

**An Easter Celebration with Poetry**  
*The Fifth Sunday of Easter: May 14, 2017*

**Mary Magdalene and The Other Mary:  
A Song for All Maries**

by Christina Rossetti

*(8:00 Jane Smith; 9:30 Gerda Leveille)*

Our Master lies asleep and is at rest:  
His Heart has ceased to bleed, His Eye to weep:  
The sun ashamed has dropt down in the west:  
Our Master lies asleep.  
Now we are they who weep, and trembling keep  
Vigil, with wrung heart in a sighing breast,  
While slow time creeps, and slow the shadows creep.

Renew Thy youth, as eagle from the nest;  
O Master, who hast sown, arise to reap: --  
No cock-crow yet, no flush on eastern crest:  
Our Master lies asleep.

**Easter**

by Edmund Spenser (1552-1599)

*(Readers: 8:00 Peter Chester; 9:30 Amy Foster)*

Most glorious Lord of Lyfe! that on this day,  
Didst make Thy triumph over death and sin;  
And, having harrowd hell, didst bring away  
Captivity thence captive, us to win:  
This joyous day, deare Lord, with joy begin;  
And grant that we, for whom thou diddest dye,  
Being with Thy deare blood clene washt from sin,  
May live for ever in felicity!

And that Thy love we weighing worthily,  
May likewise love Thee for the same againe;  
And for Thy sake, that all lyke deare didst buy,  
With love may one another entertayne!

So let us love, deare Love, lyke as we ought,  
- - Love is the lesson which the Lord us taught.

## **Christ as a Gardener**

by Andrew Hudgins

*(Readers: 8:00 Cris Neubig; 9:30 Anne Leone)*

The boxwoods planted in the park spell LIVE.  
I never noticed it until they died.  
Before, the entwined green had smudged the word  
unreadable. And when they take their own advice  
again -- come spring, come Easter -- no one will know  
a word is buried in the leaves. I love the way  
that Mary thought her resurrected Lord  
a gardener. It wasn't just the broad-brimmed hat  
and muddy robe that fooled her: he was that changed.  
He looks across the unturned field, the riot  
of unscythed grass, the smattering of wildflowers.  
Before he can stop himself, he's on his knees.  
He roots up stubborn weeds, pinches the suckers,  
deciding order here -- what lives, what dies,  
and how. But it goes deeper even than that.  
His hands burn and his bare feet smolder. He longs  
to lie down inside the long, dew-moist furrows  
and press his pierced side and his broken forehead  
into the dirt. But he's already done it --  
passed through one death and out the other side.  
He laughs. He kicks his bright spade in the earth  
and turns it over. Spring flashes by, then harvest.  
Beneath his feet, seeds dance into the air.  
They rise, and he, not noticing, ascends  
on midair steppingstones of dandelion,  
of milkweed, thistle, cattail, and goldenrod.

## **Easter**

by Joyce Kilmer

*(Readers: 8:00 Jane Smith; 9:30 Gerda Leveille)*

The air is like a butterfly  
With frail blue wings  
The happy earth looks at the sky  
And sings.

## **Manifesto: The Mad Farmer Liberation Front**

by Wendell Berry

*(Reader: Brian Sahlin)*

Love the quick profit, the annual raise,  
vacation with pay. Want more  
of everything ready-made. Be afraid  
to know your neighbors and die.  
And you will have a window in your head.  
Not even your future will be a mystery  
any more. Your mind will be punched in a card  
and shut away in a little drawer.  
When they want you to buy something  
they will call you. When they want you  
to die for profit they will let you know.  
So, friends, every day do something  
that won't compute. Love the Lord.  
Love the world. Work for nothing.  
Take all that you have and be poor.  
Love someone who does not deserve it.  
Denounce the government and embrace  
the flag. Hope to live in that free  
republic for which it stands.  
Give your approval to all you cannot  
understand. Praise ignorance, for what man  
has not encountered he has not destroyed.  
Ask the questions that have no answers.  
Invest in the millennium. Plant sequoias.  
Say your main crop is the forest  
that you did not plant,  
that you will not live to harvest.  
Say that the leaves are harvested  
when they have rotted into the mold.  
Call that profit. Prophesy such returns.  
Put your faith in the two inches of humus  
that will build under the trees  
every thousand years.  
Listen to carrion -- put your ear  
close, and hear the faint chattering  
of the songs that are to come.  
Expect the end of the world. Laugh.  
Laughter is immeasurable. Be joyful

though you have considered all of the facts.  
So long as women do not go cheap  
for power, please women more than men.  
Ask yourself: Will this satisfy  
a woman satisfied to bear a child?  
Will this disturb the sleep  
of a woman near to giving birth?  
Go with your love to the fields.  
Lie easy in the shade. Rest your head  
in her lap. Swear allegiance  
to what is nighest your thoughts.  
As soon as the generals and the politicians  
can predict the motions of your mind,  
lose it. Leave it as a sign  
to mark the false trail, the way  
you didn't go. Be like the fox  
who makes more tracks than necessary,  
some in the wrong direction.  
Practice resurrection.