

An Easter Poetry Collection

By Wendy Cummins

Calvary

In the garden He prayed, not my will
But yours be done my God.
Jesus was willing to go to the cross
For His Father's will to be done.
He knew the victory had to be won.
On the cross so plain and bare
He knew His father's will for Him
Was to die, but not die in despair.
Calvary's road was long and hard
For the pain He had to bear
But victory came on Sunday 'morn
When He rose defeating despair.
A life of victory He had won
A victorious life for us.
His sacrifice was complete on the cross
Winning abundant life for us.

Mary

Mary mourned her dying Lord
As she watched Him slip from life.
How could this happen to my son?
He only did good in life!
Sunday 'morn she ran to the tomb
To pay homage unto Him.
But the tomb was empty, her Lord was
gone
Devastation began to set in.
"Mary, Mary," He called to her.
"Lord, is that really you?"
She fell at His feet with joy in her heart
No longer feeling defeat.
Her joy overflowed as she ran to the
twelve,
The twelve faithful men of God.
He rose again just like He said!
Salvation was won for us.



King Of the Jews

Walking the road to Calvary
Was a hard and rocky road.
The crowds they jeered and spat at you;
They'd forgotten the love you gave.
They nailed your hands and feet to a cross
A rugged wooden cross.
And a crown of thorns cut into you,
Then they hatefully mocked you and said,
"Crucify the King of the Jews
He's really only mere man!"
You died in their place forgiving them,
A sacrifice for all men.
But Sunday 'morn you rose again
Victorious from the grave.
Praise God you've risen victorious
Praise God you came to save.



Peter

"Peter you will deny me
Before the cock crows thrice."
"Not me oh Lord," said Peter.
"I'd never deny thee thrice."
Then a maiden happened to come walking by
"Weren't you with the preacher man?"
"No, not me, you're mistaken!
I never knew the man."
Another maiden walked right by
"Oh I know your face ...
You were with that healing man."
"Oh no, not me," he said
Finally along came another maid.
"I'm sure I've seen you before."
"Not me," was all Peter could say
When the cock crowed just thrice.
"What have I done!" was Peter's cry.
He realized He'd denied His Lord.
Then he hung his head in deepest shame
And shed many bitter tears.
We need to watch how we respond
When we're challenged to give an account.
Are we ready and willing to declare His name
No matter who makes the call?
We need to ready to speak up for Him
And tell all that He has done,
To declare His love to a dying world
To show them the way to God.

Thomas

Thomas doubted right from the start
That Jesus was alive.

No matter what anyone said to Him
He thought it was a lie.

"I need to see His nail pierced hands,
And the sword cut in His side.

How could a man be raised again
For I saw Him surely die?"

"Come unto Me," Jesus said.

"Come and see my hands,
And put your hand into my side
For my son, I am alive."

"Forgive me Lord," Thomas said,
As he fell at His Master's feet.

"Forgive me Lord for doubting you
And only seeing defeat."

Are we like Thomas, doubting God,
Only wanting to see clear proof?
We need to take Him at His Word
And believe what He says He will do.

For as we trust His Word alone
Our faith will surely grow.

For the only way to please the Lord
Is to have faith and let it show.

Our faith will grow the more we trust
As we see our God at work.

He waiting patiently for us
To take Him at His Word.

"Well done, good and faithful one,"

Is what we long to hear,

When we reach the time of meeting Him

For our faith will take us there.

