



CMC Covid-19 Newsletter No. 2

Hello friend,

Thank you for all your kind words and messages about the last edition of our newsletter. We are glad you are finding it useful and it is nice to have the opportunity to keep in touch with each other. This bumper Easter issue contains suggestions for worship for each day of Holy Week plus news from the congregation. If you've any news (or photographs) you want to be in the newsletter please send them in, so we can share it with others. We emailed out the first newsletter to 84 people and delivered 26 copies to those not on the internet and this has increased for this issue to 98 sent electronically and 29 deliveries. If you are getting one delivered and are on email and are happy for us to have your email address, could you let us have it as delivery often entails utilising our allocated daily exercise allocation.

We are still living in testing times and things seem to be getting more intense, but the good news is that we are now a bit closer to when this pandemic will be over. As we said in the previous newsletter, if you are a pastoral visitor and can't keep up with, or have concerns about, those in your group, or don't have a pastoral visitor available, or in fact think that we may be able to help in some way, please do get in touch with The Stewards or the Minister(s).

A recording of a Palm Sunday Service that Dave Kitchen did some years ago is now on the Cyncoed Methodist Church website – let's all listen together at 10.30am on Sunday 5th April.

With love and best wishes,

The Stewards

Dear Cyncoed Methodist Family,

Greetings from Ghana in the name of our Risen Lord. I trust that you are all doing well and staying safe from the COVID-19 pandemic. I am grateful to our leaders and all involved for the good work being done to support us all spiritually and physically as we all stay home to fight the COVID-19 pandemic. I pray that our efforts will yield fruits of spiritual growth, comfort and peace.

I acknowledge that COVID-19 has brought fear, panic and the 'shadow of death' upon the world and its people. There is no doubt that we are in perilous times. Governments and economies the world over are all bracing against this pestilence. The church of Christ is also in turmoil as we cease worshipping together and unable to physically reach out to those who need us most.

It is in times like this that Christians must offer hope to the world. Our hope in the risen Christ, his present kingdom and his coming reign, is most relevant now. God's promise to be with us in every situation (Isaiah 43:2) is the strongest pillar we can hold on to and the best gift we can offer the world.

I have been reflecting on and praying with 1 Chronicles 21, since the pandemic. God had sent a plague on Israel. After 70,000 men had died, God said to the angel who was destroying the people, "Enough! Withdraw your hand" (1 Chronicles 21:15). David then built an altar and sacrificed, and God answered him with fire from heaven. Also, God answered Solomon's prayer by sending fire and promising that in times of pandemics like this, if we pray, he will heal our land (2 Chronicles 7:14). Again, Elijah prayed, and fire came from heaven to burn sacrifice (1 Kings 18:38).

Theories of the source of COVID-19, be it a scientific accident, a biological weapon or God's punishment for human sins, need not concern us now. What should matter to us as a church is that the pandemic must end soon.

In the light of the scriptures above, therefore, I pray that God will turn all our efforts – following the non-pharmaceutical protocols, the work of researchers, health workers, governments and security agencies and especially our individual and corporate prayers – into divine fire that will form a hedge around us to protect us against the pandemic and also to burn the COVID-19 virus into ashes. May God say to COVID-19: "Enough! Withdraw your hand".

Stay blessed and stay safe,

Kofi Amissah

Holy Week Devotions and Prayers

(kindly provided by Rev. Nick Oborski and Dave Kitchen)

Holy Week: Monday

Hosanna

I was stationed in the Guard House Tower that afternoon. So, almost certainly I was the first to get a glimpse of what was happening. 'Some sort of party cum religious ceremony coming our way,' I yelled down to my commanding officer. 'Dangerous or merely Jewish?' Quintillus shouted back up to me. 'Weird would be a better word.'

