

It's Sunday, But Monday's Comin'!

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By Paul Graham



This title of this piece of writing for Easter Sunday was inspired by the sermon "It's Friday, but Sunday's comin'" by S.M. Lockridge (a recording on YouTube is available [here](#))

There is joy in chocolate (as long as you have a sweet-tooth)
And you're never really too old for a hunt.
For the money conscious, there's a bargain to be had tomorrow
As the shops start getting ready for the summer.
Eggs will be reduced in price to make way for parasols and barbecues
As the world quickly turns its attention elsewhere.

But for a moment it felt as if it all meant something to everybody
The celebration of resurrection and a promise fulfilled.
But maybe that's being naïve,
After all, what has a bunny to do with an empty tomb,
Or a bonnet with neatly folded grave-clothes?

The world will keep turning
And Sunday will become Monday
With the Bank Holiday promise of rain on the way.

Even in this time of being careful about who we see and where we go
We keep looking forwards
As we take one more step towards freedom
And whatever normal will look like soon.

But as we look forward
And the days tick by;
As Sunday turns to Monday
And the Easter lamb becomes leftovers,
Take time to remember what brought you to this day.

It took a man on a cross;
Twelve friends who left him,
One never to return;
Women who never abandoned him,
Who were first in the garden on that greatest of days,
To be told the Good News that their story was not ending
And that life and love was stronger.

Jesus took the scars of Friday into the future,
So too do you take the shadow of yesterday into tomorrow.
We may leave today behind,
But we will never leave Easter,
Nor the Friday before it;
With all the joy and pain
That marks out our yesterdays,
Our todays
And our tomorrows.

(Photo by [Bruno van der Kraan](#) on [Unsplash](#))
