



## Galaxies Evening Service 24 April 2009

Service by Pete Cowley  
& Fergus Collinson



### Welcome:

Welcome to our gathering this afternoon.

Our theme is : **Easter; Sometimes bad things happen so good things can.** Reflection on the not just the cruel death and execution of Jesus and the resurrection of spirit in his followers.



**The sadistic torture of Jesus was a bloody & messy. Not the sanitised pictures we see today.**

### Call to togetherness and sharing:

Let us enter this moment in spirit and in truth.  
Let us bring all we are, the honest reality of our humanness.  
Here we remember Jesus,  
who takes his last steps towards the cross,  
yet holds in his hands the bread and wine of life.

**Sacred mystery and mercy,  
Be with us as we draw near in remembrance.**

### Passing the Peace:

We meet together to share a meal,  
may it express our love for one another  
our commitment to each other and point us beyond ourselves  
to the needs of the world.

The peace of God be with you.

**And also with you.**



## On Reflection

We come here today to remember a man. A man ...  
who had dreams.

who had those dreams shattered,  
who needed time to think and pray,  
who knew he was likely to die for what he believed ...

A man of extraordinary religious insight.

A man who did die - a cruel death.

On Good Friday we look at the cross, and we remember ...

the betrayal of friendship and its consequences,  
the casual cruelty of Roman authority and execution,  
and how unreliable others proved to be in a crisis.

On this day may we also remember  
that religions bigotry, cruelty and unreliability  
are still a part of our everyday lives.

On this day, then, may we learn some new precepts for living ...

do not avoid contact and suffering,  
or close your eyes before suffering,  
do not maintain anger and hatred:

do not say untruthful things for the sake of personal interest.

Or to impress people;

do not live with a vocation that is harmful to humans and to nature ...

On this day we remember

## Sometimes bad things happen so good things can

It is hard to image how any small group could survive without it's leader and especially when it's leader was so publically humiliated, tortured and killed. A pretty blunt message of "Don't challenge us" from the powers - in Jesus' case his own religious leaders who were in cohorts with the Roman oppressors.

Who would have thought from such a brutal and public ending, that anything good could emerge. Certainly Jesus' followers did not think so at the time. They were scared and in hiding!.

And then, ... surprisingly ... a resurrection. Jesus' followers begin to see that it was not the end, that the message was bigger than the messenger, bigger even than the death of the messenger and so the transformation of Jesus the sage into the Christ of love began. And here we are 2000 or so years later - still proclaiming the good news of God's love, that God IS love and that Love is in and through all that lives. Pretty amazing really!

But in many ways this happens over and over:

war, injustice, prejudice, fear, greed - the list goes on and on.

But out of such bad things good things can come:

Rising up as community to fight oppressors (Egypt, Lybia, Syria, ...)

Ghandi and all those who use peaceful resistance to injustices

Us as people concerned about others, showing our care by signing petitions, giving our money and helping others wherever we can.

The dying of Autumn, Death of Winter and resurrection of Spring!

What other things can you think of?

### "A Time of preparation and change"

From Sanctuary. Where heaven touches earth by Trisha Watts

... the leaves are falling all around us  
through days growing ever  
clearer and more barren.

Surrounded by little deaths,  
the drying of the grass  
and shrivelling of the flowers,  
we gather our lives in like the harvest.

Our friendships,  
our experiences,  
our achievements  
we wrap around ourselves,  
against the coldness which is to come.  
For in this time,  
our lives will be lived within.

Like the grapes that are harvested  
in happy sunlight  
turning to wine in dark cellars,  
our thoughts will transform and grow richer

Come,, Spirit of Mysteries,  
into the centre of our containment,  
Grow new life from within us.  
(silence)



## Something's dead inside me

(from a hymn by Joy Cowley)

Something's dead inside me.  
Some yesterday was slain.  
My heart is hung upon a crossroads  
my thoughts are filled with pain.  
And yet there is within me  
a hope I can't explain,  
for in the darkness I can see  
God dancing in the rain.

I surrender to the mystery  
of loss that's turned to gain.  
The little seed of wheat must die  
to become a field of grain,  
and I know that in my time of grief  
that Christ is risen again  
for in the darkness I can see  
God dancing in the rain.

## i sHOULD bE gETTING mYSELF ON tHE rOAD tO sT cUTHBERT'S LAST sUPPER sERVICE, aT 7, BUT tHEY'RE nOT HAVING a mEAL bEFORE... - Fergus Collinson

I totally loved last year  
The Sunday School Hall was packed. People bought what they could to eat  
it was lively and engaging and up  
Vicar Susan saying  
"Oh Fergus you're having a wine with me -  
I love wine! A top up?  
Sanjay is dressed in  
please touch me combat gear  
He gives me his phone number  
I give him my business card Petrus made.  
Sanjay tells my buddy Richard  
"E mail - email is a work of the devil."  
I'll ask Richard what that was all about

but the rest of our night  
Its full of the astounding joy  
that is  
Easter



Damn - I didn't get the glasses cleaner I wanted. Mr and Ms Specs is having Easter early. I hate the way organic window cleaner doesn't do the job. When I turn around on Riddiford Street he says

"Fergus, I'd love you to come to our Saturday arvo creativity explores"

Its where they don't talk, they find their way into connecting and creativity - its infinitely easier to do with decent aids, and money to get food

I say

"Hey, you're Robert - I wondered who was sending me invites"

You say

"Lets have a cuddle,"

and lift me off my feet

outside Monterey

I'm getting corn fed chook to roast for Petrus birthday

at my halal butcher

and the man, in the expensive suit,

who's stopping me getting my new hearing aids edges in beside me

We say hello. Its a startlingly comfortable silence

I say

"I'll see you on the 11th. Will you have my hearing aids?"

Sivaraj says

"Yes. We're got them. All ready for you to trial"

On Riddiford St

I have a Lazarus moment of my stale stinking clothes

(ie vigorous endless emails about getting my replacements

through every layer of bureaucracy there is)

being ripped off. The incredible power I haven't glimpsed till now

of naming and shaming with all his peers

One of my most favourite post-christian mates, Odette is at the Library

She doesn't need to get all her white witch mates to take their clothes off and

dance naked, and petition

alternative deities on my behalf

We're working on Mr Phil and her

meeting. She'll chauffeur me to Stoke's Valley. Luxuriously,

and after we all embrace

life with Jason, sturdily

We'll stop to see

who can do the best photos of the

sleepy engines in their wee shed, and carriages with

frost and ice on the roofs, and

womanly Siverstream hills, in their

stale ciggy smoke misted

windows, and Mr Phil will drive me home

in his Ford Fairlane

## LIGHTING THE CHRIST CANDLE

Aware that the power of resurrection  
has forever changed who we are,  
and given us the courage  
to boldly proclaim a living faith.

Today we celebrate:

new life

new joy

new possibilities.

**We give thanks for the Spirit of Life visible in Jesus,  
visible in us, visible in people in all walks of life.**

## Commissioning

Let us go forth from here:

**We go proclaiming the good news;  
sharing in and working for resurrections  
in all the crucified places in the world.**

## Departure

In the face of all our realities:

**We are the people who heal each other,  
who grow strong together,  
who name the truth,  
who know what it means to live in community,  
moving towards a common dream  
for a new heaven and a new earth  
in the power of the love of god,  
the company of Jesus Christ  
and the leading of the holy spirit.**

[Dorothy McRae-McMahon](#)