I heard the thump, thump, thump of his footsteps as he came up to join me. It was now a bit closer and I could make out a man on horseback at the centre of it all. Suddenly it didn't look too good. I smelt riot, revolution or both. Quintillus hauled himself up the final couple of steps. He squinted into the middle distance: 'What do you think it is?'

'Looks to me like a hero returning to make a nuisance of himself during the holiday season. What do they call this one?' 'Passover.' 'Well, it would be better if they all passed over to somewhere else and left us in peace. If that comedian is on horseback, we need the legion out now.' Quintillus sighed. He hated fuss. *Just keep the peace*, he used to say. *That's what we're here for.*

'Look more carefully, Albus.' 'Ah, he's side-saddle on a young donkey.' 'Exactly. Most military leaders don't ride in on animals used for carrying sacks of grain, do they? And can you see any sign of weapons hidden under the folds of what they're wearing?' 'Not as far as I can see.' 'Well, keep looking because there's a chance that it will turn nasty but I don't see any sign of it at this moment. What do you think it looks like at the moment?' 'More like an open air dance party centred around someone's dad.'

'*David danced before the Lord,*' muttered Quintillus. 'What, sir?' 'Have you picked up nothing about this religion since you were posted here Albus? Their scriptures are full of song and dance. Even their old kings used to do it.' 'Doesn't sound anywhere serious enough to count as religion in my book.' 'Ah, that's where you're wrong. This is a religion filled with passion, fire and even dance. That's why our job

here is a bit trickier because they feel for their faith more powerfully than in some of our territories. It can get out of hand pretty quickly.' 'So we stamp on it, sir.'

Quintillus sighed: 'Our job is to keep the peace and collect the taxes. That's what Rome wants and that's what Rome gets. If you see weapons or horsemen, just tell me and I'll have a hundred men here on the double to remove the ringleader's head from his body. In the meantime, they can sing *Hosanna* as many times as they wish and dance until dusk. What harm can it do? Have you never called on your gods to save you?' 'I would if I thought it would do any good.' 'Well, keep watching, Albus. You might even learn something.'

And, with that, he turned and plodded back down the stairs leaving me to watch and wonder about what sort of saving they were expecting from this strange god of theirs.

Prayer

Lord, as we think back to how Holy Week was ushered in with a donkey in the middle of a song and dance party, help us to get our heads around things that don't always make sense to us. May our desire to panic and see crisis in what appears to be coming always be tempered by a careful study of the facts and a willingness to watch and wait.

In the bad, may we see good; in our fears, may we find hopes; in your entry into Jerusalem, may we see a glimpse of what might have been if only the worse parts of our human nature hadn't got in the way. Forgive us, renew us and make us the people who help create a world where everyone wants to sing and dance. We may not feel like that today but, one day, Lord, one day ...

Amen

Holy week: Tuesday

Putting a figure on it: *A story from the last days in Jerusalem.*

And Judas, the one called Iscariot, who kept the disciples purse, came to Jesus that evening. "Master," he began, "I was struck by what you said today in the Temple. Do you remember the poor widow who put such a tiny amount in the box for offerings but whom you said gave more than the rest because she gave all she had? Could you not re-tell that story when you are preaching?"

"And why should I do that Judas?" "Well, it would be an excellent way of reminding our richer supporters of their responsibilities. Indeed, in the re-telling, you could make more of the fact that the rich had effectively given less than the widow and needed to give a lot more to bring them up to her level." "But I only mentioned her," said Jesus, "so that you would be reminded not to judge by appearances. So that you would remember to give as much respect to a poor widow as you would to the richest lord. "Poor widows don't pay the disciples bills," muttered Judas. "I'm not saying anything against poor people, you understand, it's simply that we do need to impress upon our wealthy friends just how large our outgoings are, these days."

"Are we in debt?" asked Jesus. "No, but think how much easier it would be if we could find a way, for example, to insist on a minimum contribution just as the Temple can." The Lord's eyes seemed to darken a little then and his voice was sad when he spoke. "What about the new ways, Judas? Where would the freedom be that we have spoken about? If people are not moved by love to give, why should we attempt to move them at all?" The words were met by an awkward, uncomfortable silence. Outside, some distance away, there was the sound of soldiers marching and a guard changing.

