

Easter: Resurrection Sunday

Prayer:

Lord, our God, here we are gathered, before you and with one another, to celebrate Easter, the day on which you revealed your dear Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, as the living Savior who took upon himself all of our sins and, with them, all of our human poverty and even death itself, paid the penance and suffered in our place, and once for all and forevermore conquered them all and set them all aside. We know well how it is with us, and you know it better still. But we come, and we thank you for the freedom that we have to turn our eyes away from ourselves and toward you, who have done such a thing for the world and for us all. Let us now speak and hear in an upright fashion, that it may be your true Word that reigns, moves, and fills this hour; that it may comfort, encourage, and admonish all of us; that even our poor praise may please you! Let this come to pass among us, as well as everywhere else in the city and in the nation, both near and far, wherever people gather today to hear and grasp the promise of the resurrection and the life. Look on your people with grace! Amen.

Karl Barth, *50 Prayers*

Reading:

Rise heart; thy Lord is risen. Sing his praise
Without delays,
Who takes thee by the hand, that thou likewise
With him mayst rise.

That, as his death calcined thee to dust,
His life may make thee gold, and much more just.
Awake, my lute, and struggle for thy part
With all thy art.

The cross taught all wood to resound his name,
Who bore the same.

His stretched sinews taught all strings, what key
Is best to celebrate this most high day.

Consort both heart and lute, and twist a song
Pleasant and long:
Or since all music is but three parts vied
And multiplied; O let thy blessed Spirit bear a part,
And make up our defects with his sweet art.

I got me flowers to straw thy way:
I got me boughs off many a tree:
But thou wast up by break of day,
And brought'st thy sweets along with thee.

The Sun arising in the East,
Though he give light, and th'East perfume;
If they should offer to contest
With thy arising, they presume.

Can there be any day but this,
Though many suns to shine endeavour?

We count three hundred, but we miss:
There is but one, and that one ever.

George Herbert, *Easter*