



**Welcome to  
Something Different ...**

Easter Blessing

The Lord of the empty tomb  
The conqueror of gloom  
Come to you

The Lord in the garden walking  
The Lord to Mary talking  
Come to you

The Lord in the Upper Room  
Dispelling fear and doom  
Come to you

The Lord appearing on the shore  
Giving us life for ever more  
Come to you

David Adam ... The Edge of Glory

I've copied it as it is written but you can use this as a prayer for yourself ...  
"Come to me"

Last Sunday Andy shared a poem by Malcolm Guite. Here is his most recent poem written just this week ...

*“The reading set in many churches for this first Sunday of Easter is the account in John 20:19, of how Jesus appeared to the disciples in the upper room where they were cowering behind locked doors, and how he brought them peace, and breathed on them, saying ‘receive the Holy Spirit’ and sent them out, renewed into the world. Meditating on that scene I have made a new sonnet, voiced for one of the disciples in that room, but written also from our present context where we are all fearful and so many of us are struggling even to draw breath.”*

### This Breathless Earth

We bolted every door but even so  
We couldn't catch our breath for very fear:  
Fear of their knocking at the gate below,  
Fear that they'd find and kill us even here.  
Though Mary's tale had quickened all our hearts  
Each fleeting hope just deepens your despair:  
The panic grips again, the gasping starts,  
The drowning, and the coming up for air.

Then suddenly, a different atmosphere,  
A clarity of light, a strange release,  
And, all unlooked for, Christ himself was there  
Love in his eyes and on his lips, our peace.  
So now we breathe again, sent forth, forgiven,  
To bring this breathless earth a breath of heaven.

This, and all his poetry can be found on his blog, where you can also listen to him read the sonnet ...

[https://malcolmguite.wordpress.com/2020/04/18/this-breathless-earth-a-new-sonnet/?fbclid=IwAR2nkk\\_rSDAZJVGr5zyaW3d89emzkZZAK5YH33xHs-PotcxfV\\_2bl\\_dlwVs](https://malcolmguite.wordpress.com/2020/04/18/this-breathless-earth-a-new-sonnet/?fbclid=IwAR2nkk_rSDAZJVGr5zyaW3d89emzkZZAK5YH33xHs-PotcxfV_2bl_dlwVs)

And for the fun of it ... a lockdown song and the man himself singing it!

<https://www.facebook.com/malcolm.guite/videos/10163466303015361/>

From Margaret Ferneyhough ...

*“Whilst on holiday some years ago we went to The Lincolnshire Aviation Heritage Centre -- Lincolnshire Memorial to Bomber Command RAF East Kirkby 1943-1945. We went into the tiny Chapel. At the entrance was a little box with this written on it. I found it so helpful.”*

Good Morning.

I am God. Today I will be handling all of your problems. Please remember that I do not need your help.

If the devil happens to deliver a situation to you that you cannot handle, DO NOT attempt to resolve it. Kindly put it in the SFJTD (Something For Jesus To Do) box. It will be addressed in MY time, not yours.

Once the matter is placed into the box do not hold onto it or attempt to remove it. Holding on or removal will delay the resolution of your problem. If it is a situation that you think you are capable of handling, PLEASE consult me in prayer to be sure that it is the proper resolution.

Because I do not sleep nor do I slumber, there is no need for you to lose any sleep.

Rest my child. If you need to contact me, I am only a prayer away.



## Great God who calls us to belonging,

Who delights in curiosity, invention, ingenuity.

Praise be for minds that bend and flex despite restriction,  
for bodies that signal love by staying apart.

Praise be for neighbours talking across fences,  
calling from balconies, waving through windows,  
for greetings that cross the space between us.

Praise be for strangers, careful on footpaths,  
for children asking their questions,  
for truth tellers who earn our trust and speak to our fear.

Praise be for friends who warn and chide and encourage,  
for human warmth in time of distance.

Praise be.

Julie Perrin

Julie Perrin, 2020 <https://tellingwords.com.au/collects-in-the-time-of-virus/>

## FOOTPRINTS

*[You may well be familiar with this beautiful poem, but try re-reading it from the perspective that this is one of those times when you and many others may be seeing only one set of prints in the sand.]*

One night I dreamed a dream.  
As I was walking along the beach with my Lord.  
Across the dark sky flashed scenes from my life.  
For each scene, I noticed two sets of footprints in the sand,  
One belonging to me and one to my Lord.

After the last scene of my life flashed before me,  
I looked back at the footprints in the sand.  
I noticed that at many times along the path of my life,  
especially at the very lowest and saddest times,  
there was only one set of footprints.

This really troubled me, so I asked the Lord about it.

"Lord, you said once I decided to follow you,  
You'd walk with me all the way.

But I noticed that during the saddest and most troublesome times of my life,  
there was only one set of footprints.

I don't understand why, when I needed You the most, You would leave me."

He whispered, "My precious child, I love you and will never leave you  
Never, ever, during your trials and testings.

When you saw only one set of footprints,  
It was then that I carried you."



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