



# Introduction

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Easter Garden Reflections

# Triptych Reflections

Triptychs are fairly common in our churches and cathedrals. They depict three images, usually on hinged boards, which traditionally are kept closed until a specific feast day. On this day, the doors of the triptych are opened to reveal their resplendent beauty, giving the onlooker Divine inspiration associated with the Biblical stories depicted. During this Holy week, as an aide to our devotions, three photographs {triptychs} will be revealed on Maundy Thursday, Good Friday and Easter Sunday.

At this time of isolation, fear, loneliness and darkness, it has been the signs of Spring in the garden which have provided an assurance of hope. Resplendent in God's creation is the hope we long for this Easter. Taking time to stand and stare and to 'be' in each moment we are aware of new and more vibrant growth as it shoots from the ground. As green shoots and leaves turn towards the sun's rays and buds begin to unfurl, as insects fly and scuttle to the life-giving nectar and as the heady scent of gorse reaches our nostrils, we remember that winter is gone, and all things are made new. Having more time to 'be' present to God throughout the day, we may also be aware of new and more vibrant growth in our prayer lives. As our senses are tuned to this new and uncalled for 'frequency' we can respond to God's presence and take that, through prayer, into our daily lives and the lives of others.

Each of the triptychs for Maundy Thursday, Good Friday and Easter Sunday, will reflect on the truths of God's presence with us this Holy Week and into the future using scripture, liturgy, poetry and the sights and sounds around one small walled garden in St Davids which distils the Kingdom of Heaven into our earth-bound existence, as R.S Thomas makes us aware in this poem:

## The Bright Field

I have seen the sun break through  
to illuminate a small field  
for a while, and gone my way  
and forgotten it. But that was the  
pearl of great price, the one field that had  
treasure in it. I realise now  
that I must give all that I have  
to possess it. Life is not hurrying

on to a receding future, nor hankering after  
an imagined past. It is the turning  
aside like Moses to the miracle  
of the lit bush, to a brightness  
that seemed as transitory as your youth  
once, but is the eternity that awaits you.

*by R.S. Thomas*

## Celtic Prayer

This day, Victor over death:  
Raise me from the death of denial;  
Raise me from the death of fear;  
Raise me from the death of despair.

Wake me to the eternal 'Yes';  
Wake me the rays of Hope;  
Wake me to the light of Dawn.  
*Celtic Worship Ray Simpson*

