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### **A prayer from the Dominican Republic for Christian Aid Week.**

The sun offers its gift of warmth; the sea offers its gift of water,  
the mountains give their coolness and their beauty, the breeze refreshes creation.  
And we too bring our gifts so that all may have life.  
Lord, use them to fill the world with peace and justice,  
so that every home can have its daily bread. Amen.

**If you think you are too small to make a difference,  
try sleeping with a mosquito.**

the Dalai Lama

### **Poor Old Humpty-Dumpty by Eric Green**



It didn't seem right at Eastertide. My dad used to take my newly boiled egg and pencil a happy face on it. "That's your Easter egg," Mother would tell me, "...now bash his head in with your teaspoon and eat him up." At six years old I couldn't understand the cruelty. Along with the singing of "Humpty Dumpty sat on the wall. Humpty Dumpty had a great fall."

How could we be taking a school holiday just to celebrate being nasty? Not only that, we glorified in the fact that the egg was beyond repair. We were victors. Its death gave more food for our egos and our stomachs. "All the king's horses and all the king's men, couldn't put Humpty Dumpty together again." Never again would my egg become as beautifully shaped as before.

But are we not spoiling a world that God had made perfect in the first place? Have we knocked him off the wall because we didn't want him to sit there watching over us? Our efforts leave more debris on the floor than when we started. Is it because we're trying to bash God's creation with a teaspoon?

The message of Easter tells of one who beat the efforts of 'all the king's men'. The High Priests and Pontius Pilate believed they'd seen the last of Lord Jesus Christ when they nailed him to the Cross. He certainly looked beyond repair. But with God, nothing is impossible.

Within three days, Jesus had risen. He still lives.

As I bashed my childhood eggshell, only my dad's artistry disappeared. The inside yolk and white nourished my body. Jesus, as perfect as ever, still does.

Easter can demolish our old shell, and feed us into an everlasting new life in Christ.