





Death is "gay and glad", something marvellous - it is a happy doomsday, when the dead rise again, when bodies are resurrected, when life is renewed, when we meet our loved ones again. A physical resurrection - "all thy bones with beauty shall be clad" (this in the days before cremation, when burial, when physical remains, can be re-clothed, renewed, come alive again. Our understanding of physical resurrection has changed in the last 400 years, but we still believe we will meet our loved ones again).

"We can die as sleep". In a normal Easter, Saturday is a long day and Sunday will be even longer. There is nothing better, at the end of a long day, than to stretch out, or to snuggle down under the duvet, bury your head on the pillow, and let sleep bring you the peace and healing you need. Christ has promised us, by his death and resurrection, that we will wake. Until then, whether our pillows are down or dust, we can rest in the Lord.

Like yesterday, we have a beautiful piece of music to reflect on something dreadful.

### **Ex Ore Innocentium**

It is a thing most wonderful,  
Almost too wonderful to be,  
That God's own Son should come from heav'n,  
And die to save a child like me.

And yet I know that it is true:  
He chose a poor and humble lot,  
And wept, and toiled, and mourned, and died,  
For love of those who loved him not.

I sometimes think about the cross,  
And shut my eyes, and try to see  
The cruel nails and crown of thorns,  
And Jesus crucified for me.

But even could I see him die,  
I should but see a little part  
Of that great love, which, like a fire,  
Is always burning in his heart.

And yet I want to love thee, Lord;  
O light the flame within my heart,

And I will love thee more and more,  
Until I see thee as thou art.

*Words: William Walsham How, 1823-1897*

*Music: John Ireland, 1879-1962*

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Z\\_t7b9qtMFI](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Z_t7b9qtMFI)

The Choristers of Canterbury Cathedral