

Poetry and Prose

John G Neihardt

1881 -1973

Born at Sharpsburg, Illinois in a single room shack, he spent his early years in Kansas. Here he first became aware of the vastness and elemental power of the land he lived in.

John moved with his mother and two sisters to Wayne Nebraska, where, at the age of eleven in a dream he received his calling to become a poet. In 1900, John started work with an Indian trader. Here, for the first time he met the Lakota (Sioux) peoples, moved from Dakota to the Omaha reservation. In 1910, he married the sculptress Mona Martinsen. Up to the time of the wedding, they only knew each by correspondence. In 1912, he started on his epic work, 'The Cycle of the West.' In 1921, he was named the Poet Laureate of Nebraska and the Plains. In 1930, he met Black Elk, a Lakota holy man. Based on these meetings, he wrote 'Black Elk Speaks', judged to be one of the great books on Native American culture. Mona Neihardt died in a car crash in 1958. In 1973, at the age of ninety-two, John G. Neihardt died of natural causes. John's and Mona's ashes, united in death, were scattered from an aeroplane high over the Missouri River.

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Easter

*ONCE more the northbound Wonder
Brings back the goose and crane,
Prophetic Sons of Thunder,
Apostles of the Rain.*

*In many a battling river
The broken gorges boom;
Behold, the Mighty Giver
Emerges from the tomb!*

*Now robins chant the story
Of how the wintry sward
Is litten with the glory
Of the Angel of the Lord.*

*His countenance is lightning
And still His robe is snow,
As when the dawn was brightening
Two thousand years ago.*

*O who can be a stranger
To what has come to pass?
The Pity of the Manger
Is mighty in the grass!*

*Undaunted by Decembers,
The sap is faithful yet.
The giving Earth remembers,
And only men forget.*

John G. Neihardt



March



2008

Bishop's Easter Message- 2008

A little over forty years ago in a ruined monastery near the massive Egyptian temple of Abu Simbel which towers over the waters of the Nile above the Aswan High Dam an ancient Coptic prayer book was dug out of the sand. It includes the text of a hymn which the Lord is said to have recited to his disciples as he contemplated his coming passion. The Cross on which he is to die is addressed as itself a living reality. Christ embraces the Cross and the Cross embraces him. The hymn (or prayer) runs as follows:

Rise up, O holy Cross, and lift me, O Cross. I shall mount upon you, O Cross. They shall hang me upon you as a witness to them. Receive me to yourself, O Cross, But be joyful, O Cross, Amen. I have put on the crown of the kingdom.

Go to a very different part of the world, to Ruthwell in southern Scotland, and there you find an ancient eighth century cross and on it is carved in ancient runic lettering part of a poem which we know as the Dream of the Vision of a Rood. Once again the cross is personified and speaks of that moment when Christ was lifted up in suffering and as king. *The young warrior – it was God Almighty – stalwart, resolute, stripped himself; climbed the high gallows, Gallantly before the throng, resolved to loose Man's bonds. Trembled I when this warrior embraced me Yet durst I neither bow nor fall. I must needs stand fast. As a rood I was raised up, bearing a noble king...With dark nails they pierced me, leaving scars yet visible.*

These two ancient expressions of Christian devotion remind us of the centrality of the Cross for Christian faith. The Cross is seen from many angles – as a place of a criminal's death, as a place of torture and suffering, but yet as the place where a king is enthroned. *When I am lifted up*, says Jesus in St John's Gospel, *I will draw all men to myself.* The word 'exaltation' or 'lifting up' has a double resonance – the physical lifting up on the cross, and the exaltation, even enthronement, of a king in triumph. Pontius Pilate nails over the head of Jesus a notice 'Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews'. With bitter irony Jesus is condemned for what he is, and not only the king of the Jews but the Lord of all the world. In incarnation God gave himself into the world he had created. He took our human nature, our human experience, standing where we are.

