

Easter Poem by Lin Priest - Hornsea Community Primary School

We are going to make a patchwork quilt
Before your very eyes,
To tell a special story,
Which will come as no surprise,
When we tell you it's about Jesus,
How he lived and how he died,
How he was resurrected
And how his friends fled from his side.

The first part of our quilt
Shows a donkey and a man
Entering the city
As if they have a plan.
There are people waving branches,
Torn from the trees,
And as the donkey passes by
Folks fall to their knees.
They are shouting out 'Hosanna'
As loudly as they can,
While others in the shadows
Whisper, 'Who is this man?'

Our next shows a market place,
People come and people go,
Buying what they need for Passover
But little do they know,
That soon a man will enter,
With a passion in his heart,
He'll scatter all the tables
But that will only be the start.

For he'll clear the holy temple,
As wind scatters all the leaves
Shouting, 'This is my Father's house,
Not a den for thieves!'

Our next piece of patchwork,
Will show a table neatly laid,
Thirteen men around it
As the shadows start to fade.
Jesus stands up slowly,
Breaks bread, and sips some wine,
Says, 'Do this and remember me
Until the end of time.'

Before he'd finished speaking
Judas stood up and was gone
Jesus knew where he was going
That he would not be gone for long

'Come my true disciples,
Come with me and let us pray.
I fear that time is running out
And before the break of day,

Peter will have said three times
That he does not know my name,
And I will be on trial
Though the charges are insane.'

Our patchwork quilt is growing...
In the garden, Jesus prays,
The disciples are on look-out
Though their eyes begin to glaze.
They fall asleep and fail to see
The soldiers coming near,
One wakes up to help Jesus,
And cuts off a soldier's ear.

Jesus said. 'Those who live by the sword
Shall die by it as well.'
Held his hand against the soldier's head
Cured him, for all to tell.

Our next patchwork picture
Show Jesus at his trial,
They were going to find him guilty
There could be no denial.
He was whipped and on his head
Placed a crown of jagged thorns,
He was mocked and badly beaten,
Now heaven sadly mourns.

When the Roman governor offered
To set poor Jesus free
The crowd started shouting,
No it's Barabbus, Barabbus,
Barabbus, we want to see.

Take Jesus and be done
And the Governor washed his hands,
He was puzzled and amazed
At the punishment they'd planned.
The King of the Jews was led away
To a cross, where he was nailed
His friends looked on helplessly
They knew how much they'd failed

There is a green hill far away
Without a city wall
Where our dear Lord was crucified
Who died to save us all.

They took the body of Jesus,
Laid it gently in a cave,
Weeping many bitter tears
For a life they could not save.

Our patchwork quilt looks finished now
But there is more to say
For this story is not over
Till the dawn of the third day.
Happiness and jubilation
Amazement and surprise
Who do we see in front of us..
Before our very eyes!