

Welcome Back!



HAPPY EASTER ALL ☐
Christ has risen



MEETING THE FOLK
BERNARD MARMION

This Universe is not
outside of you.
Look inside yourself;
everything that you want,
you already are.
- Rumi -

NOTICES &
WEEKLY QUOTE



SRC NEWSLETTER



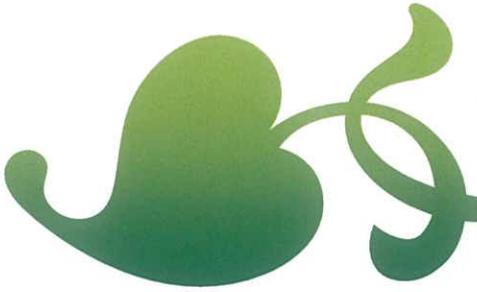
Meeting the folks

A young boy's parents were killed by the virus that was raining through the land. He survived. Because he was now destitute, it was decided that he should go and live with an aunt, who lived many miles away.

For the next fifteen years she brought him up as her own child. She cared for him, gave him whatever he needed. Until one day, as is the custom with all children, he eventually left home and make his own way in life.

One daytime this young man received a letter from his aunt's family. Telling him that his aunt, who had cared and protected for so many years had contracted terminal cancer and had only weeks to live. So, he decided to write her a letter.

Hope you enjoy this
story.



My dear aunt. Do you remember when I came to live with you. I was only five years old and I had just lost my parents. My small world that I was used to had disintegrated around me. I was frightened and so needed to feel safe and be loved. When I arrived at your home you took me up into your arms. feed me, loved me and protected me. All the fears and worries I had experienced seemed to disappear like a puff of smoke.

When I came to you, I can remember leaving my hometown on a journey that never seemed to end, which was hours away from your home. it was so frightening and the fears and sorrows that darkness envelope me, I knew I would eventually come to end when I was safe in your house.

As time passed, I was excited and was looking forward to meeting you at the station. All I wanted was to be in-folded in your arms, and to know that all my hurts would just disappear. But when I got off the train, you were not there to meet me. My world had again come to an end.

Instead of meeting you, I was meet by a stern old man in a black raincoat. He placed me on the back seat of his hug car and told me to sit still, stop crying as we had a very long journey.

The journey seemed to take for ever. We passed through deserted towns that had been decimated by the virus. We went through blackened forests destroyed by fire. Through crowds of people crying out or help. I was so scared, I wished I could do something to help them.

Eventually far in the distance I saw the light of your home. The gates opened I stepped through. You sweep me up in your embrace. You fed me. Gave me one of your grand rooms. You called me your son. All those tears of fears and hurt evaporated, you washed them away with the gentle tears of your love for me.

My dear aunt you have also been on this same journey. Your life has had it good times and it bad times. But now it is time for your journey to come to an end you are being called home. Just as it will be for me one day. I love you and I will meet you again.

Bernard

Quote for the Week.

” Just do not give up trying to do what you really want to do. Where there is love and inspiration, I do not think you can go wrong.”

By Ella Fitzgerald!



Freddie (Cp)- Src Secretary

Few Notices

We are reaching the middle of the first semester. The SRC encourages every student to do work on your essays and submit in time. Keep, well and remember to give yourself time to relax and pray.

Your lecturers are always there to help you.