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# El Corazón

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From the Anglican Chaplaincy of St George, Malaga  
Volume 5, No. 6, June 2025

Hello everybody I hope the warmer weather is still helping us spend more time outside and not yet so hot we need to hide. This month is a bumper edition of El Corazon! As well as our longstanding contributors, we are delighted to introduce some new articles from others within the St George's community.

[Louis](#) discusses Pentecost and its place in the church year, whilst [Michael](#) starts us in a new direction.

[Colin](#) this month introduces us to Sundar Singh, the Evangelist of India and [Patricia](#) continues sharing her favourite hymns.

Hymns are clearly a hugely important part of our worship experience, and we also have a piece from Jennifer sharing her thoughts. Finally, we had a fascinating conversation with Cathie about our early memories of the hymns we grew up with which she will share with you. We did chat about the fact that many of us have those hymns we learnt as children etched deep in our memories and we thought that if any of you would like to share your first hymn, we would be happy to make this a feature.

Father Hilary has also shared the words of his sermon from the 18<sup>th</sup> of May which we know meant a lot to a member of the congregation who contacted us. Finally, Sandra has shared a link to Daily Gospel Reading & Art Reflections which we thought you would find interesting.

As always, don't forget you can scan the QR code on the right to join the Chaplaincy WhatsApp group for news, events and services.

Wishing you all a great June and we hope you enjoy reading this edition.

*Mike and Jo Eaton*

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## ALL ARE WELCOME

St. George's is part of the Diocese in Europe within the Church of England.  
**Fr. Louis Darrant, Chaplain**

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# A Word in Season

Fr. Louis Darrant



The photo below was taken by our editors, Joanna and Mike, one evening in Riogordo in early June. Andalucia's answer to the burning bush is a beautiful image as the Church celebrates the Feast of Pentecost.

We are told that the disciples were waiting in an upper room as tongues of fire descended upon them as they received the promised gift of the Holy Spirit.

Fire is a powerful image. It can consume and destroy, or it can warm and give light.

You can't travel far on the Christian pilgrimage without experiencing paradox. Cast your minds back to the burning bush encountered by Moses. He was struck for the experience of a bush aflame with fire without being consumed.

It's an image we can play with in our own experience of God. There are many presences in our lives that call for our attention - the needs of our family, the demands of our work, the responsibility of running a home, our work in the Church.



I haven't touched upon the chattering thoughts of our minds running back and forth from past experiences and fear maybe of what the future holds.

God can never just be another thing in our lives competing for our attention. If you want to know what God is doing in your life, then pay attention to your life and notice what you see. When we stop and pray, we situate ourselves in a place where God can 'get to us'. We come alive and like the burning bush, we can make real God's presence without being consumed. The more we try and open ourselves up to God the more we become who we truly are.

I often think that Christians who wear their religion on their sleeves are trying too hard, as if they are trying to prove something to themselves and God. The promise of Pentecost is that we are not left to our own devices. Jesus is with us always, no longer as first century Palestinian, but as the universal presence of the Risen Jesus through the Holy Spirit. The Holy Spirit is Jesus's presence in every time and place.

Ponder the image of the burning bush in Riogordo and pray that our church community may convey something of the transcendence and beauty of God's presence. The author Elizabeth Barrett Browning famously wrote that,

*Earth's crammed with heaven, And every common bush afire with God, But only he who sees takes off his shoes; The rest sit round and pluck blackberries.*

# SO NOW YOU KNOW



*HISTORICAL JOTTINGS usually relating to St. George's Church, Malaga.*

*The 32<sup>nd</sup> in a series prepared for your interest and enjoyment by Michael Edwards*

Within the copy of the **English Cemetery List of Burials** that I have on my little ipad, the document referred to as, and I quote, BRITISH CEMETARY REGISTER OF BURIALS AS COPIED IN JULY 2004. Note here the incorrect spelling of the word Cemetery. This, I believe, would have come about because the author of this 2004 Register was, I have been told, a German student!

