

St. Dunstan's Red and White

Ex eodem fonte fides et scientia

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MORE EASTER RHYTHMS "The Resurrection of the Body"

Lift up your hearts, now,
You sad ones,
You sorrowful
And toiling,
And hear,
The Lord's true-word,
His message of joy:
For truly our Lord says
When the sky sags
And the dazed world
Down-stumbles
From its worn groove,
And flaming up-dances
All the seaways like pitch
And the shrill urging horn
Sends its note to the dead,
Then lo! the bright wonder!
Saint Bede says, the Venerable,
That bleached bones
From bodies
Neat-packed
And stone-labelled
Under earth-heap,
Maggot-sifted,
Worm-snuggled
And yearlong unsinewed,
Unjointed,
In unsocial heap lying,—
In these last days,
(Tho' blindly,) (God's-plan-led)
Are collecting
To the careful slow mustering,

For the magic re-weaving
Of nerve-warp,
Of subtle, fine fabric—
The housing of new-flesh.
Then
Suddenly
At trumpet's
Note striking
Springs body:
"Ictu," Saint Paul says
In eye's twinkling;
Ho!
Bursting
From the dull womb
Of dead matter;
And the long-waiting
Eager soul,
Remembering,
Embraces
With instant informing
And vital
Warm pulsing
The new body,
New-leaping from the dead.

Light, O, and swallow-swift
The new body,
Beyond all decaying refashioned
In glory,
Dazzling,
Designed for sweet comfort,
For endless abiding with angels,
In the blissful,
In the gay
Seats of Heaven:
Richest rewarding
Of the true ones
Who kept God's commandments.
But see!
Dark shadows
Of damned souls,
Hot-hurled to burnt bodies:
Companions that here trod the sinways
And thought no accounting;

*Ugly,
Cursing,
In despair,
See them now go burning,
Soul and body burning,
Blasted,
Whirling
Down to hell!
From God's judgment seat the wicked
Razed, in sobbing rows go cursing,
Blistered feet go treading,
Two-and-two lock-stepping
Down to hell.*

Ponder now
These grim sights
With profit:
The plight
Of God's mockers
In this kingdom;
Then return
To bright bodies
Your gaze;
And lift up your hearts
With new hoping:
For Christ said,
Our Saviour,
He'd raise up believers
On the last day—
God's covenant beyond all reneging;
Renew
The bright body
All gleaming
Of the children who kept His commandments.

Then lift up your hearts,
All you sick ones,
You withered and wasting,
Low-laid
And limb-shattered;
Imagine
The integral beauty
That awaits your poor body
Now in anguish:
O sharp is the sorrowing

Of flesh
That in youth finds a death-bed,
Reluctant to die
Ere its blooming:
O, fear not,
For full-grown
And flower-ripe
The new body
Will in strength
Romp eternal
In the light
Of God's watching.

Then lift up your hearts
All you sad ones,
You sorrowing:
Forsee the bright body
Preserved
Against anguish
And heaviness
And heartache,
And sheltered
From grim cold
And gaunt hunger:
For Christ goes before us
New risen
In spotless
Bright body—
Our fair pledge
Of redemption,
Of resurrection
In joy.

—A. P. C.

THE CANADIAN SEMINAR, II.

As you know, I was privileged to be a representative of Saint Dunstan's at the second International Summer Seminar held in Breda, The Netherlands. From my experiences there, I gained many impressions, leading to some conclusions that might prove interesting and valuable to us as students interested in the trend of