

The Beauty of Easter

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Who could have furnished this season
With blossoms from colored gardens of beauty.
Along with the sun splendoring through the patchwork of blue
On the distant mountains stretching for its warmth.

What mighty hand has swept abroad
The lightning crashing through the night,
As the commanding rain descends over all
Its thrashing pellets sprinkle His earth.

A Creator who painted the world
With a brush of His wisdom and love,
Who spattered His rainbow across the heavens?
Is that Master who on our shoulder lies.

In awe we whisper at the mystery
Of nature's flower just awakening
To the ray of golden wonders,
And into the new dawn of spring.

On this occasion of Easter,
Occurs the long awaited baskets of candy,
Or the new brightened clothing.
But there is no talk of its true meaning.

The Christ who died for our sins
So God's grace could live,
Such rich abundance from above
Did He with His love in glory arise.

On the highest hill He stands.
And even through the widest desert lands.
In the sorrowed murks much pain
But through the grave He sends relief.

Why does the wicked not feel
What we sense within our souls?
The contentness to ever trust
Always our Father's grace will flow.

In this memory which holds Christ near,
Let us keep the meaning ever ringing,

Not only when this time is gone,
But let the hope never diminish.

Originally Published in:
Vol 35 No 2 April 1976