"We have enough to live on," continued Jesus. "We have good friends in spite of all that has happened. Tell me, how much more do we need? Judas drew in a short breath. "It's not easy to put a figure on it but I suppose we could do with an additional, say, thirty pieces of silver."

Prayer

Father God, we remember Judas, the one who held the purse strings and was responsible for paying the bills. As we do, we wonder what led him to betrayal. Had he simply had enough of the spiritual stuff? Did he believe he could force his master's hand and start the revolution that would overthrow the Romans?

We will never know but it's good to pause and wonder. Are we too wrapped up in practical detail to see the big picture? Do we want the church to do things our way or not do it at all? Is our loyalty tested by a feeling that we are surrounded by idealists with no idea of the implications of what they're saying. If we have ever wanted things to be done our way, forgive us. If we have ever forgotten how you prayed for God's will to be done and not your own, forgive us. And make us your followers even on the days when following you feels like the thing we would least like to do.

Amen

Holy Week: Wednesday

Stay awake: *Peter remembers Gethsemane*

We couldn't even stay awake. That was what shook me. When he was apart from us, it was my job to step up. Or, at least, that was how I understood it: He'd told me that I would be his rock. I'd be the strength on which everything else was built. What a promise! That night, the only way in which I could be compared to a rock was the fact I was as still and as senseless as one. Out cold! Years later, my wife would tell me that you can't be blamed for falling asleep. It happens. She's right, of course and we were all exhausted but that really isn't why it hurts me to remember my failure. You see, I'd made such a right fuss about how he could rely on me, how others might fail him but I wouldn't. I believed it too. I thought I'd be up to it, whatever the situation was. I'd reckoned I could cope with whatever might occur. Yet, when Jesus was praying for strength to accept whatever might happen to him, I was asleep. He was giving himself up and I wasn't even awake.

Why on earth do we think we're stronger than those we follow? Stupid, stupid, stupid! 'You try too hard; you worry too much,' my wife tells me. She's right. But it's worse than that: I wanted to be in control, that night. Still do. And you can't be. What will happen, will happen. You need to hear his voice not only leading you on but also telling you to let go, to leave it to others or even to no one. Everything will work out one day but it will be God who makes that happen, not us.

And so I carry with me those words I heard as I drifted in and out of sleep in the garden: *not what I want but what you want, Father*. I say them quietly to myself at least once every day. And, while back then they were the words I heard when I should have stayed wide awake, now they are the ones that let me lie down and sleep, safe in the thought that He is in charge, not me.

Prayer

Lord

Whenever we begin to think that we are in control, remind us of Peter. Whenever we feel sure of our strength, remind us of how he slept when he was supposed to be keeping guard. We know that our fears at this time are about the world spiralling out of control as a disease with no cure stalks the planet. Draw us back from thinking in such panic-stricken terms and teach to see the better news. We are grateful that our children and grandchildren have been spared the worst effects of

this illness. We are encouraged by how countries are sharing the science that is needed to combat the virus. We will get through.

But we won't do that thinking it's all up to us. Peter didn't and neither will we. May our last prayer every night be the one that echoed in Peter's mind and heart: not what I want but what you want, Father.

Amen

Holy Week: Maundy Thursday

At home alone, or with your family members, after your own evening meal, sit and remember the last supper.

On the night of his arrest when they were at supper
Jesus took bread and having blessed it,
he broke the bread and gave it to his disciples, saying
"This is my body, given for you".
In the same way he took the wine
and having given thanks for it he poured it out
and gave the cup to his disciples, saying,
"This cup is the new relationship with God,
sealed with my blood.
Take this and share it.
I shall drink wine with you next
in the coming Kingdom of God."

