



NEA NEWSLETTER

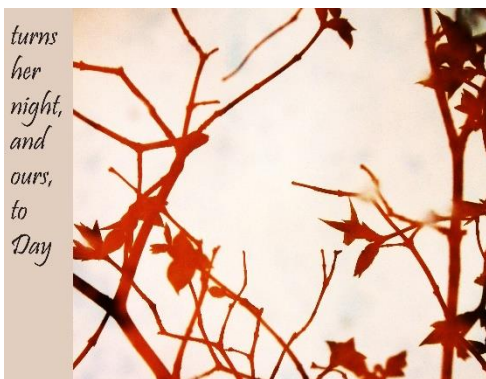


APRIL NEWS

A FEW OFFERINGS FOR THE EASTER SEASON

XV Easter Dawn - Malcolm Guite

He blesses every love which weeps and grieves
And now he blesses hers who stood and wept
And would not be consoled, or leave her love's
Last touching place, but watched as low light crept
Up from the east. A sound behind her stirs
A scatter of bright birdsong through the air.



She turns, but cannot focus through her tears,
Or recognise the Gardener standing there.
She hardly hears his gentle question 'Why,
Why are you weeping?', or sees the play of light
That brightens as she chokes out her reply
'They took my love away, my day is night'
And then she hears her name, she hears Love say
The Word that turns her night, and ours, to Day.

Easter Reflections by Helen Steiner Rice



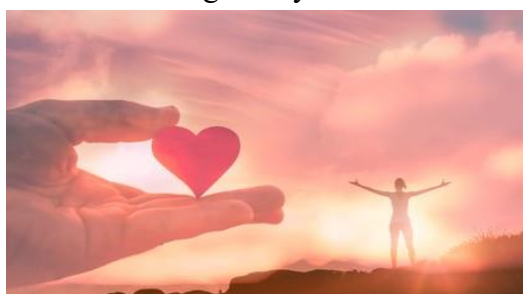
With OUR EYES we see
The beauty of Easter
as the earth awakens once more...

With OUR EARS we hear
The birds sing sweetly
to tell us Spring again is here...

With OUR HANDS we pick
the golden daffodils
and the fragrant hyacinths...



But only with
OUR HEARTS
can we feel the
MIRACLE of GOD'S
LOVE
which redeems all men...



And only with
OUR SOUL
can we make our
'pilgrimage to God'
and inherit His Easter Gift
of ETERNAL LIFE

SOULSURVIVOR inspired by Allison Moyet

What can we do to bring light to these dark, dark days?
what switch can we turn to illuminate the way?
there's nothing but war and hardship and want
children who starve, demons that haunt.

We all need a love resurrection
just a little divine intervention
we all need a

LOVE RESURRECTION
just a little divine intervention.

What can we do to restore the parched land?
teach us to harvest and bring good seed from our hands
let's be optimistic and say we won't toil in vain
if we pull together we can soothe each other's pain.

We all need a love resurrection
just a little divine intervention
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LOVE RESURRECTION
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EVERYTHING IS BEAUTIFUL

The disciple, visiting the master, exclaimed,
"Wow, wow, wow! This is a beautiful patch of land you live on!"
And the master, looking at the disciple, with a hint of a smile, responded saying,
"When you have a beautiful mind everything, and everyone, and everywhere is beautiful."

Based on a short conversation I with Venerable Ashin Sunnya, Chief and Principal of Jivita Dana, the hospital in Thanbyuzayat, Mon state, Myanmar.



A Poem for St. George's Day 2020 – Susan Jarvis Bryant

For England & St. George

In praise let's raise our flagons
to the conqueror of dragons
to the Saint who fought for all he thought was fair.
Let's fly our flags and bellow
for that bold, courageous fellow
with a stomping-monster tale beyond compare.

Sent forth in times of togas
in an England crammed with ogres
asking for a stonking glance from George's lance;
he snuffed out fire breathers
and the mealy-mouthed deceivers
instilling faith and giving truth a chance.
He tamed all flaming lies
taking scoundrels by surprise
when he lunged and plunged his blade through scaly skin.
And now the House of Commons
begs a George to conquer dragons—
politicians spouting flagonfuls of spin!
In praise let's raise a glass
to St. George who kicked the arse
of the roaring morons billowing hot air.
Restore Old England's beauty
with your quaint and saintly duty
and brave bombast-preying, dragon-slaying flair
'cause the citizens are tearing out their hair!



St George's day poem by Forever UK

Legend has it that a fearsome dragon was slain,
Which is how a brave knight named George rose to fame.
Our country's patron saint is remembered year on year,
Through celebrations consisting of flags and beer.
So kickback and enjoy a lovely British cuppa,
Whilst remembering St George with a roast dinner supper.
The knight slayed a mythical beast and saved a princess,
So go ahead and party - we expect nothing less!

Home-Thoughts, from Abroad – in honour of St George by Robert Browning

Oh, to be in England
Now that April's there,
And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England—now!

And after April, when May follows,
And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows!
Hark, where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's edge—





That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture!

And though the fields
look rough with hoary
dew,
All will be gay when
noontide wakes anew
The buttercups, the
little children's dower
—Far brighter than
this gaudy melon-
flower!



EARTH DAY – JANE YOLEN

I am the Earth
And the Earth is me.
Each blade of grass,
Each honey tree,
Each bit of mud,
And stick and stone
Is blood and muscle,
Skin and bone.

And just as I
Need every bit
Of me to make
My body fit,
So Earth needs
Grass and stone and tree
And things that grow here
Naturally.

That's why we
Celebrate this day.
That's why across
The world we say:
As long as life,
As dear, as free,
I am the Earth
And the Earth is me.