The register has a total of 1,097 persons duly recorded. In the last column of the list headed "NATIONALITY", the main nation by far of the deceased persons included are British.

This is hardly surprising given that the Cemetery was originally founded for those persons who were NOT Roman Catholics, is named the "British Cemetery" or better known as the "English Cemetery", and furthermore within the Cemetery is now located our Anglican Church.



There are, however, over the years since the first burial in 1831, persons recorded with birthplaces within nations from all over the world. In my next few Historical Jottings, and for no good reason whatsoever, I am going to take a look initially at the burial records of those folk with their nationality recorded as American.

Surprisingly, or maybe not, there are a total of 54 Americans recorded. I can't, without boring all my readers, investigate all their respective lives, so I have tried to be selective to provide what I hope you will find to be Americans of interest and/or renown.

The first American I wish to introduce to you is George Guelph Barrell.

The Burial Register gives scant information. It does no more than inform us that he was by occupation a United States' Consul who died in Barcelona; an American; that his grave is No.16 and that this grave is located within Section A3 of the Cemetery. That's it. Nothing more.

So, I've had to look elsewhere for more information about this American.

The records I have found state that he was born on the 24<sup>th</sup> of November, 1780 in the State of Maine, USA. (So that's 245 years ago).



Portrait of George G. Barrell.



That his father was a certain Nathaniel Berrell, who married his mother Sally Barrell (nee Sayward), and his farther-in Law was Jonathan Sayward. Both his father and father-in-law were close allies insofar they were politically both active Tories and wealthy businessmen who lived and worked in the State of Massachusetts. Indeed, Jonathon was considered to be the wealthiest man in Massachusetts at the time.



Sally Sayward, Nathaniel Barrell and Jonathan Sayward.

Accordingly, George (who was probably named after King George I) and his wife Caroline Low, both came from privileged backgrounds. I have found that these two had their first child, a son who was given the identical name to his father, who at the tender age of 14 went to sea and in later life became a Sea Captain of some renown and afterwards, like his father before him, traded all over the world. He married Miss Anna Douglas, of Scottish descent and they had 7 children (so he must have got home from time to time!) He died in 1894 in Quincy, Boston at the age of 85 years.



A transatlantic steamer of the day under full sail.

I found that George (Senior) first travelled to Spain in 1806. In this year he wrote his celebrated book, "The Journal ", which is a bound account of his two crossings across the Atlantic. This is a detailed account of a voyage he took from Boston to Malaga in the Brig "Venus" and a return in the Schooner "Louisiana".



Original watercolour by George Barrell during his voyage from Boston to Malaga on the Brig "Venus".

In his book, George 's artistic skills come into play by way of 32 pencil and watercolour sketches of some of the landscapes, seascapes, wildlife (particularly sea creatures), the uniforms of soldiers he encountered (the British soldiers in Gibraltar for example) and so much more.

George the Consul in Malaga.

It was in 1818, when George was 38 years of age that James Monroe (America 's Founding Father and 5th President of the USA) appointed him to the post of American Consul to Malaga. One of the main functions of any Consul as you probably know, is to assist their fellow nationals when required within their designated area (For Malaga it would usually for the most part have revolved around the Port area which would in those days have been full of sailing ships from all over the world).



An old photo. of the original property adjoining the Port of Malaga in circa 1850.

For US citizens I have located a copy of the "Rules and Instructions" that were issued by the Senate in Washington to US Consuls that relate to "Sick or Disabled American Seamen" of January 29th, 1822. Furthermore, I have found that George Barrell paid out a total sum of 766.55 US Dollars for boarding, clothing, hospital charges, medical aid and return passages for seamen to home ports in America from Malaga including a commission of 5%, for the years 1818, 1819 and 1820. (At today's rates that sum would equate to about 21,000 US Dollars).