A prayer:

*Loving God, on this night you waited,
in Jesus, for so much.*

*You waited for loyalty – and found betrayal.
you waited for support – and got instead desertion.
you waited for love – and received instead
hatred, misunderstanding, rejection, and a cruel death.*

Loving God, still you wait for us.

We are no different to your first disciples.

We carry within us the sin that can crucify you again and again.

*Here on this night,
the night of the basin and towel,
of the bread broken and wine outpoured,
help us to wait now on you.
Let your mercy and grace unite us in your forgiveness.
And make us one with your suffering children
who wait for your reign of justice and peace to come
and change their lives.
We pray in Jesus' name. Amen.*

(Taken from the Iona Community 'Wild Goose big book of worship resources')

Holy Week: Good Friday

Read the Lent Liturgy for Good Friday

Reading: John 18 & 19, Luke 22:39-23:56

Silence

A prayer:

*Lord Jesus, lifted high on the cross,
you look down on us in all our greatness,
and all our sin.
and in you amazing love you sift out the good in us,
in both our greatness and our sin.*

*Look in mercy on all who need you now;
especially those who would not dream of approaching you,
who feel themselves excluded from your love.
Live for them we pray, as you died for them;
and have mercy on us who go in danger of thinking ourselves good,
when you have taught us who alone is good,
and shown us, by your living and your dying,
how we may honour Him.
We pray in you name. Amen*



(Taken from the Iona Community 'Wild Goose big book of worship resources')

Easter morning

It is silent. Odd - because they're sure they felt the earth rumble as they woke. That's common enough in Jerusalem but now it's as if a breath is being held in. The women slip out into the darkness with a task to complete. Is it safe to be out before the sun has risen? Possibly not ... but this way they will not be seen. There will be no awkward conversations. They carry spices and ointment to anoint the one who had seemed to promise they could start again with him. This was the man who had talked of a new way: closing one chapter of history and opening a better one. Now he is gone. And there are just the burial duties to complete. Before the Sabbath, the men had been in charge. An unholy rush and a compromise if ever there was one. The women remember snippets of conversation from that Friday evening after the tomb had been sealed by the stone.

"Did you manage to...?"

"What about the ...?"

"Well, how complete is 'sort of done' ...?"

The men had looked down and away. All they seemed to do was to shrug their shoulders and sigh. The women wanted to blame them but what else could have been done when you had minutes but needed hours? All that is past now. What matters this morning is that everything should be put into good order. Mind you, that strikes Mary Magdala as more than a little ridiculous. You can't put right death, can you? You can't turn back the hands of time and make a killing better. This is not something where a mother says quietly 'there, there' and wraps her arms around the hurting.

All the same, Mary knows exactly why they are going to the tomb. It's because there is nothing else they can do. When you feel useless, the best medicine is to stay busy with small sensible tasks. At least, that's the theory. It doesn't work. The walk to the garden brings it all back. The Thursday night arrest, the botched trial, Pilate with those political phrases dripping from him and his search for an easy solution. Then the judgement and the cross to be dragged all the way to Calvary. The worst thing of all, though, was the nails – the splintering sound as they went in. Death, when it came, seemed like a release. It was over, you see. Nothing could hurt him anymore. All that remained was those who had been left behind. That was the eleven, of course, but there were others, too. Martha who had opened her home with her sister, made them safe, fed them. Joanna who had kept the work going when money was tight. His mother, Mary, so often in the shadows but never far away. Plus Mary Magdala: the tall, imposing women whose happiness rested in

the care Jesus had shown her. Whose sanity seemed to rest on his words and his alone. What was left for Mary on the morning after the Sabbath?

