



The next day the great crowd that had come to the festival heard that Jesus was coming to Jerusalem. So they took branches of palm trees and went out to meet him, shouting, "Hosanna! Blessed is the one who comes in the name of the Lord—the King of Israel!"

John 12:12-13

Palm Sunday **marks the beginning of Holy Week.** The carrying and waving with palm branches, which was already observed in Jerusalem in the fourth century, calls to mind the triumphal entry of Jesus, our Lord and King, into Jerusalem as an act of worship, witness, and devotion to our Lord

The crowds waved palm branches and covered his path with them.

Churches remember this with crosses made from palm leaves and hold processions like the one that Jesus experienced - sometimes with a donkey, too!



The Donkey by G.K. Chesterton

When fishes flew and forests walked
And figs grew upon thorn,
Some moment when the moon was blood
Then surely I was born.

With monstrous head and sickening cry
And ears like errant wings,
The devil's walking parody
On all four-footed things.

The tattered outlaw of the earth,
Of ancient crooked will;
Starve, scourge, deride me: I am dumb,
I keep my secret still.

Fools! For I also had my hour;
One far fierce hour and sweet:
There was a shout about my ears,
And palms before my feet.



Flowers Needed.....

After the absence of flowers in church during Lent, can we have an explosion of colour for Easter Day?

Can you provide a bunch of flowers, decorate a window or do an arrangement to celebrate Easter Day?

Please bring your offerings to church on Good Friday at 2pm and help make church look beautiful at Easter.

Thank you



Barbara x



Hello Friends!

After, what seems like a HUGE amount of time, I am dipping my toe in the newsletter water again whilst I have a half-hour, window of opportunity! I thought you may like to hear about my recent adventure abroad—I promise I won't bore you with a blow-by-blow account, just an overview so you can get a taste of what it was like.

At the end of January, I once again tagged along with Pete and his friends on their annual skiing trip—this time it was to Italy. Our destination was Cervinia, a high resort in the Aosta Valley, with the promise of good snow. We flew extremely early in the morning from Manchester, arriving at 3.30am for a 6.30 flight! I have to admit to being less than fond of flying (the fear factor!), but this particular journey was actually great and I LOVED watching the morning sunrise as we began to cruise.



The flight was surprisingly quick and before we knew it, we were preparing to land in Turin. A couple of hours coach transfer (where I managed to catch 40 winks) and we were pulling into the main coach park in Cervinia. Our hotel was a 15 minute walk from here but thankfully a van pulled up to load our luggage and skis so there was nothing to carry. To my surprise (and relief) the van driver also offered to drive me to the hotel and I gladly accepted!

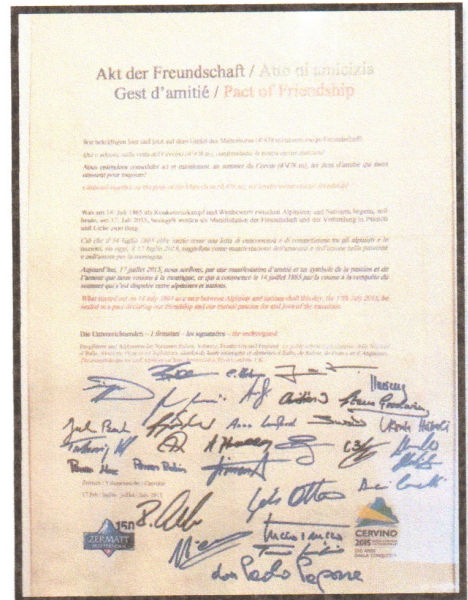
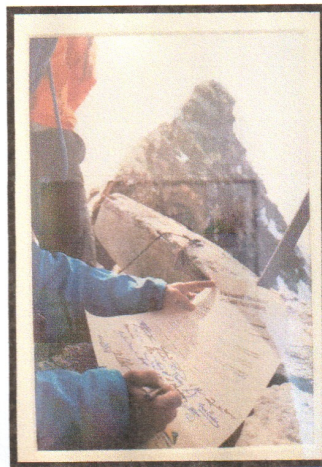
That first afternoon and evening was a bit of a blur as I was beyond tired.... What a long day it had been! After our evening meal, I had to make my excuses and turn in at a ridiculously early time as I just couldn't keep my eyes open. I don't think the others were that far behind me!



The following day—Monday 29th January—the rest of the party took to the slopes and I took the opportunity to find my feet and get my bearings in the little centre. My first stop was the parish church. A lovely white church, standing right in the middle of the village, in the shadow of the magnificent Matterhorn. With its bells chiming every half hour, the Catholic Maria Regina Vallis Augustanae (the Church of Queen Mary of the Aosta Valley), was a relatively modern church with construction finishing in 1955 and the bell tower being completed in 1957. Within the church were two notable wooden sculptures—the first being Mary with the infant Jesus and the second, a sculpture of St Bernard, the patron saint of mountaineers and mountain inhabitants.

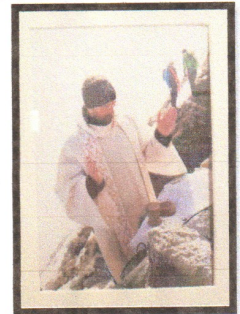
Interestingly, in the outer porch area, there was a display featuring a set of photographs celebrating a “pact” made in 2015, on top of the Matterhorn mountain. Here, Alpinists from the nations of Italy, Switzerland, France and the UK gathered together to mark the anniversary of a mountain-climbing race, first held on 14th July 1865. Overseen at this high altitude by the intrepid local vicar, the different nations declared their shared love and passion for the mountains and swore eternal friendship

in a signed pact.


















































The primary thought that sprung to mind when I was taking all this information in, was one of






























relief that we didn't have to list “mountaineering experience” as one of the “necessities” in the job description for our new vicar here at St Chad's!



Esther x

 I have just spent a brilliant afternoon (Tuesday) making prehistoric pouches!
 Son-in-law Steve and I were at the girls school having a sewing lesson.
 We practised running stitches, backstitch and cross stitch first and then it was time to
 branch out on the actual bag. This was a piece of hessian that we stitched up the sides
 leaving a flap at the top and then decorated with whatever took our fancy.
 The twins were really excited and went to town on the decorating. Although I say it
 myself they (with only a little help) did an amazing job and they were so proud of their
 work.
 We then had three quarters of an hour to wait until they finished for the day. The
 weather was gorgeous, warm and sunny so Steve treated me to a packet of crisps and a
 bottle of juice and we sat in the sunshine watching the world go by and having a good
 old chat!
 This was a much needed break in peace and quiet. I had absolutely no idea how much
 noise could be generated by 60ish 8 year olds all in one room with an accompanying adult
 each!!! The silence almost hurt when they'd all departed, the children to let off steam on
 the playing field and the adults to lie down in a darkened room!
 BUT I loved every minute of it!!!!!!


Easter Egg Trail

**Come and join us for our community Bagnall
Easter Egg Trail**

Saturday 30th March 11.30am until 2.30pm



Easter trail £5 per child includes Easter egg trail map, lunch box, Easter colouring book and crayons and an Easter egg

(Lunch box contains 2 ham and 2 cheese triangle sandwiches, packet of crisps, fruit/veg bag)

Free parking at the hall.

Head over to St Chad's to collect an Easter egg trail which will then take you around the village.



Have a stop off at the pub for refreshments.

Return to the village hall - refreshments will be available.

Plant stall

Easter egg raffle



