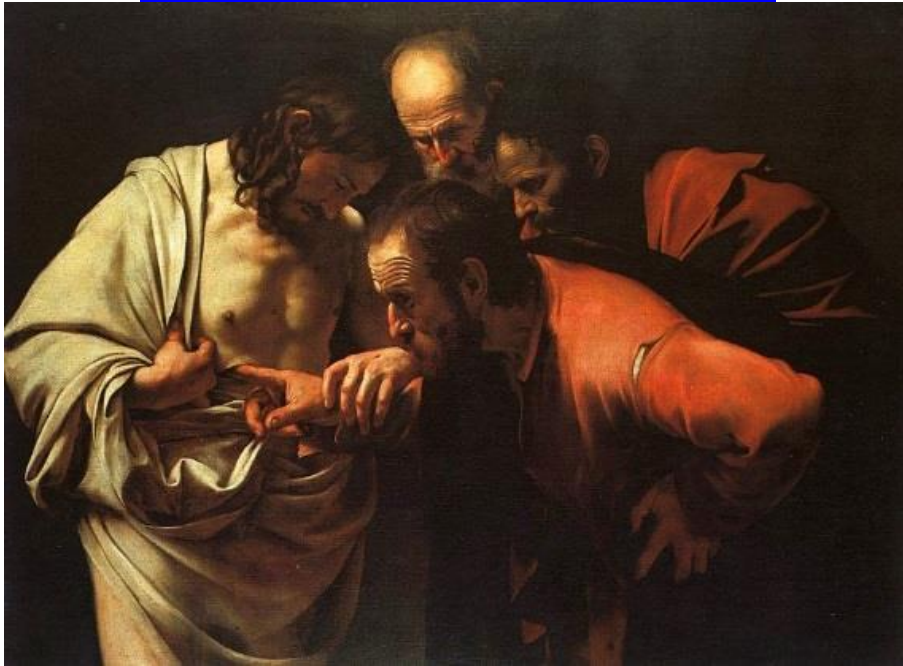


St Magnus Cathedral, Kirkwall

www.stmagnus.org

Scottish Charity SCO 05322/CCL No 119086

www.facebook.com/StMagnusCathedralCongregation



The Incredulity of St Thomas; Caravaggio.

Minister: Rev Fraser Macnaughton

Tel: 873312

FMacnaughton@churchofscotland.org.uk

Pastoral Minister: Rev. June Freeth

Tel: 721449

JFreeth@churchofscotland.org.uk

Welcome to St Magnus Cathedral this morning. It was founded in 1137 by St Rognvald, in honour of Magnus, his uncle. The Cathedral belongs to the people of Orkney and its doors are open to all. If you are a visitor, we hope this order of service will help you feel part of our worship together.

SUNDAY 11th April

You can find our Sunday worship here.

<https://www.facebook.com/StMagnusCathedralCongregation/>

or on YouTube here.

<https://youtu.be/-F8zt4hxBJQ>

Join our Wednesday ZOOM meditation by signing up here.

stmagnuszoom@gmail.com

Welcome

Come and join us no matter who you are and where you've been; Come and join us to find challenge, intrigue and encouragement with your beliefs.

Come and join us,
where we bring our hunger, and find food;
where we bring our brokenness, and find healing;
where we bring our very selves, and find acceptance.

Opening meditation

What do you do after a resurrection?
Each year we face the joy of living in a transformed world longing to see that transformation be enacted
yearning to see people's lives enhanced
let us continue that journey today.

For great and deep is the Spirit's purpose, hidden now in mystery. Nature bursts with joyful promise, ripe with what is yet to be. In a wealth of rich invention, still the work of art unfolds:

Great and deep is the Spirit's purpose, making Jesus seen and heard in every age of creation, grasping new meaning from the Word. All people brought to life, freed from hunger, fear and evil in every corner of the earth. A million million voices walk with joy on the Way of Christ... every face reflects his image, never any two the same.

All that lives will be united in the everlasting dance. All fulfilled and all perfected, each uniquely loved and known.

Reading John 20 Helen Killeen

In the evening of that same day, the first day of the week, the doors were locked in the room where the disciples were, for fear of the Temple authorities. Jesus came and stood among them and said, "Peace be with you."

Having said this, the saviour showed them the marks of crucifixion. The disciples were filled with joy when they saw Jesus, who said to them again, "Peace be with you. As Abba God sent me, so I'm sending you." After saying this, Jesus breathed on them and said, "Receive the Holy Spirit. If you forgive anyone's sins, they are forgiven. If you retain anyone's sins, they are retained."