Where we are is in a fallen world, a world created as wonderfully good by God in all its richness, and yet a human world which is deeply flawed, scarred by evil, and the distortions of human desire. Jesus, we say, 'takes away the sin of the world.' Sin is the condition of apartness from God; it is what results from a choosing of self rather than God, of the idolatry which gives other things than God our ultimate allegiance. The war and violence, abuse, and addiction, of which we are made so sharply aware day by day in news reports, are the landscape of this fallen and sinful world. Our human lives are also mortal lives, bounded by death, which comes at the end to us all, and which we know before it comes to us in the death of those whom we love. We know death in the death of relationships, and the diminution and suffering of disease and the erosion of personality through dementias of various kinds. Jesus 'takes away the sin of the world' by entering into that reality. As St Paul writes to the Philippians *he emptied himself, taking the form of a servant, being born in the likeness of men.* In that reaching out in humility, in that outpouring of love, the one who was

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Future Dates

Council meeting to approve the budget and other matters for the Annual General Meeting (AGM).	12 March
Palm Sunday	16 March
Maundy Thursday Service 20:00	20 March
Good Friday Service 20:00	21 March
Easter Sunday	23 March
AGM 12:15 in the Chapel	6 April
Healing Seminar, Holy Trinity, Utrecht	12 April
Ascension Day Service and Picnic, Weldam	1 May

Room Service

Mary Poppins was travelling home, but due to worsening weather, she decided to stop at a hotel for the night. She approached the receptionist and asked for a room for the night. "Certainly madam," he replied courteously. "Is the restaurant open still?" inquired Mary. "Sorry, no," came the reply, "but room service is available all night. Would you care to select something from this menu?" Mary smiled and took the menu and perused it. "Hmm, I would like cauliflower cheese please." "Certainly, madam," he replied. "And can I have breakfast in bed?" asked Mary politely. The receptionist nodded and smiled. "In that case, I would love a couple of poached eggs, please," Mary mused. After confirming the order, Mary signed in and went up to her room for the night. The night passed uneventfully and the next morning Mary came down early to check out. The same

Council Meeting

The council met at 20:00 in the hut to discuss the following matters.

Members List

The list of members contains addresses, phone numbers and sometimes, e-mail addresses. Usually only council members have access to this list as part of their council work. Several people outside the council have asked for a copy of the list. Before allowing a more general access to the members list, the council would like to know if there are any people who do NOT want their details on this list. That is, if you do NOT want your address or phone number to appear on an openly circulated list can you please contact the council secretary, Simone Yallop.

Budget

Arthur Cass, the treasurer, presented the auditors report and, treasurers report to the council. Following lengthy discussion on several revisions, Arthur will now prepare a budget proposal. At next month's meeting, the council will approve the budget proposal before Arthur presents it to the AGM.

Annual General Meeting

The council agreed to hold the AGM in the chapel on 6 April at 12:15. Several positions become vacant at this AGM.

Both wardens have to stand for re-election every year. This year, Caroline Siertsema has decided not to seek re-election as warden. Therefore, the council need to find a candidate for that position. If anyone wishes to stand for election, or who wants to propose someone for the position, please contact the chaplain.

Both Archdeaconery representative positions have fallen vacant. Joyce Wigboldus' term of office has ended, while Marykay Schouten filled the position left by the previous representative. Both Joyce and Marykay are standing for re-election.

Two council members have completed their term in office. One council member, Arthur Cass, will stand again. The other member, Marykay will stand as Archdeaconery representative. This means the council must find a candidate for one vacant position as well as asking if



MOTHERING SUNDAY 2nd March

The old Gospel reading for this Sunday was about the feeding of the five thousand so it was called Refreshment Sunday. Over time this Sunday became associated with family reunions and gatherings and became Mothering Sunday.

Mother's Day, which in this country is on the same day as Mothering Sunday, is an American invention which was started in 1906. Mother's Day is about the mother of a family but Mothering Sunday is more connected with Mother Church, the family meaning has been added on.



Whatever we think about commercial inventions, it is still good to thank those who care for us, no matter how old we are.

MOTHER'S DAY CARD

Nice cards for Mother's Day can be rather expensive so why don't you make your own? You don't have to be artistic to make this simple lacy card. You will need some coloured card, glue and a paper lace doily.

