

I get letters that inspire and delight

Some of the best rewards I have had as a pastor are the different kinds of feedback responses that you the people of UPC have shared with me. I have received poems, prose, art and challenging questions too.

Here is a 9-year-old boy's response to a sermon as his mind began to wonder about the implications of the victory of Jesus Christ and what it means for us ...

"A long time ago in a land far-far away a baby was born. His name was Jesus. Years later Jesus was taken and put on a cross. After that he was dead. But a few days later Jesus rose from the dead and went up into the sky. But Jesus was not gone. He went to the right hand of God in a land where you can skateboard on air. Where anything is possible. And you can go there through Jesus. But you must believe and have a couple of tools. First a Bible and second an open heart. Even if you are two feet tall up in this place called heaven you can slam dunk a ten foot hoop."

Another correspondent wrote a poem about the man Malchus who was wounded by the disciple Peter as he held



From Your Pastor

Earl F. Palmer

help hearing the smallest of details; hence the poem written for you" (and reprinted here).

In this time of Easter tide many of us write songs and

a lantern during the arrest of Jesus in the garden of Gethsemane. The healing touch of Jesus was what this man remembered most of that powerful night event.

His letter says "... I was particularly moved at your vivid descriptions of Christ's acts of immediate grace to Peter — and ultimately to us today. Since I am an English teacher, I can't

poems. Both these writers have inspired me.

Malchus in the Garden

Given the stakes
it was a small **silly even**
the ear there in the dirt,
already scuffled under someone's sandal;
its owner unarmed, sent simply
to light the dim deed,
knew not the sacred tragedy of the fettered Master,
nor the claim of winged legions.
"Stop!" was not cautery, and
the half-heard scolding of the huffing villain
could not salve the gaping wound.
But in the end
the servant knew exactly
who had been taken,
and rose early Sunday
to the divine itch of a three-day ear.