



From Issa (1763–1827)

Little cuckoo,
will you sing my funeral song?

From the Dalai Lama (1935 –)

(via an old friend)

What do you say if death is approaching at lighting speed and you can not duck it? "Forgive me. I forgive you. I love you. Thank you. Goodbye."

*So what did Jesus leave us as he hung between heaven and earth?
Who will sing his song? Today we remember his execution two cen-*

turies ago in Roman occupied Jerusalem, and also all the points in everyone's life, when we experience what Emily Dickinson (1830–1886) called, "THE HOUR OF LEAD."

Is it necessary that we relate to God in God's weakness? —Yes.

From Dietrich Bonhoeffer (1906–1945)

When Hitler came to power in 1933, Bonhoeffer became a leading spokesman for the Confessing Church, the center of Protestant resistance to the Nazis. In time he was arrested and hanged less than a week before the Allies reached the prison.

“The bible directs us to God’s powerlessness and suffering; only the suffering God can help us. ... The world’s coming of age has done away with a false concept of God and opens up a way of seeing the God of the bible, who achieves a place and power in the world by his weakness.

God would have us know that we must live as people who manage our lives without him.”

From Hannah Senesh (1921–1944)

Hannah was murdered by a firing squad in her native Hungary. She was 23. She immigrated to Palestine in 1939 to escape Nazi persecution at home. Then in 1944 she joined a small group to return and help Hungarian Jews. Half a million Hungarians were sent to Auschwitz just before the Nazis were driven out. Her planned mission was a complete failure. She was captured, imprisoned, and executed as the Nazis were fleeing.

Was Jesus' mission also a failure? Can oppressors really destroy the good that people do? Yes, they can. But do they always? No. When we think of Jesus, and our own hours of lead, it is good to remember one of Hannah Senesh's last poems:

There are stars whose radiance is visible on earth
though they have long been extinct.

There are people whose brilliance continues to light the world
though they are no longer among the living.

These lights are particularly bright when the night is dark.
They light the way for humankind.

In the church, in the bar, in the meadow, it is important for us to be mindful today of the light of those who have gone before us. What they lit is still shining.

Sing your song, little cuckoo.

Brother Toby