

# Holy Trinity and St. George Parish Magazine

Lent, Easter and Spring 2024



**“The very first Easter taught us this:  
that life never ends and love never dies.”**

**Kate McGahan**

Suggested Donation: £1

## Local Parish Displays: What They Have to Say about Lent and Easter

Dear Friends:

I love to picture Cumbria at this time of year, with some of the earliest lambs gamboling in the fields and those daffodils in the Lyth Valley pretty enough to break your heart. Much as I love the winter, I love the way Easter dovetails with the world waking up with snowdrops and daffs, crocuses and the other early spring flowers.

This issue (Number 26) always presents the biggest challenge for the magazine. It's a quick turnaround from the winter issue, especially this year! And we always struggle with how to do justice to the trifecta of spring, Lent and Easter. For inspiration this year, I look to three local churches here in the Trenton Diocese (NJ, USA) with striking seasonal displays which all tell a part of the rich season we celebrate.

When you enter one of the churches on the first Sunday of Lent, there is a large, dark wooden cross at the front left corner beside the sanctuary. The following Sunday, the cross has been moved forward; it is now more prominent. This continues Sunday by Sunday, with the cross encroaching further and further toward to front of the sanctuary, until Good Friday when it is front and centre, looming before the congregation, the focal point of every eye. It is dramatic and unsettling ~ menacing and, in its way, very effective. It brings to mind the way it must have felt for Jesus and his disciples as the authorities wove their web around them. On Easter Sunday, the cross is back in its corner to the left of the sanctuary, draped in the grave clothes of resurrection.

The second church has an even more startling display during Holy Week, with a wrapped body lying in a grotto to the right of the sanctuary! Again, the eye is somewhat unwillingly drawn to it, and whatever one thinks of it, it does prompt reflection on the very human and heartbreaking task the disciples and Joseph of Arimathea had before them, hurriedly preparing the body for burial during Passover.

The third church presents, on Easter Sunday, an empty tomb to the right of the sanctuary. The grave clothes are strewn there, with the head covering rolled up and placed separately. And everywhere there are flowers, fragrant and colourful and bursting with life.

Not everyone is comfortable with overt displays like these. Each of us have our own way of visualising the events of Lent and Holy Week. But as a teacher, I can't help but think how beautifully all three of these displays would illustrate the Easter story to children. And I find myself thinking of all three at this time of year.

This issue of the magazine brings us contributions from our stalwarts ~ **Fr. Hugh, Raymond Daley, Pamela Boyes** and **Brian Stabler** ~ as well as items from **James Leeper** and **Jenny Davies** and an update on **Sr. Julie**. We also have a new item, a featured hymn. We hope you enjoy it all and, as always, we encourage your contributions. Have a blessed Lent and a very Happy Easter.

Celeste



## This Issue:

A Note from Fr. Hugh.....	p. 4
Magazine News.....	p. 5
SVP Update <i>by Raymond Daley</i> .....	p. 6
A Meditation for Good Friday: And Yet, I Watched! <i>by James Leeper</i> .....	p. 8
Sr. Julie Update.....	p. 16
Pamela's Pages <i>by Pamela Boyes</i> .....	p. 17
Merton Corner.....	p. 22
We Are All One in Christ Jesus <i>by Jenny Davies</i> .....	p. 23
A Moment with Servant of God Thea Bowman.....	p. 24
Brian's Bit <i>by Brian Stabler</i> .....	p. 24
Pace Eggs: An Old Cumbrian Tradition <i>by Raymond Daley</i> .....	p. 32
<i>New!</i> This Issue's Featured Hymn.....	p. 33
Puzzle Pages.....	p. 35
Colouring Pages.....	p. 37





As I write this, we are just about halfway through Lent. The Bishop has just sent us a paper to read at Deanery meetings on a Cistercian's view of Lent. I rapidly felt I was not matching up as I read through. But he does make it clear that it is not all about succeeding in holding to what we have promised to give up or do, but, as he says, that will we feel truly more joyful in our faith when we arrive at the greatest feast of the Church's year, Easter. This is what it is all about. If we have got even a little closer to Jesus Christ in this time, then I think we have made great strides. Joy is what we should always feel about our faith, though for many people this has not been the case, sadly.

There is plenty going on in the parish at the moment with First Holy Communion sessions and Confirmation sessions and various meetings for Lent. We have two couples preparing for marriage, and two wanting to enter the Church, plus the usual services and preparations for Easter. At the same time, the building is still in need of repair, though we have at last received some quotes for the work to be done. As they say, if we could take one out, we would need a second and third mortgage to pay for it. No doubt we will find a way. Whatever we would like to do, as the church is listed, we have to maintain it. I asked the Historic Churches man who tells us what we must do and how, 'What if we cannot afford it?' 'That is not my problem,' was the gist of the reply. So, there it is. However, it will be lovely to get rid of the scaffolding.

The school has been working very hard (especially the teachers and the TAs) to catch up with the new curricula that have come in and to follow the path that the MAT (Multi-Academy Trust) wish us to take. The MAT have been very helpful and it has been a positive experience, if very tough work, over some weeks now. The teachers are just about through the major part of it. You can see that the school looks better and the teachers are appreciating seeing the results of the work they have put in. This will be short, as I am late again with my piece. But have a very good Easter and get the best out of the services over the coming feast. One thing that the Church does very well is to give us liturgies that bring to life the drama of the events we are remembering. If you can, get to them all.

God bless,

Fr. Hugh

\*\*\*\*\*

Our true home is the present moment. The miracle is not to walk on water.

The miracle is to walk on the green earth in the present moment.

Thich Nhat Hahn

## Time to Vote for a Name for the Magazine!

We have received several nice submissions of name for the HTSG Parish Magazine and would like to hear from our readers. The nominees:

THE DOVE AND DRAGON

THE ANGEL'S WING

HTSG PARISH PAGES

THE BLACKHALL BEACON

NO CHANGE [HOLY TRINITY AND ST. GEORGE PARISH MAGAZINE]

Please let Celeste or Raymond know your thoughts soon.  
The summer issue will bear the name of the winner!



### SUBMISSION GUIDELINES

We welcome a wide variety of items: prayers, articles, reflections, recipes, jokes, puzzles, etc.

Send items by **email attachment in WORD DOC FORM**, if possible, to either Celeste [[yorkistatheart@gmail.com](mailto:yorkistatheart@gmail.com)] or Raymond [[jraymonddaley@gmail.com](mailto:jraymonddaley@gmail.com)]

If not, give to Raymond Daley who will do it for you.

We can choose pictures for you if you don't have them.

**Keep formatting to a minimum unless you have specific graphics you want included.**

We publish 5 issues a year:

WINTER

LENT/EASTER/SPRING

SUMMER

AUTUMN

ADVENT/CHRISTMAS

Please send items as soon as possible as it takes a while to assemble it all.

Many thanks indeed!

*Each issue Raymond Daley gives us a welcome update on SVP news.  
These are trying times, and civic action is essential if we are to turn the tide  
and improve the lives of those in need. Quite literally, FOR GOD'S SAKE, exercise your right to vote  
and to engage with those trying to earn that vote!*

## 2024 General Election: Using Our Catholic Voice



The 6<sup>th</sup> March Budget came and went. Many people said “it went down like a lead balloon,” making no difference to the lives of people struggling on benefits, state pensions or low wages ~ combined with the high cost of living. Poverty remains at record levels. Millions of people ~ including one in five families with children ~ have gone hungry or skipped meals in recent weeks because they could not regularly afford to buy groceries, according to new food insecurity data.

The Food Foundation Tracker reports that 15% of UK households ~ equivalent to approximately 8 million adults and 3 million children ~ experienced food insecurity in January 2024, as high food prices continued to hit the pockets of low-income families. Experts warned the persistence of food insecurity among low-income families was a “health emergency” that would drive an increase in conditions linked to poor nutrition, such as malnutrition and rickets.

Nearly two-thirds (60%) of food-insecure households reported buying less fruit and 44% bought fewer vegetables as they struggled with the ongoing cost of living crisis. By contrast, just 11% of food-secure households bought less fruit and 6% purchased fewer vegetables. Although the foundation has previously reported the amount of vegetables bought by UK households has fallen to a 50-year low, the latest tracker data shows the situation is far worse for low-income families.

Those who previously regarded themselves as “middle-income families” are also having to cut back. Families who used to shop at more upmarket shops such as Waitrose, Booths, or M & S, are now relying on Lidl, Aldi and other budget stores. The cynical might have little sympathy for them, but we in the SVP are non-judgemental. Everyone’s situation is different, and this shows how increasing numbers of people are being affected by the cost-of-living crisis when previously they felt relatively well-off.

UNICEF’s latest “report card”, which examined changes in relative child poverty between 2012 and 2021, found that the **UK was the worst performer among 39 high-income countries**. Our rates of child poverty had increased by nearly 20%. The government likes to claim that it has reduced child poverty. It needs to be careful in making such claims. A recent report from the Joseph Rowntree Foundation defined destitution as having to do without two or more of the following:

- Housing
- Light

- Heating
- Food
- Clothing
- Toiletries

In 2022, 1 million children in the UK were in a state of destitution – 2.9 times the level five years earlier. Among adults, 2.8 million were in destitution because of inability to afford these six basics.

