



Easter Joy

I stood at a window and quietly gazed
At a picture they had on display;
'Twas a new exhibition
Of our Lord's crucifixion
Depicting that memorable day.

Soon I was conscious that close by my side
Stood another as transformed as I;
And turning around,
I surprisingly found
A lad with a tear in his eye.

A poorly clad boy with torn dirty clothes
But his face held a heavenly glow;
"Who is that one?
And what have they done?"
I quietly asked, "Do you know?"

"Yes, sir, I know," the child earnestly said
As he looked at me, straight in the eye;
"He came long ago,
I thought you would know-
That's our Saviour," he said with a sigh.

"Them is the soldiers, standing right there,
And that big long spear ain't no toy;
And there's still another,
That one is His mother,
She's crying cause He is her Boy."

Thrusting his hands in his pockets, he said
In a subdued and reverent tone,
"They killed Him, sir,
So wicked they were,
And He died on that cross all alone."

"Where did you learn about Jesus?" I asked,
"Have you heard about this from a preacher?"
And then as he turned
He said, "No, sir," I learned
All of this from my Mission School teacher."

I slowly and thoughtfully walked on my way
When I heard a child's voice ringing clear,
"Say, Mister, please wait
'Cause there's somethin' great
That I think you still ought to hear."

I turned and I saw he was running my way
He stopped, raised his hand to me -then-
With all of his might,
He cried with delight,
"Mister, the Lord rose again!"

His message delivered he happily smiled,
Waved his hand and went on his way;
"Hallelujah," I cried as I wept for sheer joy,
"Praise God for that first Easter Day."

Mary Z. McHenry

He is not here: for he is risen, as he said. Come, see the place
where the Lord lay.

Matthew 28:6

... I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me,
though he were dead, yet shall he live.

John 11:25