

EASTER SUNDAY

The End of the Beginning – An Afterword

Through our tears, we see life and find hope. For we are loved – and beloved.

GATHERING

Call to Worship

Congregational Singing I Know that My Redeemer Liveth (#279)

Thoughts on the Theme

THROUGH OUR TEARS

Scripture Reading Psalm 30

Poem On the Road from Emmaus (Carol Penner)

Congregational Response The Strife is O'er (#263)

WE SEE LIFE

Scripture Reading John 20:1-10

Poem On the road again with Peter (Carol Penner)

Congregational Response O Sons & Daughters (#274)

AND FIND HOPE

Scripture Reading Isaiah 65:17-25

Poem i thank you God for most this amazing (ee cummings)

Congregational Response In the Bulb (#614)

FOR WE ARE LOVED – AND BELOVED

Scripture Reading John 20:11-18

Poem Seen (Jan Richardson)

Congregational Response The Love of God (#44 STJ)

RESPONDING

Words of Response

Song of Response Come Thou Fount

Congregational Sharing

Prayer

Offering Thine is the Glory (#269)

GOING FORTH

Announcements

Congregational Singing Christ the Lord is Risen Today (#280)

Benediction

ABOUT THE SERVICE:

Worship Leader	Heather Block
Poetry Reader	Sunnie Friesen
Song Leader	Darlene Rempel
Pianist	Esther Nikkel

ABOUT THE READINGS:

Four poems are incorporated into this morning's service. The sources for them are as follows:

Hope for the Shadow People and *On the Road Again with Peter* are both copyright Carol Penner and found at www.leadinginworship.com . Used with permission.

i thank God for most this amazing was written by e.e. cummings. It was recommended by Peter and Leona – and is their way of being part of this morning's service.

Seen: An Easter Blessing is by Jan Richardson and is found at <http://paintedprayerbook.com/2012/04/06/easter-sunday-seen/>

The funeral for Sharon Penner will be on
Wednesday, March 30, 2016, 2:00 pm at
North Kildonan Mennonite Brethren Church
(1315 Gateway Road – corner of Gateway and Springfield Roads).

The service will be followed by a light lunch.

There will be a private family viewing will be between 12:00 - 1:00pm
The public viewing at the church will be 1:00 - 2:00 pm
A private family service and cremation will take place at a later date.

RELATED TEXTS

Call to Worship

Brothers and sisters,
If you lift your net and find it empty, Come here!
We'll cast it out again into Christ's abundance.

If you open your eyes but do not recognize the Holy One, Come here!
We'll find the Risen Christ present within and among us.

If your life is filled with pain & mourning, Come here!
May love infold you and lead you back into the dance.

Come here, sisters and brothers!
Join every creature in heaven and earth
and under the earth and in the sea, as we sing
blessing and honor and glory to the Lamb
and to the One seated upon the throne, forever & ever. Amen

Psalm 30

- ¹ I will exalt you, LORD,
for you lifted me out of the depths
and did not let my enemies gloat over me.
- ² LORD my God, I called to you for help, and you healed me.
- ³ You, LORD, brought me up from the realm of the dead;
you spared me from going down to the pit.
- ⁴ Sing the praises of the LORD, you his faithful people;
praise his holy name.
- ⁵ For his anger lasts only a moment, but his favor lasts a lifetime;
weeping may stay for the night, but rejoicing comes in the morning.
- ⁶ When I felt secure, I said, "I will never be shaken."
- ⁷ LORD, when you favored me, you made my royal mountain^[c] stand
firm;
but when you hid your face, I was dismayed.
- ⁸ To you, LORD, I called; to the Lord I cried for mercy:
- ⁹ "What is gained if I am silenced, if I go down to the pit?
Will the dust praise you? Will it proclaim your faithfulness?"
- ¹⁰ Hear, LORD, and be merciful to me; LORD, be my help."
- ¹¹ You turned my wailing into dancing;
you removed my sackcloth and clothed me with joy,
- ¹² that my heart may sing your praises and not be silent.
LORD my God, I will praise you forever.

Easter poem: Hope for the shadow people

We are the shadow people who dance with death,
that great shade, our whole life long.
We try to run from its darkness,
we avoid it, we try to elude it.
But in the end we are always the shadow people,
hopelessly connected to death.
The darkness of death eclipses us.
Death hems us in, stifles us, stunts our growth,
it wants to kill us.
Crippled and cramped by this grave story
we long for a saviour
who sees our crooked shadows, our bent-overness.