With a General Election seeming more likely to be held in the autumn rather than in May, what can we hope for as far as poverty and destitution are concerned? Will anything change?



The SVP and CAFOD have jointly produced a General Election Booklet to provide some easy steps on how to reach out to local candidates.

**Why?**

The SVP and CAFOD’s campaign want to help the Catholic voice to be heard in the next General Election, and **we want to make sure our politicians make tackling poverty a priority.** The Church tells us that “...*all citizens ought to be aware of their right and duty to promote the common good by casting their votes...*” But if we are to arrive at the polling station as well informed as possible, it’s important to know our prospective MP’s views on the things that matter to us. For this reason, the SVP and CAFOD are inviting parishes to reach out to their local candidates ahead of the next election. This is not about party-political affiliations, but rather about strengthening community participation as a local faith group, and practicing the culture of encounter that Pope Francis talks about: “. . . *with our faith we must create a "culture of encounter," a culture of friendship, a culture in which we find brothers and sisters, in which we can also speak with those who think differently...*”

I will make copies of the booklet available in church. The booklet can be downloaded from the SVP website or on this link:


<https://svp.org.uk/sites/default/files/2024-02/A%20Year%20of%20Encounter%20-%20Campaign%20resource%20-%20SVP.pdf>

Please be in touch if you have any comments or would like to become involved in our work. It would be great to hear from you.

Raymond Daley- SVP President.

Email: [raymond@svp.org.uk](mailto:raymond@svp.org.uk)

Mobile: 07462 014088



“ THE QUESTION WHICH IS AGITATING THE WORLD TODAY IS A SOCIAL ONE. IT IS A STRUGGLE BETWEEN THOSE WHO HAVE NOTHING AND THOSE WHO HAVE TOO MUCH (...) OUR DUTY AS CHRISTIANS IS TO THROW OURSELVES BETWEEN THESE TWO CAMPS IN ORDER TO ACCOMPLISH BY LOVE, WHAT JUSTICE ALONE CANNOT DO.

- FRÉDÉRIC OZANAM

*Many thanks to James Leeper for this reflection. Listen to the centurion's story.*

## **And Yet, I Watched!**

### ***A Meditation on the Piercing and Burial of Jesus the Nazarene, King of the Jews***

And yet, I watched! I watched!

My heart and spirit are in unfamiliar turmoil! I had met Him, for whilst I was not worthy for Him to enter under my roof, He had healed my favourite servant far from my house!

I had seen Him die, too soon, too quick, too much!

The scourging would have been enough! Governor Pilate had asked for me to oversee this crucifixion. I informed him of His death.

Now, I watch and watch! I have no choice!

I have seen. Yes!

I have seen the bloody horrors of this world.

In battle and its aftermath, crucifixions and slaughter

Of those who do not seek the Emperor's,

The Governor Pilate's,

My Pax Romana!

And yet, where is peace! Peace that should surround and be around me?

Where peace?

Where are you?

So elusive to my control,

My grasp and yet,

So near, but where?

I watch! Now the order has been given by the Governor, Pilate.

Permission has been given to remove the body. Why? Why so

soon? Too soon, too quick and why so much concern for a dead man? This dead man! This healer, no more.

Is this my mistaken faith in all of Israel?

Break the legs! My command rings hollow. Why bother? He is dead! And yet, His Mother, family and friends cling to hope, such seemingly wasted hope. I do not understand!





He's dead! Leave him there for the world to see, for the Jews to see. To see their own Leaders' act of betrayal with such cruelty. Oh! how they manipulated Pilate! Not even his wife could influence him away from the action he felt he had to take. All for the sake of keeping peace during The Jews' Passover Festival!

What a peace!

I am in astounded stupor! It is these same Jews, the Sadducees, the Pharisees and the High Priests and Rabbis, the very people I have tried to help in letting them be allowed to continue their belief in their God! A hidden, unseen, all seeing, all knowing, very jealous, only one God who has no statues and does not allow any other gods! I have discretely allowed this intolerance, for what?

To encourage and maintain peace!

And yet, they do this!

It is they, who wanted Him killed because He claimed to be a King, so, no friend of Caesar, even though the people had hailed Him into Jerusalem as their King! Then, that trial for His alleged blasphemy to be the Son of God, their only God!

How they have acted on this stage. Perpetrated errors in a tragic scene so that one man should die, rather than a nation of their God's chosen ones!

I had never seen anything like the intolerant crowd around the High Priests and Sanhedrin Leaders, buying for blood as only found in the gladiators' circus. Demanding Pilate's judgement, even after he had judged that there was no case to answer for. This Jesus had done no wrong in the eyes of Governor Pilate.

Even the offering of a Passover Festival reprieve caused more *furor*. After the flogging and humiliation, being dressed as if a King with a twisted bed of thorns for a crown did nothing to calm their angered thirst. They bayed instead Barabbas, deserving of crucifixion if ever there was one, for release over Him! Barabbas, such a violent and rebellious brigand, who wants no peace in Judah with Rome, or the Governor, or me!

Pilates's fear! A riot ensuing, leading to an uncontrollable rebellion if this dead man had not been given up. Was he assuaging the crowd's blood lust for this butchery? High Priests' high principles protected and the Governor's



abandoned because of the Emperor's ever-present eyes reporting back, "This Governor is no friend of Caesar!"

And now, what is this High Sabbath? What's so important about this High Sabbath that the bodies must be removed? Even the body of one who they say blasphemed and therefore had to be sentenced to death?

Who are they, who now want the legs broken and the body removed? The shame of their betrayal and murderous actions, hidden and to be forgotten?

Ah! So, it seems that this man in front of me, another member of the Sanhedrin, Joseph of Arimathea, is a friend and Follower? An unwilling party to this death, who has the willing ear of Pilate? Or, perhaps Pilate not so willing for early removal, but for his wife's bidding?

Brutality accomplished, lingering death denied, His Followers, supporters have their way in this sway, and yet, too late, too quick, too soon? This wealthy and important Jew wants to bury the body in his newly rock-hewn, cave-tomb close by before the High Sabbath begins.

Such devotion! And yet, for whom such care?

That crowned head! That head so crowned with thorns. A fool's crown for a fool's kingdom He had said was not of this world! If not this world, what world, where?

Why is all this striking within me like a stinging rebuke? As a spear thrust into my heart! Pilate was confused! I am confused and yet, I am still resounding to His questioning. His answers? Revealing innocence, Kingship, Kingdom, Authority and Truth.

Pilate's puzzling response, rhetorical, or a cry to be enlightened, or maybe both. "What is Truth?" What is Truth!

Truth? Where is that now? Which way?

Authority! Authority! I am a man under authority as my soldiers are under my authority! And yet, His authority is like none I have encountered before!

Oh! Confusion slipping its grizzling noose around my neck, ready to garrotte and let me jangle without aid or rescue!

*"Iesus Nazarenus Rex Iudaeorum"*. Not just in Latin, Pilate wanted it written up in Greek and Hebrew, so convinced of His innocence. And yet, he could not resist to taunt this cruel, unforgiving irony. He mocks his own doubt. He has to tell the world, sardonic in its and his own ambiguity as to why this man, this innocent man has been crucified.

"What is Truth?" and now this unintended revelation? *"Iesus Nazarenus Rex Iudaeorum"*. Perhaps the only way to justify such an act of carefully crafted, slow barbarity? Not of Pilate's making or wanting and yet, of his unwanted doing! Some irony! Some joke!

Washing or no washing of our hands? A jurisprudent nicety for Pilate to wash away his sense of guilt in order to maintain an illusory semblance of peace during this Passover Festival.



How have I come to be supporting these people, their God's "Chosen" in this culpable deed?

Synagogue or no synagogue! No washing away my part in all this. And yet, what causes my fragile, deep sense of confusion? Am I not just as guilty of this injustice? What can release me from my own part in all this?

Too late! Too late, my part is played and playing out for all the world and the heavens to see for posterity! Oh, how the useless gods mock and laugh at me, at Him!

And yet, I watch! I watch! No way out!

No walking away from my command. No one to remove me from all this. I am only a soldier, watching this wretchedness, being commanded as I command. A soldier, reduced to confusion disguised and hidden under the Emperor's, Governor Pilate's, my incongruent Pax Romana.

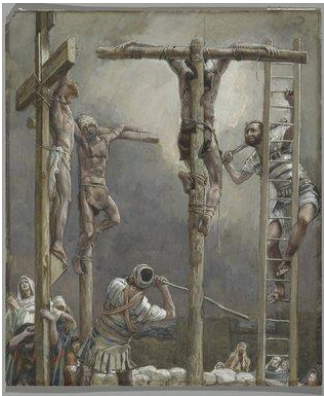
Was this King, this son of man truly a Son of God?

For this to happen to him! Such indignant, brutal exposure! Surely, certainly not! Where are His soldiers under His authority from his Father's so-called Kingdom of Heaven, His Paradise?

And now? I must decide! Assert order and my command!