Cut a piece of card twice as big as the card you want and fold it in half. Then cut up the doily to make the decoration – some have lovely patterns of harts, flowers and leaves.



Put a very small amount of glue on the back of the 'lace' and press it onto the card. Finish off the card by writing a nice message inside.



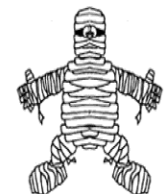
THE OTHER MUMMY?

Why do mummies tell no secrets?

Because they keep everything under wraps.

How can you tell when a mummy is angry?

He flips his lid.



Marriage and Relationships

Wife: "What are you doing?"
 Husband: "Nothing."
 Wife: "Nothing...?
 You've been reading our marriage certificate for an hour."
 Husband: "I was looking for the expiration date."

Wife: "Do you want dinner?"
 Husband: "Sure! What are my choices?"
 Wife: "Yes and no."

Son: "Mom, when I was on the bus with Dad this morning, he told me to give up my seat to a lady."
 Mom: "Well, you have done the right thing."
 Son: "But mom, I was sitting on daddy's lap."

A wife asked her husband: "What do you like most in me, my pretty face or my sexy body?"
 He looked at her from head to toe and replied: "I like your sense of humour."



Birthdays

A big Happy Birthday to Elizabeth van der Heide on the 27 March. Elizabeth, remember the advise of Lucille Ball, the secret of staying young is to live honestly, eat slowly, and lie about your age! On the 30 March, I Blair Charles, the editor, celebrates my birthday. I have noticed that when a tree gets a year older, it makes a growth ring by adding another layer of tissue around its girth... Boy, does that sound familiar.

Anniversaries

On 9 March, Cathy and Fritz Warmink celebrate their wedding anniversary. We not sure exactly how many years but we do that it is a lot. Congratulations to the two of you. Following them, your editorial team, Marilyn and Blair Charles celebrate their wedding anniversary on St Patrick's Day 17 March. We have celebrated a awful lot of anniversaries, and St Patrick Days, as a married couple.



Singing day – 23rd February 2008

The day took place in the beautiful home, set in equally beautiful and peaceful surroundings, of Jonneke and Arjan. Seventeen people from Twente and Arnhem/Nijmegen attended. Some were musicians, who could read music and while others could not, of the most importance was our common joy of singing. Victor, our musical director, ably led us through

breathing and relaxation exercises, vocal warm-ups and, of course, part-singing. We carefully chose the music, by for instance Mozart and Byrd, as well as a beautiful set psalm 150, for a group with varied abilities. Our aim is to sing a Eucharist service on Sunday 21st September in Arnhem. Although we worked hard, there was, of course, plenty of time to catch up with each other's news; to have a walk outside, to enjoy the countryside and for laughter.

Thank you Jonneke and Arjan for lending us your home! Thank you Victor for your time and skill in leading the group!

For those people who would like to join us, we planned further singing on Saturday 7th June and for Saturday, 6th September. *If you feel you would like to join us, then please let Victor (tel 0546 826324) or myself (tel 055 3559995) know. Nettie van Sisseren*

Correction

In the December/January edition there was an obituary for David Rowland, a former organist at St Mary. In the article David's family name was spelt as Rowlands. We apologise for the error.

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anyone wants to stand against Arthur. Anyone who has been on the electoral roll for at least six months may stand.

On Easter Sunday, Simone Yallop will hand out a set of AGM documents to all the people on the electoral roll. There may be some spare copies for members not on the electoral roll who wish to attend the AGM.

Note: Council members are concerned that many regular churchgoers have not registered on the electoral roll. People with talent, time, enthusiasm, ideas and an active interest in the church. If you are not on the electoral roll you cannot vote, you cannot serve on the council and you have no voice in what your church council does. Please, if you are not on the electoral roll, register now. If all you want to do is attend the AGM and vote, fine. If you want to be a council member, even better.

Intercontinental Church Society

One of the items raised for discussion at the AGM is the link between the chaplaincy and the ICS. The council would like to know if members would like to keep this link. If you are not sure what the ICS is and what it stands for, you can go to the ICS website at www.ics-uk.org.

