

Thank You for the Flowers - A Reflection on Easter

In this reflection on Easter, Jane Bottomley looks back at her first Holy Week at St Paul and St John the Evangelist Church, Monklands.



For some years I've been aware of a fault line running through my life, a kind of displacement between religion and faith.

It is still only a matter of weeks since I arrived in Airdrie and walked into your church. I have moved often and walked into a number of churches, greeted at the door. Here you have welcomed me with genuine unreserved warmth; drawn me in, listened, held my hand, hugged me, fed me.

The Easter worship you have shared with me is the most real and profound I have ever experienced.

The flowers for The Watch stunned me. The perfume overpowered me. Such a beautiful and extravagant gesture of love and devotion. Nard!

The Eucharist on Friday was horrifying – bear with me – for the first time I actually felt the horror of what happened, continues to happen and my own culpability in it. It hit so hard that I almost didn't come forward to the altar, to eat the broken body. But you didn't hesitate and I was reassured that if I came with you it would be alright. I was forgiven before I even knew repentance.

So on Easter Sunday, with the joy of those beautiful, extravagant, sacrificial flowers I realised that the fault in my life is moving; faith, religion and love are realigning.

Thank you!

Alleluia!