

I have on my bookshelves a really lovely old book called 'The Beautiful Presence in the garden of the soul' by Fay Inchfawn, a delightful read with many a wise word showing parallels between our gardening activities and our Christian life.

The book begins with a poem and here are just two of the verses, most appropriate for April this year as we come to Holy Week and Easter;

Summers and winters thirty-three
Beautiful Presence thus did see.
Shame and envy and stripes he got.
Aye, for His own folk knew him not.
Out to a hill beyond the town,
Where the caravan roads go down,
They hounded Him forth at the dawn of day
And willed His beautiful life away.

Holden by death and mortality
Beautiful Presence could not be.
Beautiful Presence, Who loved man well,
Followed him down to Death and Hell.
He bruised for ever the Liar's head.
Lord of the living and the dead
Out of the grave clothes where He lay
Rose in triumph on Easter Day.
Showed Himself to His own true kin
Then to His home he entered in.

I pray that this Holy Week and Easter will be a special time for us to walk again the way of the cross and joyfully sing our Alleluias as we remember the Beautiful Presence Mary Magdala saw in that first Easter Garden.

For we are an Easter people and Alleluia is our song!