

Holy Trinity and St. George Parish Magazine

Lent, Easter and Spring 2020



“Christian hope begins where every other hope stands frozen stiff before the face of The Unspeakable.”

Thomas Merton

Price: 50p

Lent, Easter and Spring: A Season of Hope in the Face of a Global Crisis

Hello, my friends. I hope you are keeping as well as possible during these trying times and are able to keep Lent and Easter in your hearts despite our lack of access to the liturgies we all love so well. I can't believe how out of sync life feels without them; they are surely in our blood and bones. The lovely, familiar roll of the Lenten season was cut short for all of us, and we find ourselves in uncharted waters. I know the good Lord is in all this. We are left to cling to the words of St. Paul to the Romans:

"For I am persuaded that neither death nor life, nor angels nor principalities nor powers, nor things present nor things to come, nor height nor depth, nor any other created thing, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord". (Romans 8:38-39)

We can add "...nor viruses..." to that list!

It has been surreal, like living in the pages of a Stephen King novel, here in the US. I am glad my retail job is considered "essential" and that I am able to provide service (and a smile) to people so wracked with anxiety. There were two days of absolute blind panic when the virus was declared a pandemic, during which the job was all but impossible to do as we were crushed with anxious shoppers looking for items long since sold out, followed by an eerie stillness as people self-quarantine. Our state has enacted a curfew of 8:00 PM and I need to carry a letter from work with me to show to the police should I be stopped on the way home after that. Our store has moved its closing from 11:00 PM to 9:00 PM and we are all but empty, with stacked shelves, bright lights and jolly music playing to no one. My school jobs are both suspended (without pay, as I am hourly), so I pick up as many shifts as I can.

Our HTSG house group, which I have been able to join virtually, recently discussed the monastic quality of self-quarantine, the fact that we as Catholics have a tradition supporting it, and that is food for thought. Perhaps we can try to make this dormant season one of spiritual growth, of drawing closer to Jesus, the Spirit and our loving Father. Even without Stations of the Cross, daily Mass, the weekend liturgies and our beloved Easter celebrations, we can foster spiritual renewal. Here is a relevant message from the pastor who buried my dad:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=xlgMpd9A7yk&feature=youtu.be>

This year I have engaged in two online retreats [an Ignatian Solidarity Network Series entitled "Radical Hope" and a Loyola Press series entitled "Living Lent Daily" as well as three sources of spiritual reading ["Fasting and Feasting 2020: A Spiritual Practice for Lent" by Unity Press, "Give Up Worry for Lent: 40 Days to Finding Peace in Christ" by Gary Zimak and "The Passion and the Cross" by Ronald Rolheiser]. We are blessed to live in an age of online resources, which can supply not only spiritual but social support.

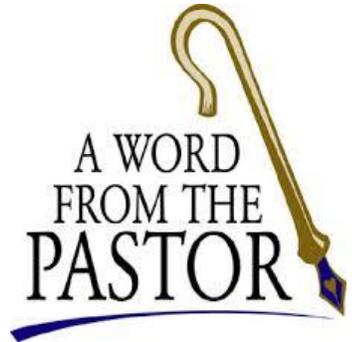
Many thanks to our usual contributors: **Fr. Hugh, Raymond Daley, Pamela Boyes** and **Kathleen Hargreaves**. It would be great to hear from more of you; feel free to contribute any time.

I send my love and my hope that your Lenten and Easter seasons are as peaceful and productive as possible. See you in our summer issue!

Celeste



Well, this is a strange time to be writing this, on the first day of what amounts to our national lockdown. The fact that it rained for most of February and the beginning of March and now that we cannot go outside much the weather is glorious is all rather odd. However, I did manage to get up to Cunswick Scar and Scout Scar yesterday and the skylarks are in full voice and the Lakes looking beautiful.



There may be a message for us as humans in all this distress that the rest of creation around us is carrying on its normal business, and the drop in pollution levels in many places has probably made our planet much more habitable for the other fauna and flora. I wonder whether we will learn from this time about how to live better in our world, or whether we will just rush back to where we were with a vengeance.

School has closed except for the children of emergency workers and so there were just a few at Dean Gibson this Monday. So many are self-isolating too as someone in the family has a cold or infection. For the children in the parish, the First Holy Communion programme is on hold as is the Confirmation programme, so at some time we will have to pick those up. Many are missing the chance to go and see elderly relatives.