The women walk together and the silence is broken only by a few words about whether they should have waited for the men. They need the stone rolled away but the guard at the tomb will surely do that for them. They will not feel threatened by a few women, especially if they make sure they sound genuine and dutiful. You cannot be too careful when dealing with soldiers. It is in this frame of mind that the women enter Joseph's garden ... and come to a dead halt. There is no one to be seen and no stone protecting the tomb. All their planning crumples in an instant and is replaced by overwhelming fears. The first thought is grave robbers – a regular problem in this city. But that doesn't make sense. What kind of grave robbers are going to take on an armed guard and succeed without any sign of a struggle?

The second thought is worse. Pilate has called for the body in order to remove all trace of this man who has troubled him. One of them suggests that Joseph may have sent his gardener to move the body somewhere less obvious, somewhere safer. Possible but not probable during a Sabbath. Then they realise that the tomb isn't empty after all. There are figures in white, with a brightness about them, like lightning. A young man explains that Jesus isn't there. He tells them not to be afraid and talks about Jesus being risen, about the disciples, about Galilee. Mary Magdala is sent ahead to tell the disciples although all that sticks in her mind is that he's not there. That's why Peter and John get to hear a breathless account of how the body has been moved. They run back with her. Mary hopes against hope that it will make sense to them but there is only the puzzle of an empty tomb. Everything is neat and tidy, as if the place is no longer needed. The men understand that something has happened and a glimmer of hope rises in them. But nothing is clear yet.

As for Mary, coming back a second time makes it worse. When Peter and John leave, she stays in the garden and her tears flow. She cries and cries, the sobs wracking her whole frame in wave after wave. Yet, even in the deepest sorrow, there is always a little curiosity and Mary looks cautiously into the tomb. Once more, there are figures in white – angels? – Mary thinks so. They ask about her tears and she explains how the body has been taken and she has no idea where it has been placed. Then she turns away because she sees no answers in the tomb, only questions. To her surprise, there is someone else in the garden. He asks *who* she is looking for and she ignores his question. Her mind is on one thing alone: 'If you have moved his body, sir, tell me where you have put him and I will get him.' It never occurs to her for a moment that she is speaking to anyone other than the gardener.

There's a pause and he speaks a single word: 'Mary.' It is all that is needed. No one in the world calls her name quite like that. She senses it must be him before she even looks up. And, when her face meets his, she can hardly credit what she is seeing.

'Rabboni,' she says. It means 'master' but on this morning it means so, so much more. It says: 'I haven't lost you after all. You're here ... with me. We can begin again.'

But, when you see what you want to see, it's sometimes hard to believe that it can be true. When doubt creeps in, you have to pinch yourself, make sure that you're not dreaming. For Mary Magdala, the way to be sure is simple enough. She puts her arms around him. Yes, he *is* there. Not a trick of the light nor a figment of her imagination.

And here is what is so easily forgotten. In that moment, Jesus lets himself be held. She needs to clasp him close and he understands. It would have been enough for Mary if the world had ended in that moment. But it doesn't. She is with the man of new beginnings and the greatest of those is starting before her own eyes. Jesus tells her that they cannot stay there forever. And, as she lets go of him, she senses perhaps that the job she came to do will never be needed. Instead, she is to tell the disciples about what has happened and what will happen next. That is not Peter's task ... nor John's. It falls to Mary Magdala. He could have chosen sensible Martha or resourceful Joanna. But he had come and found her instead: the emotional, unpredictable one with a history of troubles and sorrows.

It could have been chance of course. Just her good luck in being in the right place at the right time. But, by this moment, Mary knows enough about the world to doubt that anything happens totally by chance. There is a pattern, even if on some days you simply cannot see it.

'Go then,' says Jesus. 'Go and tell them.' And with a heart as light as the first rays of morning sun, she does just that.

