

## FROM PALM SUNDAY TO PENTECOST

### *A Celebration in Poetry*

#### **The Poet Thinks of the Donkey**

*(Cris Neubig 8:00; Nancy Harrington 9:30)*

by Mary Oliver

On the outskirts of Jerusalem  
the donkey waited.  
Not especially brave, or filled with understanding,  
he stood and waited....

How horses, turned out into the meadow,  
leap with delight!  
How doves, released from their cages,  
clatter away, splashed with sunlight.

But the donkey, tied to a tree as usual, waited.  
Then he let himself be led away.  
Then he let the stranger mount.

Never had he seen such crowds!  
And I wonder if he at all imagined what was to happen.  
Still, he was what he had always been: small, dark, obedient.

I hope, finally, he felt brave.  
I hope, finally, he loved the man who rode so lightly upon him,  
as he lifted one dusty hoof and stepped, as he had to, forward.

#### **Peter's Report**

*(Ben Henry 8:00; Gerda Leveille 9:30)*

by Steven Federle

Running all the way,  
bent double in breathless pain  
we peer and see  
the gaping grave  
open to the rising sun.

Slowly we enter, our eyes sun-blind,  
when we see the empty bench,  
the bloody cloth cast within.

I try to imagine

how light must have pierced the cloth,  
the sudden shudder  
of His broken body,  
His sharp breath exploding  
like a swimmer breaking the surface.

and I notice John's eyes  
outshining the sun.  
and my own face  
lighting even death's  
darkest place!

### **Easter**

by George Herbert

*(Jane Smith 8:00; Bob Knowlton 9:30)*

Rise, heart, thy Lord is risen. Sing his praise  
Without delays  
Who takes thee by the hand, that thou likewise  
With him may'st rise:  
That, as his death calcine'd thee to dust,  
His life may make thee gold, and, much more, just.

Awake, my lute, and struggle for thy part  
With all thy art.  
Thou cross taught all wood to resound his name  
Who bore the same.  
His stretched sinews taught all strings what key  
Is best to celebrate this most high day.

Consort, both heart and lute, and twist a song  
Pleasant and long;  
Or, since all music is but three parts vied  
And multiplied  
Oh let thy bless'ed Spirit bear a part.  
And make up our defects with his sweet art.

## **The Secret Ascension**

by Angelus Silesius

*(Ralph Nardi 8:00; 9:30)*

When you yourself above yourself  
lift up and let God prevail,  
Then will in your spirit  
the Ascension be held.

## **Ascension**

by Malcom Guite

*(Pat Drouin 8:00; Brian Sahlin 9:30)*

We saw his light break through the cloud of glory  
Whilst we were rooted still in time and place  
As Earth became a part of Heaven's story  
And Heaven opened to his human face.  
We saw him go and yet we were not parted  
He took us with him to the heart of things  
The heart that broke for all the broken-hearted  
Is whole and Heaven-centered now, and sings,  
Sings in the strength that rises out of weakness,  
Sings through the clouds that veil him from our sight,  
Whilst we ourselves become his clouds of witness  
And sing the waning darkness into light,  
His light in us, and ours in him concealed,  
Which all creation waits to see revealed.

## **Day of Pentecost**

by Gene Gamble

*(Cris Neubig 8:00; Brad Schide 9:30)*

Rushing Mighty Wind  
Cloven tongues of Holy Ghost Fire  
They received Power