Yesterday a homeless woman with clear mental health problems arrived at the church. On ringing round there is nothing available to her. All the offices are phone interview only and she is not someone who can handle that. So many people will slip through the net in these times and we need to keep them in our prayers.



Fear is a natural feeling at the moment. Anxiety about what might happen. We see pictures of Italy and wonder how we can cope and will it be the same here? (By the time you read this we may know.) But if our faith means anything, then we have to trust in Christ and really believe that He is walking with us through all that we have to face. There is great strength in being a believing community. A community that knows that we are the body of Christ, united with Him, as brothers and sisters of His, and as such whatever we face we have a strength, a power, in the Holy Spirit that will carry us through.... a strength that gives us the ability to see Christ in others rather than concentrating on ourselves and our own worries. Prayer, talking to God, in a meaningful way needs to be a big part of our life now. There is no crisis in which Christ does not make Himself present to us in one way or another. Let us look for him.

“Hold your eyes on God and leave the doing to Him. That is all the doing you have to worry about.”

St. Jane Frances de Chantal



Prayer for a Pandemic (from Interfaith Hospitality Network)

May we who are merely inconvenienced
remember those whose lives are at stake.

May we who have no risk factors
remember those most vulnerable.

May we who have the luxury of working from home
remember those who must choose between preserving their health or making their rent.

May we who have the flexibility to care for our children when their schools close
remember those who have no options.

May we who have to cancel our trips
remember those that have no place to go.

May we who are losing our margin money in the tumult of the economic market
remember those who have no margin at all.

May we who settle in for a quarantine at home
remember those who have no home.

During this time when we cannot physically wrap our arms around each other,
let us yet find ways to be the loving embrace of God to our neighbors.

Amen.



Each issue of the HTSG Parish Magazine will contain an article on the vital work of the Saint Vincent de Paul Society submitted by Raymond Daley.



St Vincent
de Paul Society
England and Wales
Turning Concern into Action

Food for Thought: How the SVP is Fighting Food Poverty

Every day millions of people across the UK struggle to put food on their table. Many hungry individuals and families are becoming increasingly dependent on SVP Conferences and Community Support Projects to help reduce the effects of food poverty.

I recently visited the SVP Food Bank at St. Wulstan & St. Edmund's Parish in Fleetwood. It was established in 2010 for what was hoped to be a temporary fix for a temporary problem. Ten years later, they are

still there and facing an increasing demand for their services. The SVP Food Bank is just one of four in Fleetwood. None of them show signs that they will cease to be needed anytime soon.

Anita Boniface, SVP Senior Media Officer, spoke to the members and staff who are dealing with the effects of this increasing demand.

First, my colleague Winston Waller in Southwark. The families he visits every week with his group of volunteers are hungry, and the pressures on them are getting worse. Winston and his wife Joanna have been SVP members most of their lives. They say that the demands on their conference are increasing. They run a food bank at their parish and each week distribute food parcels.

“We have been seeing a steady increase in the number of people needing our help, particularly for food and fuel poverty,” says Winston. “We are just one SVP Conference, and are currently supplying around 500 food parcels a year.

“When you go somewhere to take someone some food and they are grateful, it’s quite a nice, warm, cuddly feeling. On the other hand, you are calling on a house where they are short of food. Sometimes the children are so hungry, they start looking in the food parcels as soon as you get there. It makes me feel frustrated and angry we have to deal with this. All we are doing is keeping people going hand to mouth. There are systemic problems causing this, and we feel trapped because if we stopped our food bank, what would happen...?”

Winston’s experience on the All-Party Parliamentary Group (APPG) For Food Poverty in Parliament has taught him that the benefits system is harmful to mental health. In the last six years, the DWP has investigated 69 suicides of people who have been refused benefits. However, Oxford and Liverpool University researchers think there are more likely to have been around 500 benefits-related suicides in that period. The system penalises those who are particularly vulnerable, he says.

“If you have a disability, the system mitigates against you. If you are on benefits these days, you need to be organised and mobile for meetings at the job centre. You must get to your meetings on time and fill in lengthy forms on a computer, all of which may be difficult for you. You must work hard for your poverty. If you don’t get to your meeting or fill in the forms on time, you will be sanctioned.

