## POEMS

# 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.

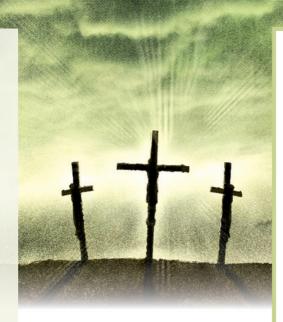
"Father, forgive them for this crime; They know not what they do." He said this despite His agony and pain He was thinking of Me and You.

"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