The Mother of this dead man looks on in such hopeless pity, at this lifeless, hanging son of hers.

Then, slowly turns her face to me. Oh, the contrast! Such beauty in such grief! No words, and yet, compassion sounding, bounding through the noise and commotion of this deathly place.



"Break the Legs!" I roar as a barrier and buttress to my growing weakness of heart, courage and fear.

First, the foul-mouthed brigand, who had even dared find enough strength of breath in his voice to deride with hatred this innocent man. His death march begins with quickened pace without legs to lift his chest to fill his lungs! He rattles his last gasp! Hades has him calling!

Then, the second robber, who asked not to be forgotten by this innocent King, who grants him entry to His Paradise. What is this mercy? Given to a villain at such a time! What Authority!

And, then Him! A soldier jolts me from my thoughts.

"He is already dead, Centurion!" What next? There is no joy in inflicting worthless punishment on a dead man. Certainly not this dead man!

And still, His Mother looks at me. Is that a smile of loving warmth through all that grief, where there should be anger and hatred at the lack of justice, appalling injustice inflicted upon her son? This injustice in the name of the Emperor's, the Governor Pilate's, my, Pax Romana?

I cannot disobey the Governor! I cannot let Pax Romana be given a moment of weakness in its authority! Think! Think! Think, what I can do to show the Emperor's, the Governor's, my command!

The folly of all this over a dead, innocent man! And yet, still she looks at me, into me, piercing through my very being, body and spirit, with that grieving smile behind her veiling waterfall of tears. Such a Mother! Such silent, listening, urgent grace in grief!

No! Breaking the legs is not the way to pay respect to a dead, innocent King! And yet, I must show that He is truly dead.

A story told to me outside that Synagogue I allowed ~ I encouraged! ~ floods into my head. About the Jew King, David, who as a young (boy?) soldier planted his spear into the ground beside his King Saul. Just to let him know that he could have killed him in the dead of the night whilst Saul was sleeping. No such murderous death for Saul, an anointed King. What of here?

And yet, his Mother's eyes continue to carry that look of piercing love for her son, compassion for me and now I am drawn. How will I show it, with my continuing embattled faith and growing love for her in return?

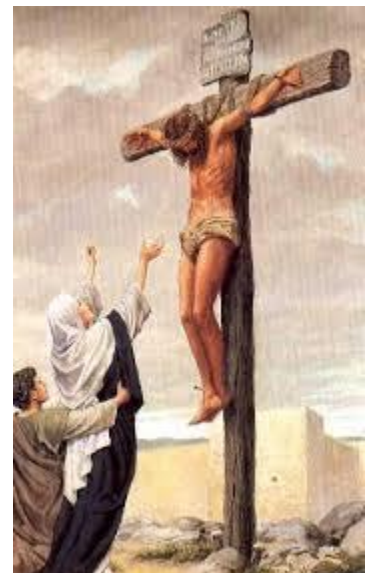
This King is not sleeping to awake! I ask for a spear... a look of strangeness on the soldier's face at the seeming gentleness of my request, not roared. This King will be dealt this final act, mercifully with honour, if only for His Mother's sake in her pitying sorrow.

A spear thrust into my hand and I walk up to the cross. Her gaze following my every step, pleading and yet, now offering understanding, for I have to, must do what I have to do.

As I stand in front of the body on that cross, a wail rises up from the other women, from the very depths of their inner souls in ghostly hallowing anguish. What more ghastliness must I perform that could not have already been done?

And yet, she continues to gaze for she knows, she understands. In that moment of her compassion, she gives me permission and releases me from my burden, my confusion of self-anguish and doubt. Oh! such strange feeling, such sadness mingled with sorrow at what I must and have to do!

But! I am a Centurion, what is such an act for me on a dead man? An act of honour, remorseful in sorrow for my own betrayal in His love for me?



Ah! Yes! An innocent man sacrificed like a lamb for this Jewish Passover they hold in such high regard, this High Sabbath. And a King, who deserves more than the common criminal's broken legs....

And yet, she still waits silently in her unlingering grief, surrounded by her wailing, still-hallowing women. I notice the dumbstruck young boy, [no longer!], the watcher and, no doubt, recorder of this frightful, sun vanishing, earth trembling and quaking, vanquished day.

I stand up to the body, hanging high on the cross, nails in both hands and feet, the scourged body no longer bleeding, glooping with intent and content to congeal. The scathing crown of thorns adorning His Royalty!

Strange! Why not so many flies on this man, though plenty around seeking out the stench of corruption to feed and lay in this mutilated body?

Left foot forward, right slightly behind, left hand on the spear's staff to guide and the right below to thrust in hard. Feeling with the tip, where to avoid a rib, to gain easy entry to pierce, cut into and open His heart.

No one would, could be alive after this "Coup de Grace"! Doubly dead!

Thrust! In and that unfamiliar touch of a resistless body that this dead King offers. Withdraw and walk away...

Silence! No wailing, no wind, no storm, no thundering, no more quaking of the earth. The veil of this Temple shudders in its brokenness no more. The dying, end of day sun shining before its setting hue onto the cross and body from behind. The long, *crucis* shadow falling over me.

The showering, all too quick, too late and too soon! I am under a fountain of water and blood. No such encounter perceived or ever received before. I am drenched, washed in this mystic commotion and explosion of the King's outflow of not just blood, blood and water!



His Mercy flows over me! His Mercy overwhelms me!

I let the spear, covered in the same water and blood fall to the ground. I wipe my eyes, attempting to remove the smothering of my face. I feel I have been submerged; baptised in this King's mystical blood.

I can see! Not just see! Really see as the face of this Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews, the man I had met and begun to love, the healer of my faithful servant, looks down upon me. Lifeless, and yet, forgiving in the washing away of my own guilt and faults, just as he had cried aloud before he died, "Forgive them Father, for they know not what they are doing!"

“Why me, too?” I exclaim as I look upon the one I have pierced!

They had told me that this man, this King was a good man, who performed wonders in healing the sick, curing the incurables, even raising the dead. He healed for me my servant! And yet something I could not begin to perceive or understand, forgiving sins, our wrongdoings, my own wrongfulness in my thoughts, words and deeds...., until now!

Joseph approaches and points to the Mother of Jesus of Nazareth.

“Mary waits for your command to grant her permission to remove the body. The women will see to its laying in the tomb. Nicodemus is here to help. We need to wrap the body in these linens and we have spices and myrrh as is our burial custom. We need to hurry because the end of day is near and the High Sabbath will shortly begin.” Mary looks on and waits and I am washed with pity, love and awe at her silent authority over me. At least a hundred pounds of spices and myrrh. Such a large amount, and expensive too. Fit for the burial of a true King! What a King!

I look back up at this King, this dead King and stand in the silence of my awe at what I have seen, met, encountered and done as never before. I feel humbled and yet, not humiliated! I cannot help myself; certainly, this man was innocent!

With unexpected humility in my voice, I am exclaiming in praise, “Truly this man was the Son of God!” A God I do not know, other than what I have met here and yet, long to learn more in the submission of my newfound faith and belief in this King. This dead King, who surely can do no more?

I nod assent to Joseph and Nicodemus, who seem taken aback at my behaviour. “Do not worry, friends! Be quick about the burial of your King, Jesus of Nazareth.”

Peace descends into and rests upon my heart and soul! Like the dove softly descending onto to its nestlings, stretching out their chirping beaks for their food, the nourishing fruits of life.

Removing a body that has been nailed to a cross is no easy task. I assign some of the remaining soldiers to help, making sure to be careful not to break the body any further.

Some of the sheets are used to help lower and carry the body into the arms of his Mother, this Mary, whose compassion and sorrow has moved me to love her so. And yet, how do I tell her so? The harrowing scene of a Mother’s deep, so deep grief for her dead son, now in in her arms. A farewell to a dearly loved son from a faithful Mother.



I pick up the nails, removed to reveal gaping holes in His hands and feet. I walk to this innocent victim of the cross in his Mother's gentle arms, her sorrow now so overwhelming. Water and blood still oozing from the piercing wound I have made. I notice the crown of thorns still on His head.

My moment of action in example, to thunder far greater than any words that I can ever utter. I kneel before the two, Mother and Son. Without words, simply holding out my hands to touch the thorns, and ever so gently remove this infringing crown. This will never do, to be buried with such a crown!

The sharpness of those thorns, their ability easily to cut and graze. This ugly, jeeringly mocking crown now relieved from its taunting burden. My fingers and the palm of my hands feel some of that scornful intensity and sharpness of pain that this innocent man has undergone. An unforgiving crown on an all-forgiving King!

Mary looks at me with a kindness that I have not known for a long, long, while. The body of her son is carefully lifted in the linen cloth and carried to the tomb, so close by. There to be laid, with the women watching, directing and making sure of its location.

Fast! Hurried action as the sun begins to slide down to its nightfall sleep. The body is wrapped in the linen shroud. The head covered with a separate cloth. And then, finally, the men roll a stone over the entrance.

As Mary departs, supported by the other women, she looks at me once more in a pause that seems to last an age. That grieving smile again and yet, in peaceful thankfulness. Her son is now buried, albeit hurriedly. Now to wait for the end of this High Sabbath to return and complete the burial rituals according to the Jews' custom.

