

Dear All,

Some of you will have I'm sure tuned in or at least seen on the news something of the gathering at the MCG in honour of Shane Warne. It was, and in my experience, always is, particularly moving to hear children speaking of the gift their parents have been to them.

We all know something of the frailty of human love, how it can both raise us up, and bring us down. In the long run it's best to face both those realities, while somehow not allowing the downtimes and disappointments to cloud out the best of times.

Warne was a colourful person who clearly lived life to the full. That 'fullness' was not always thoughtful of others, and the burden of celebrity status, sought or unsought, is that the unthoughtful foolishnesses, part of all our lives, are played out in the glare of public discourse. It makes news and money beyond those immediately concerned.

The dead are often easily glossed with a sanctity they don't quite deserve in the immediate time after their death, and as we have seen so often in recent years can be later demonised when judged in the light of the current zeitgeist. But how touching it was to hear one of his daughters testify about the way her father had helped her with her own demons, and hear his son speak of his reliable friendship. What was also telling was the way they spoke to their dead father as if he were listening...and one daughter spoke of him looking down on her as she lives out her own future.

Is this fanciful? Was it just an oratorical technique, or a way of coping with a loss that is in reality much more grievous? Is the reality far harsher, that the only way a person lives on is in the hearts and memory of those who remember. And is the worthwhileness of a person's existence only to be measured in terms of how many remember or for how long?

Or does the present tense of those young people's testimonies speak of a persistent instinct human beings have that there is something more yet, even beyond the grave? Does it express a hope, an imagining that truly does take us to the edge of reality?

Of course there is the Shane Warne Stand now. It will stand as long as the MCG stands. That 'cathedral' of our city seems so strong and abiding, and we can hope it will remain so, though for myself there are cathedrals of more profound significance!

Other scenes on the news last night of decimated cities, of stadiums and churches alike destroyed at the press of a distant button, is a terrible reminder of another frailty, inherent even in that which appears so strong.

The Great Week...

Anyway, this may all be straying into things too deep and serious for a Thursday 'Voice'. Forgive me for giving voice to it, but it serves to remind me to remind you that in a week or so's time we will begin the **Great Week that is Holy Week**, the story of the death and resurrection of Jesus in which we, and those 50 odd thousand persons who gathered last evening at the 'G' are invited to understand and become immersed in our own very human stories. It's how we Christians see ourselves. Those events in and outside Jerusalem provide the lens through which we look at who we are, and the possibilities that lie before us. They are how we understand God.



I love this photo of our Francesca 'skulking' around the church...

It begins with a donkey... in the ancient Middle Eastern world leaders rode on horses into war, on donkeys if they came in peace. Jesus comes on a donkey in the war against sin...

We will gather with Francesca and brothers and sisters from other

Christian communities to make a little **Palm Sunday procession** in Brunswick, beginning at Christ Church, and finding our way to 260 Sydney Road...

In preparation, folk are making Palm crosses...we have a few hundred to make. I understand from Mary Harris who organises their making each year that all the 'kits' were distributed last week. Thanks to those who are **making** up the cross and following him...



Nephews and nieces join in the creative spirit...and look happy in their labours!

Talking of crosses ...next week in 'The Lamb' we will be giving away hot cross buns to those who come in for a coffee with a little leaflet explaining the meaning. It's only a little witness, but a good witness. Why not come in and say hello?



And talking of *The Lamb*, we had a 'café full' for Lamb B & B (bible and beer) last Sunday but always room for more. Meanwhile, we shall be closing the café for Holy Week (aside from B & B on Palm Sunday) and reopening on Easter Tuesday...

Seven minutes on...

'Happy the man that hath his café full...he will not be put to shame...' (apologies to psalm 127)

Father Isuru is offering tonight's homily in the 'Seven minute on...' series, on 'being a witness'. It will be available to be listened to on the website by the weekend. Next week I will be talking for seven minutes on 'being silent', which may have something of an irony about it!

And finally... many thanks to vicarage resident Jesse who has done an extraordinary job repairing and cleaning one of our thuribles which had got into a sad state. Godly life without incense, as without table manners, is of course unimaginable!

Much love, +Lindsay