And everything that you believe

Everything that draws you here together

Starts from that moment

Let us pray

*We were not there on that morning, Lord,
We come to the story two thousand years late.
But time doesn't work like that in your eyes
For you are ever present; you never forget.*

*Help us to feel what Mary felt;
Help us to sense your presence as Mary did.
Then help us to let go of anything that might get in the way
Of being your hands and hearts in this world.*

*It isn't simply that the tomb is empty, is it Lord?
It's that life is begun again.
Help us to sense that death isn't the end at all,
Only the beginning of an unexpected new morning.*

*Lord, who understands our doubts,
Forgive our failings
And plant the seed of resurrection faith
In each of our hearts*

Amen

Hello everyone,

I have been in conversation with Andrew (in his capacity as co-chair for the ecumenical churches) and we have decided that we will not be going ahead with the Easter Sunday walk for several reasons. We have instead, decided to create a video of photos from previous years as well as pieces of scripture to show “live” early on Easter Sunday.

I will schedule this post to broadcast on CEEMC social media pages but would ask you to encourage people to watch it and enjoy it as part of their usual Easter Sunday devotions, obviously once it is on social media it can be shared and circulated as many times as we want.

A link to the event on Facebook is here, please encourage people to like and follow us.

<https://facebook.com/events/s/virtual-sunrise-walk/201655501205067/?ti=icl>

Many thanks

Rhys Collins (CEEMC)

Help for our community

In these very strange circumstances, I do hope that you know yourselves as part of a community, or family, here at Cyncoed Methodist, and that really is a blessing to appreciate. However, that’s not necessarily the case for many in our wider community in East Cardiff, and we have been approached by another local church – The Bridge, which meets at Pontprennau Primary and is a sister church to Highfields.

They’re looking to offer various services to the community, primarily via contact through their Facebook group ‘Cyncoed Covid-19 Mutual Aid Group’. To this end we have been asked if we have anyone who could help in a number of ways. I have already spoken with a number of younger members and current volunteers, who are willing and able to run errands, however many of us are not able to be ‘out and about’ but could still offer support in various ways.

What the group would like to do includes:-

- offering telephone calls to those who are feeling particularly isolated and lonely (a chance for a new pen/phone pal!?)

- printing off some flyers advertising this offer of help and support – and perhaps delivering them in a street (on a daily walk?)
- financial contributions towards offering ‘food parcels’ to those in need
- storing bulk bought dried foods, if they find there is a need for buying in bulk for food parcels

If you think you could help in any way, or have any questions, please do let me know, and I can pass on your details. Alternatively, if you find yourself in need of support, please again be in touch.

Thank you and God bless,

Helen Osborne. Tel: 07788 701129

Just a reminder about how we can still share in Worship

A recording of a Palm Sunday Service that Dave Kitchen did some years ago is now on the Cyncoed Methodist Church website – let’s all listen together at 10.30am on Sunday 5th April.

<http://cyncoedmethodistchurch.co.uk/event/dave-kitchens-palm-sunday-service-audio/>

Link to the words of the Service only:

<http://cyncoedmethodistchurch.co.uk/wp-content/uploads/2020/03/Celebration1404v03-b.pdf>

Just a reminder about how we can still share in Worship

BBC Radio 4 Sunday morning at 8.10am

Daily Service weekdays on BBC Radio 4 (LW), 9.45 a.m.

Choral Evensong on BBC Radio 3, Wednesdays, 3.30 p.m.

Methodist Church Online Resources

- A word in time Bible study

<https://www.methodist.org.uk/our-faith/the-bible/a-word-in-time/>

- The Methodist Church website has a wealth of resources to explore

<https://www.methodist.org.uk/our-faith/>

- Methodist Central Hall have a catalogue of sermons given by various people, all available on their website -

<https://methodist-central-hall.org.uk/sermons-2/>

- Rev Darren Middleton regularly posts worship and scripture based videos on the facebook page for Ridgeway Methodist Church. Like this page to be notified of his new posts. It's also great to see him!
- Trinity Church, Gosforth has a YouTube channel with many talks by Rev Peter Holwell from past services. Peter is continuing to preach at Gosforth despite there being no official meetings. These sermons are being uploaded to this channel.
- Highfields Church are uploading a series of Daily Devotions at 10:30 each day to their YouTube channel, and they also have past services.
- The Lectionary is available online, with Prayers and Art to accompany each week

<https://lectionary.library.vanderbilt.edu//index.php>

- BBC Songs of Praise has previous episodes available to view, along with interview features and hymns.