Something else so strange to me in her face: was it a sense of true, lasting hope rising with a brighteningly faithful intensity through all that sorrow?



As I begin to depart and return to the Governor to give my report, I notice a woman alone. One of the woman followers, whose grief-stricken face still pained, waiting and watching the place where this King has been buried. I walk over to investigate.

“What are you about?” I ask. Terrified, the woman turns to run, then briefly, “This is my Lord! I will return early morning on the beginning of the week to help complete the anointing with the spices and myrrh.” She heads off before I can say anything more. I let her go. She and I have had enough for this day!

My report to the Governor is full, if not wholly complete, as I am uncertain he would understand, or want to believe how it is possible in the turmoil of that day, I came to find Love and Peace from the burden of my Centurion's life. And I left out the other reports of sightings of Holy People who had been long dead walking the streets of Jerusalem!

It is done. It is finished. I can rest. Rest? No rest at all!

It appears that the High Priests and Sanhedrin Leaders are worried that this Jesus of Nazareth's Followers will steal away the body and on the High Sabbath at that! Furthermore, when the Leaders had mocked him on the cross, jeering at him with something about coming down from that cross, they even challenged him! To let them see him destroy the Temple and rebuild it within three days, or something equally absurd! Now, after these strange rumours of the sightings of dead holy people, this has turned into a paranoid claim that the Followers will say that this Jesus of Nazareth has risen from the dead!

So, Pilate wants me to seal the tomb. I will do as commanded and, better still, I persuade the Governor to have the tomb sealed like a royal tomb. Pilate, looking testily at me as if he were wondering that I might be carrying on his joke too far, agreed.

We seal what was already a very heavy stone with stakes, ropes, tar and wax with Governor Pilate's seals, so that there could be no doubt. I checked. The body was still in the tomb before we sealed it. I said a prayer to this Son's God. Not knowing what to say, I hoped he would not mind my intrusion.



To round off a challenging turmoil of emotional chaos clattering across my already weakened, now irritated mind, the Jews' Leaders are insisting sentries be stationed to guard the tomb for three days. Pilate gives permission and I set some of my best men, reminding them that they are guarding a dead King! Not likely in all of Hades to rise out of that sealed tomb!

What is it about this innocent man, this King, this Son of God, that the Jew's Leaders fear so much? Do they really think He will rise again from being dead?

-----  
©James Leeper 19 April 2020 and all rights reserved

\*\*\*\*\*

## Sr. Julie Update

Dear Sr. Julie has had practically no internet service since December and has been unable to provide us with articles for our last two issues. She hopes to submit something for our summer magazine. Sadly, one of the younger sisters there recently died of cancer. As burials are very important occasions in Nigerian culture, they had *more than a hundred visitors*, including most of the Sisters of Notre Dame in Nigeria, the departed sister's family and friends, priests and *not one but two bishops!* The work associated with all this, the cooking, arrangements for accommodations, etc. were certainly daunting! Sr. Julie is planning to visit the UK from May to August. We are all looking forward to seeing her in Kendal. We at Holy Trinity and St. George wish her safe travels and a very happy, blessed Easter!



Each issue we all look forward to **PAMELA'S PAGES**. Many thanks to Pamela Boyes for the following contributions!

## The Cherry Tree Carol



This ballad, which is probably a collection of several very old songs that came together across the years, is both an Easter hymn and a Christmas carol. It's a popular carol internationally, though changes occur depending on where it is sung. In Catalan and Provençal, for instance, the ballad is about an apple tree rather than a cherry tree. The ballad tells both the story of Mary and Joseph before Jesus's birth, as well as the newly-born Jesus predicting his own death and resurrection.

Joseph was an old man, and an old man was he,  
When he wedded Mary, in the land of Galilee.

Joseph and Mary walked through an orchard good,  
Where was cherries and berries, so red as any blood.

Joseph and Mary walked through an orchard green,  
Where was berries and cherries, as thick as might be seen.

O then bespoke Mary, so meek and so mild:  
"Pluck me one cherry, Joseph, for I am with child."

O then bespoke Joseph, with words most unkind:  
"Let him pluck thee a cherry that brought thee with child."

O then bespoke the babe, within his mother's womb:  
"Bow down then the tallest tree, for my mother to have some."

Then bowed down the highest tree unto his mother's hand;  
Then she cried, "See, Joseph, I have cherries at command."

O then bespoke Joseph: "I have done Mary wrong;  
But cheer up, my dearest, and be not cast down".

Then Mary plucked a cherry, as red as the blood.  
Then Mary went home with her heavy load.

Then Mary took her babe and sat him on her knee,  
Saying, "My dear son, tell me what this world will be."

"O I shall be as dead, mother, as the stones in the wall;  
O the stones in the streets, mother, shall mourn for me all.

Upon Easter-day, mother, my uprising shall be.  
O the sun and the moon, mother, shall both rise with me."



\*\*\*\*\*

## Easter Garibaldi Biscuits.



These traditional Easter biscuits are packed with currants and spice before being cut into cute Easter shapes. They are a slight variation of my old favourite, but nevertheless still as good, and do make a nice Easter gift for children if put in a little cellophane bag!

### Ingredients

110 g./4 oz. softened butter  
110 g./4 oz. caster sugar, plus extra for sprinkling  
1 egg, separated  
225 g./8 oz. plain flour, sieved, plus extra for dusting  
Good pinch of mixed spice  
55 g./2 oz. currants  
30 g./1 oz. candied peel  
3 tbsp. milk

## Method

Preheat the oven to 170/150 Fan/Gas 3.

Line a baking tray with greaseproof paper.

Cream the butter and sugar together in a bowl until light and fluffy.

Beat in the egg yolk until well combined.

Fold the flour into the mixture, then stir in the mixed spice, currants and candied peel.

Stir in enough milk to form a stiff dough.

Roll the dough out onto a floured surface and cut out the biscuits with fluted and Easter shaped cutters. Place onto the baking sheet and bake for 10 minutes.

Remove the biscuits from the oven, brush with the egg white, sprinkle with sugar and return to the oven for 5-10 minutes, or until pale golden brown.

Remove the biscuits from the tray and set aside to cool on a wire rack.

\*\*\*\*\*

## The Lighter Side



A primary school teacher began her lesson with a question: “Boys and girls, what do we know about God?”

A hand shot upon the air. “He is an artist!” said the young boy.

“Really? How do you know?” the teacher asked.

“You know - **‘Our Father, who does art in Heaven....’**”

\*\*\*\*\*

A young boy was looking at a plaque in the porch of the church with photos of people in uniform, their names followed by RIP. Fr. John comes along and the boy asks him what the plaque meant.

“It’s the name of all those who died in the service,” replied Fr. John.

After a while the boy’s voice, barely audible and trembling with fear, asks: “Which service is that, Father, the 10:30 AM or the 12 noon??”

\*\*\*\*\*

The only survivor of a shipwreck was washed up on a small, uninhabited island. He prayed feverishly for God to rescue him. Every day, he scanned the horizon for help, but none seemed forthcoming.

Exhausted, he eventually managed to build a little hut out of driftwood to protect him from the elements and to store his few possessions.

One day, after scavenging for food, he arrived home to find his little hut in flames, with smoke rolling up to the sky. He felt the worst had happened, and everything was lost. He was stunned with disbelief, grief and anger. He cried out, "God, how could you do this to me?"

Early the next day, he was awakened by the sound of a ship approaching the island! It had come to rescue him!

"How did you know I was here?" asked the weary man of his rescuers .

"We saw your smoke signals," they replied.

**The Moral of This Story:** It's easy to get discouraged when things are going badly, but we shouldn't lose heart, because God is at work in our lives, even in the midst of our pain and suffering. Remember that the next time your little hut seems to be burning to the ground. It just may be a smoke signal that summons the Grace of God.

\*\*\*\*\*



### Springtime in the Lake District

At this time of the year, our hill farmers are getting ready for the lambing season. The ewes have been brought down to the fields in close proximity to the farm and kept an eye on. An extra pair of hands are welcome at this time, and our granddaughter Daisy, from a very young age, was always keen to help. Bottle feeding

newly-born lambs who needed extra care quickly became her job! Soon to be twelve years old, she still has the same enthusiasm and desire to help she had then, and is now an experienced pair of hands! She is looking forward to the arrival of her own lambs this year to add to her ever-increasing little flock, and hopefully all will go well. So too for all our Cumbrian sheep farmers.



### The Shepherdess

Shepherdess! Shepherdess!

Looks to the sheep:

Shepherdess! Shepherdess!

Watches their sleep.

Shepherdess! Shepherdess!  
When they cry "Baa."  
Shepherdess! Shepherdess!  
Knows where they are.

*Richard Turner*

[And the latest lambs in Daisy's flock!]



