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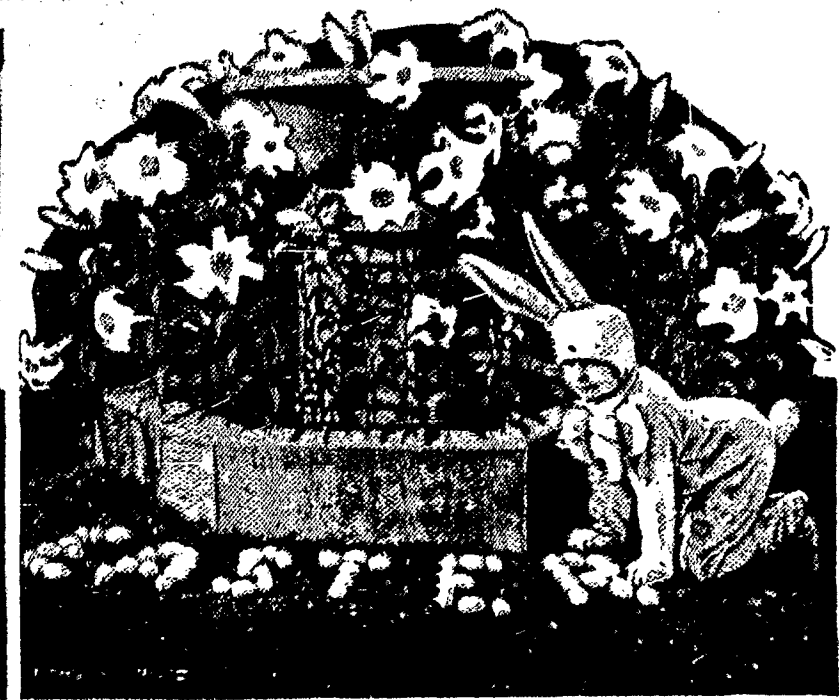
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Saying It With Eggs



Juvenile film star, all dressed up in a rabbit costume, wishes all his young and old friends a Happy Easter in a novel way.



There are Eastern lilies growing in the gardens of California, white and pure they stand in stately rows. Within their waxen hearts there is a golden pearl pulsing, like a finger, to the sky.

Upon the hills of California the Easter sunrise services bring to thousands the message of the risen Lord.

In the great Hollywood bowl a concourse of people kneels in spiritual surrender to greet the Eastern morn. The rosy flush of dawn comes from the hand of night. Daybreak flings wide the curtains of the sky, and the pealing notes of the organ echo and re-echo the glad tidings of another Easter day.

Upon Mount Rubidoux the cross stands uplifted to the sky. Fertile valleys and perfumed orchards lie far below, but on Easter morn the hearts of the people are filled with new thoughts and the earth becomes the handmaiden of the sky, now peering into the first sweet flush of dawn.

The ward was very quiet; men lay in the deep sleep of exhaustion after the long stress and storm.

Only one man asked, ever and anon, the time.

It hung like a weight about his heart, the time, that would not hurry.

Hour after hour he lay, and his dark bright eyes grew brighter as the dawn crept over the sky. He had whispered his request before the ward lights were dimmed. "Call me early, Mademoiselle Infirmiere, lest I sleep."

Long Hours of Waiting. But he had not needed the call. He had hardly slept, for every now and then his hand had crept out to touch a little pile of neatly wrapped parcels that lay beside his bed.

His uniform, so palely blue from long service, was there ready. All was ready for this great moment, only the long hours held him captive.

How his eyes had sparkled, how his heart had beat when he came into the little office there at the end of the ward. His letter all marked with tears.

"Safe, all safe. My babies, my wife. Four years, Mademoiselle, I did not know if they lived, now see, here is the letter. I go to them up there in Roulers where they have been interned. I cannot wait. I have permission to go into Paris. See, here is my list, my Easter list."

Recalled Babies He Left. "There is baby Jean, he was four months, and tiny Yvonne, so sweet, and Robert. I shall die if I must wait."

All his movements spoke of his agony of longing. His great father love was in his clasped hands, and passionate yearning was in his voice.

At night, he returned, and upon his bed the parcels were opened. Little shoes for the baby, a little box, a bottle of perfume for the dear wife.

He wept, the poor French Poilu, as he folded them so gently and care-

fully into the Easter gift paper. It was impossible to point out to him that in four years the baby feet had grown, impossible to tell him that his wife would need food more than perfume.

He sat beside his bed, his tired worn hands holding the little parcels, and in his ears the sweet music of the word "Papa, papa, my papa."

He arose at the first permission. All his poor trembling hands could do could not hurry the hour of departure.

The ward awakened slowly. He sat there waiting for permission to depart. Then at last the hour came, and the ambulance to take him to the train.

He came shyly, and with a beautiful courtesy saying, "I bought it for you, Mademoiselle Infirmiere, an Easter lily. My children's prayers shall be yours, and their children's, adieu."

On Easter day, the ward lay quiet, and upon the army table set in the deck of an old wine bottle a lily glowed, white and beautiful. And somewhere in France that Easter day a man heard the music of his children's voices, calling "Papa."

Wide eyed, the woman listened, and by some magic the tale of the years was wiped away from her worn face.

In her arms lay her child, crippled, its useless little legs dangling, like stalks, too frail to uphold the blossom. Gold hair and violet eyes, a child of such exquisite beauty and charm that the eye lingered and feasted, and was yet eager to linger to see the rare smile that lit the baby face.

The mother listened to the tale of the Easter service upon the hilltop. Into her starved heart came the divine message of hope.

Early in the night she started with her precious burden clasped close to her heart. Up the long road to the cross, and there with prayers and tears she laid her child asking and believing that the cripple would be made whole.

Like an Easter lily was the tiny face, so pearly white in the dawning.

Nearly the mother prayed, her emotion rocking her, as a tempest rocks a frail boat in the storm.

All was quiet upon the hilltop, for it was yet night. An artist coming for inspiration to the great festival of the lilies saw the pale child and the shawled mother, and in the sublime mother love and faith conceived a picture. An Easter lily.



BUSY BUNNY



The Easter rabbit sets for the busy men while she has gone to get her breakfast in the barnyard.

Calculating Eastertide

Eastertide is the 40 days from Easter to Ascension day, or sometimes considered the 50 days to Whitsunday or the 67 days to Trinity Sunday.

Christ the Lord is risen today,
Sons of men and angels say.
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Sing, ye heavens, and earth
reply.
Charles Wesley

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