Jesus cracks open the darkness like a nut.
The tomb's gloom exposed, extinguished.
And this is the sign, that we have found him,
not swaddled in graveclothes and lying in a tomb,
but alive, amidst us, dynamic, speaking, directing, loving.
Jesus dawns in our lives like the bright morning star,
growing in intensity, enveloping, absorbing,
a light in which there is no darkness at all.
This Easter morning Jesus Christ,
who himself danced with death,
who himself lay three days in darkness,
who himself was crippled and clamped on a cross,
stands straight and tall before us!
God of now done darkness,
we thank you for our Saviour, the Light of the world
who has brought death to death, and life to life

Isaiah 65:17-25 (NRSV)

¹⁷ For I am about to create new heavens and a new earth;
the former things shall not be remembered or come to mind.

¹⁸ But be glad and rejoice forever in what I am creating;
for I am about to create Jerusalem as a joy, and its people as a
delight.

¹⁹ I will rejoice in Jerusalem, and delight in my people;
no more shall the sound of weeping be heard in it, or the cry of
distress. ²⁰ No more shall there be in it an infant that lives but a few
days, or an old person who does not live out a lifetime; for one who
dies at a hundred years will be considered a youth, and one who falls
short of a hundred will be considered accursed.

²¹ They shall build houses and inhabit them; they shall plant vineyards
and eat their fruit. ²² They shall not build and another inhabit; they
shall not plant and another eat; for like the days of a tree shall the
days of my people be, and my chosen shall long enjoy the work of
their hands.

²³ They shall not labor in vain, or bear children for calamity; for they
shall be offspring blessed by the LORD— and their descendants as
well.

²⁴ Before they call I will answer, while they are yet speaking I will hear.

²⁵ The wolf and the lamb shall feed together, the lion shall eat straw
like the ox; but the serpent—its food shall be dust! They shall not
hurt or destroy on all my holy mountain, says the LORD.

“i thank You God for most this amazing”

i thank You God for most this amazing
day:for the leaping greenly spirits of trees
and a blue true dream of sky; and for everything
which is natural which is infinite which is yes
(i who have died am alive again today,
and this is the sun’s birthday; this is the birth
day of life and of love and wings: and of the gay
great happening illimitably earth)
how should tasting touching hearing seeing
breathing any—lifted from the no
of all nothing—human merely being
doubt unimaginable You?
(now the ears of my ears awake and
now the eyes of my eyes are opened)

e.e. cummings

Seen

A Blessing for Easter Sunday

You had not imagined
that something so empty
could fill you to overflowing

and now you carry the knowledge like an awful treasure,
or like a child that roots itself beneath your heart:

how the emptiness will bear forth a new world
that you cannot fathom but on whose edge you stand.

So why do you linger?

You have seen and so you are already blessed.

You have been seen and so you are the blessing.

There is no other word you need.

There is simply to go and tell.

There is simply to begin.

Easter poem: On the road again with Peter

On Friday night we left the tomb in silence,
our feet heavy on that grave road,
clinging to each other for support
every face wet with tears.
Our steps beating out the refrain of our hearts,
“He’s dead, he’s dead.”

No sleep for me all that long night.
Each time I closed my eyes I was again on that road to Jerusalem
palm branches waving,
again at a table with Jesus, again in a garden, again in a courtyard.
Again hearing the news that indeed our Saviour Christ the Lord
had been murdered, crucified like a criminal.

We met the women at the tomb and saw his broken body.
As night fell we put our shoulders to that heavy stone.
We left him there in that cold cave.

There were few words that next day,
we each sought our own company.
John went to the temple. James went wandering on the hills.
I found myself again in the garden,
the place where I could not stay awake to pray.
Sleep now was far from me, but prayers still escaped me.
I came back to my bed in the darkness.

I must have slept, for I thought I was dreaming
the knocking and the women’s excited voices
the light of the rising sun just touching my pillow.

John’s words “He is risen?” propelled me from my bed
and I was there holding Mary’s arms, shaking her, she half laughing,
half crying, making no sense, talking of stones rolled away and
gardeners, and angels, and the tomb empty.
I looked at John, and with the same thought we grabbed our cloaks
and ran, our feet beating the distance of that road our breath ragged.
I could see it, the tomb, the stone rolled away.
And then I was there, in the doorway,
the spot where we had left Jesus-- empty.
The cloths that had wrapped his cold body neatly folded in a pile.
I came to the door of the tomb the linen cloths hanging from my
hands, and paused there, like Lazarus
blinking with incomprehension at this new life.

Who rolled this stone away?
What force conquered death?
When will I see my Saviour again?
Where will he meet me?
How can this be?

On Sunday morning we left the tomb in silence,
our feet hurrying on that grave road,
clinging to each other for support
every face wet with tears.
Our steps beating out the refrain of our hearts,
“He’s risen, he’s risen!”