

## **RECTOR'S PINT**

In May I have no doubt that many of us will be watching the coronation of King Charles III. There will be community events, and we will be offering appropriate prayers across the Benefice. Many of us will not be old enough to remember the coronation of Queen Elizabeth II, on 2 June 1953 and so this will be a significant event. We wish the new King well.

My Pint in April was deliberately serious, Good Friday is a serious subject. This is therefore offered as a contrast. It's my account of the Palm Sunday service at St Peter's in Great Haseley.

### **A reflection on Palm Sunday, or the curious things we sometimes do in Church.**

And it came to pass, on the Sunday of the Palms, that the Rector didst have his arm truly twisted, being persuaded to play the part of the Lord riding in triumph unto Jerusalem, the part of the City being taketh by the ancient Church building, and the cheering crowds by the thirty or so in the congregation who deemest to turn up.

At the appointed time, the Rector leaveth the building to find his steed. And lo, he didst see not a four-legged beast of burden but a two-wheeled machine, with a large engine. In truth, he knoweth exactly where to look, having ridden it there himself earlier.

A Bonneville it was, it being a Triumph. He waiteth for the sign, one of the disciples, that part being played by a churchwarden, whose thumb pointeth upwards.

And so the Rector rideth unto Jerusalem, or rather the Church, in triumph, and also on Triumph.

The people, being greatly excited didst cheer and cry and didst also wave Cyprus branches, Palm branches being not available in this part of South Oxfordshire. And they didst also take out their i-phones to record this thing before them.

And the Rector rideth to the front, and he crasheth not, and was exceeding joyful, especially as no-one crieth out, "Oi, hast thou truly done an health and safety risk assessment for this thing we see? If thou hast not, verily I say unto thee thou shalt truly cop it with the Archdeacon".

And all being well, and nothing having gone wrong, the Rector didst leave the Church on his steed, after ritual feasting on coffee and cake, and taketh him his churchwarden riding on the back, for a brisk spin. She turneth out to be a complete speed freak, as at every pause she asketh, "how fast didst we go?" Upon hearing the answer, and despite the Rector being once or twice a little liberal with the speed, she would reply "wast that all?"

In the real story, the excitement was far greater and the noise far louder. Five days later, the noise and shouting turned into something terrifying and ugly, and then on the third day after that, on the Sunday we now call Easter, white lilies bloomed around an empty tomb. He is risen.

Simon