



Gethsemane, now dark at night,  
Is calm before the storm  
When footsteps patter on the path,  
One single human form  
Who stops to pray, alone, upset,  
While friends lay down nearby,  
And in a fervent questioning  
We hear his plaintive cry  
That this cup might be removed from  
His mission to remain  
True to God's plan to surrender  
Himself to mortal pain.  
Time and again he stops his prayer  
To seek strength from his friends  
Only to find them fast asleep  
As passing time portends  
The culmination of this night,  
Betrayal and arrest,  
Acceptance of a fate now sealed  
Through fraudulent inquest.  
Standing before the governor  
He hears the people cry  
"We want Barabbas, free him now,  
This Jesus, crucify!"  
What turn of events from that day  
A week or so before  
When "hosannas" were lifted high  
As this crowd, with ardour,  
Watched him enter triumphantly,  
Upon a low donkey,  
This city as they spread branches  
In fullest jubilee.  
His back now striped by flagellum  
And wearing thorny crown,  
We see him leaving this city  
Reversed in his renown,  
Carrying on his back the post  
Upon which he will be  
Nailed high upon a hill that day  
For all the world to see.  
His followers are scattered now,  
Some witness the event  
While others flee to ensure that  
Their lives are not so spent.  
The agony by cross is born  
Beyond physical pain,  
In such abject, demeaning loss



What could God hope to gain?  
As Sabbath rest would soon arrive  
They pull him from the cross  
And cradle in their loving arms  
Their hopes, their dreams, their loss,  
But duty bound they wrap him in  
A linen shroud to place  
Him in a tomb of rough-hewn rock,  
His final resting space.  
They left his body, fully dead,  
Alone inside that tomb,  
So, how could they imagine that  
This space would be a womb?  
For death, our greatest enemy,  
The power of the grave  
Which held him in its clutches then  
Would be the path to save  
All humankind in our despair,  
Our weakness and our fear,  
When on the first day of the week,  
The women coming near  
Discovered that God will not lose  
Anything God creates  
But rather overcoming death  
God fully demonstrates  
That divine vision is beyond  
Our own in many ways  
And that in weakness God finds strength  
Turning nights into days.  
When Mary heard her name spoken  
And Thomas saw the hand  
When two men saw the bread broken  
And Peter swam to land  
They found the risen Christ for them,  
Alive, and understood  
That God could work life from cold death  
And that God always would  
Touch humankind with Easter joy  
And in our pain and strife  
Would transform our own cross from death  
To fullest, brightest life,  
And so, this story, year by year  
Is shared to help us see  
That God is God of light and life  
And calls us all to be  
His Easter people unleashed to  
Share his love joyfully.