

**Readings**  
**and a Message in Song**

Easter Sunday, April 16, 2017

Opening to the Spirit

*from "Almanac for the Soul" by Marv and Nancy Hiles*

April is an agitating month, leaving us to ride out this new, insistent life from places inside us never before reached. Kites in the driven skies tug at thin strings that tether them to earth just as our souls tug at our bodies. Swallows and purple martins dive heart-stoppingly into the emptiness. We are, after all, much more than rational beings, ...we are animated ground.

Scripture Reading:

Matthew 28:1-10

After the Sabbath, as the first day of the week was dawning, Mary Magdalene and the other Mary went to see the tomb. And suddenly there was a great earthquake; for an angel of the Lord, descending from heaven, came and rolled back the stone and sat on it. His appearance was like lightning, and his clothing white as snow. For fear of him the guards shook and became like dead men.

But the angel said to the women, "Do not be afraid; I know that you are looking for Jesus who was crucified. He is not here; for he has been raised, as he said. Come, see the place where he lay. Then go quickly and tell his disciples, 'He has been raised from the dead, and indeed he is going ahead of you to Galilee; there you will see him.' This is my message for you."

So they left the tomb quickly with fear and great joy, and ran to tell his disciples. Suddenly Jesus met them and said, "Greetings!" And they came to him, took hold of his feet, and worshipped him. Then Jesus said to them, "Do not be afraid; go and tell my brothers to go to Galilee; there they will see me."

Food for Thought

*Easter Exultet*

James Broughton

Shake out your qualms.  
Shake up your dreams.  
Deepen your roots.  
Extend your branches.  
Trust deep water  
and head for the open,  
even if your vision  
shipwrecks you.  
Quit your addiction  
to sneer and complain.  
Open a lookout.  
Dance on a brink.  
Run with your wildfire.  
You are closer to glory  
leaping an abyss  
than upholstering a rut.  
Not dawdling.  
Not doubting.  
Intrepid all the way  
Walk toward clarity.  
At every crossroad  
be prepared  
to bump into wonder.  
Only love prevails.  
En route to disaster  
insist on canticles.  
Lift your ineffable  
out of the mundane.  
Nothing perishes;  
nothing survives;  
everything transforms!  
Honeymoon with Big Joy!

## The Message in Song Form

### *Let Yourself Be Carried*

Alan Claassen

River falls from a hole in the ground,  
bound to find the ocean.  
Carves a valley on its way down.  
I wonder what becomes of me.

Find a well where the water's drawn  
deeper down where the wish is.  
To pull it up you've got to be strong.  
I wonder what becomes of you.

#### **Chorus:**

**Let yourself be carried,  
let yourself be carried,  
just as you  
have carried others too.**

Waters rise through the tree to sky,  
gathering light through branches.  
Young girl climbs her way so high.  
I wonder what becomes of me.

Marshland slows the water down,  
gathering all the wisdom.  
Redwing blackbird sings a round.  
I wonder what becomes of you.

#### **Chorus**

Desert blooms where the water's gone.  
Life has a way of living.  
Each one finds somewhere to belong.  
I wonder what becomes of us.

#### **Chorus**