

BUF News

April 2023



"All changed, changed utterly: a terrible beauty is born."

From *Easter 1916* by W. B. Yeats

Next Meeting at Barrow Castle

Sunday 23 April

10.45 Coffee, 11.15 Worship

Led by Tim

Theme: The Spirituality of Sadness

Reflection

I used to be fascinated by the Search for the Historical Jesus. I wanted to know the real person, rather than the Christ of the Church. Many Unitarians of yore were not only fascinated but did much research work on the subject. In recent years, however, the impetus has gone from this quest, partly because of so few sources, partly because archaeology in the Middle East is fraught with peril, and partly because of the realisation that the Gospels are not historical biographies but testaments of faith.

It is highly unlikely that we will ever know the historical facts about what happened on that first Easter Sunday – or even the exact date. Does that matter? Probably not. We have an open tomb to explore in our own way, and draw from that whatever spiritual meaning is true to us. And perhaps that is a more fruitful quest.

Kay

Poem of the Month

The tomb, the tomb, that
was her core and care, her one sore.
The light had hardly scarleted the dark
Or the first bird sung, when Mary came in sight
With eager feet. Grief, like last night's frost,
Whitened her face and tightened all her tears.
It was there, then, there at the blinding turn
Of the bare future that she met her past.
She only heard his angel tell her how
The holding stone broke open and gave birth
To her dear Lord, and how his shadow ran
To meet him like a dog.
And as the sun
Burns through the simmering muslins of the mist
Slowly his darkened voice, that seemed like doubt,
Morninged into noon; the summering bees
Mounted and boiled over in the bell-flowers.

From *Resurrection* by W R Rodgers



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