



DEACON'S CORNER

PRAYERS & POEMS FOR EASTERTIDE

Triumphant Jesus

You raised Lazarus from dead, saying
“Unbind him, let him go free.”
You too were bound and laid to rest
in a cold tomb, freshened by myrrh and aloes.
Unbind us so that we may also go free.

In sorrow we left you as the dead Jesus
and in wonder you returned to us as the Risen Christ.
Untied from the strips of linen,
you offered us a new-found freedom.
Raise us from the coldness of the tomb in which we are trapped.

With this freedom we are empowered to make choices
about our lifestyle and attitudes,
But our human frailty prevents us from being courageous
by taking those first vital steps.
Release us from the self-imposed exile of our prejudices.

Amen.

By: Tony Singleton/CAFOD

Recreate the world

Creator God,
Because of your abundant love
you chose to bring light and order into the formless void,
to create a world of unsurpassed beauty
and you saw that it was good.
We ask that you continue to recreate the world
with that same attentive love,
to bring light into today's ever increasing chaos and darkness
where we have failed to be stewards and carers of your creation.
Replenish our hearts
so that we too can renew the face of the earth. Amen.

By: Kieran O'Brien/CAFOD

Poems

The Flower,

How fresh, oh Lord, how sweet and clean
Are thy returns! even as the flowers in spring;
To which, besides their own demean,
The late-past frosts tributes of pleasure bring.
Grief melts away
Like snow in May,
As if there were no such cold thing.
Who would have thought my shriveled heart
Could have recovered greenness? It was gone
Quite underground; as flowers depart
To see their mother-root, when they have blown,
Where they together
All the hard weather,
Dead to the world, keep house unknown.
These are thy wonders, Lord of power,
Killing and quickening, bringing down to hell
And up to heaven in an hour;
Making a chiming of a passing-bell.
We say amiss
This or that is:
Thy word is all, if we could spell.
Oh, that I once past changing were,
Fast in thy Paradise, where no flower can wither!
Many a spring I shoot up fair,
Offering at heaven, growing and groaning thither;
Nor doth my flower
Want a spring shower,
My sins and I joining together.
But while I grow in a straight line,
Still upwards bent, as if heaven were mine own,
Thy anger comes, and I decline:
What frost to that? what pole is not the zone
Where all things burn,
When thou dost turn,
And the least frown of thine is shown?
And now in age I bud again,
After so many deaths I live and write;
I once more smell the dew and rain,
And relish versing. Oh, my only light,
It cannot be
That I am he
On whom thy tempests fell all night.

These are thy wonders, Lord of love,
To make us see we are but flowers that glide;
Which when we once can find and prove,
Thou hast a garden for us where to bide;
Who would be more,
Swelling through store,
Forfeit their Paradise by their pride.

by George Herbert

Solace at Eastertide

Upon the glen, the sun is born,
an orb as yellow, as the corn.
Today upon this blessed morn,
The veil of death and sin was torn.

How bitter sweet our faith does lie,
the son of God we did crucify.
Yet death our Lord did defy.

What love, our God, did bestow,
No greater love we'll ever know.

I ponder this on pastures green...

What reason can we be forlorn?
For we should know that when we die,
bought by his blood, as white as snow,
we shall enter into his grace, clean, this I know.

By: Emile Pinet