



NEA NEWSLETTER



MARCH NEWS

WE CELEBRATE SPECIAL DAYS IN MARCH

1st Feast of St David



4th New Life M Ste Jean



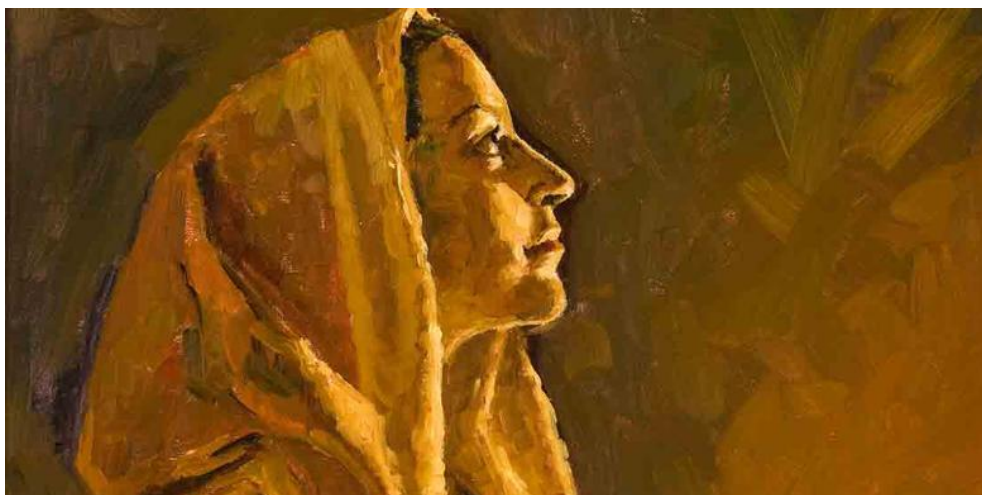
17th Feast of St Patrick



20th Feast of St Joseph



25th The Annunciation



NEWS FROM NODDFA – Mary Jo

To mark the anniversary of the beginning of the war in Ukraine, we held a prayer service in our chapel, with members of the other churches in Penmaenmawr, in solidarity with all those suffering in Ukraine. It was prepared by Llinos from Christian Aid.



A local Ukrainian family came and brought a present of sweets from Ukraine, which we all enjoyed afterwards with tea and cake.

Recently, we went to a concert in Pen, where the Ukrainians sang, played violin and piano and gave a display of dancing, as well as sharing traditional food and selling craft work.



PANCAKE TUESDAY

It has become a tradition
to have a fund-raiser
on this day
– for the last 20 years!



This year we raised £721 for the victims of the earthquakes in Syria and Turkey. People came from Conwy and Llanrwst, as well as Penmaenmawr and everyone enjoyed the generous helpings of savoury and sweet pancakes.



All our Churches and schools are busy organising fund raising events for Ukraine and for the survivors of the earthquakes in Turkey and Syria. These give us all an opportunity to make a contribution. During Lent, especially, we are focussed on reaching out to others and trying to effect positive change.

Lent provides a chance for positive change.

That's Life by Danny Joyce

Take away all that's negative with life...its ups and down and get back to basics.
Don't take life for granted.

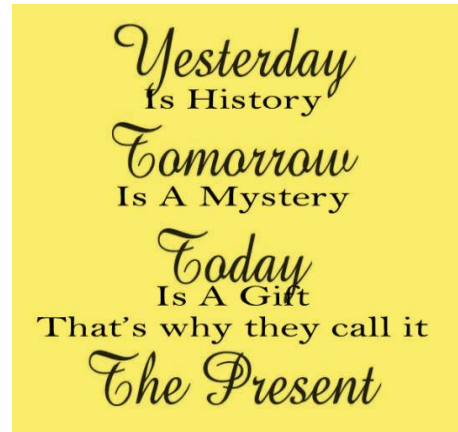


This life is a wonderful gift .. accept it, embrace it.
It starts with a new day .. wake up and greet it.
Life is a challenge .. take it head on and meet it.
Full of opportunity .. use it, don't waste it.

This life is a mystery .. unfold it, solve it.
It starts with meaning .. wake up and understand it.
Life is a goal .. take it head on and achieve it.
Full of promise .. fulfill it but keep it.

This life is a tragedy .. face it, accept it.
It starts with pain .. wake up and help numb it.
Life is a struggle .. take it head on and fight it.
Full of sorrow .. sorry, just overcome it.

This life is precious .. hold it, treasure it,
It starts with hope .. wake up and feel it.
Life is a choice .. take it head on and make it.
Full of knowledge .. use it, don't abuse it.



This life is adventurous .. enjoy it, explore it.
It starts with a duty .. wake up and perform it.
Life is love .. take it full on and love it.
Full of beauty .. praise it and behold it.

That life is life .. live it, learn and grow
Life is good .. be good with all that you know.

Every Day Changes You By Vic Lejon

every day changes you
sometimes a lot
sometimes barely
but life never stops
it evolves
and you are growing
even when you can't see it
you're doing the best you can.



