

*Christ Church New  
Southgate & Friern Barnet*

*Easter Sunday 9 April  
2023*

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Welcome

Hymn: Thine be the glory, risen,  
conquering Son,  
endless is the victory thou o'er death  
hast won;  
angels in bright raiment rolled the  
stone away,  
kept the folded grave-clothes where  
thy body lay.

*Thine be the glory, risen, conquering Son,  
endless is the victory thou o'er death hast won.*

Lo! Jesus meets us, risen from the  
tomb;  
lovingly he greets us, scatters fear and  
gloom;  
let the Church with gladness hymns of  
triumph sing,  
for her Lord now liveth; death hath  
lost its sting.

No more we doubt thee, glorious  
Prince of life;  
life is nought without thee: aid us in  
our strife;  
make us more than conquerors,  
through thy deathless love:  
bring us safe through Jordan to thy  
home above.

Song: Our God is a great big God  
Our God is a great big God  
Our God is a great big God  
And he holds us in his hands

He's higher than a skyscraper  
He's deeper than a submarine  
He's wider than the universe  
And beyond my wildest dreams  
He's known me and he's loved me  
Since before the world began  
How wonderful to be a part of  
God's amazing plan

Christ is risen  
**He is risen indeed**  
**Hallelujah!**

*Reading: Matthew 28.1-10 read by Fiona  
Kasana*

**28** After the Sabbath, as Sunday morning was dawning, Mary Magdalene and the other Mary went to look at the tomb. <sup>2</sup>Suddenly there was a violent earthquake; an angel of the Lord came down from heaven, rolled the stone away, and sat on it. <sup>3</sup>His appearance was like lightning, and his clothes were white as snow. <sup>4</sup>The guards were so afraid that they trembled and became like dead men. <sup>5</sup>The angel spoke to the women. "You must not be afraid," he said. "I know you are looking for Jesus, who was crucified. <sup>6</sup>He is not here; he has been raised, just as he said. Come here and see the place where he was lying. <sup>7</sup>Go quickly now, and tell his disciples, 'He has been raised from death, and now he is going to Galilee ahead of you;

there you will see him!’ Remember what I have told you.”

<sup>8</sup> So they left the tomb in a hurry, afraid and yet filled with joy, and ran to tell his disciples.

<sup>9</sup> Suddenly Jesus met them and said, “Peace be with you.” They came up to him, took hold of his feet, and worshiped him. <sup>10</sup> “Do not be afraid,” Jesus said to them. “Go and tell my brothers to go to Galilee, and there they will see me.”

Song: 1 Tell all the world of Jesus ,  
our Saviour, Lord and King;  
and let the whole creation  
of his salvation sing:  
proclaim his glorious greatness,  
in nature and in grace,  
creator and redeemer,  
the Lord of time and space.

2 Tell all the world of Jesus,  
that everyone may find  
the joy of his forgiveness  
true peace of heart and mind.  
Proclaim his perfect goodness,  
his deep, unfailing care,  
his love so rich in mercy,  
a love beyond compare

3 Tell all the world of Jesus,  
that everyone may know  
of his almighty triumph  
defeating every foe.  
Proclaim his coming glory,  
when sin is overthrown,  
and he shall reign in splendour  
the King upon his throne!

*Proclaim... greatness!*

*Proclaim... goodness!*

*Proclaim... glory!*

*Greatness! Goodness!*

*Glory! Jesus!*

*Confession*

Among all the emotion and  
celebration,  
we come before you now,  
quietly trusting our lives to you.  
When we don’t fully understand what  
is happening,  
when we hesitate to act:  
lighten our darkness, Lord, we pray.  
**Bless us with your forgiveness.**

When we don’t trust you, O God,  
when fear overtakes us.  
When we take refuge in the tomb,  
and don’t want to come out.  
Lighten our darkness, Lord, we pray.  
**Bless us with your forgiveness.**

When we don’t take in  
the true importance of your  
resurrection.  
When we don’t live as an Easter  
people,  
remembering that we have a faith  
to proclaim.  
Lighten our darkness, Lord, we pray.  
**Bless us with your forgiveness.**  
**Amen.**

Sermon: Go and tell ! Jesus is alive

We’d been standing a long while.  
Finally, not standing at a sink, over a  
stove, or hauling water out of a well, but  
standing, nonetheless. We’d been  
standing and walking following Jesus.  
We stood at his cross. We followed him  
to his tomb, and we stood.

And we were standing again early on that Sunday. It struck me as odd that us women could stand while the guards – who even practice standing up for hours – crumpled in a heap after the earthquake. It almost felt like we were in a play, looking down on ourselves while the ground shook and rocks fell down in the graveyard. Little animals scuttled and birds flew away. Earth tumbled onto the paths and the flowers shook. The muscle-clad guards with their fancy armour and impressive height trembled, and we just stood there, sort of fixed to the spot, not really knowing what to do but stand.

Mary had told me that an angel appeared to her before Jesus was born, so in a way I wasn't surprised to see one when he'd died. He even said the same thing: do not be afraid. I was – in all fairness – quite taken back by his raw strength, he rolled that stone back like it was made of chocolate, and then he sat on it. Swinging his legs on the side of the rock, he looked around and caught our attention with his incredibly bright clothes. 'I know you're looking for him', he said. 'He's not here'.

