

**TITLE:** SIGHING, GOODBYE-ING, CRYING, EASTER POEM

**READING:**

**WEEK:** YEAR C - EASTER

**AUTHOR:** BOB HARTMAN

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When someone you love dies,  
you hurt deep inside.  
You miss them so much  
you just want to cry.  
So the day Jesus died,  
his friends all hurt, too.  
Peter and John  
and the rest of the crew  
were gutted and broken,  
didn't know what to do  
with their sighing, goodbye-ing and crying.

One day passed, then two,  
and on the third day,  
Mary went, with her friends,  
to visit the grave.  
She went, with her friends,  
bearing spice and perfume  
to anoint the dead body  
of the one in the tombs.  
The day hadn't dawned,  
they walked in the gloom.  
They were sighing, goodbye-ing, and crying.

But when they arrived  
they were filled with dismay.  
The tomb had been opened,  
the stone rolled away!  
So they went and told Peter,  
they went and told John,  
"Someone's stolen his body,  
Jesus is gone!  
They've moved him somewhere.  
Don't know what they've done!"  
More sighing, goodbye-ing and crying.

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So Peter ran off,  
but John, with a burst,  
sped past his friend  
and reached the tomb first.  
He didn't dare enter,  
just stuck his head in,  
And saw burial cloths,  
where Jesus had been.  
"What's happened?" he wondered,  
his head in a spin,  
sighing, goodbye-ing and crying.

Then Peter arrived  
and, without delay,  
walked into the tomb,  
and where Jesus lay  
the linens were folded,  
plus the cloth from his head,  
like Jesus had got up  
and just made his bed.  
Was it possible  
Jesus was no longer dead?  
No more sighing, goodbye-ing and crying?

So Peter and John  
went home, all amazed.  
But Mary remained,  
and was suddenly dazed  
when two angels appeared,  
shining bright, in the grave  
at the foot and the head  
of where Jesus once lay.  
"Where did they take him?"  
Was all she could say,  
sighing, goodbye-ing and crying.

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But before they could answer,  
she heard a voice speak.  
"Why are you weeping?  
Whom do you seek?"  
A man stood behind,  
who she thought was the gardener.  
"It's Jesus," she answered.  
"It's Jesus I'm looking for."  
"If you've taken his body,  
please say where you've put it, sir."  
Sighing, goodbye-ing and crying.

"Mary," he said,  
and, what a surprise!  
It was Jesus behind her!  
Jesus! Alive!  
"Teacher!" She gasped,  
but he told her to go.  
"Tell all my friends what you've seen.  
They must know  
that I'm no longer dead,  
I have risen, and so  
No more sighing, goodbye-ing and crying."

Now imagine that someone  
who died just appeared.  
Someone you loved.  
Would it feel "good", or "weird"?  
So when Jesus appeared  
in a room that was locked,  
John and Peter were startled.  
Their friends were all shocked.  
"It's his spirit!" They whispered,  
as every knee knocked,  
sighing, goodbye-ing and crying.

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"There's no need to fear,"  
Jesus said with a smile.  
"It's me, and I'm back.  
Well, at least for a while.  
Touch my hands and my feet.  
You can't touch a ghost, ever!  
Could I snack on some fish?  
You can't feed a ghost, never!  
I've a new kind of body,  
made to last for forever!  
No more sighing, goodbye-ing and crying!"

For the next forty days,  
Jesus met with his friends  
Five hundred or so  
saw him living again.  
Then he led his disciples  
to a hilltop, on high:  
"Tell the whole world about me.  
Tell them all I'm alive!"  
Then up through the clouds  
he rose into the sky,  
goodbye-ing, no sighing or crying.

Many years later  
(John was an old man),  
Jesus came, in a vision,  
and told him God's Plan.  
"When this world is finished,  
here's what God will do.  
He'll make a New Heaven  
and a brand New Earth, too,  
Just like my new body  
it will last for forever,

and we'll live in the light  
of God's love there together.  
And there'll be no more death  
or pain, there. Not ever.  
No more sighing,  
goodbye-ing and crying!  
No more sighing,  
goodbye-ing and crying!