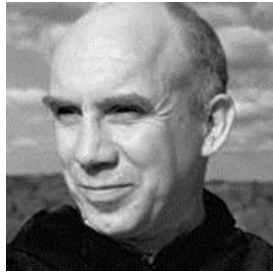
\*\*\*\*\*

### **Easter Blessing**

May God bless you at Easter,  
and keep you all year through.  
May God give you all the faith you need,  
to make your dreams come true.  
May his love and wisdom always help,  
to guide you on your way.  
May his light shine down upon you now,  
to bless your **Easter Day**.



## Merton Corner



Excerpted from **“A Prayer to God the Father on the Vigil of Pentecost”**

by Thomas Merton

Today, Father, this blue sky lauds you.

The delicate green and orange flowers of the tulip poplar tree praise you.

The distant blue hills praise you, together with the sweet-smelling air that is full of brilliant light.

The bickering flycatchers praise you with the lowing cattle and the quails that bicker over there.

I too, Father, praise you, with all these my brothers,

And they give voice to my own heart and to my own silence.

We are all one silence and a diversity of voices.

You have made us together,

You have made us one and many,

You have placed me here in the midst as witness,

As awareness and as joy.

Here I am.

In me the world is present, and you are present.

I am a link in the chain of light and of presence.

You have made me a kind of centre, but a centre that is nowhere.

And yet also I am “here.”

To be here with the silence of Sonship in my heart

Is to be a centre in which all things converge upon you.

That is surely enough for the time being.

I beg you to keep me in this silence so that I may learn from it  
the word of your peace  
and the word of your mercy  
and the word of your gentleness to the world:  
and that through me perhaps your word of peace  
may make itself heard  
where it has not been possible for anyone to hear it  
for a long time.

\*\*\*\*\*  
*This is a lovely reflection submitted by Jenny Davies. How true it is that we rub up against all kinds of people, even in church! It can be a challenge at times! Read on for words of wisdom....*

## **We Are All One in Christ Jesus**

The disciples were not a naturally cohesive group of people. Left to themselves, they were unlikely to have chosen to set up business together or even share a holiday. Matthew was a tax collector working for the occupying Roman authorities. Simon the Zealot belonged to a group that opposed paying taxes to Caesar, some of whose members had been involved in a revolt.

James and John, partners in a family fishing business on Lake Galilee, were known as “sons of thunder,” probably because of their fiery tempers and desire for power. This same John who refers to himself as “the disciple whom Jesus loved” in the Gospel that bears his name becomes “the apostle of love” in this letter. His life has been utterly transformed, his character turned inside out by his relationship with the Lord Jesus and the power of the Holy Spirit.

We see divisions all around us: gender, race, language, education, upbringing, nationality. Things that in themselves could contribute to the diversity of God’s creation become grounds for misunderstanding, strife, enmity and even violence.

Our Heavenly Father, like a master artist, has a palette of rich and varied colours which are designed to paint a beautiful picture of His creation but which, in our sinfulness and selfishness, pride and fear, we fashion into an unholy mess. In this mess, so often, the poor pay the greatest price of our inability to be God’s reliable gardeners in His world.



John calls us, in today’s verse, to be defined by the love of God: not by anything else. St. Paul puts it very plainly in Galatians 3:28:

*“There is neither Jew nor Gentile, neither slave nor free, nor is there male and female, for you are all one in Christ Jesus.”*

Pray that all may find their true identity in who they are in Christ.

Living the Kingdom must mean building churches and communities where “Love One Another” doesn’t mean merely liking people who are like us. We are called to something much more radical, much more attractive. We are designed to be a community of servants: serving and being served by each other across all the man-made barriers that so often divide and discriminate.

\*\*\*\*\*

*Here we continue our reflection on the theology of African-American Servant of God Thea Bowman. The excerpt is included in We Are Beloved: 30 Days with Thea Bowman [part of the Great Spiritual Teachers Series]. This issue’s meditation is from the article “She Inspired Thousands but Who Inspires Her?” first published in the CUA Magazine in the Winter of 1990.*



I was drawn to examine and accept the Catholic faith because of the day-to-day witness of Catholic Christians who first loved me, then shared with me their story, their values, their beliefs; who first loved me, then invited me to share with them in community, prayer and mission. As a child I did not recognize evangelisation at work in my life. I did recognize love, service, community, prayer, and faith.

I was taught to do my best, try my hardest and keep striving up the ladder. But at each rung, I was to reach back and help a brother, sister or stranger receive the gift and pass it on and thus help create a more caring, sharing world.

\*\*\*\*\*

*Here it is: “Brian’s Bit”, a regular feature in our magazine compiled by Brian Stabler. Thanks for introducing me to another wonderful Mary Oliver poem! Brian’s introduction to this initial item: “I came across this article recently and as a former Anglican found it very enlightening. I hope that you will too.”*

## **A Concise History of the Roman Catholic Church**

By Mary Fairchild

The Roman Catholic church based in the Vatican and led by the Pope, is the largest of all branches of Christianity, with about 1.3 billion followers worldwide. Roughly one in two Christians are Roman Catholics, and one out of every seven





people worldwide. In the United States, about 22% of the population identifies Catholicism as their chosen religion.

## Origins of the Roman Catholic Church

Roman Catholicism itself maintains that the Roman Catholic Church was established by Christ when he gave direction to the Apostle Peter as the head of the church. This belief is based on Matthew 16:18, when Jesus Christ said to Peter:

*"And I tell you that you are Peter, and on this rock, I will build my church, and the gates of Hades will not overcome it." (NIV).*

According to The Moody Handbook of Theology, the official beginning of the Roman Catholic church occurred in 590 CE, with Pope Gregory I. This time marked the consolidation of lands controlled by authority of the Pope, and thus the church's power, into what would later be known as "the Papal States."

## The Early Christian Church

After the ascension of Jesus Christ, as the apostles began to spread the gospel and make disciples, they provided the beginning structure for the early Christian Church. It is difficult, if not impossible, to separate the initial stages of the Roman Catholic Church from that of the early Christian church.

Simon Peter, one of Jesus' twelve disciples, became an influential leader in the Jewish Christian movement. Later James, most likely Jesus' brother, took over leadership. These followers of Christ viewed themselves as a reform movement within Judaism, yet they continued to follow many of the Jewish laws.



At this time Saul, originally one of the strongest persecutors of the early Jewish Christians, had a blinding vision of Jesus Christ on the road to Damascus and became a Christian. Adopting the name Paul, he became the greatest evangelist of the early Christian church. Paul's ministry, also called Pauline Christianity, was directed mainly to Gentiles. In subtle ways, the early church was already becoming divided.

Another belief system at this time was Gnostic Christianity, which taught that Jesus was a spirit being, sent by God to impart knowledge to humans so that they could escape the miseries of life on earth.

In addition to Gnostic, Jewish, and Pauline Christianity, many other versions of Christianity were starting to be taught. After the fall of Jerusalem in 70 AD, the Jewish Christian movement was scattered. Pauline and Gnostic Christianity were left as the dominant groups.

The Roman Empire legally recognized Pauline Christianity as a valid religion in 313 AD. Later in that century, in 380 AD, Roman Catholicism became the official religion of the Roman Empire. During the following 1000 years, Catholics were the only people recognized as Christians.

In 1054 AD, a formal split occurred between the Roman Catholic and Eastern Orthodox churches. This division remains in effect today.

The next major division occurred in the 16th century with the Protestant Reformation.

Those who remained faithful to Roman Catholicism believed that the central regulation of doctrine by church leaders was necessary to prevent confusion and division within the church and corruption of its beliefs.

## Key Dates and Events in the History of Roman Catholicism

**c. 33 to 100 CE:** This period is known as the Apostolic Age, during which the early church was headed up by the twelve apostles of Jesus, who began missionary work to convert Jews to Christianity in various regions of the Mediterranean and Mideast.

**c. 60 CE:** The apostle Paul returns to Rome after suffering persecution for attempting to convert Jews to Christianity. He is said to have worked with Peter. The reputation of Rome as the center of the Christian church may have begun during this period, although practices were conducted in a hidden manner due to the Roman opposition. Paul dies about 68 CE, probably executed by beheading upon order of emperor Nero. Apostle Peter is also crucified around this time.

**100 CE to 325 CE:** Known as the Ante-Nicene Period (before the Council of Nicene), this period marked the increasingly vigorous separation of the newly born Christian church from the Jewish culture, and the gradual spread of Christianity into western Europe, the Mediterranean region, and the near East.

**200 CE:** Under the leadership of Irenaeus, bishop of Lyon, the basic structure of the Catholic church was in place. A system of governance of regional branches under absolute direction from Rome was established. The basic tenants of Catholicism were formalized, involving the absolute rule of faith.

**313 CE:** Roman emperor Constantine legalized Christianity, and in 330 AD moved the Roman capital to Constantinople, leaving the Christian church to be the central authority in Rome.

**325 CE:** The First Council of Nicaea converged by Roman Emperor Constantine I. The Council attempted to structure church leadership around a model similar to that of the Roman system, and also formalized key articles of faith.

**551 CE:** At the Council of Chalcedon, the head of the church in Constantinople was declared to be the head of the Eastern branch of the church, equal in authority to the Pope. This effectively was the start of the division of the church into the Eastern Orthodox and Roman Catholic branches.

