

'Twas the Week Before Easter

(A Poem by Pastor Carmen Peterson)

'Twas the week before Easter, far out in the East,
People swarmed to the city for a Passover Feast.
Every household waiting in this or that room
For the promised Messiah to them would come soon.

Yet elsewhere in the city, on a cross limp and dead
Their Messiah was silent, at the last bowed his head.
He was laid in a tomb that was sealed with a stone,
There laid their Messiah so dead to the bone.

Now it was over and oh! What a pity,
For his blood was spilt for that holy city.
Not for those folks alone, but for all on the earth,
He had come as their Savior from the time of his birth.
But him they rejected and went on their own way.
Completely forgot him until Easter Day!

When what to their wondering eyes should appear,
At his tomb stood two angels, so bright and so near.
For there had been a trembling and bursting of earth,
And the grave gave up Jesus for his second birth.

For away his disciples were tired and tearful,
Locked in a room so unhappy and fearful.
Then Jesus appeared; he walked through the door,
It is I, your Messiah; I am here evermore.

He had a new body, with new life he came,
With God's fullest blessing, and in God's great name.
And the promise he gave them, of forgiveness and love,
Is still with us – always, and comes from above.

Now you and I know, that all's for the best,
And I wish you an Easter that's happy and blest.

Pastor Carmen Peterson