

## A Tiny Tale of Easter

I saw him there upon the cross  
A win for God and my great loss.  
For many years our herd has told  
A story that was marvelous to behold.  
Of thirty years past when this Jesus was born  
And my father who had carried his mother ate corn.  
You see we don't get that much respect  
But in our years if they look one can detect  
The essential work of God on high  
And the holy times when God draws nigh.  
God spoke to Balaam years ago  
Through an ancestor so now God could show  
That we can talk when God is ready  
And make a life both strong and steady.  
When Jerusalem saw my Lord come in  
There were, below the holy din  
My mom and I, we made the trek  
And brought in days we could not expect.  
I saw him there upon the cross  
And saw his people at a loss  
They did not realize he had to die

That the resurrection was not a lie.  
I stood there wondering if I could take him down  
Or if he should keep wearing that painful crown.  
His people cried and hung their head  
The air was filled with a sense of dread.  
I could have kicked them, but then somehow  
It would not have been a worthy row.  
I waited, three days it must have been  
Outside that tomb they put him in.  
I listened with ears so long and wide  
Back and forth I walked with expectant stride.  
I heard a rumble in the midst of night  
It must have been a scary sight.  
The guards were paralyzed with fright  
As they came in contact with God's might.  
For the stone which covered the borrowed tomb  
Was rolled away by angels soon.  
My Lord he looked both left and right  
And saw me with his holy sight.  
"Welcome to a new day," Jesus said with a smile.  
"I'm glad you brought my mom many a mile.  
And thank you for bringing me in to the city  
If I had had to walk it would have been a pity.

Mary is coming to stand by my side  
In a little while, I'll need another ride."  
So I watched as Mary and her friends  
Came to look where their Lord had been.  
I saw them cry and then upward look  
To see the face of God arisen  
His godly face no longer hidden.  
They ran to tell the world, you see  
Of Easter day which was meant to be.  
Peter and John came, they were in a race  
To see what they thought a dreadful place.  
But when they saw the empty tomb  
It was so much better than the upper room.  
Jesus said to me, "Let's take a ride;"  
"We'll get there faster, and I want you by my side."  
The first time they saw him, the women and men  
They finally knew he had risen again.  
Thomas was not there, he did not believe  
Till he saw where the nails and the spear did cleave  
His flesh as he died for you and me  
When he heard Jesus speak, then he could see.  
Then my Lord turned to me and spoke his piece  
As he looked upon my ragged fleece.

“From now on you will have a cross on your back,  
For you helped me stopped Satan’s attack.  
The Jerusalem donkey will protect sheep and cattle  
And have a place apart from all prattle.  
For Easter gives all a new place in life  
And pulls us away from useless strife.”  
So now Easter has an undercover story  
Which simply adds to heaven’s glory.  
For a donkey who spoke of upcoming danger  
Reminds the world God is never a stranger.  
And a donkey who carried the mother of God  
Is as worthy as any other feet which were shod.  
Easter, you see is about making the unknown  
Visible, holy, miraculous shown.  
Whenever you think to God you don’t matter  
Remember the words and the thoughts I chatter.  
If a tiny donkey, not even full grown  
Can carry salvation without a moan,  
Then you can tell of Easter so long ago  
And the Easter today which shows us with Jesus we go.  
The church lives on, as we speak these words  
That faith is about love, not chariots and swords.  
Easter is a preview of heaven they say

A weekly blessing in church I bray.

So believe it and know it, don't take it for granted

That good news from heaven is never ever slanted.

Direct from the cross to the tomb we arise

Jesus our savior is the best ever prize.