Now I wish to share with you a true story and occurrence that I believe best reflects the life at sea of Captains and sailors in the early 19th Century and also to a limited extent directly involved George Barrell. All the official information is to be found within The US 25th Congress, 2nd Session of the House of Representatives (Rep.No.903) titled "WILLIAM TARRINGTON AND FRANCIS GARRIG" (To accompany Bill HR No.797) of May 18<sup>th</sup> 1838.

In summary, because it goes on at some length, a certain William Tarrington, master of the British Schooner "Alert" of Sunderland (England), within a formal document stated, and I quote,

*That on the 15th of February last he observed under jury-masts making towards "Alert", on which he instantly bore down towards the stranger and spoke to him at noon. He found the Schooner to be an American vessel named the "George Douglas " whereof James Tolard was master, on a voyage from Norfolk (England) to New York:*

*Had been 45 days at sea having lost her masts on the sixth day and had been 30 days without any other provisions or means of sustenance other than Indian corn and rain-water: That the sea was running very high at the time, the consequence of a heavy gale on the previous day.*

*One of the boats was lowered down with two men on board: At 2pm the boat returned with part of the crew: At 4pm brought the master and one man, the only ones on board. The persons thus saved were six in number, all weak and exhausted through want of provisions. The said master and crew were subsisted from 15th Feb. to 13th March, when they were safely landed at Liverpool. Signed, Wm. Tarrington.*

There was at this same time another similar incident to the above detailed British Tarrington rescue of a US vessel, involving on this occasion the services rendered by a certain Captain Francis Garriga, a Spanish subject and master of the Spanish polacre "San Antonio", to Captain Scales, an American citizen and master of the ship "Philadelphia" and her crew.

The American Congress on behalf of the American people decided to remunerate both Tarrington and Garriga for their "meritorious services" and also for the expenses incurred "while in the performance of those services". George Barrell at this time in 1858, provided details of the Spanish assistance and other relative matters to John Forsyth, US Secretary of State, as it was in Malaga that Captain Garriga resided, and his vessel sailed.

To conclude my Jotting, I can but tell you that George Barrell suffered in his later years from a "pulmonary" medical issue and moved from Malaga to Barcelona where it is stated that he was "hoping to find relief in a change of air". Alas, this did not occur, and he died quite soon in Barcelona on the 12th of November, 1838. His nephew William Barrell returned his remains to Malaga on board the Spanish Steamer "Mercurio" for burial in the English Cemetery. His Obituary

Notice which appeared in the Boletin Oficial de Malaga of Friday the 30th of Nov. 1858 set out at some length many complimentary comments.

The one I particularly thought briefly summed up what I have found during my own short investigation was, and I quote, "... we would convey the gratitude due to such proofs of sorrow and respect for the memory of a man, who was born across the Atlantic, has in our Spain reflected so much honour upon his country " and " ....in defending the rights of his countrymen endeared him to their hearts in no common degree “.

His funeral, which took place on the 28th Nov. 1838 would seem from the records to have very well attended insofar that it was stated, "An immense multitude accompanied the remains to their last abode, in which were seen local Authorities, the Commander and Officers of the French sloop of war and his colleagues (Note : In 1838 William Mark "El Pomposo" the former British Consul and founder of the English Cemetery had resigned his position as Consul at the end of 1836 and handed over to his eldest son William Penrose Mark, so in all probability most of the large Mark family would have been present on that day), countrymen and numerous friends and near relatives".

The other day I went into the Inner Cemetery to look-out George's grave and get a photo. Should you wish to find it I can tell you it's easy to find.



The entrance to the "Inner" English Cemetery,

Enter through the metal entrance gates, and about 5 yards on the left hand side it's there - the grave is surrounded by perimeter metal railings and at the top of the stone headstone you can just make out the name George Barrell; nothing else.



The grave of George G Barrell in the English Cemetery,

Perhaps something can be done to renovate the poor engraving to permit some legibility by George's family and/or the US in continued memory and gratitude of this man?