<https://www.bbc.co.uk/programmes/b006ttc5>



Hi to Amelie, Dylan, Izzie, Morgan, Noah, Olivia and Sasha,

We just want to say a quick hello to you all as we haven't been able to meet recently and won't be able to for a while yet. It's difficult as you aren't going to school either and I expect you are missing your friends. I know we are missing you and hearing all your news. What have you been doing? I expect you've been busy with your arts and crafts Izzie as you're brilliant at drawing and creating things. What about you Sasha have you been busy too? We really miss you making us smile with all the stories you share with us. When I went for a walk recently and I saw your lovely drawings of rainbows that you had put in the window of your house. They were great! How about you Dylan, hope you're not driving your mum and dad crazy with all your chatter! Being off school must give you a great chance to build with all that Lego you have. Do you still enjoy doing that? Morgan, I hope you haven't been given too much homework to do and what about all your sport? I bet your missing your rugby. Have you been able to keep fit? I hear that lots of youngsters are watching PE with Joe. He's supposed to be very good. What's news with you, Amelie and Noah? I know you love to learn about the natural world Amelie - there's some great links out there to some brilliant programmes. Have you seen the BBC earth website? Have you been busy Noah? Are you still growing crystals? We were so impressed when you brought some to church to show us. And Olivia, I hope you're busy having fun and keeping your mum on her toes. We're looking forward to seeing lots of you when we all get back together.

We hope you are all staying well. Keep on laughing, playing, singing, drawing, writing, solving problems and learning about our amazing world. Although we won't see you for a while, we will be thinking of you every day. Take care, keep safe and remember the important job you have to do - to wash those hands!

Lots of love Kath, Angela and Marion xxx

In other news:

From Jess, Roy, Izzy and Sacha

We are doing mini junior church on Sundays and thought you might be interested to see what we have been up to. This week we read 'Jesus and the miraculous catch of fish' and then made some pretty fish.