**590 CE:** Pope Gregory I initiates his papacy, during which the Catholic Church engages in widespread efforts to convert pagan peoples to Catholicism. This begins a time of enormous political and military power controlled by Catholic Popes. This date is marked by some as the beginning of the Catholic Church as we know it today.

**632 CE:** Islamic prophet Mohammad dies. In the following years, the rise of Islam and broad conquests of much of Europe leads to brutal persecution of Christians and removal of all Catholic church heads except for those in Rome and Constantinople. A period of great and long-lasting conflict between the Christian and Islamic faiths begins during these years.

**1054 CE:** The great East-West Schism marks the formal separation of the Roman Catholic and Eastern Orthodox branches of the Catholic Church.

**1250s CE:** The Inquisition begins in the Catholic church—an attempt to suppress religious heretics and convert non-Christians. Various forms of the forceful Inquisition would remain for several hundred years (until the early 1800's), eventually targeting Jewish and Muslim peoples for conversion as well as expelling heretics within the Catholic Church.



**1517 CE:** Martin Luther publishes the 95 Theses, formalizing arguments against Roman Catholic Church doctrines and practices, and effectively marking the beginning of the Protestant separation from the Catholic Church.

**1534 CE:** King Henry VIII of England declares himself to be supreme head of the Church of England, severing the Anglican Church from the Roman Catholic Church.

**1545-1563 CE:** The Catholic Counter-Reformation begins, a period of resurgence in Catholic influence in response to the Protestant Reformation.

**1870 CE:** The First Vatican Council declares the policy of papal infallibility, which holds that the Pope's decisions are beyond reproach—essentially considered the word of God.

**1960s CE:** The Second Vatican Council in a series of meetings reaffirmed church policy and initiated several measures aimed at modernizing the Catholic Church.

\*\*\*\*\*

## Bible Reflection

### Mark 6:1-3

*He left that place and came to his hometown, and his disciples followed him. On the Sabbath he began to teach in the synagogue, and many who heard him were astounded. They said, "Where did this man get all this? What is this wisdom that has been given to him? What deeds of power are being done by his hands! Is not this the carpenter, the son of Mary and brother of James and Joses and Judas and Simon, and are not his sisters here with us?" And they took offence at him.*

*Then Jesus said to them, "Prophets are not without honour, except in their hometown, and among their own kin, and in their own house." And he could do no deed of power there, except that he laid his hands on a few sick people and cured them. And he was amazed at their unbelief.*

*Then he went about among the villages teaching. He called the Twelve and began to send them out two by two, and gave them authority over the unclean spirits. He ordered them to take nothing for their journey except a staff ~ no bread, no bag, no money in their belts ~ but to wear sandals and not to put on two tunics. He said to them, "Wherever you enter a house, stay there until you leave the place. If any place will not welcome you and they refuse to hear you, as you leave, shake off the dust that is on your feet as a testimony against them." So they went out and proclaimed that all should repent. They cast out many demons, and anointed with oil many who were sick and cured them.*



## Reflection

I recall once taking the short journey from Lancaster to Kendal on a train. As I was waiting at the train station in Lancaster, a man ~ probably in his early thirties ~ was also waiting to board the train. When it arrived, I saw him pick up his rucksack and carry it on to the train. I was utterly shocked at the size of it. He was clearly a fell walker, making his way into the Lakes. He stayed on the train to Windermere when we got off at Kendal. When the rucksack was heaved onto his back, it must have been incredibly heavy. He had a bedroll on top of his bag ~ which must have been well above his head. He had a metal cup and a camping mess tin clanking whenever moved, and a stout pair of heavy walking boots swinging free also. He was obviously well-prepared for every eventuality on his seemingly mammoth journey.

This was just an example of someone walking. I've also seen cars laden down with a roof box, canoe and several bikes strapped to the back ~ I've even seen a small yacht attached, too! It seemed that these people were set for a very active holiday. Planning for this, packing and unpacking must have taken a huge amount of time, and that is even before the journey itself!



In today's Gospel reading, Mark tells us how Jesus expects his disciples to prepare thoughtfully for their journeys of ministering to the people. Jesus calls the apostles and sends them on a mission, the mission for them that was always going to be a part of his earthly work. They were to announce the message of repentance, cure the sick and cast out demons. He then sends them out in pairs, instructing them to trust in Providence by taking nothing for their journey. They were to be dependent entirely on the presence of God in one another. Their goal was to go from house to house bringing the Good News. The disciples were to take only one thing with them: a staff, something to lean on, to support them as they journeyed.



Monks and nuns in past times lived in holy orders, which means that they had taken sacred vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience. Their role could often be difficult, and they sometimes suffered greatly, as frequent wars and battles often meant that their sacred living spaces were destroyed and their peaceful existence devoted to God's work was halted. Life in today's monasteries and nunneries remains unchanged in many ways, with monks and nuns following strict principles like their predecessors before them. When they enter holy orders, their lives change dramatically as all possessions of their former lives are taken from them. Personal possessions are deemed to be unimportant, irrelevant, even an obstacle in the way of their peaceful way of life. It must initially seem very strange to them. The staff that they lean on is purely prayer.

Prayer is the most important part of being a Christian. It is our communication method and our lifeline with God. Through prayer we are given the 'staff' that we need to lean on for our Christian journey. The 'sandals' that we have to wear allow us to walk freely wherever God wishes us to be. Generally, we are equipped lightly, but bestowed heavily with God's purpose. So we don't need to take the kitchen sink with us, and perhaps we should leave the canoe behind... just ourselves, and of course, God. Enjoy the journey!

\*\*\*\*\*



## CASTAWAY

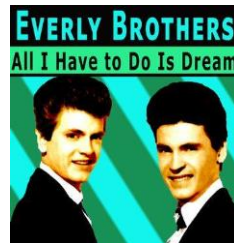


This article is based upon the famous Radio 4 show, 'Desert Island Discs' created by the legendary Roy Plomley. After being imaginarily shipwrecked, it shows how our chosen guest will keep themselves busy by remembering some of their favourite things. Our Castaway this time is: **Deacon George Bisset.**

**Favourite Music 1: From four favourite pieces of music, what is your first choice?**

I don't really listen to music much. If I do, it is preferably music from the 50's and 60's. When I hear a particular song, I remember where and when I first heard it. My first choice is "All I Have to Do Is Dream" by the Everly Brothers.

I sat my 11+ exam on my eleventh birthday (1958), and my Mam bought me my first record, this one, for my birthday. I passed the exam and went to the grammar school.



**Your Favourite Place to Visit:**

**Beauly** (A'Mhanachainn), ten miles west of Inverness. I can trace my lineage right back to 1174. Henry Bisset was the French steward to the Scottish King, William the Lion, whilst he was exiled in Falaise Castle in Normandy by the English King Henry II. When William was allowed to return to Scotland in 1175, he brought with him Henry Bisset and granted him land west of Inverness (hence the French name Beauly). His son John Bisset built Beauly Priory in 1230.



Beauly Priory Founded by John Bisset 1230

I like going to the village of Beauly to visit my roots and pray in the priory ruins and attend Mass at nearby St. Mary's Church. Although Elizabeth and I have lived in nine different houses and places, Beauly feels like home. Genealogy and Scottish clan history are one of my favourite pursuits.



Bisset Coat of Arms



Bisset Crest



Bisset Tartan

**Music 2:**



This song is "Something's Gotten Hold of My Heart" by Gene Pitney, which I first heard when I joined the Royal Navy in January 1964. It also reminds me of Elizabeth, our three children and eleven grandchildren, especially the times when I was away from them, and also my faith.

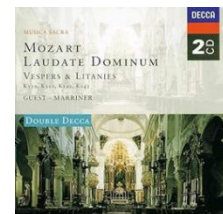
**Favourite Food: Your food on the island might be just fruit and nuts, so what other of your favourite foods would you prefer to have?**

I prefer spicy food, hence curries and chili are my favourite meals. I don't have a sweet tooth but I enjoy fruit.

**Music 3:**

My third choice is **Mozart's "Laudate Dominum."** It reminds me of my *metanoia*\* moment and subsequent faith.

\*A change in one's way of life resulting from penitence or spiritual conversion.



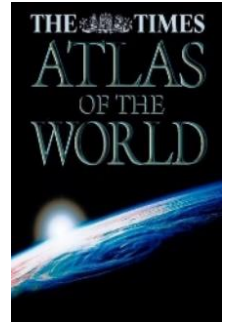


**Your ‘Man’ or ‘Woman Friday’:** Someone, alive or dead who you would love to meet and spend a little time with

**Francesco Bernardone, Saint Francis.** At my profession, I was given the book, The Life and Times of Saint Francis. I would ask him to read it to me and I would ask him questions.