Annual Book Sale



On 9 March, after the service the Flower Guild will hold its annual book sale. A popular spring event over the last few years, I hope you look forward to it as much as I do. I discover treasures every year that I would not normally come across or even be able to afford! Last year we added CDs, tapes and records to our sales. As well as magazines (I have an Imelda Marcos addiction to these) we should have something for everyone. If we can prevail on the patient understanding of Jan and Theda ten Barge we will save the leftovers to the following Sunday. After that, we have clear everything away for Easter. So clear out your bookshelves, you may find something that will make someone happy. For more info, contact me, Linda ten Barge at 0546-868139.

Note: Books 50c, magazines 25c, tapes 50c and CDs €1. All money to the Flower Guild.



Intercessions

If you wish to have someone included in the intercession, please contact the Chaplain or one of the Church Wardens before the Service.

If you know of anyone who is sick or in need of pastoral care, please contact the Chaplain or one of the Church Wardens.

guy was still on the desk.
 "Morning, madam. Sleep well?"

"Yes, thank you," Mary replied.

"Food to your liking?" "Well, I have to say the cauliflower cheese was exceptional, I don't think I have had better. Shame about the eggs, though...they really weren't that nice at all," replied Mary truthfully.

"Oh...well, perhaps you could contribute these thoughts to our Guest Comments Book. We are always looking to improve our service and would value your opinion," said the receptionist.

"OK, I will...thanks!" replied Mary...who checked out, then scribbled a comment into the book. Waving, she left to continue her journey. Curious, the receptionist picked up the book to see the comment Mary Poppins had written.

'Supercauliflowercheesebut eggswerequiteatrocious!'



Did Noah fish?

The Sunday school teacher asked his class: "Do you think Noah did a lot of fishing when he was on the ark?"

'No,' replied one logical youngster. 'How could he, with just two worms?'

Who am I?

A very dirty little boy came in from playing in the garden and asked his mother: 'Who am I?' Ready to play the game, she said, 'I don't know. Who are you?' 'WOW!' cried the child. 'Mrs Smith next door was right. She said I was so dirty that my own mother wouldn't recognise me.'

Asking for Directions

A Swiss, looking for directions, pulls up at a bus stop where two Englishmen are waiting. "Entschuldigung, koennen Sie Deutsch sprechen?" he asks. The two Englishmen just stare at him. "Excusez-moi, parlez vous Francaise?" he tries. The two continue to stare. "Parlare Italiano?" No response. "Hablan ustedes Espanol?" Still nothing. The Swiss drove off, extremely disgusted. The first Englishman turns to the second and says, "You know, maybe we should learn a foreign language." "Why?" says the other. "That person knew four languages, and it didn't do him any good."



On how to edit a church magazine

The Rectory
St. James the Least

My dear Nephew Darren

So, your vicar has appointed you magazine editor; I wonder what you have done to so offend him. Our own magazine editor has only held her post for the last 30 years because she is deaf, has no phone and always spends the fortnight after the publication of each issue on a remote Scottish island.

I think that your hope of now being in charge of an organ that will convert the entire parish to Christianity within a couple of editions may be a little optimistic. Most recipients of the magazine use it for finding the phone number of the local plumber or undertaker - or both if there was a major burst in the pipe.

If you want to keep any piece of information utterly confidential, then publish it in the magazine; that will ensure that everyone will remain wholly ignorant of it. On the other hand, if you accidentally transpose the names of the ladies responsible for the altar pedestal and lectern on the flower rota, it will be spotted within seconds of publication. It is also be helpful so people can consult the staffing rota to find out who took the collection a little too aggressively at Evensong the previous Sunday. The reports of the meetings of the monthly groups are also useful for reminding those who attended what happened, as they slept blissfully though most of it.

I would suggest you keep the first page which lists all the church officers with their phone numbers - although do omit your own number, so that complaints will have to go to someone else. It also seems to be a tradition that while all the digits of every number will be there, they are generally published in an incorrect order. This gets people to talk to one another as they phone round trying to find out the correct number for the treasurer.