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT: I wish here to acknowledge the kind help and professional assistance given to me during the preparation of this, my 32<sup>nd</sup> Historical Jotting, by Mr. Dan Boudreau, Head of Reader's Services, American Antiquarian Society, Worcester, MA01609, USA.

SO NOW YOU KNOW

Michael Edwards



## JUNE NOTABLES

**Sundar Singh of India,**

**Sadhu (holy man), Evangelist, Teacher of the Faith, 1889 -1929**



Sundar Singh was born in 1889 into a wealthy landowning Sikh family in Rampur, North Punjab. The death of his mother when he was fourteen unhinged him. He abused the missionaries at the mission school he attended, burnt a Bible and resolved to commit suicide on a railway line.

However, he experienced a vision of Christ and was converted. Expelled by his family for this act of treachery to their faith he was taken in by a nearby Christian community and the following year, 1905, was baptized in the Anglican church at Simla.

The following year he set out on the roads of India wearing a yellow robe and turban. The yellow robe was the recognized dress of a Hindu sadhu, a solitary holy man. Proud of his Sikh ancestry, he never wore European dress, preferring to present the Christian faith 'in an Eastern bowl rather than a European vessel'.

He had a special burden for the land of Tibet and in 1908, at the age of nineteen, he crossed its frontiers for the first time. Most years until 1923 he made journey there and he disappeared on his final journey in 1929. (His body was never found.)

In 1909 Sundar Singh began training for the ordained ministry at the Anglican college in Lahore. As the course drew to an end, the Principal informed him that he must now discard his sadhu's robe and wear 'respectable' European clerical dress; use formal Anglican worship; sing English hymns; and never preach outside his parish without permission.

Knowing he was not called to a ministry with such constraints, he left with great sadness to pursue his itinerant ministry as a sadhu. He was now not a member of any denomination, and did not try to begin one of his own, though he shared fellowship with Christians of all kinds.

It is said that he recognized the flaw in European mission to India while on a train.

A high-caste Hindu – Brahmin – had collapsed in the heat but refused water from the Anglo-Indian stationmaster. He could only accept it in his own drinking vessel.

When that was brought, he drank and revived.

So, India would not accept the gospel of Jesus offered in Western guise. That was why many listeners responded to him in his Indian sadhu's robe. He made it clear that Christianity was not an imported alien, foreign religion, but indigenous to Indian needs, aspirations and faith.

*(Adapted from "Saints on Earth" a biographical companion to Common Worship – Darch & Burns Published by Church House Publishing)*

**Sundar Singh is commemorated in the CofE Common Worship lectionary on June 19<sup>th</sup>**

<b>Major Feasts this month:</b>	<b>June 11<sup>th</sup></b>	<b>St Barbabas the Apostle</b>
	<b>June 14<sup>th</sup></b>	<b>Birth of John the Baptist</b>
	<b>June 29<sup>th</sup></b>	<b>St Peter and St Paul, Apostles</b>



***Colin Somerville***



## MY FAVOURITE HYMNS by Patricia Luce

This hymn was written by J.S. B Monsell. He was another of those very busy Victorian priests and poets with a fairly uneventful life although he died relatively young (64) after an accidental fall when he was restoring a church in Guilford.

I love the first line of this hymn, as a matter of fact taken from Psalm 96, so long before fashionable “mindfulness”, contemplation in gardens, or classes on how to meditate. Somehow these words seem to hint at the mystery of religion and the need to “kneel and adore him”. However, this is impossible in a church which has installed rows of hideous, very expensive chairs where “only the Anglican crouch” is possible where one tries not to be distracted by the paraphernalia of the people in the next row.

I sometimes resent instructions from afar about what we should pray for, but we must be pleased at the young crowds who go to Christian camps and conferences singing lustily as personable young men play on keyboards or guitars. They are all full of joy and hope. What is more I have reverence for the dear, humble Pope Francis and respect for his successor and I marvel at the multitude in St. Peter’s square but I sometimes irreverently think of huge political demonstrations whose leaders hold a sheaf of ten, twenty, fifty thousand signatures. Could a similar thing happen if one of God’s messengers, the Archangel Raphael for instance, presented such a petition to his Lord. “End the war in...” for example.

