

# The story of Easter

Jesus came to compensate  
For all the sins we committed.  
He came to earth to die for us,  
To free us from sins omitted.

“This bitter cup, let it pass from me,  
He cried, with a painful voice;  
“Yet not My will, but thy will be done;”  
He said, in His faithful choice.

The kiss of Judas would seal his fate;  
He faced a hostile crowd;  
The governor, Pilate, saw through it all;  
Jesus’ guilt he disavowed

“I wash my hands of all of this,”  
Pilate said, “Let Him be.”  
But the crowd yelled, “Crucify him now”  
And lead Jesus to Barabbas and kept him free.

Pilate yielded to their wish;  
And Jesus was led away.  
The soldiers beat him, and mocked Him, too,  
But Jesus continued to be calm and obey.

A crown of thorns laid on His head,  
As His sentence was carried out;  
His hands and feet were pierced with nails,  
But He neither scream nor shout.

“Father, forgive them for this crime;  
They know not what they do.”  
He said this despite His agony and pain  
He was thinking of Me and You.

“It is finished,” He sighed in His anguish and pain,  
As His body gave up to death.  
The curtain tore, and darkness fell,  
After He took His last breath.

The best of the story counts the very last part;  
It’s why on Easter we’re filled with pleasure:  
Death could not conquer our Savior  
His power is beyond all great measure.

He rose from the grave, and was seen to the world  
Ever since, Son of God’s inspired devotion,  
And we will be with Him for eternity,  
When we gained our heavenly promotion.

- Rajan Selvadurai



# The Cross

On Calvary’s dark and deepening heights  
Three crosses silhouetted against the sky  
One cross of repentance, the other of jibes  
Flanked the cross of love and sacrifice.  
And on that cross the saviour hung  
In abject shame and sorrow wrung.  
But pause awhile, why hangs he there?  
The world’s turmoil still pins him there  
And in the jibes and scoffs I see  
Self’s taunting self-willed vanity  
That drives the nails in hard and strong  
And presses in that crown of thorns.  
The droplets trickle, Christ’s mercy pleads  
For a world that’s lost, the saviour bleeds.

- Jeannette Cabraal



# Gethsemane - Another Garden

He lays in agony stretched in the familiar place  
Where in prayer He found God’s needed grace  
Sweat mixed with blood pours from every pore  
Not My will but Thine - it’s a trial great and sore.

In the former Garden early in human History  
Serpent offered Adam all his eyes could see  
Another Garden second Adam defies iniquity  
Begins for all God’s gracious redemption Story.

Familiar Friend lifted hand against Him to betray  
Other friends forsake - He alone walks the Way  
He hears the enraged cries of the incensed mob  
None can stand in His place nor His purity rob.

Gethsemane’s bloody sweat comes to one and all  
Fainting of spirit, agony travail Piercing of soul  
“Can this cup pass” - I drink dregs of human gall  
Innocence incarnate, Pure One did play the role.

Will you bear my cross, lambs for slaughter be  
Denying self, trekking Via Dolorosa to Calvary  
While tortured, fruit of travail he does foresee  
Joy set before Him Father’s reward His progeny.

He washed feet of those who walked with Him  
Last loving act to save Judas from cruel whim  
Watch with me, took beyond faithful threesome  
Kiss of betrayal how infamous it will become.

It’s a night heaven shuddered, Hell laughed in glee  
Though he’d be bound to set humanity’s sin free  
Night of nights, the cup shared in fear demons flee  
King of souls to hades descends shines menacingly.

Gethsemane the midnight that defeated conspiracy  
Gethsemane releasing forces of truth and liberty  
Gethsemane where God’s Son entered mortal agony  
Gethsemane prepared by Father for Son to Victory.

Priestly seals and political guards keep nations bound  
Religion and politics play games masses run aground  
Populace languish preyed by many amodern hound  
Resurrection morn free us from Bastilles that abound.

Scorched earth and Killing fields await the  
Resurrection Dawn  
Man to man injustice cease, no more widows  
children mourn  
Father mother son dying out of time unite happy  
Easter morn  
Matching deepest heart cry, day of mercy over  
justice is born.

- Dr Lalith Mendis