

***The Lilies in Christ Church this Morning are dedicated  
to the Glory of God and in loving memory of:***

My father, Gerard Arsenault, and my brother James Arsenault;  
from Judy Arsenault

My parents: Josee and Dave Walker Sr, and my brothers Russell and  
Bruce; from Dave and family

My husband Al; from Maureen Parkinson

My brothers: Bobby, Danny, Michael, and Jeffrey; from Diane Kyte

My mom: Susan Tinkler; from her daughter Leigh Berkey

My son Andre; from Dave and Francine

My parents: Bernice and Howard Rourke;  
with our love from Melany Rourke and Karl Stewart

Daniel Fleming; from his wife Muriel and family

My parents: Marcie and Ole Mortensen; from Julie

Florence and Patrick Sheehan; from Mary Anne Sheehan

Ella Laperriere and Lorna Rourke; from your children

Marjorie, Ian, Leah and Melissa Curtis; Lela and Lawrence Purcell;  
Beulah and Arnold Carroll; Thelma and George Purcell, and Jeannette,  
Rolly, and Glenn Searr; from Glenda & Kim

My parents: Johanna and Eric; from Gerry Rosenquist

Bob Ranger; from Thelma and family

Loved ones; from Marion

Our mother, Margaret Jessops; from Glenda and John

Heather and John Van Doran and Victor and Marjorie Field;  
from Glenda Jessops

**Donations have been given to the Memorial Fund in memory of  
Jim Dowie; from the Biernats**

Ruby Eddington née Jones; from her daughter Lorna Sitwell

Doreen Rourke; from Terry McNeil

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### Seven Stanzas @ Easter; by John Updike; 1960

Make no mistake: if he rose at all  
It was as His body;  
If the cell's dissolution did not reverse, the molecule reknit,  
The amino acids rekindle,  
The Church will fall.

It was not as the flowers,  
Each soft spring recurrent;  
It was not as His Spirit in the mouths and fuddled eyes of the  
Eleven apostles;  
It was as His flesh; ours.

The same hinged thumbs and toes  
The same valved heart  
That—pierced—died, withered, paused, and then regathered  
Out of enduring Might  
New strength to enclose.

Let us not mock God with metaphor,  
Analogy, sidestepping, transcendence,  
Making of the event a parable, a sign painted in the faded  
Credulity of earlier ages:  
Let us walk through the door.

The stone is rolled back, not papier-mache,  
Not a stone in a story,  
But the vast rock of materiality that in the slow grinding of  
Time will eclipse for each of us  
The wide light of day.

And if we have an angel at the tomb,  
Make it a real angel,  
Weighty with Max Planck's quanta, vivid with hair, opaque in  
The dawn light, robed in real linen  
Spun on a definite loom.

Let us not seek to make it less monstrous,  
For our own convenience, our own sense of beauty,  
Lest, awakened in one unthinkable hour, we are embarrassed  
By the miracle,  
And crushed by remonstrance.

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