What I’m trying to say is, as the hymn suggests, there is personal relationship that we should seek to have with God who will listen to our cares and sorrows and gladly accept our gifts of truth and love. That is the guide and comforter Jesus promised us.

O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness!  
Bow down before him, his glory proclaim.  
With gold of obedience, and incense of lowliness,  
Kneel and adore him: the Lord is his name.

Low at his feet lay thy burden of carefulness:  
High on his heart he will bear it for thee,  
Comfort thy sorrows, and answer thy prayerfulness,  
Guiding thy steps as best for thee be.

Fear not to enter his courts in the slenderness  
Of the poor wealth thou wouldst reckon as thine:  
Truth in its beauty, and love in its tenderness,  
These are the offerings to lay on his shrine.

These, though we bring them in trembling and fearfulness,  
He will accept for the name that is dear;  
Mornings of joy give for evenings of tearfulness,  
Trust for our trembling and joy for our fear.

**Patricia Luce**

## A few thoughts on church singing by Jennifer Vernon Smith

After reading Pats' lovely choice of favourite hymns, I thought you might like to hear my experiences with church singing here in Zaragoza.

The church is part of a lovely old convent unused for many years and in winter the choice pews are over a grating from the script because the warmth comes from down there. No comments about warmed up tombs etc.

The services are in Spanish as this a branch belonging to out diocese and the services are similar in many parts. We have a large screen near the alter and the complete service is produced there.

We are each given a bible to be able to follow the lessons, gospel etc. And the words of the complete hymns appear. However, no one knows the tune, so things are pretty shaky. Small congregation from various parts of the world too. Unfortunately, someone has simply translated our lovely old hymns into Spanish and fitted them into the music.....como sea!!!!

Doesn't matter if they don't make sense or if the words don't fit. They must and they do, so picture some lovely old Charles Wesley, in Spanish, no one knowing the tune but valiantly trying!

I leave this image for you and, when you're singing one of the lovely old ones, think of me.

## My First Hymn - Cathie Edwards.



As we mentioned earlier, Cathie shared with us her first ever hymn and her memories of learning and singing it in Sunday School (as well as the gestures that went with each line!).

I'm sure this thing means so much to so many of us. If you would like to share your first hymn, please let us know.

Wide, wide as the ocean, high as the heaven above  
Deep, deep as the deepest sea is my Savior's love  
I, though so unworthy, still am a child of His care  
For His Word teaches me that His love reaches me everywhere

## AROUND THE PARISH



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**St George's  
MALAGA**

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&  
Francis Posé,  
With special guest  
Jessie Valdés*

**tickets  
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**June 20<sup>th</sup>  
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**19:15**  
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**Bring your  
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English Cemetery, Av Pries 1, Malaga

<https://stgeorgesmalaga.com/events/>

## **Father Hilary sermon 18/05/25 at St George's Malaga 4th after Easter (Easter 5)**

### **Death, Absence and Presence**

Well, let me begin by saying what a pleasure it is to be here, particularly in this season of Easter. I knew a priest in the Oxford diocese who began his sermon on the 5th Sunday of Easter by rather unfortunately saying, 'I daresay you have done Easter to death by now!' Maybe you have too?

Easter is a time of mixed emotions for me. On Easter Saturday, 1986, my brother died, following a tragic accident on the railways - a moment of absolute despair on the eve of the great Christian feast of Easter.

His loss was tragic enough in itself and, though I handled it probably reasonably well at the time, it triggered off such a series of crises in every aspect of my life - my job, my home, my family - that it took me in most cases, years to work it all out - years of that painful soul-searching that drives us on, to go in and face some of the darker sides of ourselves.

