



SRC Newsletter

Introduction

We have crossed the halfway - line. Week seven is here- Half the semester is done already! Wishing all a continued Easter blessing. With gratitude we welcome Carmel Posa SGS, for being our volunteer for this week's "Meeting the folk."

[Meeting the folk, Carmel Posa, SGS](#)

"Celebrating in the Era of COVID-19"

I have been reflecting on the meaning of the Eucharist and Easter in these past weeks from the perspective of living in the midst of this COVID-19 crisis. For most of us our liturgical celebrations have been very different. And I for one, am left with so many questions from my own profound experience of it all. I'm sure you have too. Let me share some of my experiences and questions.

Not receiving the Eucharist has truly been a profound experience for me in this time. I am not one of those who have sat glued to a live-streaming of Mass each week. In my community celebrations, it is the presence of Christ in that Word that has become the focus. So what of the Eucharist? Perhaps we are being called to renew our understanding of BEING Eucharist for one another in the World today. Perhaps our focus has been too heavily on "receiving".



How can we BE Eucharist during this time when it seems we are isolated from each other? How can we make the encounters we do have, more about the presence of Christ that we hear in the Word? But also, how can we still RECEIVE Eucharist from each other? I have become more acutely aware of the opportunities we are being offered to be “bread, bless, broken and given for the life of the World” not only through the extraordinary self-sacrifice of our essential workers, but also in the small encounters that I have during each day. As I swerve past others on my early morning walks, how can I be this bread blessed? As I remember to wash my hands, how am I being this bread given? As think of others I could contact and offer a word of hope, how am I being this bread offered? As I smile and thank the Woolworths attendants, am I consciously being this bread that feeds. As I pray in the quiet of our heart, how am I being this bread broken?

On Holy Thursday, we made the effort to wash of the feet of each other (without touching!) within our Evening Prayer. I am always moved by the depth of sincerity in this action and the reality that it signifies. Why do we leave this gesture for Holy Thursday and not practice it more often? How are we now called to wash the feet of each other and our world? How do we continue to serve?

Eucharist

On Good Friday we gathered to read the Passion together at 3 pm. Though we might not have kissed the cross, we did reverence it together. It was a moving moment as we stood around our roughly carved cross which hangs in the hall opposite our oratory door. How do we read the Passion story with meaning in this time? How do we acknowledge Christ’s act of self-giving love for us? How do we enter into this self-giving act ourselves? I found myself so very aware of all the suffering of our world, particularly the number of affected people, the dead, the poor, the refugees, the aged and isolated, so easily forgotten in this time of COVID-19, crucified with Christ.

As we lit our candles in the darkness of Holy Saturday Night and illuminated the Words of our Salvation with the Light of Christ, I was overwhelmed by the wonder of our story and the “strong hand and outstretched arm” of God that surrounds and embraces us at all times and places. What Light do we continue to shine forth in the midst of this struggle?

As we blest each other in the waters of our Baptism and remembered that we are part of the communion of saints, past, present and to come, I pondered on all that unites us now in our broken world. Can we find a way to make this unity a canvas for reimagining our world in the future?

Our long Lenten fast from “Alleluia” was over and we cried it out abundantly to the World: *Christ has Risen Indeed, Alleluia, Alleluia*. “We are Alleluia people and Alleluia is our Song”, as St Augustine insists. How do we show forth this Alleluia to our World in this most singular of times? How do we bravely sing our song of astonishing hope and let it echo, resound into a new future for all of us? Our neighbours are glad that we have switched from singing the *Salve Regina* on the balcony every evening (our way of praying for our street), to the *Regina Caeli*! I’m not sure if that is because of its joyous lilt and fulsome Alleluias, or simply because its much shorter! It is something we feel we can do to be women with an astonishing story in the midst of this uncertainty. Michael Casey’s perfectly describes how we are fundamentally Easter People no matter how messy life is or where it may take us:

The traditional Easter greeting in Greek communities is *Christos anesti* (Christ has risen) ... This is a phrase that we should imprint on our hearts and minds, as the counterpoint that keeps pace with everything that happens in our life. Especially deathlike experience. As our journey through life continues it can serve as a kind of litany. The world is in a mess. But Christ has risen! Our leaders have lost the plot. But Christ has risen! The church is besieged on every side. But Christ has risen! Our family has its share of tragedies. But Christ has risen! My life is in the pits. But Christ has risen! We can confront and endure every vicissitude and reversal of fortune because of our faith that Christ has risen. That has changed everything. Nothing is the same again. *Christos anesti*. (*Balaam s Donkey*, 62)

In the midst of our questions, may we all find the courage to sing our astonishing Alleluia song of hope to our world in need in whatever way is opened up before us.

Notice.

We have no new notices to post but keep your eyes sharp and ears open for updates anytime. Some reminders for us to keep in mind- our health and hygiene, essays to be done as we are reaching some due dates.

This Week's quote

“Let us sing as we go. May our struggles and our concerns for this planet never take away the joy of our hope.”

Pope Francis

Belated happy ANZAC Day 2020.



“Lest We Forget”

Freddie CP, SRC secretary.