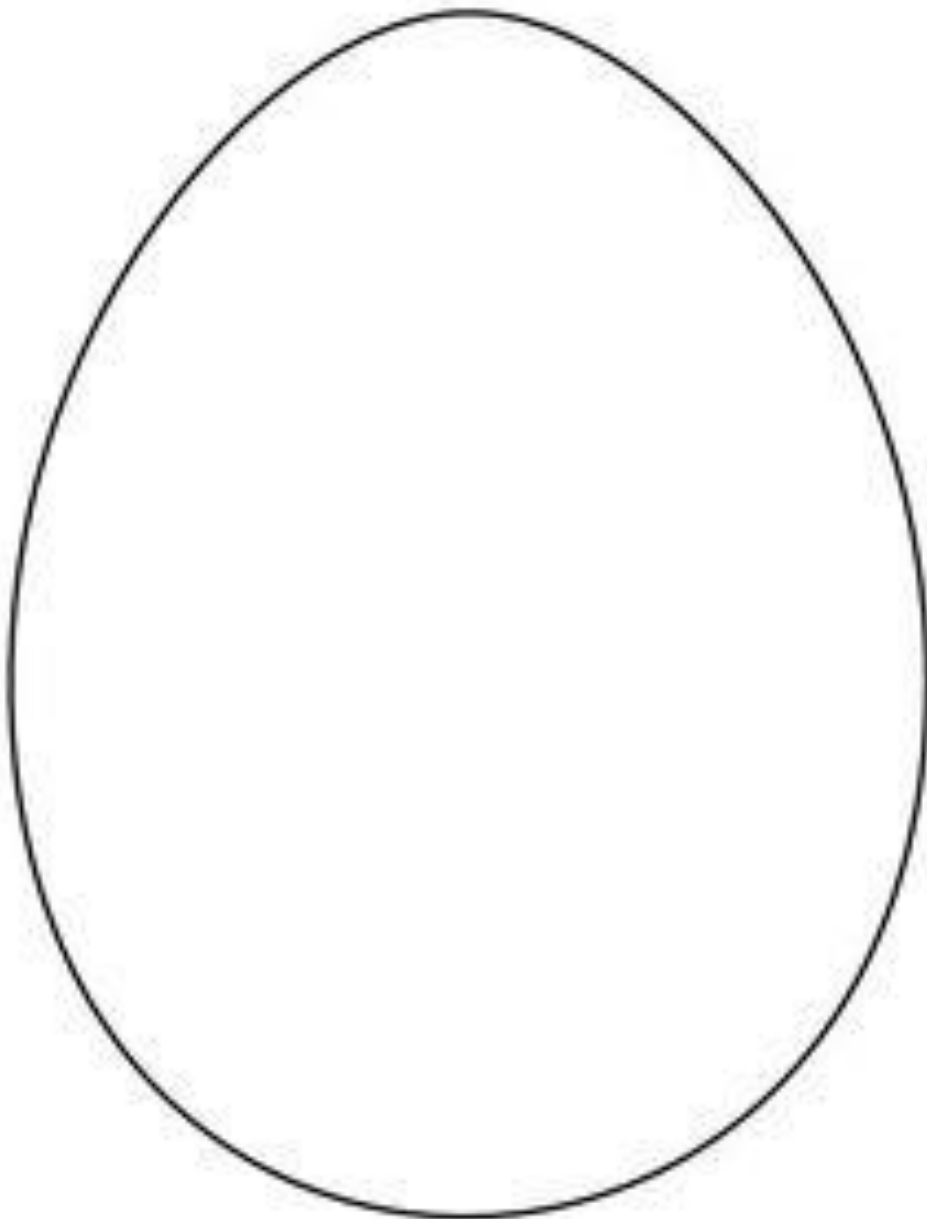
Comments from The Stewards:

What lovely artwork, a super photograph and good news on your junior church, keep it up, and let us know what's next on the syllabus. What is everyone else doing? Send photos of things you're up to during this "lock-down". Here's a picture of Jenny and Sue working hard (well moderately hard) planting potatoes and broad beans on their allotment.



Activities for Easter!

Ok, something for those who like a competition and also for those not-so-bothered about winning. Draw and decorate a picture of an Easter egg – and send in a picture for a BIG prize! Or put it in your window to embarrass your neighbours. And if you still have creativity that needs to be expressed even after you've displayed your Easter egg proudly in the window, use your imagination to think of how you can make the symbol of the cross shine there as well, as a symbol of hope in these tricky times. Make your cross about A4 size, (use this template if you wish) and create a design so colourful and bright that it brings hope to people who pass your front window and also makes them smile.



Take a photo of your cross when you've finished and share it with us. **Grown-ups, this is a challenge for you too.** Get your felt tips and water colours out, let's flood the neighbourhood (and next newsletter) with colour!

Use your Bible detective skills to complete this cross with the characters of the Easter story.

Who am I?
"The people chose me to be set free instead of Jesus."
Matthew 27:17

Who am I?
"They brought Jesus to me for trial, but I found no guilt in Him."
John 19:4

Who am I?
"I carried the cross of Jesus."
Luke 23:26

Who am I?
"I saw Jesus breathe His last and knew He was an innocent man."
Luke 23:47

Who am I?
"Jesus asked me to take care of His mother."
John 19:26

Who am I?
"I denied that I knew Jesus 3 times."
John 18:15-27

Who am I?
"I betrayed Jesus for 30 pieces of silver."
Matthew 26:14-15

Who am I?
"I buried Jesus in a tomb that belonged to me."
Mark 15:43-44