**Your Favourite Book: Apart from the Bible**

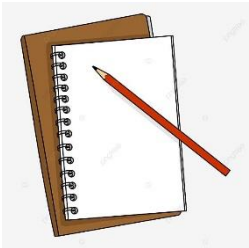
I have not read fiction for over 60 years. The last time was for my GCE O-Level English Literature exam, which surprisingly I passed. Although I am an engineer by profession, my study’s bookcases hold nearly 300 books: 50% are theological, 20% historical, 10% geographical and 20% miscellaneous, but no fiction. The book I would take with me is The Times Atlas of the World or The Times Historical Atlas of the World. As a schoolboy, I was always reading an atlas or maps of any sort. My GCE O-Level prize was also an atlas. The Navy enabled me to visit foreign countries, and my favourite naval task on submarines was navigation. An atlas would take my thoughts to any place in the world.



**Music 4: Your Favourite Hymn**

It is either “Amazing Grace” or “Be Thou My Vision.” I like both hymns, but I will choose “**Amazing Grace**,” because when I hear it, I immediately remember when we were based in Malta, in 1971. It was in the hit parade then, sung by Judy Collins, and played all over Malta.

**Finally, One Special Item:** If you could save just one thing from the wreck, or one thing from your imagination, to help you while away the time, what you wish for?



This would be a **large notebook and a box of pencils**. Then I could keep a log of events and my thoughts.



\*\*\*\*\*



There are many fine poems written about Spring and Easter. Here are two of them.

**GETHSEMANE** by Mary Oliver

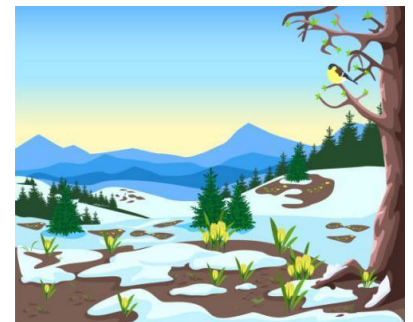
The grass never sleeps.  
Or the roses.  
Nor does the lily have a secret eye that shuts until morning.

Jesus said, wait with me. But the disciples slept.  
 The cricket has such splendid fringe on its feet,  
 and it sings, have you noticed, with its whole body,  
 and heaven knows if it ever sleeps.  
 Jesus said, wait with me. And maybe the stars did, maybe  
 the wind wound itself into a silver tree, and didn't move,  
 maybe the lake far away, where once he walked as on a blue pavement,  
 lay still and waited, wild awake.  
 Oh the dear bodies, slumped and eye-shut, that could not  
 keep that vigil, how they must have wept,  
 so utterly human, knowing this too  
 must be a part of the story.



**AWAKENING** by Margaret E. Sangster

Never yet was a springtime,  
 Late though lingered the snow,  
 That the sap stirred not at the whisper  
 Of the south wind, sweet and low;  
 Never yet was a springtime  
 When the buds forgot to blow.  
 Ever the wings of the summer  
 Are folded under the mold;  
 Life that has known no dying  
 Is Love's to have and to hold,  
 Till sudden, the burgeoning Easter!  
 The song! the green and the gold!



\*\*\*\*\*  
 Upon his coming into the world, whom did Jesus call to him? The Magi, and after the Magi? The publican. And after the publican? The prostitute. After the prostitute? The thief. And after the thief? The inflexible persecutor. Do you live like a pagan? The Magi would be considered pagans. Do you make a profit on the needs of others? The publican was such. Are you impure? The prostitute was also. Are you a murderer? The thief was one also. Are you an inflexible persecutor? So was Paul, because he was first a blasphemer and later an apostle and an evangelist... Haven't you seen the example of so many sinners pardoned by God? Have you sinned? Do penance. Have you sinned a thousand times? Do penance a thousand times. Satan will stand at your side at times to make you despair. Don't listen to him; remember these few words: Jesus receives sinners, words that are a heartfelt cry of love, a pouring out of inexhaustible mercy and an unbreakable promise of pardon.

St. Alberto Hurtado

Here, Raymond Daley highlights the tradition of Pace Eggs, which was certainly new to me when I celebrated my first Easter in the UK in 1990!

## Pace Eggs: An Old Cumbrian Easter Tradition



How many people know what a Pace Egg is?

Chocolate eggs are more usual these days. Traditionally, eggs have been associated with spring customs and symbols of new life. Plants start growing. Birds build nests and lay their eggs. Easter comes at a time of year when life is reawakening around us after a long cold winter.

People have been giving eggs as a seasonal custom for centuries. In 1290, King Edward I's household purchased 450 eggs to be coloured or covered in gold leaf and exchanged amongst members of the royal household. Later this Easter tradition evolved from royalty to ordinary people. Eggs became a popular gift ~ especially for children.

The custom of decorating eggs developed as living standards improved and eggs were no longer such essential food commodities. Decorated eggs were given as presents, used as decorations, and even entered into competitions for the best decorated one. Some communities held Pace Egging plays and events accompanied by Pace Egging songs. Most of this died out after World War I, but some places still do it. Middleton in Greater Manchester, where I did my teacher training, is one such place. Pace-Egging there is an old Easter begging custom. By performing a "play", the poor of the parish could in some way justify begging for money (otherwise illegal), in the sense that they were giving entertainment in return for alms. There was a Pace-Egging tradition in Middleton in the 19th century, though it probably goes back to the 17th. It was revived in 1967, largely due to the efforts of Mike Harding. The players perform at seven pubs in Middleton, inside or outside depending on the weather. The performance starts at the Dusty Miller, near the bus station, the last at the Ring o'Bells at the top of the hill. Egg rolling and partying follow this. Really, it's a pub crawl in the context of keeping alive an important Lancashire cultural tradition. The Ring o'Bells, (in some ways, like the one we have in Kendal) is next to a church, very old and reputed to be haunted. The Middleton is said to be haunted by the ghost of a cavalier who was killed by the Roundheads in the cellar when trying to reach a secret passage to evade capture.



Ring o'Bells

Middleton

This tradition was most firmly rooted in the North of England in Cumberland, Westmorland, Northumberland, Durham, Lancashire and Yorkshire. The eggs were often known as *peace-*, *pace-*, *paes-*, *paste-* or *pasch-*eggs. I remember me and my brother doing this as children when staying with our grandparents at



Cleator Moor. It was customary to roll the eggs down a hill on Easter Monday. It was considered good luck if the egg survived and didn't break. If it cracked, then we'd just eat it, get another egg out of our pockets and continue rolling them until they were all gone. I remember doing this down the side of Dent, a small mountain on the way to Ennerdale which is popular with local people. One year, we even rolled our eggs at Egremont Castle!

The eggs were hard boiled and stained by being painted or dyed, but were usually stained by wrapping them in onion skin and boiling them to produce a mottled, marbled effect. Simple, non-commercialised pleasures of yesteryear. Have any of our readers ever been to a Pace Egg event? We'd love to hear about this or of any other Easter traditions of past years.

\*\*\*\*\*

Here we introduce **This Issue's Featured Hymn**. Each issue we will offer the lyrics of a beloved hymn and a link to a recording of it, along with a little information about it. All are welcome to submit a hymn. Our first hymn is the Easter favourite **Now the Green Blade Riseth**. My source for this information was the article "History of Hymns: Now the Green Blade Riseth" by C. Michael Hawn.

## Now the Green Blade Riseth

lyrics by John MacLeod Campbell Krum

Listen Now: <https://youtu.be/27p98aLPZPI>

J.M.C. Crum, an Anglican priest, was born in Cheshire and was eventually named Canon of Canterbury. His first wife died two years after their marriage; he remarried three years later. He was a prolific writer; his publications included works of faith, architecture and even children's books. *Now the Green Blade Riseth* pairs Crum's text with the French carol *Noel Nouvelet*. It first appeared in the Oxford Book of Carols in 1928. It is based on John 12:23-24, which reads:

"The hour has come for the Son of Man to be glorified. Very truly, I tell you, unless a grain of wheat falls into the earth and dies, it remains just a single grain; but if it dies, it bears much fruit."

Now the green blade riseth from the buried grain,  
Wheat that in the dark earth many days hath lain.  
Love lives again, that with the dead hath been.  
Love is come again like wheat that springeth green.

In the grave they laid him, Love whom Hate had slain,  
Thinking that never he would wake again.  
Laid in the earth, like grain that sleeps unseen.  
Love is come again like wheat that springeth green.



Forth he came at Easter, like the risen grain,  
He that for three days in the grave had lain.  
Quick from the dead my risen Lord is seen.  
Love is come again like wheat that springeth green.

When our hearts are wintry, grieving or in pain,  
Thy touch can call us back to life again,  
Fields of our hearts that dead and bare have been.  
Love is come again like wheat that springeth green.

\*\*\*\*\*

‘The strategy and stance of Jesus was consistent in that it was always out of step with the world. Jesus defied all the categories upon which the world insisted: good ~ evil, success ~ failure, pure ~ impure. Surely, He was an equal opportunity “pissed off-er” in this regard. The right wing would stare at Him and question where He chose to stand. They hated that He aligned Himself with the unclean, those outside ~ those folks you ought neither to touch nor be near. He hobnobbed with the lepers, shared table fellowship with the sinner, and rendered Himself ritually impure in the process. They found it offensive that, to boot, Jesus had no regard for their wedge issues, their constitutional amendments or their culture wars.

‘The Left was equally annoyed. They wanted to see the ten-point plan, the revolution in high gear, the toppling of sinful social structures. They were impatient with His brand of solidarity. They wanted to see Him taking the right stand on issues, not just standing in the right place.

