



SUNDAY BULLETIN

03-05-2020

4th SUNDAY IN EASTER 2020

Raise your teacup if you're as fed up as I am playing second banana to a virus. Went for a short stroll this morning to the top of our street as it was so pleasantly sunny outside the house. My dog, Tau, had been barking at the bin pickers since sunrise a sure sign we were in Level 4 or whatever, as they have been absent for ages.

Saluting Captain Moore on the TV made me think that perhaps biting the bullet during WW2 must have been a bit similar to being under the heel of the Coronavirus. It just goes on and on and you have no idea how its all going to end. But, as you sit wrapped up like a Peruvian mummy bundle watching yet another 5-series, ten-part Netflix serial, you're at least grateful to be alive.

We believers are at least one step ahead of the atheists because we have lots of spiritual stuff to do. I can understand why many serving time in prison turn to God out of sheer desperation for something to fill the time:

*How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower.*

Lewis Carroll cheekily parodied it with:

*How doth the little crocodile
Improve his shining tail,
And pour the waters of the Nile
On every golden scale!
How cheerfully he seems to grin
How neatly spreads his claws,
And welcomes little fishes in,
With gently smiling jaws!*

I pray God will grant us all the virtue of patience so we may get to the end of the lockdown more closely resembling His Son Jesus who is so patient with us.

Father Klaus