

Easter Eggs

The folk celebration of Easter Eggs brings delight at this time of year. Our culture's Easter eggs have little to do with the Easter that is celebrated in churches, but the eggs of Eastern Europe do. The Godly Play presentation on Easter Eggs introduced your child to these eggs in a way that reclaims a wonderful sign of new life in Easter.

How to Use this Parent Page

With your child, begin by looking together at the illustration below and listening as your child recalls—and in a sense *relives*—the experience of today's lesson. Invite your child to respond to the drawing. You might say, for example:

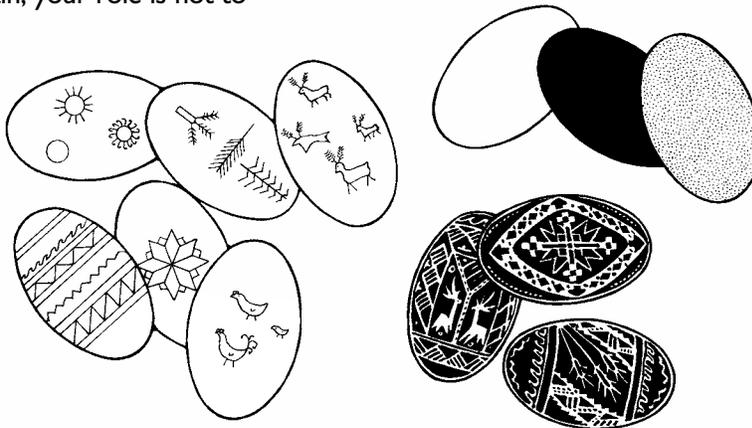
- I wonder what you can tell me about this picture?
- I wonder what this picture has to do with today's story?

Just listen. This is *not* a time to quiz children on what they may or may not recall about the lesson, but to be quietly present as they share their own experience. This will be different for each child—one may retell much of the lesson, another recall a single moment that had meaning, and yet another talk about his or her own creative response. Again, your role is not to

correct or supplement what your child tells you, but simply to *listen* in a supportive way. You are supporting the formation of young—sometimes very young—theologians.

Then, if you wish, you can read with (or to) your child the condensed version of today's presentation offered below. Whether you read the presentation or simply listen as your child shares what was received in today's lesson, ask the Wondering questions printed in the left column. Remember, there are many right answers! Be open to what the presentation can mean to you and your child. God will teach you new meanings every day. Conclude by sitting quietly for a moment and then saying "Amen."

The Presentation



There was once an old man and an old woman who lived just outside the walls of the great city of Jerusalem. They had everything they needed: a cow to give them milk; a garden to give them vegetables; chickens to give them eggs.

In the morning the old man would go to the hen house. "Good morning, hens. May I have some of your eggs?" They gladly gave him their eggs. There were so many on some days that the old man took some into the city to sell.

Wondering

- **I wonder** which colors and designs you like best?
- **I wonder** which colors and designs are the most important?
- **I wonder** which colors and designs are about you?

One day he went into the city with a basket full of eggs, covered with a white cloth. As he came closer to one of the wide streets, there was a huge crowd. He pushed his way through the crowd to see what was going on.

The Roman soldiers were taking three people along the street to crucify them outside the city walls. They carried the crosses they were to be nailed to. One of them stumbled and almost fell.

The old man stepped out from the crowd and caught the heavy, wooden beam before the man fell. Together they carried the piece of wood outside the walls.

The old man stayed all afternoon, even when the sky grew dark and it began to rain. He watched the mother and others standing there. They were watching the man in the middle. Finally, the man died.

They took the man down and carried him away to put him in a stone tomb. The old man started back toward the city. He suddenly remembered his eggs. Where were they? He turned the corner and looked at the place where he had put the basket. It was there!

He went over to the basket. The white covering was still there, but he knew the eggs underneath would be gone. He reached under the white cover. There was something there.

When he pulled out one of the eggs, he could not believe his eyes. *It was like a jewel!* The basket was full of beautiful eggs, covered with colors and designs. Something not only sad but wonderful had happened that day, and the eggs proclaimed it with colors instead of with words.

Ever since then, people have colored eggs at Eastertime. They have put designs on the eggs that show the Mystery of Easter.

Godly Play A Godly Play Moment

Occasionally, as in today's Paper, we share a "Godly Play moment." Godly Play trainer Sally Thomas tells this story:

Our family moved from the East Coast to the West Coast when our daughters were six and eight years old. Cardboard boxes were everywhere, and the girls enthusiastically unpacked and setup their new rooms. After hours of cardboard and newsprint, I checked in.

Charlotte, the eldest, was busily taping pictures of her Massachusetts buddies onto

the newly painted walls. What I found next to her bed was amazing. Over her bedside table she had draped an old piece of red velvet that we had used to line a drawer. On top of it were our creche figures of the Holy Family, cow and donkey, and a UNICEF collection box from the previous Halloween. "What's this?" I asked, truly wondering.

"I wanted to have my own special place to talk to God until I know my way around," she said simply. And God was in this place, too...