

Sundays in April

10.30 am to approx. 11.45 am Service with special activities for children and young people in JAM (Jesus And Me).

3rd April Morning Service led by John Billingham and Andy Lloyd (YBA Messengers)

10th April Morning Service led by Chris and Sandra Lemming

17th April Palm Sunday Parade Service led by Lars Pettersen

24th April Easter Morning Communion Service led by Barbara Seddon and David Collinson

Good Friday 7.00 pm on 22nd April - a time of meditation and communion - led by the Elders

* Mondays

Parent and Toddler Group – 1.00 pm to 3.00pm - £1.00 per child – refreshments provided – maximum 25 children

Tuesdays 12th and 26th April

Prayer meetings at 10.00 am at the Church

* Wednesdays

The Priory Mission between 1.00 pm and 3.00 pm - come and relax, play games – don't get bored, come and join us

* Thursdays

Girls' Brigade meets at 6.30 pm

* Fridays

Pop-in between 10.00 am & 12 noon

*during school term times

Someone said to Joseph of Arimathea (whose tomb was used or Jesus), "that was such a beautiful, costly, hand made tomb. Why did you give it to someone else to be interred in?"

"Oh", said Joseph, "He only needed it for the weekend!!"

Priory Baptist Church, Hotham Road South, Hull, HU5 5RN

www.priorybaptist.co.uk

**If you would like to know more about the Church
or have any prayer requests or simply need someone to talk to
please contact**

**David 01482 652510 or Barbara 01482 353607 or Lars 07905 302451
or email prayer@priorybaptist.co.uk**

Priory Baptist News

April 2011



WHERE'S THE BODY?

Most of us have heard that on that first Easter morning, the tomb was empty. So, where's the body? Does anybody know?

Why would Jesus' followers have hidden His body? Very stupid especially when you think that they were putting themselves in serious danger telling a largely hostile community that He was alive!

Why would the Romans have hidden the body? Surely, they would have wanted to put a stop to the apparent madness by showing that Jesus was a nobody after all!

Why would the Jewish authorities have hidden the body? They would have surely wanted to do the same thing for different reasons!

Why hasn't anybody found the body? Surely somebody must have found it!

WHERE'S THE BODY?

Everybody can find the bodies of Buddha and Mohammed, so what about Jesus?

Could it be that the Bible is actually true?

Could it be that Jesus did actually come back from the dead?

Could it be true that He is alive today?

Could it be true?

Would anybody dare to find out?

Why not talk to somebody at Priory?

Everybody has the chance NOW!

If the Bible and church are wrong, what have you got to lose?

But if they are right, well...why not find out?

HAPPY EASTER!

Lars

IT'S WHAT YOU SCATTER

I was at the corner grocery store buying some early potatoes... I noticed a small boy, delicate of bone and feature, ragged but clean, hungrily appraising a basket of freshly picked green peas.

I paid for my potatoes but was also drawn to the display of fresh green peas I am a pushover for creamed peas and new potatoes.

Pondering the peas, I couldn't help overhearing the conversation between Mr. Miller (the store owner) and the ragged boy next to me.

'Hello, Barry, how are you today?'

'H'lo, Mr. Miller. Fine, thank ya. Jus' admirin' them peas. They sure look good.'

'They are good, Barry. How's your Ma?'

'Fine. Gittin' stronger alla' time.'

'Good. Anything I can help you with?'

'No, Sir. Jus' admirin' them peas.'

'Would you like to take some home?' asked Mr. Miller.

'No, Sir. Got nuthin' to pay for 'em with.'

'Well, what have you to trade me for some of those peas?'

'All I got's my prize marble here.'

'Is that right? Let me see it', said Miller.

Here 'tis. She's a dandy.'

'I can see that. Hmm mmm, only thing is this one is blue and I sort of go for red. Do you have a red one like this at home?' the store owner asked.

'Not zackley but almost.'

'Tell you what. Take this sack of peas home with you and next trip this way let me look at that red marble.' Mr. Miller told the boy.

'Sure will. Thanks Mr. Miller.'

Mrs. Miller, who had been standing nearby, came over to help me.

With a smile she said, 'there are two other boys like him in our community, all three are in very poor circumstances. Jim just loves to bargain with them for peas, apples, tomatoes, or whatever. When they come back with their red marbles, and they always do, he decides he doesn't like red after all and he sends them home with a bag of produce for a green marble or an orange one, when they come on their next trip to the store.'

I left the store smiling to myself, impressed with this man. A short time later I moved to Colorado, but I never forgot the story of this man, the boys, and their bartering for marbles.

Several years went by, each more rapid than the previous one. Just recently I had occasion to visit some old friends in that Idaho community and while I was there learned that Mr. Miller had died. They were having his visitation that evening and knowing my friends wanted to go, I agreed to accompany them. Upon arrival at the mortuary we fell into line to meet the relatives of the deceased and to offer whatever words of comfort we could. Ahead of us in line were three young men. One was in a sergeant in army uniform and the other two wore nice haircuts, dark suits and white shirts...all very professional looking.

They approached Mrs. Miller, standing composed and smiling by her husband's casket.

Each of the young men hugged her, kissed her on the cheek, spoke briefly with her and moved on to the casket. Her misty light blue eyes followed them as, one by one; each young man stopped briefly and placed his own warm hand over the cold pale hand in the casket. Each left the mortuary awkwardly, wiping his eyes.

Our turn came to meet Mrs. Miller. I told her who I was and reminded her of the story from those many years ago and what she had told me about her husband's bartering for marbles. With her eyes glistening, she took my hand and led me to the casket.

'Those three young men who just left were the boys I told you about. They just told me how they appreciated the things Jim 'traded' them. Now, at last, when Jim could not change his mind about colour or size....they came to pay their debt.'

'We've never had a great deal of the wealth of this world,' she confided, 'but right now, Jim would consider himself the richest man in Idaho ...'

With loving gentleness she lifted the lifeless fingers of her deceased husband.

Resting underneath were three exquisitely shined red marbles.

The Moral:

We will not be remembered by our words, but by our deeds. Life is not measured by the breaths we take, but by the moments that take our breath.

Today I wish you a day of miracles - spend it showing the love of God to people.