“One family we visit can’t read. So they might get a letter from the DWP and will depend on someone else to read it to them, otherwise they will be penalised, too. The system is humiliating and inhumane.”

SVP Conference members like Winston who work hard across the country to help families and individuals in their homes see first-hand how problems like benefit sanctions are affecting vulnerable people. Meanwhile, the SVP also runs several Community Support Projects in towns and cities around England and Wales which also provide food and friendship for the hungry.



STOP HUNGER NOW

Tower House is one such project and is geared to help the older and retired community of Brighton and Hove. Lindsay McCrae is manager at Tower House and describes the service that is provided to isolated older people. A two-course hot lunch is provided free of charge for lonely, isolated people who are brought to Tower House either by their carers or by the free mini-bus service that the project operates.

Lindsay says: “Our guests may be registered blind, have Parkinson’s Disease, or some other disability like dementia that makes it difficult for them to cook. Or perhaps they are bereaved, and their partner was the one to prepare the meals - meaning they don’t know how to cook. These older people may get microwaved food delivered to them, but it is not home-cooked, and they are eating it alone.

“The SVP’s Tower House gives them the opportunity to eat together with others, giving them the social and wellbeing benefits associated with that. It is a social event and it is good for people. “

As a result, Tower House offers its visitors friendship and community as well as a hot home-cooked meal. “It’s like Jesus breaking bread with his disciples. It’s a bonding experience, but it also builds neural pathways in the brain and allows people to share memories and things they like,” says Lindsay.

Sue Walker, manager of the SVP Community Support Project at **Blackfriars, Newcastle**, agrees with Lindsay that “...having someone cook for us is an act of love.” Every Tuesday, Blackfriars opens its doors to homeless people and puts on a hot lunch for them in the lovely, spacious hall. The lunch session, called “Vinnies,” sees about 150 lonely, isolated and homeless people come together around circular dining tables where friendly volunteers serve them food, a volunteer cuts hair, and local counsellors Alistair and Paula help them with benefits and housing advice.



“Food unlocks conversation,” says Sue, “and this can uncover other areas where people need help. We recently had a couple, Toni and John, who came to Vinnies for a hot meal and it turned out the tent they were living in had been burnt down that morning. They had lost everything they owned. As well as providing them with a meal, we got them replacement sleeping bags, clothes, a cooking stove and a new tent.

“We also provide housing for some homeless men and women in our SVP hostel next door to Blackfriars, and sometimes these residents, wanting to say thank you, become volunteers themselves.”

Meanwhile, in **Leeds & Bradford**, the SVP runs two more Community Support Projects giving support to the local communities. Both are known as St. Vincent’s. David Hyman-Schofield is a manager at St. Vincent’s Bradford and is developing a community garden in waste land surrounding the centre. Accustomed to the high levels of poverty and destitution in Bradford, David has designed a way that the community garden at St. Vincent’s can be used to complement the food parcels that they distribute to hungry families from the centre.

“Those who are hungry and coming to collect food parcels will be able to come and collect fruit and vegetables to accompany their parcel,” David explains. “The idea is to give fresh, nutritious, healthy food in addition to the pasta, rice, tea and cereal that we regularly provide to families and individuals in need. We want people we help to feel valued and nourished emotionally and spiritually as well as physically.”

In light of recent data from the Trussell Trust, the SVP Social Justice Committee is beginning a campaign to fight food poverty in England and Wales. Conferences are subject to ever-increasing demand from people in need who have been affected by food poverty. Shortly the committee will be sending out a survey to find out how this issue has affected their conferences, and what we can do as a Society to further lend a helping hand to bring accessible support to people facing this injustice.

Ken Loach, maker of the must-see film "I Daniel Blake" is in his 80's now. He says: "Who would have thought in the 60's that it would be acceptable and normal to starve unless you got charity food? It's grotesque that we now accept this."

The SVP in Kendal supports both Manna House and the King's Food Bank. Please get involved in helping those in need by joining our SVP Conference. Email: raymond@svp.org.uk or call 07462 014088. SVP website: www.svp.org.uk.

