



LIFE AT THE TOMB

Mary, hurry to the tomb,
For they placed your Master there
In a barren, rocky room –
Haste, His body to prepare.

Who will take away the stone
That you might your mission keep...
How can He who earned a throne
Lie in cold, eternal sleep?

“Mary!” Can the sound be true
Spoken in the Master’s voice?
He calls us as He called you –
Life is His – and ours by choice!

-- Edmund E. Wells

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