

## From the Chaplain...

I hope you are having a blessed Easter. I am on leave this week, but meanwhile I would like to share with you a poem by Hermione Roff, a member of our Chapel community, entitled 'Resurrected'. It offers a different perspective on the rising of Christ, which I hope you will find as compelling as I do.

His eyes were closed, and his face, when  
God touched it, was  
Cold, and sticky as the  
Roughewn floor. His  
Robe was wet and heavy.  
"No," said the old God, and then again  
"No".

First he knelt, and then he  
Lay down next to his son and  
Stroked his matted hair with his palm. He  
Told him about the spices and the  
Oil and that there was more coming,  
He would go and fetch them in a moment.  
He said it had been raining when he  
Walked in along the path, but he was  
Sure it would be stopping soon.

He told him about his visit to the  
Garden, about the ferns and the  
Ancient olive trees he had seen, and the  
Bright beds of lilies.  
He said it would be morning soon. He

Touched his cheek, his forehead and his  
Eyelids. He wished he would  
Speak. He did not think he could bear his  
Sorrow if he did not hear his son  
Speak again.

His son felt the old God's warmth, his  
Nearness. He remembered they had been  
Separated for a while, but he understood that  
God was with him again now. He  
Reached for his hand.  
"Stay," he murmured.

God held him close, and his son seemed  
Calm almost peaceful, more peaceful than  
God had ever known him to be.  
All around them the tomb was  
Still.

"Dawn is coming" said God softly.  
"Yes, – look, coming now.  
Five minutes only."

I am grateful to Hermione for allowing me to share her poem with you. I would also like to thank everyone who contributed to our observance of Holy Week and Easter and look forward to seeing many of you again soon.

Yours faithfully,  
Robert

[chaplain@ornc.org](mailto:chaplain@ornc.org)

T: 020 8269 4796

M: 07814 704704