You see it wasn't only the absence of that person whom I loved so dearly, with whom I'd shared so much, it wasn't only that my brother was no longer there - for I could have coped with that.... But it was that terrible sense of emptiness that went with it - the senselessness of death, the life that he'd been denied, and all the traumatic questions that it makes us ask about life. Absence we can handle,... but emptiness turns us upside down inside. And almost 40 years on - though I can cry still at my brother's loss - I can say that that emptiness has found a route to healing.

oOo

The Easter story is about absence.... & emptiness. Just recall for a moment the last few days of our Lord's life on earth: the triumphal yet provocative entry into Jerusalem on Palm Sunday, rising tensions between Jesus and the Jewish authorities, growing agitation among the disciples, that mysterious last supper and Judas's sudden disappearance only to return with armed soldiers, the arrest & trial... and Pilate offering Jesus to the crowd turned hostile. That painful walk to Golgotha, & crucifixion ... and the way the disciples scattered - fearful at one level for their lives, yet so unable to come to terms with the loss of their master and Lord.

How they huddled together for security, how they wept at their Lord's absence - his going away - and, with it, that dreadful emptiness at the senselessness of death, which begs so many questions about life: the absence that they could handle, but the emptiness with which they knew they would be haunted for the rest of their days.

But on the third day something changed. The gospel speaks of absence. "He is not here", said the angel.....so at one level it was exactly the same as Good Friday - he was no longer there! But something was different: the emptiness, the despair, the painful wastefulness, had been replaced by this new 'not-quite-comprehensible, yet over-whelming', sense of joy. The resurrection of Christ didn't magic him back to how he'd been before, it didn't undo all that Good Friday had so painfully done...But it took away that terrible desolation....that emptiness that turns you upside down inside.....so much so, that the disciples found Christ in their midst - on the road to Emmaus, sharing a meal, walking by the lakeside - died and risen.



Where Good Friday brought absence and emptiness, at Easter that emptiness was filled..... with an amazing and overflowing joy.

oOo

One of the things that we Christians wrestle with, if we are really honest with ourselves, is the apparent absence of God from our world –as Dean Inge put it so succinctly, “the silence of God has always been a great trial to mankind”. What sort of a God is it that can let genocide rage in Sudan or Gaza, without at least moving one omnipotent muscle to stop it? What sort of a God allows upward of 200,000 soldiers to be killed in a senseless war in Ukraine, & goodness knows how many civilians? What’s the matter with God? Is he actually not so omnipotent after all, or does he not care, or is it that he’s really not around as much as we’d like to think that he is?

And of course, over time we’ve become adept at rationalising it – for we all know it wouldn’t work either if God was so obviously there that you simply had no choice but to believe in him: a kind of totalitarian religion, a one-party state, like Margaret Atwood’s *Handmaid’s Tale*. So, we’re good at living with the idea that we’re not going to bump into God .....until significant personal tragedy strikes. And then rationalisation will simply no longer do – the theological niceties sound like excuses, and the metaphors are weak and unfeeling. In that moment, in the midst of personal tragedy, you want God here & now, and nothing else – however reasoned, however credible it’d been to you before, nothing else will do.

Think of the parents of the 3 young girls killed when a vehicle ploughed into their after-school club two weeks ago in Illinois? Mums & Dads savouring now that real emptiness, knowing it, owning it for themselves. Or that man, Peter Sullivan, let out of gaol in Wakefield this last week after spending 38 years behind bars for a crime he didn’t commit. The wasted years, from age 30 to 68. Half a life – gone, and no justice can bring it back. Then you are aware of the stark reality of the silence of God - that our God has not set foot on this planet since the death & resurrection of Jesus, that he’s not here in the way that he was here before Good Friday.

oOo

But the message of Easter, the message of the resurrection, is not that you can turn the clock back: you cannot undo accident or tragedy any more than you can undo crucifixion. The message is rather this: you may no longer see Jesus, you can no longer say he is in this place or in that place, for, as the angel said to the women who came to the empty tomb, in Matthew 28, “He’s been raised from the dead, and is going on before you into Galilee”, into Sudan, into Gaza, into Ukraine, into Illinois, ...and his going brings hope to us all: that absence need not mean emptiness, that tragedy is not the end,... that we are called on through tragedy to new and enriching life...even if the road to that new life is every bit as bumpy as the tragedy itself.....because life is not empty, it’s not without shape or direction or meaning. And indeed, the search for that new meaning calls out resources from new places in our own very depths.