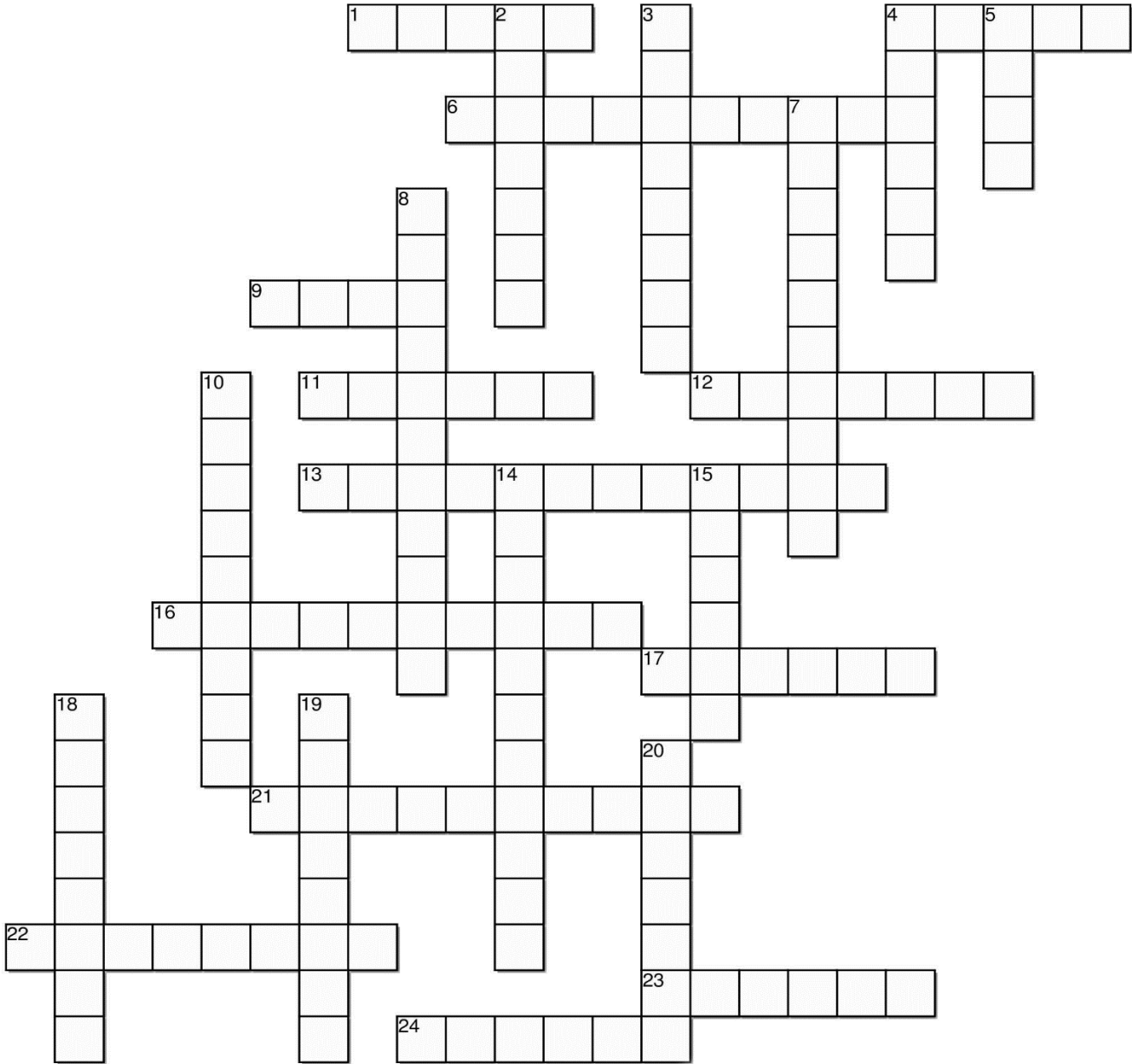
‘But Jesus just stood with the outcast. The Left screamed: “Don’t just stand there, do something.” And the Right maintained: “Don’t stand with those folks at all.” Both sides, seeing Jesus as the wrong size for this world, came to their own reasons for wanting Him dead. Both sides were equally impressed as he unrolled the scroll and spoke of “good news to the poor... sight to the blind... liberty to captives.” Yet only a handful of verses later, they want to throw Jesus over a cliff.

‘How do we get the world to change, anyway? Dorothy Day asked critically: “Where were the saints to try and change the social order? Not just minister to the slaves, but to do away with slavery?” Dorothy Day is a hero of mine, but I disagree with her here. You actually abolish slavery by accompanying the slave. We don’t strategise our way out of slavery, we solidarise, if you will, our way toward its demise. We stand in solidarity with the slave, and by so doing, we diminish slavery’s ability to stand. By casting our lot with the gang member, we hasten the demise of demonizing. All Jesus asks is, “*Where are you standing?*” And after chilling defeat and mind-numbing failure, He asks again, “Are you still standing there?”

‘Can we stay faithful and persistent in our fidelity even when things seem not to succeed? I suppose Jesus could have chosen a strategy that worked better (evidence-based outcomes) ~ that didn’t end in the Cross ~ but He couldn’t find a strategy more soaked with fidelity than the one He embraced.’

Fr. Greg Boyle, [Tattoos on the Heart: The Power of Boundless Compassion](#)

# SPRINGTIME



## Across

1. Goes from brown to green
4. Moses's favorite snack
6. Breakfast in bed? (2 words)
9. Tuxedo and dress gathering
11. A type of water and the theme of this puzzle.
12. Child of sunshine and rain
13. Clay pigeons and skeet (2 words)
16. Marching to Pomp and Circumstance
17. An ant's favorite event
21. A Wild goal? (2 words)
22. Yellow and white Spring visitor
23. The only time chocolate and eggs go together
24. So close but yet so far

## Down

2. April \_\_\_\_ brings May flowers
3. Dreaded Spring task
4. Distress signal or spring holiday (2 words)
5. Icicle apocalypse
7. Gardener's bane
8. A day for heros (2 words)
10. Fluttering migration
14. A common seasonal illness (2 words)
15. Rafael Nadal, Charlie Adams, and Serena Williams' sport of choice
18. America's pastime
19. Poking through a shell
20. Outcome of downpours; kids love them



# Spring Word Find



F	H	E	X	W	H	X	S	G	S	V	J	Y	S	I	Q	S	O	B	R	Y	W	F
I	R	E	W	V	C	E	N	N	S	P	T	K	L	S	U	N	N	Y	N	G	J	D
N	X	E	A	T	J	R	R	O	W	H	S	F	S	F	T	W	Q	Y	R	X	S	R
B	S	B	Q	S	H	D	X	O	E	B	F	O	I	W	A	R	M	Y	O	U	G	I
K	C	T	Z	I	T	Q	M	A	E	J	N	U	H	C	E	L	G	D	B	H	R	Z
S	F	L	J	I	K	E	G	G	T	A	H	C	R	A	M	Z	N	J	P	L	E	Z
A	H	E	N	J	O	Y	R	K	K	U	W	O	P	D	A	D	I	R	Y	Z	E	L
R	M	O	E	D	T	E	K	S	A	B	U	T	C	K	T	D	N	M	S	X	N	E
W	E	S	W	Q	L	F	L	O	H	H	N	L	W	H	F	E	E	H	O	X	S	O
E	Q	P	F	E	O	T	R	M	X	E	C	E	O	S	O	E	D	L	R	N	K	L
N	Z	O	C	O	R	H	B	T	T	A	A	M	N	E	U	S	R	Q	A	E	T	T
E	F	R	T	A	F	S	U	A	Z	T	N	E	K	R	B	Y	A	Z	Z	E	S	H
G	M	D	S	F	Q	Z	D	O	A	Q	T	F	I	F	A	Z	G	N	E	K	Z	I
L	Q	F	S	Z	T	I	R	D	J	O	R	T	K	E	W	I	N	D	J	I	B	D
E	U	L	K	K	O	Y	B	Q	K	F	T	A	K	R	Z	Q	M	A	Y	H	I	W
Y	C	S	E	V	A	E	L	J	S	S	O	F	C	A	M	P	P	U	S	V	Y	M
W	E	S	W	Q	L	F	L	O	H	H	N	L	W	H	F	E	E	H	O	X	S	O
E	Q	P	F	E	O	T	R	M	X	E	C	E	O	S	O	E	D	L	R	N	K	L
N	Z	O	C	O	R	H	B	T	T	A	A	M	N	E	U	S	R	Q	A	E	T	T

- |           |         |         |      |
|-----------|---------|---------|------|
| EASTER    | DRIZZLE | SUNNY   | BORN |
| LEAVES    | DROPS   | SWEET   | CAMP |
| GARDENING | ENJOY   | GREEN   | BUD  |
| MAY       | HEAT    | SEED    | WARM |
| SHOWERS   | HIKE    | MONTH   |      |
| WIND      | MARCH   | NEW     |      |
| BASKET    | MELT    | REFRESH |      |



