



TRINITY METHODIST CHURCH  
WOKING

Weekly Newsletter  
Sunday 12<sup>th</sup> April 2020

Everyone should be receiving in the post this week the Easter Message, written by Rev Jackie Case. If you have asked us to send you a digital copy, I will be emailing that to you. I hope you all enjoy reading Jackie's words and that the spirit of optimism and fortitude she writes about sustain you over the Easter weekend.

*Daniela*

**Easter Services via Zoom**

Tenebrae Service with Rev Claire Hargreaves  
Maundy Thursday, 7.30pm

Good Friday service with Hugh Bowerman,  
10am

Easter Sunday Worship with Rev Jackie Case, 10.30am

Links to all three services (plus the Junior Church service on Easter Sunday) will be circulated via Mailchimp so do check your email inbox for details.

Instructions on how to access Zoom will be included in the meeting invitations.

You may want to have a look at this easy video on the Zoom website to begin with:

<https://support.zoom.us/hc/en-us/articles/206618765-Zoom-Video-Tutorials>

**Easter message from Cardinal Luis Antonio Gokim Tagle of Caritas**

*Found online by Daphne Lander*

Dear Friends, as we prepare to celebrate Easter 2020, finally the world is united. We are united in fear of what tomorrow will bring, of not knowing if our societies will withstand the devastating impact of the

Coronavirus pandemic and if we or our family members will survive this terrible moment. We are in the garden of Gethsemane with the disciples and our faith is being badly shaken. Many of us are suffering and are tempted to feel that we have nowhere to turn as science, our governments and the knowledge we have developed to this point in history offer us no solutions.

But in the midst of loss, uncertainty and suffering, something incredible is happening: we are noticing the bonds which form our human family. Bonds that we previously took for granted or ignored. As we live in isolation and we all become marginalised and vulnerable, the global suffering we are seeing has made it startlingly apparent to us that we need other people and other people need us too. It is as though the stone that covers the tomb is slowly being rolled back to allow a light of recognition. This light heralds Easter and the Risen Christ. Meanwhile, changes that would have been unthinkable three months ago are actually happening: air quality has improved in a number of countries and warring parties in some others have called ceasefires. These may be temporary, but they remind us that seemingly irresolvable human problems aren't eternal. We are reminded that Jesus stayed in the tomb for a brief time before rising to eternal life. Death does not have the final say when you make space for hope.

In the words of the prayer 'Let us pray for the serenity to accept the things we cannot change, the courage to change the things we can and the wisdom to know the difference.' Let us pray to find the deeper meaning of this challenge that is facing the whole of humanity and which is calling us to faith and to resurrection.

<https://www.caritas.org/>

Here is Elaine Slatter's brilliant poem about her '**Lock-down week!**'

On Monday I did the wash.  
I do that anyway  
So that's O.K.

On Tuesday I cleaned the fridge of ice.  
Not nice.

On Wednesday I cleaned the oven.  
So that's done.  
Not fun.

Thursday saw the windows shine.  
Now we're rid of Winter's grime.

On Friday made a cake for tea.  
No-one can call,  
Just Lee and me.

Saturday we were in the garden.  
Weeds keep growing,  
Lee keeps mowing.

Sunday is the Day of Rest.  
Definitely the best!  
*Elaine Slatter*

### **A Word in Season 3: Easter Memories**

I watched and participated in the Palm Sunday morning worship from Wesley's Chapel. There were three bowls on the Communion Table, and I couldn't make out what the contents were. It was explained that they were the Palm Crosses which would have been distributed at the end of the Service, had the congregation been there in person. It was then I discovered that in the Methodist Service Book there is a format for blessing the crosses. I looked at the Palm Cross attached to the wooden smart phone rest I have recently made for use during video calls, and I put it in front of me so that it could be blessed along with the others.

The first reading from Matthew 21:1-11 about the triumphant entry of Jesus into Jerusalem reminded me of a hymn we used to sing in Sunday School over sixty years ago - 837 (MHB) '*Children of Jerusalem sang the praise of Jesu's name. Hark!, while infant voices sing loud hosannas to our King*'.

In my 'Solitary Self Isolation' it touched me, because my Palm Cross had been in an envelope, tucked into a box of food my son Bernhard had brought over for me a couple of weeks ago.

The envelope also contained a letter which read,

*'Dear Opa {German for Grandpa}, I want to give you a present. I hope that you like*

*it because you can't go to church. It's made out of Palm leaves, Love Clara'.*

Clara explained that the day they had broken up from School they hadn't been able to have their end of term Easter service in the church, and so the crosses had been given to them in class to take home. There were some spare so she had got one for me.

Listening to the radio on Sunday evening a favourite Easter themed song was sung by the Glasgow Orpheus Choir - '*All in the April Evening*' by Hugh Robertson. It was a song I had sung as a solo to the often small, but dedicated, congregations gathered for the evening service in the tiny chapels of the New Forest and rural Dorset.

