

**Easter thoughts and future plans:**

Please send comments, questions or suggestions to  
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In future Chaplaincy Matters we hope to explore some of the following themes:

Getting through inspection: Chaplaincy and Ofsted!

Retreats: day, confirmation, good places to go, things to do...

Sacred spaces: what to do if you have no chapel, and what to do if you do and wish you didn't!

Bereavement: how to help students who have lost someone close

How do we stay spiritually resourced as Chaplains?

Comments, contributions, ideas all very welcome!!!

But for now - Some thoughts for Easter for this year or next

**From one school:**

Easter activities that have proved useful

***Journey***

We concentrated on Jesus' journey from Galilee to Jerusalem starting at Ash Wednesday. During the two weeks of Lent we at school girls created 'stations' around the grounds. These were to encourage reflection on their own faith journey. The following were produced:

- A labyrinth was marked out in stones and crocus bulbs. Girls wrote reflections on the theme of journey to be placed in it. The younger girls painted stones with pictures of something that represented their own journey. An Indian Bean tree was planted in the centre as a link between our school and our sponsored student in India. It also remembered a past pupil from India.
- A Cairn. Two houses have a long path and bridge to cross to come into school. After a 'Prayers' (Assembly) about it, a cairn was created by each student placing a stone on the pile as they passed, whilst saying a prayer / thought for someone. It has changed shape over the two weeks, from a pile to a heart.

- A willow cross. The art department has made a cross of willow to stand in the garden. It currently has a crown of thorns on it, but this will change to be a crown of flowers when they return after Easter.
- A Prayer tree/ Yoko Ono art installation. The art department are using the idea of Yoko Ono's wishes tree to create one of prayers.
- Poetry. The English department have used themes of darkness to light/ journey to write poetry that will be placed in areas that move from dark to light.

**From another school:**

Readings that have proved useful

**“Redemption” by George Herbert**

Having been tenant long to a rich Lord,  
 Not thriving, I resolved to be bold,  
 And make a suit unto him, to afford  
 A new small-rented lease, and cancel th' old.

In heaven at his manor I him sought:  
 They told me there, that he was lately gone  
 About some land, which he had dearly bought  
 Long since on earth, to take possession.

I straight return'd, and knowing his great birth,  
 Sought him accordingly in great resorts;  
 In cities, theatres, gardens, parks, and courts:  
 At length I heard a ragged noise and mirth

Of thieves and murderers: there I him espied,  
 Who straight, Your suit is granted, said, & died.

***Adrian Plass:***

***From “The Sacred Diary of Adrian Plass”***

Suddenly found myself on my feet. Felt about six years old as I spoke.

‘I don’t want to die...’ ‘No,’ said Father John, ‘neither do I. Life can be very good. I’m sure Jesus didn’t want to die either. His friends and family, the natural world, laughter, tears, work – he loved it all I’m sure.’

‘But heaven- the idea of heaven seems so...I don’t know...’

‘Adrian, what are you interested in – *really* interested in, I mean?’

‘Cricket.’

Didn’t mean to tell the truth. It just slipped out.

‘So,’ said Father John, ‘for you. Adrian, God has to make sure that heaven is at least as exciting and stimulating as scoring a century against Australia at Lords.’

**C. S. Lewis**

**From “*The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe*”**

“Oh, it’s *too* bad,” sobbed Lucy; “they might have left the body alone,”

“Who’s done it?” cried Susan. “What does it mean? “Is it magic?”

“Yes!” Said a great voice behind their backs. “It is more magic.” They looked around. There, shining in the sunrise, larger than they had seen him before, shaking his mane (for it had apparently grown again) stood Aslan himself.

“Oh, Aslan!” cried both the children, staring up at him, almost as much frightened as they were glad.

“Aren’t you dead then, dear Aslan?” said Lucy.

“Not now,” said Aslan.

“You’re not – not a -?” asked Susan in a shaky voice. She couldn’t bring herself to say the word *ghost*. Aslan stooped his golden head and licked her forehead. The warmth of his breath and a rich sort of smell that seemed to hang about his hair came all over her.

“Do I look it?” he said.

**Kenneth Grahame**

**From “*The Wind in the Willows*”**

A baby otter goes missing. Rat and Mole go looking for him and unexpectedly come into a divine presence

“Then suddenly the Mole felt a great Awe fall upon him, an awe that turned his muscles to water, bowed his head...It was no panic terror –indeed he felt wonderfully at peace and happy ...He knew it could only mean that some august Presence was very, very near. “Afraid?” murmured the Rat, his eyes shining with unutterable love, “Afraid! Of Him. O, never, never! And yet – and yet – O, Mole, I am afraid!”