If you submit any articles yourself, then I would suggest that your final paragraph does little other than repeat the penultimate paragraph, since when it is printed, the final few lines of any article are invariably accidentally omitted. My final piece of advice is to omit any deadline for submission for the following month. Such information only ensures that everything will be sent in the week after your requested date.

I wish you many happy hours deciphering illegible script and checking up on tea rotas.

Your loving uncle,
Eustace



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begun, one bulb at a time, to bring her vision of beauty and joy to an obscure mountaintop. Planting one bulb at a time, year after year, this unknown woman had forever changed the world in which she lived. One day at a time, she had created something of extraordinary magnificence, beauty, and inspiration. The principle her daffodil garden taught is one of the greatest principles of celebration.

That is, learning to move toward our goals and needs one step at a time--often just one baby-step at a time--and learning to love the doing, learning to use the accumulation of time. When we multiply tiny pieces of time with small increments of daily effort, we too will find we can do magnificent things. We can change the world ...

"It makes me sad in a way," I admitted to Carolyn. "What might I have accomplished if I had thought of a wonderful goal thirty-five or forty years ago and had worked away at it 'one bulb at a time' through all those years? Just think what I might have been able to achieve!" My daughter summed up the message of the day in her usual direct way. "Start tomorrow," she said. She was right. It's so pointless to think of the lost hours of yesterday's. The way to make learning a lesson of celebration instead of a cause for regret is to only ask, "How can I put this to use today?"

Use the Daffodil Principle

Stop waiting.....

Until your car or home is paid off

Until you get a new car or home

Until your kids leave the house

Until you go back to school

Until you finish school

Until you clean the house

Until you organize the garage

Until you clean off your desk

Until you get married

Until you get a divorce

Until you have kids

Until you retire

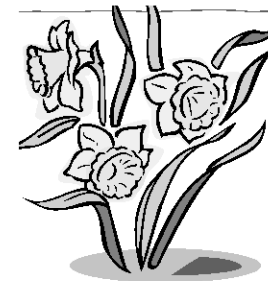
Until you die...

There is no better time than right now to be happy. Happiness is a journey, not a destination. So work like you don't need money. Love like you've never been hurt, and, dance like no one's watching.

Wishing you a beautiful, daffodil day! Don't be afraid that your life will end, be afraid that it will never begin.

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Contributed by P. Birtill



'Glory!' I preached, and I preached, like I'd never preached before: from Genesis all the way to Revelations. I closed the lengthy service with a prayer and walked to my car. As I was opening the door and taking off my coat, I overheard one of the workers saying to another, 'I ain't never seen anything like that before and I've been putting in septic tanks for twenty years!'

Freckles

An elderly woman and her little grandson, whose face was sprinkled with bright freckles, spent the day at the zoo. Lots of children were waiting in line to get their cheeks painted by a local artist who was decorating them with tiger paws. "You've got so many freckles, there's no place to paint!" a girl in the line said to the little fella. Embarrassed, the little boy dropped his head. His grandmother knelt down next to him. "I love your freckles. When I was a little girl I always wanted freckles," she said, while tracing her finger across the child's cheek. "Freckles are beautiful." The boy looked up, "Really?" "Of course," said the grandmother. "Why just name me one thing that's prettier than freckles." The little boy thought for a moment, peered intensely into his grandpa's face, and softly whispered, "Winkles."



The Daffodil Principle

Several times my daughter had telephoned to say, "Mother, you must come to see the daffodils before they are over." I wanted to go, but it was a two-hour drive from Laguna to Lake Arrowhead. "I will come next Tuesday", I promised a little reluctantly on her third call.

Next Tuesday dawned cold and rainy. Still, I had promised, and reluctantly I drove there. When I finally walked into Carolyn's house, welcomed by the joyful sounds of happy children, I delightedly hugged and greeted my grandchildren. "Forget the daffodils, Carolyn! The road is invisible in these clouds and fog, and there is nothing in the world except you and these children that I want to see badly enough to drive another inch!"