Raymond Daley – President of Kendal SVP and Chair of the SVP Social Justice Committee

*This poem is a modernised telling of the life and death of Jesus written by **Charles Causley**, a Cornish poet, schoolmaster and writer. He received many awards, one of which was the Queen's Gold Medal for Poetry in 1967. He was born on 24th August 1917 and died on 4th November 2003.*

Although it begins in comic fashion, it ends on a very different tone and the final stanza reveals Causley's own view of the modern attitude towards spiritual knowledge. Jesus returns from the dead, only to find that the public still has no interest in his message of peace and morality.

THE BALLAD OF THE BREAD MAN

Mary stood in the kitchen, baking a loaf of bread.
An angel flew in through the window. "We've a job for you," he said.

"God in his big gold heaven, sitting in his big blue chair,
Wanted a mother for his little son, suddenly saw you there."

Mary shook and trembled. "It isn't true what you say."
"Don't say that," said the angel. "The baby is on its way".



Joseph was in the workshop, planing a piece of wood.
"The old man's past it", the neighbours said. "That girl's been up to no good".

"And who was that elegant fellow," they said, "in the shiny gear?"
The things they said about Gabriel were hardly fit to hear.

Mary never answered, Mary never replied.
She kept the information, like the baby, safe inside.

It was the election winter. They went to vote in town.
When Mary found her time had come, the hotels let her down.

The baby was born in an annexe, next to the local pub.
At midnight, a delegation turned up from the Farmers' Club.

They talked about an explosion that made a hole in the sky.
Said they'd been sent to the Lamb and Flag, to see God come down from on high.

A few days later a bishop and a five-star general were seen
With the head of an African country, in a bullet-proof limousine.

"We've come," they said, "with tokens for the little boy to choose,"
Told the tale about war and peace in the television news.

After them came the soldiers, with rifle and bombs and gun,
Looking for enemies of the state. The family had packed and gone.

When they got back to the village, the neighbours said, to a man,
"That boy will never be one of us,
Though he does what he blessed well can".



He went round to all the people, A paper crown on his head.
"Here is some bread from my Father. Take, eat", he said.

Nobody seemed very hungry. Nobody seemed to care.
Nobody saw the God in Himself quietly standing there.

He finished up in the papers; he came to a very bad end.
He was charged with bringing the living to life. No man was that prisoner's friend.

There's only one kind of punishment to fit that kind of crime.
They rigged a trial and shot him dead. They were only just in time.

They lifted the young man by the leg. They lifted him by the arm.
They locked him in a cathedral in case he came to harm.

They stored him safe as water under seven rocks.
One Sunday morning he burst out like a jack-in-the-box.

Through the town he went walking. He showed them the holes in his head.
"Now do you want any loaves?" He cried. "Not today" they said.

Now for more in our continuing feature highlighting the wartime memories of Kathleen (Shaw) Hargreave's father. We left him in Tunisia, making his way through the desert....

Wartime Memories of an English Soldier: Part 5

by Sapper Gerard Hargreaves

In Libya we came to the Italian colony. Not a very rich country, but the Italian colonists are making big efforts to make a living out of a not very fertile country. The houses, which are all the same type,

have been built by the government and have not such comforts as we know them. Large stone-floored rooms with a great, large oven at the back. Those large ovens were certainly meant for a large family. Many of the colonists had fled, but many remained to cultivate their farms on the edge of the desert.

Now and again we came to an Italian village newly-built, as with the Italian farmhouses. Here again, all these villages were very much alike, with the tower of the church dominating the village. The church was always there, and the building housing the farmers' cooperatives. One unthinkingly might say, "Well, they are a poor lot of farmers here!" But, taking into consideration the poor land on which they have to work, I think myself that the Italians were not making too bad a job of colonisation. They were, you might say, making the best of things, and they were not very well-off.



Derna was a place which I must mention, an Italian seaside place by the blue Mediterranean. That was a very beautiful town, resting at the foot of hills sloping down to the sea. With the sun shining down on its white buildings by the blue Mediterranean, it was a picture such as an artist would long to paint. I could hardly describe it, but try and picture as I saw: almost a semi-circular range of hills, and at the foot nestles this small town, with clean, sloping streets, and the blue Mediterranean washing the shore. That is how you see it as you come down the sloping road from the hills. We didn't stay there, but bypassed this beautiful town (once a seaside resort of the Italians) and so we went on.

