

## Our Resurrection

*He is not dead, he only sleeps  
Like a tree that has shed its leaves  
And stands with naked branches shorn,  
Waiting for spring, to be re-born.  
But others say, "How do we know?  
The trees still live and hibernate  
Til summer's sun will penetrate  
Throughout the bark, and sap will flow."*

*"The human dead are lifeless clay  
Where warm red blood was drained away;  
All life is gone and all is dead  
In the cold, dark, damp, and earthy bed.  
Rebirth? Cut the tree and drain the sap  
Out of its veins; it will not grow  
Again when summer breezes blow,  
Or shed its leaves on earth's green lap."*

*"A tree is mute until the wind  
Stirs its branches or birds sing  
Among the leaves. And yet God's breath  
Upon man's soul defies all death,  
And resurrection is assured.  
Out of what cell within the grave  
Can new birth come?" The clergy say,  
"We must have faith, we have His word."*

*Science can relegate all scope  
Of earthly growth. The microscope  
Can probe and analyze decay  
And amoebic life. The cosmic ray  
Divulged in all cosmology  
Is fast explained and understood  
As power for the common good --  
Beyond disputing analogy.*

*Space can be measured and explored;  
Barometric pressures still record  
The constant change of atmosphere.  
All these are seen, indisputably.  
But faith must be blind. It cannot fail  
If meek acceptance would prevail  
And not dispute theology.*

*The ancient seers in Orient saw  
Reincarnation's karmic law  
Where all the dead would live again  
Upon the earth as mortal men,  
In resurrected shape and form  
To pay the karmic debt undone,  
Cause and effect of right and wrong,  
In prophecy, to be re-born.*

*What to believe? These facts we know:  
All living things that bud and grow  
Are here by some great mystic plan,  
As planets in the heaven's span*

*Are real. By no man's hand  
Was earth created, or the rain,  
The distance thunder, grassy plain,  
Or towering mountains vast and grand.*

*Some higher power gave us light,  
The lunar year, the day, and night --  
But what? Science alone cannot explain.  
An atheist's scorn can never gain  
Proof by a verbal monologue.  
Or theorizing that one cell  
Gave all earth life, cannot dispel  
The doubts in such an epilogue.*

*While man-made doctrines disagree  
On precepts, churches, destiny,  
And after life, the human mind  
Gropes through dark and hopes to find  
Some concept of what is to be --  
Seeking to solve by intellect,  
To probe, to argue and dissect,  
Or dwell on Einstein's theory.*

*On one fact all mankind agrees:  
That some great power, no one sees,  
Gave all things life. The nucleus  
Of searching minds, all curious,  
Is God. That Being Supreme  
Is root and cell and cosmic force --*

*Origin of what is and was --  
The guiding spirit yet unseen.*

*All essence of constructive good,  
All truth and love, and brotherhood  
Is God. All that deters  
From these four qualities incurs  
Its own destruction. Like a tree  
With severed root or smut on wheat,  
These blights destroy and kill and eat  
Into the soul relentlessly.*

*What can we do but work and hope  
And strive for good? God's microscope  
Records all hate and selfish spite,  
All cruelties and ugly blight  
Upon the soul. On resurrection day,  
Whatever form dead bodies know,  
No budding cell can live and grow  
Without God's power to rout decay!*



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