

MANAGER'S DESK FOR THURSDAY, APRIL 16, 2020

WELCOME TO THE MANAGER'S DESK, I'M MIKE CORNELL.

EARLIER THIS WEEK, I LISTENER SENT THIS POEM ENTITLED, "HOW THE VIRUS STOLE EASTER" BY KRISTI BOTHUR (WITH A NOD TO DR. SEUSS).

Twas late in '19 when the virus began  
Bringing chaos and fear to all people, each land.

People were sick, hospitals full,  
Doctors overwhelmed, no one in school.

As winter gave way to the promise of spring,  
The virus raged on, touching peasant and king.

April approached and churches were closed.  
"There won't be an Easter," the world supposed.

"There won't be church services, and egg hunts are out.  
No reason for new dresses when we can't go about."

Holy Week started, as bleak as the rest.  
The world was focused on masks and on tests.

"Easter can't happen this year," it proclaimed.  
"Online and at home, it just won't be the same."

The world woke Sunday and nothing had changed.  
The virus still menaced, the people, estranged.

"Pooh pooh to the saints," the world was grumbling.  
"They're finding out now that no Easter is coming.

"They're just waking up! We know just what they'll do!  
Their mouths will hang open a minute or two,  
And then all the saints will all cry boo-hoo.

"That noise," said the world, "will be something to hear."  
So it paused and the world put a hand to its ear.

And it did hear a sound coming through all the skies.  
It started down low, then it started to rise.

But the sound wasn't depressed.  
Why, this sound was triumphant!

It couldn't be so!  
But it grew with abundance!

The world stared around, popping its eyes.  
Then it shook! What it saw was a shocking surprise!

Every saint in every nation, the tall and the small,  
Was celebrating Jesus in spite of it all!

It hadn't stopped Easter from coming! It came!  
Somehow or other, it came just the same!

And the world with its life quite stuck in quarantine  
Stood puzzling and puzzling.  
"Just how can it be?"

"It came without bonnets, it came without bunnies,  
It came without egg hunts, cantatas, or money."

Then the world thought of something it hadn't before.  
"Maybe Easter," it thought, "doesn't come from a store.  
Maybe Easter, perhaps, means a little bit more."

The churches are empty – BUT SO IS THE TOMB,  
And Jesus is victor over death, doom, and gloom.

So this year at Easter, let this be our prayer,  
As the virus still rages all around, everywhere.

May the world see hope when it looks at God's people.  
May the world see the church is not a building or steeple.  
May the world find Faith in Jesus' death and resurrection,  
May the world find Joy in a time of dejection.  
May 2020 be known as the year of survival,  
But not only that -  
Let it start a revival.

[This copy of poem was edited for time reasons. For the entire poem, visit [wrvm.org](http://wrvm.org) and click on "Stories & Articles" in top menu bar.]

THANKS FOR LISTENING TODAY.

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THANK YOU FOR JOINING ME FOR THE MANAGER'S DESK, I'M MIKE CORNELL.