I had a few hours in Tripoli. That, no doubt, too, would have been a very fine place, but it was spoiled by the war. Rather dirty. The place was full of soldiers. Very few civilians there at all, for the place had not long been taken. However, I didn't enjoy my stay there. There were queues for everything and I couldn't get anything to eat.

It was in Tunisia where we had our Baptism of Fire, and I shall never forget it, for I was well scared. Lying on the ground with the din of battle all round... shells bursting... mortars and what-not... fires... Very bright lights and the whole terrific noise.

Well, I said my prayers that night and fingered my rosary. I wasn't the only one who prayed, either, for men who hadn't perhaps given a thought to God and probably could hardly remember a prayer prayed then. I was surprised at the men who admitted that they prayed, and there were plenty more who would not admit it.

Near the end of that campaign, I was wounded; that was at Enfideville. Very much in the news at that time, though it was only a small Arab village. Of course, at that time there wasn't an Arab or Frenchman to be seen there. They had fled before the advance of the war.

Early in the morning of the day after the big German surrender.... They had been coming in, in thousands the previous day, and were still coming in. About six of us had to go with a burial party to clear some mines. We came to a wadi where these bodies were; they had been lying there a day or two and were not very nice to look at. The wadi, however, was bristling with mines, and a path had to be cleared for the burial party and round the bodies. We went well for a while... until somebody stepped on a mine and that was that. Four of us were wounded, and very fortunate at that. I had a couple of ball bearings: one in my head and the other in my arm. I didn't pass out. In fact, I was able to make my own way out of the wadi and lie down on a blanket. There was a minister, a CF chaplain who looked

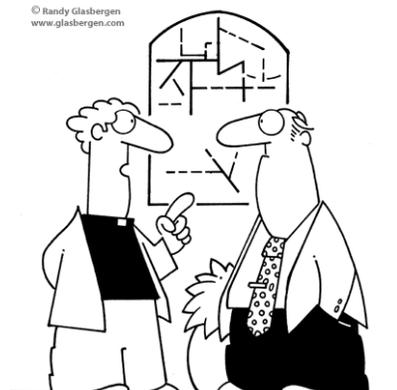
after me, and somebody who bandaged me up. I felt an awful sickness in the bottom of my stomach, and would have passed out but for a drink of water which revived me.

And so I started out on my journey back to Egypt. Fortunately, at the CCS they got the ball bearing out of my head, but they couldn't do anything about my arm.



The first place I went to was an advanced dressing station. When I got to the CCS, one bloke came to see me before I had been in a couple of minutes. An Irish priest he was, and a very fine man. My companions by this time had become separated from me, being in a different tent, but he went to see them and brought me news back that they weren't too bad.

...more next issue!



TIME FOR A SMILE

“Give a man a fish and he'll eat for a day.
Teach a man to fish and you can sell him
all of your old gear on eBay!”

“Not only those who suffer cruelly, like Christ, but all of us, however soft our circumstances to the outward eye, kick at the destiny to which we are tied, and wriggle on the nails of our easy crucifixion.

‘If only I were somewhere else.... If I were untied from this difficult marriage.... If I were released from this routine... If I could be freed from anxiety.... If my health did not cramp my spirits.... If only...’ we say, not merely, ‘Then I would be more comfortable,’ but, ‘Then I could begin to do something, instead of merely existing.’

We may even dare to say, ‘Then I could do something for God.’

This is the great deception of the devil, to stop us loving, praying, working, *now*. It may be God's will that you should fight your way out of your misfortunes. It cannot be His will that you should make them a reason to put off living as a child of God.”

Austin Farrer

The Witness of the Tomb

by Celeste Bonfanti

The bird gathers a twig here, a bit of vine there, and gently tugs and twists, weaves and meshes,
Rounds a cup with the press of her breast, cushions it with down,
And finally lays her eggs within a soft and welcoming nest.

I began as a crevice in the rock which was widened and hewn with mallets hard and heavy,
With the sweat of the brow and the brawn of the arm,
With force of blows, clouds of dust and the clearing of rubble.
No gentle, feathered work here.