How Jesus calls us forth from whatever imprisons us in tombs of our own making

(extract) by Alban McCoy



‘...You and I are Lazarus: Jesus calls forth you and me from whatever deadens us or imprisons us in the tombs of our own making, here and now. So, coming as it does immediately before the Passion of Christ in the gospel, when Jesus makes good his costly choice freely to accept death to give us life, this episode of

John’s gospel is a perfect preparation for the events of Holy Week. It invites us to contemplate those events, not at a safe distance, as detached spectators - curious, moved, even, but essentially uninvolved; but rather in the full knowledge and acceptance that all this is being endured by Jesus for love of you and me, personally, to free us from the self-destructive spiral we call ‘sin’, and to bring us alive in

Him. Only love of this depth and intensity – literally, divine love, “all loves excelling” – could do this: and it has been done; and can never be undone...’



‘Maybe this story is a call for us to roll *up* our sleeves, and roll *away* anything that blocks us from seeing those trapped or hidden away in places of death. Maybe it's a charge to "unbind and let go" all those bound up in institutions, relationships, systems, beliefs and attitudes that lead to death. *Tara Woodard-Lehman*

Even if you end up between a rock and a hard place, you can still make yourself into something beautiful



INDIFFERENCE by GA Studdert Kennedy

When Jesus came to Golgotha, they hanged Him on a tree,
They drove great nails through hands and feet, and made a Calvary;
They crowned Him with a crown of thorns, red were His wounds and deep,
For those were crude and cruel days, and human flesh was cheap.



When Jesus came to Birmingham, they simply passed Him by.
They would not hurt a hair of Him, they only let Him die;
For men had grown more tender, and they would not give Him pain,
They only just passed down the street, and left Him in the rain.

Still Jesus cried, ‘Forgive them, for they know not what they do,’
And still it rained the winter rain that drenched Him through and through;
The crowds went home and left the streets without a soul to see,
And Jesus crouched against a wall, and cried for Calvary.



We are grateful for all those who have encouraged us and helped us to come out of the various tombs in which we often find ourselves – discouragement, sadness, grief, hopelessness etc.

We pray that we will make greater efforts to call others forth from their tombs and unbind them from what prevents them from living life fully - ‘That they may have life in its fullness.’

Hope and Life Hidden in the Heart of Spring's Awakening

(Adapted from an anonymous blog)

In what seems like an overnight arrival, the signs of the hope hidden in the heart of spring's awakening stun my senses as I walk.... Each of the trees boast a myriad of buds, the large birch tree sports tiny green buds, the timid green fingers of daffodils and tulips point upward and the gay song of busy robins escort me.

Nestled in the heart of spring's awakening rests an unshaken Hope displayed in creation's preparatory signs of a new season dawning.



On a brief walk in nature multiple signs of spring greet us in every corner, all of which lay hidden not many days before. Marvelling each year at the appearance of tiny buds on barren trees and shrubs, along with little green points emerging from soft soil, spring feels like magic.

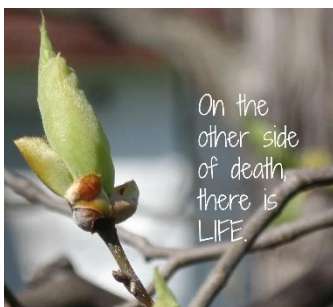


Life shrouded in death slumbers in the womb of winter's stillness awaiting the whisper of the dawn of spring's awakening.

Though hidden, life prepares for emergence in spring. Held within the life source of trees and shrubs, buds slowly form over winter months, peeking out as sun caresses rough limbs. Root systems of perennials thicken and spread, gathering nourishment from the soil. Bulbs planted, divide and multiply while strengthening and maturing. All unseen preparatory work, predicated on the unchangeable Hope of the return of spring.



Truly, truly, I say to you, unless a grain of wheat falls into the earth and dies, it remains alone; but if it dies, it bears much fruit. *John 12:24*



The hidden Hope of spring speaks the resurrection story with every appearance of new life from the darkness of earth and womb / tomb.

The Joy of the empty tomb bursts upon us with each sign of renewed life and vigour throughout creation infusing our souls anew with His promise to make all things new. Gazing upon the dead stalks in our garden speckled with tiny dark green leaves reminds us death's defeat is certain.

Our Lord has written the promise of Resurrection, not in books alone, but in every leaf in springtime. *Martin Luther*

Hope and Life are indeed hidden in the Heart of Spring's Awakening

Called to Say Yes

Edwina Gateley

We are called to say yes.
That the kingdom might break through
To renew and to transform
Our dark and groping world.

We stutter and we stammer
To the lone God who calls
And pleads a New Jerusalem
In the bloodied Sinai Straights.

We are called to say yes
That honeysuckle may twine
And twist its smelling leaves
Over the graves of nuclear arms.

We are called to say yes
That children might play
On the soil of Vietnam where the tanks
Belched blood and death.

We are called to say yes
That black may sing with white
And pledge peace and healing
For the hatred of the past.

We are called to say yes
So that nations might gather
And dance one great movement
For the joy of humankind.



We are called to say yes
So that rich and poor embrace
And become equal in their poverty
Through the silent tears that fall.

We are called to say yes
That the whisper of our God
Might be heard through our sirens
And the screams of our bombs.

We are called to say yes
To a God who still holds fast
To the vision of the Kingdom
For a trembling world of pain.

We are called to say yes
To this God who reaches out
And asks us to share
His crazy dream of love.



FLASHBACK

Bernadette celebrating St Patrick's Day.

From Thérèse Marie