The key lines for me were:

*The lambs were weary and crying with a weak human cry, I thought on the Lamb of God going meekly to die.  
But for the lamb, the Lamb of God up on the hilltop green only a cross, a cross of shame, two stark crosses between,  
All in the April evening I saw the sheep with the lambs and thought on the Lamb of God.*

That moment was brought up to date by the reality of reflecting on the closing sentences of Tim Hughes' song (STF 175) '*Light of the World*':

*And I'll never know how much it cost to see my sin upon that cross. So here I am to worship, here I am to bow down, here I am to say that you're my God, and you're altogether lovely, altogether worthy, altogether wonderful to me.*

Thank God it did not stop there. We have the joy of Easter and Christ's Resurrection to celebrate on Sunday. On Saturday you could find a moment to read or sing (STF 345) '*And can it be that I should gain an interest in the Saviour's blood? Amazing love! How can it be that thou, my God shouldst die for me?*'

For each one of us that is what Easter is all about. God bless you and a very Happy Easter.  
*Graham Warr*

## Knitted Hearts

Thanks to Jill Willis for telling us about the knitted heart project. Laura Kirby-Deacon is a Sister in the intensive care unit at the Great Western Hospital in Swindon. A knitted heart made by volunteers is given to a person in hospital, so that they know their family and friends are thinking of them at a time they cannot see them.

Laura thinks the hearts could bring comfort to families who have not been able to see loved ones before they died.

She says it is important to use clean yarn, and seal the heart(s) in a taped bag, like a freezer bag. The bags should also be dated, because 72 hours must have elapsed before they are safe to use.

The address to post hearts to is:

Brighter Futures at the GWH,

Great Western Hospital

Marlborough Road, Swindon SN3 6BB

If you decide to get knitting, send me a picture of your finished heart and I will feature it in a future newsletter.

*Dan*

## Answers to last week's Quiz Questions!

Valerie Slyfield set us a brain teaser: What is the only tube station in London that does not contain any of the letters found in the word mackerel?

The answer is: St Johns Wood

David Lander set us some geography-related quiz questions:

Name 4 US states whose names begin and end in the same letter -

Alabama, Alaska, Arizona, Ohio

Name 2 US states whose names contain 3 pairs of double letters -

Mississippi, Tennessee

Name 1 US state whose name contains 2 pairs of double letters -

Massachusetts

Keep the quiz questions coming folks!

This week Valerie writes:

## Ornithology

Some 50 years ago I was studying for an H.N.C. in Applied Biology. I was hopeless at Biochemistry, to this day I still do not understand parts of it. The lecturer was very sympathetic and one day when we

entered his classroom there was a large chart on the blackboard. This he said is the "ornithine cycle". "What does it mean...?" he asked, "...the migration of birds?!" and laughed his head off. It is in fact a cycle that converts highly toxic ammonia to urea for excretion.

Joking aside I have been watching my bird feeding station more closely since self isolation and noted my visitors over 2 days. The list is thrush, starlings, blue tits, long tailed tits, robin, blackbird, crows, dunnocks and pigeons.

I wonder if Prunella Scales knows she is named after the dunnock 'prunus modularis'? .....a small rather drab bird of the undergrowth.

My favourite is the robin followed by the thrush. The thrush amuses me as he uses the lawn as a runway and takes off at the end.

*Valerie Slyfield*

## Easter Celebrations in our house.

Easter has always been a 'big deal' in our family, for both religious and cultural reasons. For Dad, as he writes above, it is central to his faith. Mum shared that, but for her Easter was also an expression of her culture, and upbringing in Switzerland.

My brother and I had our own Easter baskets, each recognisable as our own by the damage sustained over many years - a broken handle, or loose wicker bits.

Each year, and well into our teenage and young adult years (!) the baskets would be hidden, always ingeniously, in the house or garden.

As we grew, the hiding places grew more fiendish - in the washing machine, under the wok on top of the kitchen cupboards, in the airing cupboard, at the back of the shed.

Mum used to delight in sitting at the kitchen table, or following us around the house when we were small, rubbing her hands together and laughing as we eventually found our baskets.

As well as chocolate eggs, we would find beautiful jewel like hard boiled eggs, dyed in red onion skins or food colouring, with patterns swirled in - natural ferns or

flowers held in place by a tightly knotted pair of old tights as the eggs boiled.

We would play 'Dupfe' over breakfast on Easter Sunday, two opponents bashed their eggs nose to tail, tail to nose, until one emerged triumphant, having broken both top and bottom of their opponents egg! Mum and Bernhard were notoriously competitive and contests between the two were keenly fought.

In hindsight, Mum poured lots of love into dyeing, decorating and polishing (with vegetable oil) those eggs. But as a child all you want to do is bash your egg open (after having hopefully emerged victorious in the Dupfe battle) and dip it in Aromat seasoning, licking the salty taste off your lips.

I miss those Easter Sundays with Mum, as I miss all high days and holidays with her and all the days in between, but I am comforted knowing those traditions continue. Bern and Jess now hide the Girls' baskets (the same ones Bern and I had), Bern and the Girls dye the eggs, and with Jess they decorate an Easter tree as Mum used to do. I am told we will all be sitting down to a 'virtual' family lunch on Sunday; with Dad and I in one place, and the family in the other; sitting down to eat at the same time, with video calls on, eating our meal together. As Isobel pointed out to Dad though, "Opa you won't be able to ask me to pass the gravy!"

Wishing you all a very happy Easter,  
*Daniela*

Photo: Bernhard Warr

