

# Easter 1958

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## E A S T E R 1 9 5 8 .

In countless churches and other religious assembly places all over the Christian world, services will, on Easter Sunday, testify to the relief which, once again, fills our hearts when we remember the resurrection of the Lord.

Easter, the blessed festival of *Spring*, is once again with us. Gone is the winter, gone are the cold blasts of winter's storms, gone are the long dreary nights, gone the dark, chilly mornings, and before us opens up a period of bright, sunny warm days, scented evenings and nights — in short, we are about to live again.

This resurrection, this miracle of Easter, fills us every year with new wonder, fresh awe and, although we can explain the phenomenon quite easily and even scientifically, deep down in our hearts we feel that there is indeed something miraculous involved in this Easter or resurrection, something which touches not only our physical well-being, but makes our pulse beat faster, just because of its mysteriousness.

Easter renews our faith. It is far easier to believe in the goodness of mankind when life is sunny, than it is during the dark, unhealthy days of winter.

And yet we are worried; the whole world, it seems to us, is bent on piling up once again the means of destruction, pestilence and war.

As before 1939, so now, armaments are rising everywhere. Nations trying hard to conclude alliances, defensive ones, of course, manoeuvring for position on the gigantic international political chess board, trying to outbuild each other, outlast each other.

Governments are striving for peace, but impotent of achieving it; feverishly preparing, exhorting their people to still more and heavier sacrifices in order to ward off the evil day or to be ready for it when it does come.

When the last great war came to an end, that war that was to end war, we hoped that war among civilised Nations had come to an end.

Barely twenty years have passed and we are face to face with the possibility of a war compared with which the former ones were a mere picnic.

We all know the horrors in store for us should another war come. We all feel, perhaps more than we know, that precautions taken to minimise the effects of those horrors may benefit a very few, but that the mass of the population will suffer as human beings have never suffered before, physically and mentally.

We know what is wrong, but we cannot alter it, or only very slowly, one little step forward at the time, for fear that we stumble. Would it not be a thousand times better to stumble on the way to progress and sanity, than to stand erect and still in the damp,

unwholesome, loathsome spot in which humanity has stood for thousands of years, and in which the air has almost given out, and where suffocation seems the natural outcome of all the horrible mess?

It is seemingly evident that humanity has not reached its *Easter* yet. We are still in deep winter. We begin to understand slowly and painfully that there is a *Solidarity* which chains the various members of the human family together in iron chains, chains which are unbreakable, the chains of hunger, want, despair, of acute suffering and misery.

It may well be that poor humanity, so slow to learn from experience, must be made to feel, if it won't heed. It may be, too, that after some time of misery, pain and trouble, Humanity will really begin to wonder why this *Solidarity* should not be made into a *Solidarity* of peaceful enjoyment.

If there is *Solidarity* — and who to-day is still blind to the fact that if one member of the human family suffers, all the others suffer too? — why then, in Heaven's name, all this economical and political separation, why all this stupid Nationalism, why all these jealousies from one Nation to the other, from one country to the other?

*Why endure Solidarity, instead of enjoying it?* That is my Easter query. Ask yourself the question and try to answer it, fearlessly and honestly, and in doing so, you will not only come nearer towards understanding the command of our Lord, "As ye would that men should do unto you, do ye also unto them likewise", but you may help, each in his place, a little towards preparing the way towards the desired goal.

ST.

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