

23. 'Work your way to heaven .
And so we try and try.
The words of men deceive us,
With a clever, vicious lie.
24. False religion and tradition,
These things are man made history.
I live in Him, He lives in me,
Therein lies the mystery.
25. Our bodies die and rot away,
There is no need to fear it.
The gift of life is ours to keep,
When we receive His Spirit.
26. Holy blood left holy stains,
Upon a cross shaped alter.
His saving grace is always there,
His promise cannot falter.
27. Sacrifices now mean nothing,
And repetitions vain.
There was One sacrifice for sins,
We can't repeat His pain.
28. Sinless, beaten, mocked and spit on,
A laugh for the Roman guard.
Triumph over torment,
His life could not be barred.
29. He took our sin and gave himself,
To death with fingers strong and cold.
Eternal darkness strained to hold Him,
His power broke it's hold!
30. This poem may stir feelings,
What it says and how it looks.
Good News is what these words proclaim,
Look in God's Book of Books.
31. This day will mean so little,
To those who make a fuss,
This day is God's reminder,
Of what He did for us.
32. How dare the customs of this world,
Wash out this joyous day!
Believe He died to take your place,
Do not in darkness stay!
33. Receive Him now, new life He gives.
There is no other way!
God offers you His life through Christ.
So now what do you say? So now what do you say?

**AN
EASTER STORY
ABOUT
RESURRECTION
DAY**

**BY
GEORGE WERTMAN
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Easter [a paschal feast, originally a pagan festival in honor of the Goddess of Spring, *Eastre*, held in April.]

Webster's 1955 New Twentieth Century Dictionary, Unabridged, Second Edition