

UPDATE
1st April
2021



www.meadowbank.church

'turns her night, and ours to day'

He blesses every love which weeps and grieves
And now he blesses hers who stood and wept
And would not be consoled, or leave her love's
Last touching place, but watched as low light crept

Up from the east. A sound behind her stirs
A scatter of bright birdsong through the air.
She turns, but cannot focus through her tears,
Or recognise the Gardener standing there.
She hardly hears his gentle question 'Why,
Why are you weeping?', or sees the play of light
That brightens as she chokes out her reply
'They took my love away, my day is night'
And then she hears her name, she hears Love say
The Word that turns her night, and ours, to Day.

- by Malcolm Guite (poet priest & author)

11am and 12.30 services
Easter Sunday 4th April

We have 24 places at both 11am and 12.30pm
To reserve a seat please text/phone/email Russell

Our Easter Sunday Services at the church will feature
a large daffodil cross outside at the front of the
building where people should add flowers.
Come early and we will have some extra daffies!

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The first of
all Sundays



EASTER DAWN

Dawn Services on Easter Sunday morning have always been very special to me. This year I will be up and out early by myself and thinking back to meeting people from different churches to celebrate the wonder of the new life come among us in the Risen Jesus

- I remember folk gathering at Silverknowes Beach and sharing well-barbequed fish
- I think of services at Hogganfield Loch in Glasgow where folk walked a mile to get there in the snow and rolled eggs gathering snow down the hill
- Impressive were the hundreds of people gathered above St Andrew's harbour with a brass band and a sermon preached from a high rock
- And we will miss the Calton Hill Service again with bacon rolls at Greenside when we came down

I love that moment when we share the words

*"He is risen ...
He is risen indeed!"*

This is the very essence of the Good News of Jesus and it is good that we will be able to share these words in church on Sunday. Remember, if you can, come a bit early and bring flowers to add to the cross which will stand outside our church for all to see as a sign of glorious resurrection.



In the name of the
Risen Jesus

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“The Flying Rodleighs” by Henri Nowen

The Flying Rodleighs are trapeze artists who perform in the German circus Simoneit-Barum. When the circus came to Freiburg two years ago, my friends Franz and Reny invited me and my father to see the show. I will never forget how enraptured I became when I first saw the Rodleighs move through the air, flying and catching as elegant dancers. The next day, I returned to the circus to see them again and introduced myself to them as one of their great fans. They invited me to attend their practice sessions, gave me free tickets, asked me to dinner, and suggested I travel with them for a week in the near future. I did, and we became good friends.

One day, I was sitting with Rodleigh, the leader of the troupe, in his caravan, talking about flying. He said, 'As a flyer, I must have complete trust in my catcher. The public might think that I am the great star of the trapeze, but the real star is Joe, my catcher. He has to be there for me with split-second precision and grab me out of the air as I come to him in the long jump.' 'How does it work?' I asked. 'The secret,' Rodleigh said, 'is that the flyer does nothing and the catcher does everything. When I fly to Joe, I have simply to stretch out my arms and hands and wait for him to catch me and pull me safely over the apron behind the catch bar.' "'You do nothing!' I said, surprised. 'Nothing,' Rodleigh repeated. 'The worst thing the flyer can do is to try to catch the catcher. I am not supposed to catch Joe. It's Joe's task to catch me. If I grabbed Joe's wrists, I might break them, or he might break mine, and that would be the end for both of us. A flyer must fly, and a catcher must catch, and the flyer must trust, with outstretched arms, that his catcher will be there for him.'

When Rodleigh said this with so much conviction, the words of Jesus flashed through my mind: 'Father into your hands I commend my Spirit.' Dying is trusting in the catcher. To care for the dying is to say, 'Don't be afraid. Remember that you are the beloved child of God. He will be there when you make your long jump. Don't try to grab him; he will grab you. Just stretch out your arms and hands and trust, trust, trust.'



*Jesus cried out
in a loud voice,
"Father, into
your hands
I entrust
my spirit."
After he said
this, he died*

Luke 23 v 46

'When I fly to Joe, I have simply to stretch out my arms and hands and wait for him to catch me and pull me safely over the apron behind the catch bar.'
'You do nothing!' I said, surprised. 'Nothing,' Rodleigh repeated.

Easter Saturday— 'the in-between time'

Easter Saturday—the day in between Good Friday and Easter Sunday was a time of waiting where Jesus' friends just didn't know what was going to happen.

This is an experience we might have in our lives at times of change or challenge. Perhaps we can learn to be like Rodleigh in the story shared above—trusting, trusting, trusting