

'The Sabbath day was over'

Following on from Revd Sam's talk on Easter Day, based around the short ending of the Gospel of Mark, when the women go away frightened, I came across this poem by Liz Varley which can also be sung as a hymn:

The Sabbath day was over, and through the grey of dawn

The women crept in silence, bewildered and forlorn,

To find the borrowed grave where their Master had been laid

And offer love's last homage although they were afraid.

The tomb was broken open, the guard had fled away,

The empty grave-clothes gleamed in the rising light of day.

The body had been taken, no knowing why or how;

The spices and sweet ointments had lost their purpose now.

A stranger told the news that as yet they could not see:

'The Crucified is living, he waits in Galilee.

Go tell his friends to follow; speak out, be not dismayed!'

They ran, but spoke to no one, because they were afraid.

By mystery of your Spirit you gave their message voice,

The dumb were made to speak and the grieving to rejoice;

For somewhere on their journey in truth they met with you:

From death and dread and silence the word of life broke through.

We fear your resurrection, unfathomable Lord;

To follow you will cost us more than we dare afford.

But yet the Gospel fires us: the price of love is paid,

And we will not keep silence – though we may still be afraid.

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So this day, this week may each of us be given the opportunity, and take the opportunity to share with someone the good news that Jesus is alive!

Allelujah Christ is risen! He is risen indeed, Allelujah!