

William and Dorothy (Wordsworth) did not spend all their lives in Grasmere, nor does Rutter, but she shows how once somewhere has got inside you, it's quite possible to take it with you to pastures new.

(From a review of Rutter's book *All Before Me: a search for belonging in Wordsworth's Lake District.*)

There's a lovely resonance there of pasture, Lake District, sheep; William Wordsworth can never get Dove Cottage and his time at Grasmere, out of his system; it will inform all his poetry – a base note from which to measure all the rest. (I've just made that up) but we hear something of this base echo in the word 'Galilee' to which the women and the disciples are repeatedly directed in the ending of Matthew's gospel. *You can't find me now, in Jerusalem but at home, once more, in the Galilee of the nations, in that wider world where both Jew and Gentile feel at home.* This is Jesus on the move again as a light to the Gentiles; here for the salvation of all. Echoes, also, of Mary Magdalen later told not to cling to his feet but here allowed to fully grasp the reality of Christ's resurrection before once more following in his footsteps. This is Jerusalem, too, on the move, fulfilling its function as the place of salvation for all. It's the mountain on the move, coming to us, Jesus seeking the women, coming to meet them, and once Jesus is inside us in this manner we will meet him wherever we go. Catherine Coldstream writes compellingly of her time as a nun in a Carmelite community and her sudden departure, running away in the middle of the night to find another freedom. She is asked whether now, happily settled in Oxford with her family and another career she has any regrets '*for the way her youth vanished and for those years out of the slipstream?*' '*Absolutely none. It's the great love story of my life. It was the great event.*'

Easter, then, as the great event in our own lives too which we will take with us wherever we go.

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