



Easter Day 21st April 2019

(The day after the Sabbath)



Call to thoughtfulness Words Elizabeth A. Varley

The Sabbath day was over, and through the grey of dawn the women crept in silence, bewildered and forlorn,
To find the borrowed grave where their teacher had been laid, and offer love's last homage *although they were afraid.*

The tomb was broken open, the guard had fled away, the empty grave-clothes gleamed in the rising light of day.
The body had been taken, no knowing why or how; the spices and sweet ointments had lost their purpose now.

A stranger told the news that as yet they could not see: 'The Crucified is living, he waits in Galilee.
Go tell his friends to follow; speak out, be not dismayed!' They ran, but spoke to no-one, *because they were afraid.*

By mystery of your Spirit you gave their message voice, the dumb were made to speak and the grieving to rejoice;
For somewhere on their journey in truth they met with you: from death and dread and silence the word of life broke through.

We fear your resurrection, unfathomable Lord; to follow you will cost us more than we dare afford.
But yet the Gospel fires us: the price of love is paid, and we will not keep silence? *though we are still afraid.*

INVOCATION

Be still and know that I am God, and there is none beside me



HYMN In a byre near Bethlehem Words John Bell and Graham Maule Piano

In a byre near Bethlehem passed by many a wandering stranger
the most precious Word of Life was heard gurgling in a manger
for the good of us all.

*And he's here when we call him, bringing health, love and laughter
to life now and ever after, for the good of us all.*

By the Galilean Lake where the people flocked for teaching,
the most precious Word of Life fed their mouths as well as preaching,
for the good of us all.

Chorus

Quiet was Gethsemane, camouflaging priest and soldier.
the most precious Word of Life took the world's weight on his shoulder,
for the good of us all.

Chorus

On the hill of Calvary - place to end all hope of living -
the most precious Word of Life breathed his last and died, forgiving,
for the good of us all.

Chorus

In a garden, just at dawn, near the grave of human violence
the most precious word of Life cleared his throat and ended silence,
for the good of us all.

Chorus

Gathering in the early mists a sound of gurgling? we are still unsure, we are still afraid

A prayer

HYMN 416 Christ is alive

Machinations and intrigue. And quite possibly some truth!



Poem Manifesto; the mad farmer Liberation Front (1973)
from his collection: *The Mad Farmer* Wendell Berry

Love the quick profit, the annual raise, vacation with pay. Want more
of everything ready-made. Be afraid to know your neighbours and to die.

And you will have a window in your head. Not even your future will be a mystery
any more. Your mind will be punched in a card and shut away in a little drawer.

When they want you to buy something they will call you. When they want you
to die for profit they will let you know.
So, friends, every day do something that won't compute. Love the Lord.
Love the world. Work for nothing.
Take all that you have and be poor.
Love someone who does not deserve it.

Denounce the government and embrace the flag. Hope to live in that free
republic for which it stands.
Give your approval to all you cannot understand. Praise ignorance, for what man
has not encountered he has not destroyed.

Ask the questions that have no answers. Invest in the millennium. Plant sequoias.

Say that your main crop is the forest that you did not plant, that you will not live to harvest.

Say that the leaves are harvested when they have rotted into the mould.
Call that profit. Prophecy such returns.
Put your faith in the two inches of humus that will build under the trees every thousand years.

Listen to carrion — put your ear close, and hear the faint chattering of the songs that are to come.
Expect the end of the world. Laugh.
Laughter is immeasurable. Be joyful though you have considered all the facts.
So long as women do not go cheap for power, please women more than men.

Ask yourself: Will this satisfy a woman satisfied to bear a child?
Will this disturb the sleep of a woman near to giving birth?

Go with your love to the fields. Lie down in the shade. Rest your head
in her lap. Swear allegiance to what is highest your thoughts.

As soon as the generals and the politicians can predict the motions of your mind,
lose it. Leave it as a sign to mark the false trail, the way you didn't go.

Be like the fox who makes more tracks than necessary,
some in the wrong direction. Practice resurrection.



REFLECTION *be like the fox* James

A life resurrected from our cultural (and spiritual) ruins

HYMN 407 Comes Mary to the grave vs 1 solo and repeated as congregation joins in

JOHN 20 1-18

The disciples returned to their homes, but Mary stood weeping

REFLECTION *less intrigue, more gut and heart* Naomi

OFFERTORY HYMN 362 Heaven shall not wait

We gather round the table; it is Passover

בָּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם, בּוֹרֵא פְּרֵי הַגֶּפֶן.
 בָּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי אֱלֹהֵינוּ מֶלֶךְ הָעוֹלָם, אֲשֶׁר בָּחַר בְּנוּ מִכָּל
 עַם וְרוֹמְמָנוּ מִכָּל לְשׁוֹן, וְקִדְּשָׁנוּ בְּמִצְוֹתָיו. וַתִּתֵּן לָנוּ יי
 אֱלֹהֵינוּ בְּאַהֲבָה מוֹעֲדִים לְשִׂמְחָה, חַגִּים וְזִמְנִים לְשִׂשׁוֹן,
 אֶת יוֹם חַג הַמִּצּוֹת הַזֶּה, זְמַן חֲרוּתְנוּ מִקְרָא קֹדֶשׁ, זִכָּר
 לִיְצִיאַת מִצְרָיִם. כִּי בָנוּ בְּחֵרְתָּ וְאוֹתָנוּ קִדְּשָׁתָּ מִכָּל
 הָעַמִּים, וּמוֹעֲדֵי קֹדֶשׁ בְּשִׂמְחָה וּבְשִׂשׁוֹן הִנְחַלְתָּנוּ.
 בָּרוּךְ אַתָּה יי, מִקְדֵּשׁ יִשְׂרָאֵל וְהַזְמִינִים.



Blessed are You, Adonai our God, Ruler of the world, Creator of the fruit of the vine.

Blessed are You, Our God, Sovereign of the universe, who has chosen us from among the peoples, exalting us by hallowing us with mitzvot. In Your love, Adonai our God, You have given us feasts of gladness, and seasons of joy; this Festival of Pesach, season of our freedom, a sacred occasion, a remembrance of the Exodus from Egypt. For You have chosen us from all peoples and consecrated us to Your service, and given us the Festivals, a time of gladness and joy.

Blessed are You, Adonai, who sanctifies Israel and the Festivals.

Lamb of God, you take away the sins of the world, have mercy on us
 Lamb of God, you take away the sins of the world, have mercy on us
 Lamb of God, you take away the sins of the world, have mercy on us, give us your peace!

The sharing

HYMN 417 Now the green blade riseth

Prayers or our worlds and the Lord's prayer

HYMN 415 This joyful Eastertide, away with sin and sorrow!

The tryst

Lord, set your blessing upon us as we begin this new week together
Confirm us in the resurrecting truth by which we rightly live; confront us with the truth from which we wrongly turn
We ask not for what we want, but for what you know we need
As we offer ourselves and the days ahead for you and to you
May our Easter faith, unbound from fear, pride or anxiety, speak of your boundless grace, forgiveness and love.
Make us your disciples, faithful disciples, open to the rush of your breath and the depth of your love
Whatever the path we choose, may we trust in your guiding wisdom
Help us rise to the new journey as people of the way and many ways



The Blessing after which we sing

May the God of peace go with us as we travel from this place
May the Love of Jesus keep us firm in hope and full of grace