It happened that one of the Twelve, Thomas—nicknamed Didymus, or "Twin"—was absent when Jesus came. The other disciples kept telling him, "We've seen Jesus!" Thomas' answer was, "I'll never believe it without putting my finger in the nail marks and my hand into the spear wound." On the

eighth day, the disciples were once more in the room, and this time Thomas was with them. Despite the locked doors, Jesus came and stood before them, saying, "Peace be with you." Then, to Thomas, Jesus said, "Take your finger and examine my hands. Put your hand into my side. Don't persist in your unbelief, but believe!" Thomas said in response, "My Saviour and my God!"

**For the words of God that challenge us,
for the words of God we wrestle with or reject,
for the word of God strong within us,
We give thanks**

REFLECTION

The story is told of a woman who lived in London over a century ago. She saved what little money she could working as a scullery maid and used it one evening to travel to hear a great speaker of her day. His speech moved her deeply and she waited to visit with him afterward. "How fine it must be to have had the opportunities you have had in life," she said.

"My dear lady," he replied, "have you never received an opportunity?"

"Not. I have never had a chance," she said.

"What do you do?" the speaker asked.

She answered, "I peel onions and potatoes in my sister's boarding house."

"How long have you been doing this?" he pursued.

"Fifteen miserable years!"

"And where do you sit?" he continued.

"Why, on the bottom step in the kitchen." She looked puzzled.

"And where do you put your feet?"

"On the floor," she answered, more puzzled.

"What is the floor?"

"It is glazed brick."

Then he said, "I will give you an assignment today. I want you to write me a

letter about the bricks. Learn as much as you can about the bricks in your kitchen, then teach me.”

Against her protests about being a poor writer, he made her promise to complete the assignment.

The next day, as she sat down to peel onions, she gazed at the brick floor. That evening she pulled one loose, took it to a brick factory and asked the owner to explain to her how bricks were made.

Still not satisfied, she went to a library and found a book on bricks. She learned that 120 different kinds of brick and tile were being produced in England at the time. Now curious, she discovered how clay beds, which existed for millions of years, were formed. Her research captivated her imagination and she spent every spare moment learning more. She returned to the library night after night until she became something of an expert on bricks.

After months of study, she set out to write her letter as promised. She sent a 36-page document about English bricks and, to her surprise, she received a letter back. Enclosed was payment for her research. He had published her letter. And along with the money came a new assignment – this time he asked her to write about what she found underneath the brick.

For the first time in her life she could hardly wait to get back to the kitchen. She pulled up the brick and there was an ant. She held it in her hand and examined it.

That evening, she hurried back to the library to study ants. She learned that there were hundreds of different kinds of ants. Some were so small they could stand on the head of a pin; while others were so large one could feel the weight of them in one’s hand. She started her own ant colony and examined ants underneath a lens.

Several months later she wrote what she learned about ants in another long letter. It, too, was eventually published. For the first time, she began to think that she might be able to do something different with her life. She was thrilled to discover that her future was not predetermined. And in time, the woman gave up her kitchen job to take up writing.

Before she died, she had travelled to distant lands and had experienced more than she ever imagined possible.

Two of the saddest words in the language are "if only." If only I had a chance. If only I had the time. If only I had more education. If only I had connections. If only I had more money. If only things were different. If only.... Fortunately for Thomas, who said 'if only I can put my finger in the nail marks and my hand into the spear wound, will I believe', he at least had a chance to make amends a short time later. Thank goodness, as he went on to become the apostle to India, where there still exist some of the oldest churches in the world.

And two of the most inspirational words are "I can." I can try. I can learn. I can adjust. I can heal. I can change. I can grow. I can do it.

Two simple, little words. Yet they can change a life.

Prayer

May we be light in the world,
true light.

And may we turn from the darkness, the deepest darkness

May we keep fellowship with peace and peace-makers.

May we keep fellowship with justice and justice-keepers.

May we keep fellowship with faith and faith-stirrers.

May our prayer

be a working towards each other, in community and faith,

for those places in conflict

and those places in crisis,

in fellowship with those places

of fear and those in hunger.

May we keep fellowship with the light that we live into and towards.

the light for the world

and the world's people.

So be it.

Amen.

Blessing

May our journeys in life

Shine with a star's delight.

May our days and our years

Weave together a wondrous tapestry.

May our unfolding stories

Dance with the grace of every blessing.

May you stay safe in the Way of Christ, and may you be blessed by his Spirit
this day and always.