

## Easter in Nachingwea

WE have received this very enthusiastic letter from Kevin Bushiri, Chair of the Nachingwea Link about how our friends in St Andrew's Church, Nachingwea celebrated Easter. The article appears to have been written with AI's help, but conveys the congregation's love of worship. (Please note that the text is how Kevin wrote it, it has not been edited.)

Dear Madam Trish,

Let me today write this news like Novelist to give you new test of my emails.

Easter Sunday came wrapped in golden light and gentle whispers of joy. Our little church swelled with many happy souls, all dressed in colours of hope and new beginnings. At the heart of it all stood Priest Phares Lihewe, whose voice rose like a morning bird leading a forest into song. He spoke of life breaking through death, and every face in the congregation shone like a field after rain. The pews were full, the air was warm with shared smiles, and you could feel that something sacred was blooming among us.

Then came the music. Four choirs, each dressed in their own soft harmonies, took turns filling the church with gospel songs of the resurrection. Their voices climbed and fell like waves on a joyful shore



— singing of the stone rolled away, of dawn surprising the dark, of Christ alive again. One choir would end, and another would rise, and the melody never truly stopped. It felt like heaven had leaned down to hum along with us, and even the quietest hearts found their own whispered hallelujah.

In the middle of all this singing, something even more beautiful happened. Four children — small as buds on an Easter branch — came forward with trusting eyes, and one lady whose smile carried the weight of a long journey. One by one, they were baptized. Water touched their heads like a gentle blessing from the sky. New names were written in grace. The whole church watched in tender silence, then burst into applause. It was as if the resurrection was not just a story from long ago, but a thing happening right then, in that water, in those hearts.

And oh, Madam Trish, the church itself looked like a bride ready for Easter. The windows, newly repaired like you see in photos. Light poured through them in streams of white and gold, painting the floor with quiet dancing shapes. Fresh flowers



stood at the altar, and the white cloths on the table seemed to glow. Every corner whispered, "He is risen." The old building felt new again, just like the promise we had come to celebrate.

When the service ended, people did not hurry away. They walked out slowly, still humming the songs, still holding the joy close. Children ran in the grass, elders leaned

on canes and smiled, families walked home under a soft morning sky. The long weekend stretched ahead like a gift – but the true gift was the resurrection living now in their hearts. They carried Christ home in their laughter, their meals shared, their quiet prayers. And I believe, dear Madam Trish, that Easter did not end at the church door. It simply walked with them into ordinary days, made holy by love.

With warmest Easter blessings,  
Kevin



## Bank Holiday Lunch

WE were delighted to see so many guests at our May Bank Holiday Lunch. As usual the catering was to a Five Star Michelin level and many thanks to all who contributed food or drink.

The event proved to be a most enjoyable get together for friends, family and neighbours who appreciated the opportunity to enjoy a delicious meal and catch up on local news and gossip - a staple of village life!

We are so pleased that amazing £1,442 was donated in aid of education and health projects in Nachingwea. **The Stapleford - Nachingwea Link Committee**