



Across the yard a robin hops,
As sign of growing Spring,
Announcing hope of warmer days,
A lovely song to sing.

But I looked at another sign
Bearing the hope of life,
Bare wooden planks joined as a sign
Bespeaking God's own strife.

Can any symbol mean as much?
Could hope spring from demise?
Confounding death could this tree be
Cross leading to surprise?

Death came upon the cross that day,
Destroying hope for some,
Despair turned into Easter joy
Displaying life to come.

Every Easter reminds us that
Even in times of pain,
Eternal life is God's great gift
Each one of us will gain.

For on the cross our Lord destroyed
Foul sin and death to make
Forgiveness our new heritage,
Full life for Jesus' sake.

God came to us that first Christmas
Granting a hope new-born,
Grace which would shine in the empty
Grave on that Easter morn.

How precious is the robin's song,
Heralding warmer days,
How precious is God's greater gift
Heralding Easter's ways.

I cannot comprehend fully
In my limited mind

Instances of a greater love
Infinitely so kind

Jesus my Lord, my Savior took
Judgment nailed to the tree
Just so we know that we now have
Jubilee full and free.

Keep Easter in your heart each day,
Kindness and love and care,
Keys which show all that Jesus is
King whose life you now share.

Let Easter's Alleluias bring
Life's promise to us all
Lord Jesus overcoming death,
Love's everlasting call.

Magnificent is Easter's claim
Mary spoke on that day
Magdalen's tale of life unleashed
Moving her fears away

Now as we walk this Easter joy,
Nestled beneath God's wing,
Never again shall we feel lost,
Nor fear death's lasting sting.

On this great morn we join to sing
Our Easter songs with mirth
Of God who loved us so much he
Once came to save the earth.

Promise of life and hope is now
Provided by the claim
Professed by Christians in each age,
Presented in Christ's name.

Quixotic though this claim may sound,
Quite hard to understand,
Quintessential life now is ours
Quickened by God's own hand.