

## “Easter”

(adapted by Hal Pendergrass from a Gerard Manley Hopkins poem)  
(Sung to the tune of “See Amid the Winter’s Snow”)

① Break the box and shed its scent;  
Stopping not to count the cost;  
What of gold or perfume spent;  
Reck not what the poor have lost;  
Upon Christ throw all away:  
Know ye, this is Easter Day.

**Chorus:** *Open wide your hearts that they take in joy this Easter Day.*

② Build His church and deck His shrine;  
Empty though it be on earth;  
Ye have kept your choicest wine—  
Let it flow for heavenly mirth;  
Pluck the harp and breathe the horn:  
Know ye not ‘tis Easter morn?

③ Gather gladness from the skies;  
Take a lesson from the ground;  
Flowers open heav’ward eyes  
And a Spring-time joy have found;  
Earth throws Winter’s robes away,  
Decks herself for Easter Day.

④ Beauty now for ashes wear, Perfumes for the garb of woe Chaplets for disheveled hair, Dances for sad footsteps slow; Jigs and reels are fit to bring Praises to our heavenly King.	⑤ Seek God’s house in happy throng; Crowded let His table be; Mingle praises, prayer and song, Singing to the Trinity. Henceforth let your souls always Make each morn an Easter Day.
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We celebrate the Lord’s Supper weekly—and in a circle, at the end of worship. A word of direction is given, and with this everyone stands and moves to the walls. The cup is passed in two forms: in a chalice and then in small individual cups. You are free to choose.

And as this is the Supper of the Lord Christ, please listen to the instructions we give as to what qualifies a visitor to participate. **But whether you intend to take communion or not, please join us in the circle.**

# He is risen!

See print copy for art work.

*But for you who revere my name,  
the Sun of righteousness will rise  
with healing in its wings.  
And you will go out and leap like  
calves released from the stall.*

— Malachi 4:2 —

**Old Orchard Church**

**Second Sunday of Easter**

**April 27, 2014 ~ 10:15-11:50 a.m.**

## Celebrating Jesus as the Community of Resurrection Joy

*I am the great Sun. This hour begins*

*My dancing day—pirouetting in a whirl of white light*

*In my wide orchestral sky, a red ball bouncing*

*Across the eternal hills;*

*For now my Lord is restored: with the rising dew*

*He carries his own up to his glittering kingdom—*

*Benedicite, benedicite, benedicite omnia opera. \**

—John Heath-Stubbs (1918 — 2006)

\*Praise him, praise him, praise him, all his works



### Scripture Readings

**Old Testament Lesson:** Isaiah 25:6-9

**Gospel Reading:** John 20:19-23

### Sermon

“The Fight to be Humble”

1 Peter 5:1-11

Mark Stirling, pastor of Cornerstone St. Andrews, Director of The Chalmers Centre, and Coordinator of Discipleship Network in the European Leadership Forum, in St. Andrews, Scotland, guest preacher

## Resurrected Ourselves

If you are a Christian, you have been resurrected. Start the singing.

It's Eastertide, and so it's time to ponder the wonderful truth, mysteriously profound, that believers “**have been raised with Christ.**” He rose, and we rose with him. Paul sets that out in Colossians 3:1-4, a remarkable passage—remarkable because it's a cameo of the whole gospel. In it there are four of the great acts of Christ's redemptive work: his dying, his rising, his ascending, and his second coming. But the astounding thing is not that Paul mentions these four events together. What's astounding is his claim that these Colossian Christians—and, by implication all Christians—also were crucified, rose from the dead, ascended to sit at the right hand of God, and will come back with Christ in some sort of stupendous condition when he returns.

But is Paul claiming too much? What is this? How could all this be true of me? A lot of times I feel more dead than risen from the dead. And a good part of the time I feel like I'm slogging it out in the mud of life's streets rather than sitting on a throne in heaven above the tumult and the pain of living.

Though sometimes we feel like he is, Paul most emphatically is not claiming too much. He is setting out here our “position” in Christ: it is because God the Father, out of his very personal love for me, so identifies me with his Son, that he regards me, if I trust him, as having suffered what Jesus suffered and as having won what he won. And though I do not have the prize in its fullness yet until the End, it is mine already by virtue of my position: through faith I have been made a son of the High King forever! And I have received the first installment of it all: the death-defying Breath of God, the Holy Spirit, has been given to me.

Each week in Eastertide we will celebrate a different thing Christ calls us to do, as the believing community, with the resurrection life he shares with us. Today we focus on the joy we know and express because Christ is raised from the dead. The night before he died Jesus said to his disciples. **Now is your time of grief, but I will see you again and you will rejoice, and no one will take away your joy** (John 16:22). We have lots of pain and setbacks and disappointments in our lives. But underneath all of that, if we know Christ personally, there can be an unquenchable, inextinguishable light of joy and happiness deep inside us. The Holy Spirit creates that joy-flame and keeps it lit by convincing us that what Paul wrote to the Colossians is actually true: **For you died, and your life is now hidden with Christ in God. When Christ, who is your life, appears, then you also will appear with him in glory.**

And if that is true, we ought be making choices to enjoy it.

—Ron Lutjens

