



## The Meaning of Easter

By Lucy Wall

*It was just after Easter 2013 when I felt inspired to write my poem "The Meaning Of Easter." Over the month leading up to this Christian festival, I witnessed various different statements, comments and attitudes which I felt were a real reflection of how society is trying to omit Jesus more and more from our culture and our nation. As a result of this I felt lead to write a poem about Easter that put Jesus in the centre of it.*

*My prayer is that it can be an encouragement and a reminder for us all to look beyond the barrage of cute bunnies and chocolate eggs and remember or perhaps discover for the first time what the true meaning of Easter is. Now please don't get me wrong, I love a chocolate egg as much as the next person! I'm not saying we can't enjoy these things but I just think that in the midst of all the celebrations, the colour and festivities, it's good to remember the real reason behind it all. After all, Christian festivals really ought to be about Christ!*

Tulips, bunnies, fluffy chicks appear in fullest force.  
But can I find an Easter card that represents the source?  
With shelves of chocolate eggs that could outsize the average head,  
It seems that Easter greetings come with rabbits on instead.

I don't begrudge festivities and colour in my day,  
But cannot help but feel that Easter's point is stole away.  
Are children being taught of why they have two weeks off school?  
Or is it just two weeks of sweets, escaping teacher's rule?

Now let's address "Shrove Tuesday" where one might indulge one's self,  
As pancake mixes disappear off every market shelf!  
But what's the point in feasting on this mix of milk and flour,  
A month before "Good Friday" and the Saviour's darkest hour?

As Easter time approaches I hear people asking questions.  
And witness some responses and some very strange suggestions!  
"What's the deal with pancakes? Who remembers what that meant?  
What's Jesus got to do with giving up some stuff for Lent?"

"I'm giving up the chocolate and the booze for forty days!  
A proper bit of detox ought to help me in my ways."  
I'll pride myself on "self control" and tick that off my list.  
Then when those days are up I'll self indulge for what I've missed!

Now why would you deny yourself and go to all that trouble,  
If just to brag of "self control" and then consume in double?  
This special time was set aside for inner contemplation.  
A time for fellowship with God and self-examination.



A season to re-focus with God's help to tame the flesh.  
With humble prayers of penitence the spirit is refreshed.  
Or "What's "good" about "Good Friday?" Why's it special? What's the fuss?"  
Well "Good Friday" is the day our King died on a cross for us!

He pardoned us from every sin and once that's understood,  
It's very clear to see why they declared this day as "good!"  
But commercialism's influence has made the meaning worthless  
And nations can forget their God and Easter's very purpose.

My heart is saddened every year as Jesus is erased.  
By chirping chicks and chocolate eggs my Saviour's been replaced.  
Though Easter greetings come complete with bunny ears and tail,  
These symbols are as hollow as the chocolate eggs for sale.

It seems that now "The Holidays" must serve the non-believer,  
For Santa's not the purpose or the point of Christmas either!  
Now this won't make me popular and may make some see red,  
But Easter is the time when Jesus Christ rose from the dead!

This message may offend and put some noses out of joint,  
But Jesus' resurrection is the core of Easter's point!  
It's existence lies with Christ and His achievement is the reason  
We have an extra long weekend and celebrate the season!

Let's think about Palm Sunday when they sang His praise with Psalms;  
At Christ's Triumphal Entry all the crowds laid down their palms.  
This act declared His Deity, His Lordship over all.  
Within a week He'd pay the price for sinful mankind's fall.

For He endured betrayal in a garden dark with night.  
This sinless Man was seized as each Disciple fled in fright.  
He stood before accusers who did all they could to shame  
His purest motivations and deny His holy name.

They dressed Him up to mock Him, stripped away His dignity.  
And all this He endured so you and I could then go free.  
They beat Him to a bloody pulp and tied Him to a post.  
Resigned, He chose to die to save the thing He loved the most.



With every lash upon His back, His body weakened more.  
Yet His resolve to save His Bride grew stronger than before.  
With nails and ropes confining the Messiah to the tree,  
What really held Him there was deepest love for you and me!

His purpose on the Earth: to seek and save that which was lost.  
Providing man's atonement, God Himself covered the cost!  
This makes it such a tragedy when Easter is diminished,  
When Jesus' final words upon that cross were "It is finished!"

Achieving what mankind could not, to save us from despair!  
The curtain in the temple tore and Earth shook everywhere!  
Graves were opened, rocks were split! Bystanders stood quite awed.  
Seeing these signs the guards declared: "This was the Son of God!"

Three days He lay entombed and then the angel rolled the stone!  
Defeating death, in glory rose to reign upon His throne.  
Fulfilling every prophesy, He crushed the serpent's head.  
No longer cursed by death, we have eternal life instead!

"Hosanna!" is the Easter song my grateful heart will sing!  
Acknowledging what He achieved, I praise my awesome King!  
So now consider Easter chicks and bunnies everywhere.  
I hope I've illustrated why these things just don't compare!

Perhaps a little truth may lie in some of them per se;  
The egg, a simple symbol of the stone that rolled away.  
But fluffy, pagan symbols that are favoured by the media?  
For answers on traditions, we can find on Wikipedia!

But ignoring the real reason is a mistake we can't afford.  
So this Easter, look to Jesus; He's our Saviour and our Lord.  
Though chocolate eggs may beckon, take a moment to recall.  
Indulge yourself with Jesus, He's the sweetest gift of all!

*Mark 16: 4-7*

*"But when they looked up, they saw that the stone had been rolled away-for it was very large. And entering the tomb, they saw a young man clothed in a long white robe sitting on the right side; and they were alarmed. But he said to them, 'Do not be alarmed. You seek Jesus of Nazareth, who was crucified. He is risen! He is not here. See the place where they laid Him. But go, tell His Disciples-and Peter- that He is going before you into Galilee; there you will see Him, as He said to you.'"*