To be honest, that was when my stomach hit the floor. Shaken by the earthquake, nearly blinded by the angel's white outfit, I was sleep deprived but I definitely knew that they had put him in that tomb. The guards put Jesus' dead body in that tomb. In the brand new tomb just across the garden, Jesus body had been laid. Tombs like that were made for more than one body. It was like a cave, with

stone shelves, carved out of the rock, but it was brand new. It had only been his body in there. We could see that was now completely empty, the angel beckoned us, come and see – and we could see all the way in. We looked around for clues like amateur detectives and found nothing. 'He's been raised', the angel told us, 'Just as he said'.

What now I thought? What do we now? My mind raced with all sorts of theories, worries, concerns playing over and over again in my head. I learnt later that there had been a major cover up scheme launched, hush money paid to the guards, and deliberate fake news spread about by people who should have known better. We knew, Mary and I, that this was a serious situation. If we didn't think well, we could have been in trouble ourselves.

Angels are scary, that's why their first line is always : 'do not be afraid'. Angels are God's word speaking to us, and thankfully God didn't land us in that garden without a plan. God didn't leave us alone, instead he commissioned us. 'Go and tell, tell the disciples, tell the world that Jesus has been raised from death'. It was like the angel starting a sort of divine show and tell, 'see look here – no body, God has raised him, tell the others Jesus is alive'.

I'd witnessed some strange things in my life, I'd seen the world's largest pomegranate at last year's country fair, I'd seen that man that could play six instruments at once, but this ... oh this was different. 'Go on' said the angel, 'go and tell'.

I ran faster than I've ever run before, we both did. We ran so fast we almost knocked Jesus over. While we'd been running, I'd been thinking about what the angel said, what would Jesus look like? Would he look like a zombie? Would he really be a ghost? Some people think that your body and your soul are separate. Some people think that our souls are immortal, almost divine. But that's not the way we see it. We believe that God made us as living beings, that our bodies are just as good as our souls, and they are connected.

When we met Jesus, I can assure you he was real. He had a body. He had real blokey feet that we touched. He had feet that we wept at, that we worshipped at. He had a body that was real and so very present to us. It was this body that God had raised, it was like God was saying – no to roman oppression, no to schemes and plots, no to betrayal and no to death. God gave Jesus his life back. God raised Jesus from the dead. What a gift of God! And we realised that if he could do it for Jesus, that we might have the same hope.

Tell the disciples said the angel, and then again from Jesus himself, go and tell my brothers to go to galilee. Tell the world, that I'm alive. You know in scripture, all sorts of people get told something twice when it's really important. Samuel, Elijah, Moses. Well now that was happening to us – go tell, go tell, go tell from an angel and now

from Jesus himself. Go tell, go tell, go tell.

And tell we did. We had no riches, no power, no political savvy but we had chatty mouths and we told everyone. We told the brothers, we told the sisters, we told our neighbours, we told the shopkeepers, we told anyone we could what we had seen. That's what a witness does isn't it, tell others what they saw?

So one woman told another, who told another, who told another, and another and another right till they told you.

I'd never really been given anything important to do, not like this. And I could see that what I had seen, was important. Not just for me, not just for the brothers but actually for the whole world. For what I'd seen was God's promise come true, that he would raise Jesus from the dead, that he really did have evil under his foot, and that he really was saving the world. I saw the kingdom break into our world and shake it awake, I saw total transformation, I saw resurrected Christ. And then we kept on seeing lives changed, hearts healed, souls saved and all because we did as we were asked – go and tell. Go tell, wouldn't you?

Song: 1 Go forth and tell! O church of God, awake!

God's saving news to all the nations take;  
proclaim Christ Jesus, saviour, Lord,  
and king,

that all the world his worthy praise  
may sing.

2 Go forth and tell! God's love  
embraces all;  
he will in grace respond to all who call:  
how shall they call if they have never  
heard  
the gracious invitation of his word?

3 Go forth and tell! O church of God,  
arise!  
go in the strength which Christ your  
Lord supplies;  
go till all nations his great name adore  
and serve him, Lord and king for  
evermore

*Testimony – butterflies*

*New member welcome*

*Story Communion*

*Prayers for the world led by Diana Bensted*

Song: See what a morning, gloriously  
bright  
With the dawning of hope in  
Jerusalem;  
Folded the grave-clothes  
Tomb filled with light,  
As the angels announce Christ is risen!  
See God's salvation plan, wrought in  
love,  
Borne in pain, paid in sacrifice,  
Fulfilled in Christ, the Man, for He  
lives,  
Christ is risen from the dead!

See Mary weeping: 'Where is He laid?  
As in sorrow she turns from the empty

tomb;  
Hears a voice speaking, calling her  
name:  
It's the Master, the Lord raised to life  
again!  
The voice that spans the years,  
Speaking life, stirring hope,  
Bringing peace to us,  
Will sound till He appears,  
For He lives, Christ is risen from the  
dead!

One with the Father, Ancient of Days,  
Through the Spirit  
Who clothes faith with certainty,  
Honour and blessing, glory and praise  
To the King crowned  
With power and authority!  
And we are raised with Him,  
Death is dead, love has won  
Christ has conquered;  
And we shall reign with Him,  
For He lives, Christ is risen from the  
dead!

Blessing