My daughter smiled calmly and said, "We drive in this all the time, Mother." "Well, you won't get me back on the road until it clears, and then I'm heading for home!" I assured her. "But first we are going to see the daffodils. It is just a few blocks," Carolyn said. "I'll drive. I'm used to this." "Carolyn," I said sternly, "Please turn around." "It is all right, Mother, I promise. You will never forgive yourself if you miss this experience." After about twenty minutes, we turned on to a small gravel road and I saw a small church. On the far side of the church, I saw a hand lettered sign with an arrow that read, Daffodil Garden."

We got out of the car, each took a child's hand, and I followed Carolyn down the path. Then, as we turned a corner, I looked up and gasped. Before me lay the most glorious sight. It looked as though someone had taken a great vat of gold and poured it over the mountain peak and its surrounding slopes. Flowers planted in majestic, swirling patterns, great ribbons and swaths of deep orange, creamy white, lemon-yellow, salmon-pink, and saffron and butter yellow with each different-coloured variety planted in large groups that swirled and flowed like its own river with its own unique hue. There were five acres of flowers.

"Who did this?" I asked Carolyn.

"Just one woman," Carolyn answered. "She lives on the property. That's her home." Carolyn pointed to a well-kept A-frame house, small and modestly sitting amid all that glory. We walked up to the house. On the patio, we saw a poster.

"Answers to the Questions I Know You Are Asking", was the headline. The first answer was a simple one. "50,000 bulbs," it read. The second answer was, "One at a time, by one woman. Two hands, two feet, and one brain."

The third answer was, "Began in 1958."

For me, that moment was a life-changing experience. I thought of this woman whom I had never met, who, more than forty years before, had

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in the form of God became humbler yet, he became obedient unto death even death on a cross. The incarnation reaches through cross and crucifixion, to the desolate emptiness of death. From beginning to end it is a work of love, and it is love of God that descends into hell, the place of the departed. I treasure a story told to us by Bishop Jack Nicholls, the Bishop of Sheffield, who asked a sixth-form girl where she thought Jesus was between Good Friday and Easter. She replied, after she had thought a little, 'I think he was in deepest hell looking for his friend Judas.' That is love's redeeming work, the love that stoops down to the very lowest part of our need, which bears the weight of sin and death. In St John's imagery, *the light shines in the darkness and the darkness is not able to blot it out.*

Sin and death are not only destructive but imprisoning powers. On Good Friday and Holy Saturday the light seems snuffed out; the love of God seems defeated and destroyed. The victors are those who seem powerful in the world – the corrupt justice of an occupying power; the self-interest of religious leaders; the betrayal and desertion of friends. It is a world of no hope.

But the one who is the Lord and Giver of life, who has chosen to bear the weight of sin and to enter into our dying, is the one whose victory we celebrate at Easter. At Easter something new and overwhelming and surprising happens. The crucified Lord is the one whom God raises – not to the old life, but to the life of the new creation, a new and transformed life. He catches others into that life – into the resurrection light – Magdalen in the garden; and the disciples in the locked room; and the sceptical Thomas; and Peter who had denied him and is told to feed his sheep; and the two disciples on the way to Emmaus, where the Lord is made known in the breaking of bread. He breathes out upon them, upon us, his life-giving Spirit. He creates his church, the first-fruits of this new creation. He who is Easter makes of you and me and all who seek to follow in his way of love, Easter people also. As Hopkins, the poet, says 'Christ Easters in us' – for Easter is not just a noun about a past event, but a dynamic verb, a resonant life of love triumphant and victorious, which makes of our dying 'the gate to life immortal'. In the light of Easter we know why we 'call this Friday "Good".' For as George Herbert put it in the first of his Easter poems.

The cross taught all wood to resound his name, Who bore the same.

His stretched sinews taught all strings, what key

Is best to celebrate this most high day.

As I send you my blessing for this Holy Week and Easter, I pray that all in this Diocese may be renewed in the hope and joy that our Risen Lord invites us to both share and live. For we are indeed 'Easter people and "Alleluia!" is our song.'

