whom shall I send?

I, the Lord of wind and flame,  
I will send the poor and lame.  
I will set a feast for them. My hand will save.  
Finest bread I will provide  
till their hearts be satisfied.  
I will give my life to them.  
Whom shall I send?

**The Cotteridge Church**  
Sunday 28<sup>th</sup> April **Easter 5**



## **Bible Readings**

Acts 8:26-40

Psalm 22:25-31

1 John 4:7-21

John 15:1-8

## **Collect**

Risen Christ

your wounds declare your love for the world

and the wonder of your risen life:

give us compassion and courage

to risk ourselves for those we serve,

to the glory of God the Father.

Amen

There is a legend of a saint whose wonderful deeds astonished the angels and they came to learn the secret of his piety.

Everywhere the man went he diffused virtue as a flower gives out perfume, without being aware of it.

The angels asked that the man be given the gift of miracles, & God agreed. They asked the man if he would like by the touch of his hand to heal the sick.

“No,” he said, “I would rather God should do that.”

“Then would you like to convert guilty souls and bring them back to the right path?”

“No,” said the saint. “It is the Spirit’s mission to convert, I only pray.”

“Would you rather be a model of patience and draw men by your piety?”

“No, if men are attracted to me, they might be estranged from God.”

“What do you desire?” said the angels. “That God should give me his grace, that I might do a great deal of good without knowing it.”

The angels were perplexed. Finally they resolved that whenever the shadow of the saint fell where he could not see it, the shadow could cure disease and comfort sorrow. So it came to pass, as the saint passed along, the hearts of men were cheered wherever he walked.