The nest breathlessly waits as the egg stirs and rocks and finally cracks,
Catching the flecks and bits of shell, cradling the exhausted, newborn chick
Until it rests and nestles, dries and gains its strength, as life flows through its tiny body.



The chick lingers in this second home, its egg forgotten.
Its sad initial form, bedraggled and sticky with life,
Transformed through time, the elements and gentle grooming.
Fine bright eyes, a downy fuzz, a miniature miracle.
It is for this tender ministry that the nest itself is born.

I, I was surely hacked and harried to house the dead, to witness their incremental decay
As hours turn to days and days to weeks, to months, to years....

Skin and hair once lustrous fade and flake.
In time, dry bones and finally dust which stirs on the windiest days and nights
When puffs and eddies find their way through cracks and seams, the only life here in the darkness.

The only life... until that Sunday morn.

His friends had brought him, near silent with grief, while the city heaved with the Passover crowds.

I'd thought it strange.
The living always hurry off, anxious in their guilty way to rid themselves of death,
To leave it in the darkness, seal it off, no matter how they'd loved the one they left.

Not these.
They'd tarried, though the setting sun proclaimed the time had come.
They'd tarried, and had gone at last with long and lingering looks,
Still hungry for the one they left me.

They poured the last of their energy into the act of sealing off the sweetness of the springtime
With a rock as heavy as their hearts.

We were alone now, he and I, alone in the silence and stillness of death, in the abyss.
And although it is usually unwelcome, I was glad to offer a place of rest and peace.

His broken body belied his youth.
I wondered, not for the first time, at the power of hate to crush and kill.
I wondered who he was and what he'd done to warrant such a fate.
I wondered how many hours he had suffered, and I hoped his life had held enough joy
To sustain him through the bitterness and sharpness of his end.

I knew they would be back, his friends, once Passover itself was past,
To wash him and to fill me with the heady scents of nard and myrrh,
To wrap him and to say the prayers, to chant and cry and look their last.

And we waited, he and I, through a long night and a longer day.
Outside I heard the birds, thought of their nests with eggs within,
Cradling life as I cradled death.

I wasn't to know.



The final night was one I'll long remember,
Under a moon which shone and pooled and stretched the shadows all around....

Sudden, stiff breezes scattering leaves, sending the dust up in whirls,
The skittering of night creatures, the long memory of the stones,
Watchful, waiting....

I held him silently.
And in that hush that comes in the first seconds of morning,
An impossibility.

The merest flicker.

Not the breeze without.
A stirring within, a stirring which the nest would know.

And with it the sweet sensation of warm, human breath in the chill and the darkness...
Of eyes locked closed in death slowly opening in the gloom.

Who are you? I wondered as his hand opened and closed,
As it moved to his chest, his throat and over his face.

A deep sigh,
And for me the tap-tap-tapping of the egg in the nest,
The nest I had somehow so suddenly become,

For new life was here indeed, life unlike any ever known.

This, I thought as I grappled with the meaning of it all,
Changes everything.

Russian Orthodox Easter Prayer

Today is the Passover!
The wonderful Passover has dawned for us!
We are released from sorrow!
Today, from the tomb, Christ has enlightened us, and has filled the women with joy, saying,
“Proclaim the good news to the apostles!”
It is the day of Passover!
Let us be enlightened with the solemn feast.
Let us embrace one another!
Let us say “my brother, my sister” even to those who hate us.
Let us forgive all things for the sake of the Resurrection!
In this way, we will bear witness that Christ is risen from the dead.
Therefore, everyone should enter into the joy of our Risen Savior,
and receive your reward,
both those who are good and those who are not.
You who are rich and you who are poor: hold high festival today.
You who are sober and sincere, and you who are indifferent: honor this day.
Rejoice today, you who have fasted, and also you who have disregarded the fast.
The table is full laden; feast sumptuously.
The calf is fattened; let no one go away hungry.
Everyone: enjoy this feast of faith!
Receive the riches of God’s loving kindness.
Let no one be sorry that he is poor, because the kingdom of God has been given to all of us.
Let no one weep for his or her sins, because the Savior’s death has set us free.
***For Christ is risen from the dead, trampling out death by death,
and to all those who are in the tomb bestowing life!***