It is the resurrection of Christ, his life after death, that gives us the drive to pick ourselves up again, when all has gone wrong, and find our way forward – it gives us the courage to start again, the guts to keep starting, & to keep going. You can’t undo the absence, the losing. But resurrection means we needn’t give up hope: the very emptiness has been redeemed.....

oOo

And what of death itself? In the mediaeval mystery play, "Everyman", death comes as messenger. And that’s part of its shocking power – death of a friend, death by war, accident or disease, death

of a daughter, or a brother. It slams you in the face with its message of mortality, of the fact that our own lives are finite, that they have an end, that could be today, or next week or in 30 years' time. You don't know all you know... is that it will come.

And you can close it out and get back to the clatter of every day, .....or you can listen quietly to its message: that this life is only provisional, we're only passing through: that the things which get us so hot up – like falling out with the neighbours, or the car breaking down, or not getting the holiday you wanted – somehow pale into quiet insignificance.... That there is another reality to which the death of others points us, to which our own death is the rite of passage.

At the moment of death, I believe the power & presence of the risen Christ comes crashing through, & for the one moment in your life – saint or sinner – you cannot ignore it: pure truth, pure God, rites of passage to a new humanity.

And we can allow ourselves to become very troubled by death. "I am going to die", says Pizarro in the Royal Hunt of the Sun, "and thought of that dark has for years rotted everything for me, all simple joy in life." Now that's the real shadow of death, its emptiness, it's sting – that big black cloud that hangs over you and doesn't let go. And we end up never being fully alive. And death when it comes is simply one big full stop at the end of a life-long sentence.

But the death of Jesus on the cross redeems us from that shadow of death. We will all die one day – God does not redeem us from death itself - but he redeems us from its shadow, from its emptiness, from its sting, from letting our lives be paralysed by the fear of death, by the dread of our mortality.....

And that is the Easter message. So what did Christ do to death, he did Easter, he did Easter to death! "In him was life", we say at the beginning to John's gospel. It was that aliveness that made God so real for the people he met. And it is in the meeting of that total aliveness of that pivotal human being, ...with death on the cross, that the power of God in all its fullness and purity is released and comes bounding through for us all in resurrection.

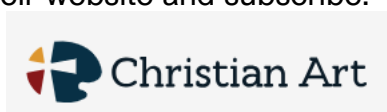
"He is not here", "He has been raised from the dead", "He is going on before you". And with those few words the disciples, the followers of Jesus, the church, and our world, have been changed for ever.... as God has led us – yet again - through wilderness, ...from emptiness to life everlasting. Amen

## **A suggestion from Sandra Wrightson**

A couple of weeks ago we were chatting with Sandra after the service, and she mentioned this wonderful resource we would love to share with you all.

Christian Art offers a unique approach to daily Gospel readings. Each day, they select a work of art relevant to the day's scripture passage and offer a short reflection on the two.

Click on the below to take you to their website and subscribe:



# St. George's Chaplaincy Worship Centers and Services

## Malaga



**St George's Church,  
Av.de Priés 1, Malaga**

**Sundays, 11.30 AM**

**<https://www.achurchnearyou.com/church/8530/>**

## Velez-Malaga



**La Antigua Capilla de San  
José, 7 Calle Linares,  
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Temporary change  
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## Salinas



**Church of the Sagrado  
Corazon de Maria, Salinas,  
Archidona**

**Saturdays, 11.30 AM  
2<sup>nd</sup> and 4<sup>th</sup> Saturdays of the  
month**

**<https://www.achurchnearyou.com/church/8488/>**

## GETTING IN TOUCH

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