

Dear Brothers and Sisters,

Happy Easter!

Here is a poem for Easter by one of my favorite poets—George Herbert. George Herbert was born into an artistic, religious, and wealthy family. He enrolled as a student of Trinity College, Cambridge in 1609 and shone in languages, rhetoric and music. Although he intended to take holy orders, his brilliance attracted men in high places. As the University's Public Orator, Herbert drew the attention of King James I. He left Cambridge to serve in the government and as a member of parliament, but on the king's death he turned away from worldly affairs, was ordained, and retired to serve humbly in his country parish. The poet Henry Vaughan called him "a most glorious saint and seer."

Like the other metaphysical poets, Herbert's verse is full of sparkling wordplay, a great musical sense, and clever conceits taken from the natural and ecclesiastical world. His witty, surprising, and smart poem *Easter Wings* is a treasure of English poetry, and a fitting inspiration on Easter week.

*Lord, who createdst man in wealth and store,
Though foolishly he lost the same,
Decaying more and more,
Till he became
Most poore:
With thee
O let me rise
As larks, harmoniously,
And sing this day thy victories:
Then shall the fall further the flight in me.
My tender age in sorrow did beginne
And still with sicknesses and shame.
Thou didst so punish sinne,
That I became
Most thinne.
With thee
Let me combine,
And feel thy victorie:
For, if I imp my wing on thine,
Affliction shall advance the flight in me.*

Your Pastor,
Fr. Longenecker