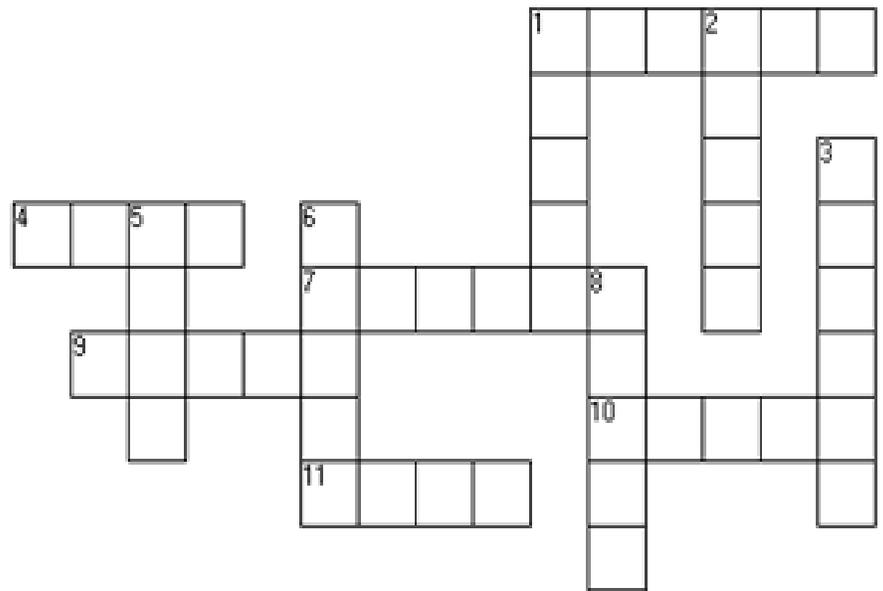
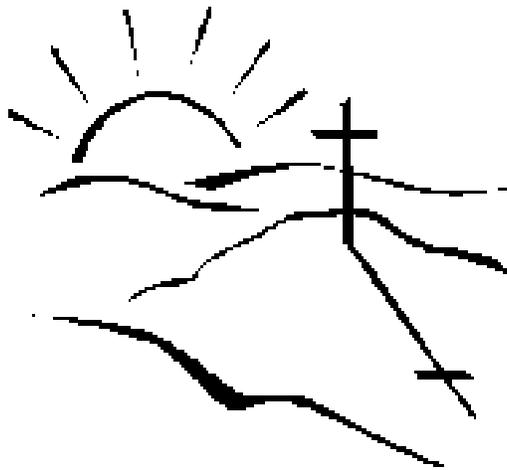
On 21 February, 1958, British graphic artist and peace activist Gerald Herbert Holtom created the logo that became the international peace symbol.

Holtom, who worked with the Direct Action Committee Against Nuclear War, said, “I drew myself. The representative of an individual in despair, with palms outstretched outwards and downward in the manner of Goya’s peasant before the firing squad.”

The symbol made its debut in England over Easter weekend in 1958 during a march against nuclear weapons. It was eventually picked up in the United States where it was used in civil rights marches and anti-war protests.

This peace symbol is also sometimes called St. Peter’s Cross, depicting the upside-down crucifixion of St. Peter.

PRAYERFUL PUZZLE PAGES



ACROSS

1. The guards were _____ when they saw the empty tomb.
4. A place where the dead body of a human being is deposited; a grave; a sepulcher.
7. The day we celebrate the resurrection is called _____.
9. Jesus was crucified on the _____.
10. When the women came to the tomb, the _____ had been rolled away.
11. The angel's clothes were as white as _____.

DOWN

1. Opposite of dead.
2. The tomb was opened by an _____.
3. The angel came down from _____.
5. The name of the two women who came to the tomb.
6. The Savior of the world.
8. "He is not here. He has _____ as he said."

Mary	afraid	Easter	snow
angel	heaven	stone	cross
alive	risen	Jesus	tomb

How many smaller words can you find in **RESURRECTION...**?

Write them on the back of this page.

Easter Sunday Word Search



Y N E S I R
T A Y P S O
N C D U M I
E M S N A V
L E B I U A
J C R O S S

CROSS
JESUS

LENT
RISEN

SAVIOR
SUNDAY



What other words remind
you of Easter?
