

# RAQUETTE LAKE CHAPEL



APRIL 2020 NEWSLETTER

RAQUETTE LAKE, NEW YORK

## **APRIL SCRIPTURE**

[April 5 – Palm](#)

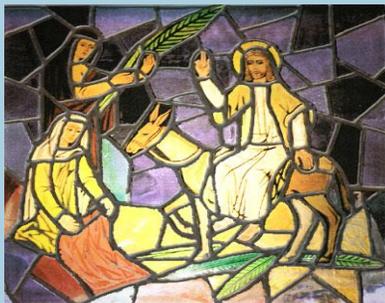
[Sunday/Passion Sunday:](#)

Isaiah 50:4-9a; Psalm 31:9-16; Philippians 2:5-11; Matthew 26:14- 27:66

[April 12 – Easter Day:](#) Isaiah 55:1-11; Psalm 114; Romans 6:3-11; Matthew 28:1-10

[April 19 – Second Sunday of Easter:](#) Psalm 16; Acts 2:14a,22-32; 1 Peter 1:3-9; John 20:19-31

[April 26 – Third Sunday of Easter:](#) Psalm 116:1-3, 10-17; Acts 2:14a,36-41; 1 Peter 1:17-23; Luke 24:13-35



## **PASSION WEEK (PALM SUNDAY/PASSION SUNDAY)**

We come to the dramatic closing of the Lenten season in April: Jesus returns to the Temple city for Passover; the Romans, fearing trouble, arrest him; Jesus is tried and sentenced to death; he is tortured and executed...all witnessed by his heart-broken followers.

In recent years Palm Sunday and the days of the following week, Holy Week, have been compressed into the Palm Sunday service, now called Passion Sunday in many congregations. The best explanation I've heard for this is (and I'm not being facetious or critical): people don't go to church services every day of Holy Week anymore; therefore, the activities in the Holy City that week are recounted all at once. You'll see most of the week's story in the Gospel reading for Palm/Passion Sunday, Matthew 26:14-27:66. (Yes, it's a long reading.)

## **HOLY WEEK, APRIL 5-11, DAY-BY-DAY**

Day 1: Jesus enters Jerusalem triumphantly on Palm Sunday

Day 2: On Monday, Jesus clears the Temple

Day 3: On Tuesday, Jesus goes to the Mount of Olives

Day 4: The Bible doesn't say what Jesus and his disciples did on Holy Wednesday, but after the previous eventful days, they probably spent time resting, perhaps in Bethany.

Day 5: Passover and Last Supper on Maundy Thursday

Day 6: Trial, crucifixion, death, and burial on Good Friday, the most difficult day of Holy Week. Jesus's journey ended with treachery and acute pain in the final hours leading to his death.

Day 7: Jesus's body lay in the tomb, guarded by Roman soldiers.

## NOT A SERMON . . .

For us Easter is a joyful day, but that was not true on the first Easter. Jesus's disciples had gone through the terrible unfolding of Holy Week's events. Hiding away they talked about what had happened. They were afraid. They were mourning. They were full of doubt. They were angry with themselves. They felt guilty. It is impossible to imagine what they were going through. The death of Jesus was an abrupt ending, the ending of prophecy of a Messiah, the ending of hope. It was also the end of security and perhaps their lives as well. They had seen Roman rule in action, and the Romans were noted for their ruthless administration of Roman justice.

Did the disciples anticipate Jesus's resurrection? While there are several instances where Jesus alluded to his resurrection, we don't see strong evidence in the Gospels that the disciples believed...or perhaps even understood what Jesus said. It is highly doubtful that they were anticipating that he would rise from the dead and that they would see and talk to Jesus again.

On Easter morning a distraught Mary found Jesus's tomb empty, and she rushed to tell the disciples of the news. Of course, they didn't believe her, and they went to see for themselves. wondering where the body had gone. And that's when their story – and ours – really starts.

This year our Easter will not be celebrated as in past years. We won't gather in a crowded church, all dressed up, to sing familiar hymns, followed by a big dinner with family and friends. We are challenged to look in different places for Easter. I've seen a pair ducks return to their home at a nearby pond for the fourth year in a row. I've seen goldfinches again, some of them are already bright yellow! Like Mary Oliver seeing the fawn, we all can see new life and holiness as Easter nears when we will again be able to say:

***Alleluia, the Lord is risen! The Lord is risen indeed!***

Blessings! - Vance



### **The Fawn**

*By Mary Oliver*

Sunday morning and mellow as  
precious metal  
The church bells rang, but I went  
To the woods instead.

A fawn, too new  
For fear, rose from the grass  
And stood with its spots blazing,  
And knowing no way but words,  
No trick but music,  
I sang to him.

He listened.  
His small hooves struck the grass.  
Oh what is holiness?

The fawn came closer,  
Walked to my hands, to my knees.

I did not touch him.  
I only sang, and when the doe came  
back  
Calling out to him dolefully  
And he turned and followed her into  
the trees,  
Still I sang,  
Not knowing how to end such a joyful  
text,

Until far off the bells once more  
tipped and tumbled  
And rang through the morning,  
announcing  
The going forth of the blessed.