

## Easter Saturday in Lockdown

The sunshine is streaming through the bedroom window yet I do not want to get up. It feels as though I am on a merry-go-round or a replay of the many days spent in continual isolation. I want to turn over and stay in bed until the all clear sounds. My mind wanders over the reason for this isolation. Suppose I was one of the patients in the ICU beds. I could lay there all day being cared for by the selfless nursing staff.

I shoot out of bed. How could I be so ungrateful for my freedom of choice. I am better off than the homeless; I have a larder full of food. I have a garden big enough to walk around, a suntrap on these beautiful days. Just then the telephone rings and it is a friend wanting to chat. This happens lots of times during the day. In the evening it is mostly family calls. They are still working either at home or in front line nursing care during the day. Also, during the day friends and neighbours visit at a distance with food for us, putting themselves at risk when they go shopping; I am so grateful for their caring help.

Although it is Easter Saturday the weekend feels much the same as any other. I shared the lovely service on line from the St John's web site for Maundy Thursday and Good Friday but I felt disappointed and angry, if I am honest, that more of this special Christian event has not been celebrated on TV or radio. There is a service on BBC4, why not BBC2 the popular light programme with, I think, the larger audience? Christianity seems to be slowly pushed into a corner out of the way. Believers of other faiths may possibly feel the same. Why not give all faiths air time? More and more we are becoming a secular society, yet just now we are witnessing the unselfish love practised by many religions. All we have to do is acknowledge that God is at work all around us yet he is being ignored by many.

Having so much time to spare I am noticing more and more the birds in the garden and their songs particularly early morning and evening. I have watched the pale buds on the trees slowly opening to a darker green and seen each flower fill the garden with colour to cheer even the gloomiest mood. God is working his purpose out and I am sure we will come through this ordeal with grateful thanks in all directions. I hope you enjoyed your own Easter celebration. He Is Risen. Halleluiah

Shirley Stow