+GEOFFREY GIBRALTAR

Explaining Marriage

The child was a typical four-year-old girl - cute, inquisitive, bright as a new penny. When she expressed difficulty in grasping the concept of marriage, her father decided to pull out his wedding photo album, thinking visual images would help. One page after another, he pointed out the bride arriving at the church, the entrance, the wedding ceremony, the recessional, the reception, etc.

"Now do you understand?" he asked.

"I think so," she said, "is that when mommy came to work for us?"

Secrets of a long life

Grandpa Jones was celebrating his 100th birthday and everybody complimented him on how athletic and well-preserved he appeared.

"Gentlemen, I will tell you the secret of my success," he cackled. "I have been in the open air day after day for some 75 years now."

The celebrants were impressed and asked how he managed to keep up his rigorous fitness regime.

"Well, you see my wife and I were married 75 years ago. On our wedding night, we made a solemn pledge. Whenever we had a fight, the one who was proved wrong would go outside and take a walk."

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Country Funeral

As a young minister, I was asked by a funeral director to hold a grave-side service for a homeless man, with no family or friends. The funeral was to be held at a cemetery way back in the country, and this man would be the first to be laid to rest there. As I was not familiar with the backwoods area, I became lost; and being a typical man did not stop for directions. I finally arrived an hour late. I saw the backhoe and the crew, who was eating lunch, but the hearse was nowhere in sight. I apologized to the workers for my tardiness, and stepped to the side of the open grave, where I saw the vault lid already in place. I assured the workers I would not hold them up for long, but this was the proper thing to do.

The workers gathered around, still eating their lunch. I poured out my heart and soul. As I preached the workers began to say 'Amen,' 'Praise the Lord,' and

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2nd March	Celebrant & Preacher	Revd. Sam Van Leer
Mothering Sunday	Intercessor	Philippa te West
10:30 am Service of the Word with Holy Communion	First Reading Joy Romeijn	1 Samuel 1:20-28
	Second Reading Marykay Schouten	Colossians 3:12-17
	Gospel	Luke 2:33-35

9th March	Celebrant & Preacher	Revd. Sam Van Leer
Fifth Sunday of Lent (Passion Sunday)	Intercessor	
10:30 am Sung Eucharist	First Reading Caroline Siertsema	Ezekiel 37:1-14
	Second Reading Hans Siertsema	Romans 8:6-11
	Gospel	John 11:1-45

16th March	Celebrant & Preacher	Revd. Sam Van Leer
Palm Sunday	Intercessor	
10:30 am Sung Eucharist	Liturgy of Palms: Nettie van Sisseren	Matthew 21:1-11
	Liturgy of Passion Philippa te West	Philippians 2:5-11
	Multiple readers t.b.a. for Passion Narrative	Matthew 27:11-54 (read dramatically)

20th March	Celebrant & Preacher	Revd. Sam Van Leer
Maundy Thursday	Intercessor	Chaplain
20:00 Eucharist	First Reading t.b.a.	Exodus 12:1-4, 11-14
	Second Reading t.b.a.	1 Corinthians 11:23-26
	Gospel	John 13:1-17, 31b-35

21st March	Celebrant & Preacher	Revd. Sam Van Leer
Good Friday Meditations on the Way of the Cross	Intercessor	Chaplain
20:00	Chaplain + Nettie van Sisseren	Psalm 22:1-11 St John's Passion

23rd March	Celebrant & Preacher	Revd. Sam Van Leer
Easter Sunday	Intercessor	Marykay Schouten
10:30 am Sung Eucharist	First Reading Joyce Wigboldus	Jeremiah 31:1-6
	Second Reading Els Ottens	Acts 10:34-43
	Gospel	Matthew 28:1-10

30th March	Celebrant & Preacher	Revd. Sam Van Leer
Second Sunday of Easter	Intercessor	Joy Romeijn
10:30 am Sung Eucharist	First Reading Louw Talstra	Acts 2:14a, 22-32
	Second Reading Pauline Talstra	1 Peter 1:3-9
	Gospel	John 20:19-31