

A MAIDEN ANTHOLOGY ON THE ESSENCE OF EASTER

WOODS ROCKS & THE THRONE



*“Enshrined into our consciousness is a divine understanding of
Christ’s perfect work at Easter.
We can write about this because it changed the narrative.”*

DEDICATION

*To all Christian writers who are tirelessly working to
see the Gospel reach the ends of the earth through
literature,*

We see you.

INTRODUCTION

Christian Literary Hub (CLH) is a haven for Christian Creatives and lovers of Christian literary works with the foremost goal of fostering the consumption of Christian contents aimed at spiritual development and promoting the propagation of the Gospel.

We provide a platform for the exhibition of Christian literary works to support the Christian Creative and promote their message. Content shared is well-vetted to ensure 100 percent compliance with the truth of the Word.

We have regular writing prompts and teachings driven at enshrining poetic excellence, dexterous writing and improvement in other forms of literature.

This anthology is the first of many to come. It leverages on the Easter season and follows a call for submission with about 100 entries in forms of stories and poetry from different countries of the world.

Blind judging was done by three independent judges and provided 3 winners based on grammar, creativity, structure and scriptural compliance. The anthology however publishes the best 30 entries in both categories.

We hope to further motivate and better reward outstanding literary works.

FOREWORD

The transition from the Law Era to the Dispensation of Grace happened on the wheels of Easter. Hence, the season is not only the bedrock of our faith but also the revelation of the big picture as the cross and the experiences thereafter signify the last piece of the jigsaw puzzle that secured redemption.

*Once upon a Wood was The Rock on His way to The Throne
The Saviour and our sins did this wood manage to hold
Love the LORD your God; Vertical Wood points to the sky
Love your neighbours; Horizontal Wood points from side to side*

*Timelessness entered into time to rock all ages
The Rock was buried in a rock to bury Death our sin's wages
Rocks got rocked on day three by the glory of the Rock of Ages
Like cavemen we get to stay safe in The Rock from the snares of
Hades*

*Gravity defied, the Rock ascended to The Throne
Vanity denied, the Rock gathers little rocks for the Throne
Gathering and the divide, divine rocks are rocking around the throne
Majesty glorified forever in the Rocky Throne.*

- Akinwande 'Wordy' Opeoluwa

The concept of this production was birthed from a profound need to explicitly detail the experience of Easter, how it applies to the Christian Creative and expose the reader to the realities the season presents. It is an expression of the perfect finished work of Christ.

The narration is, however, incomplete without the emotional documentation of the road to Grace, paved by bruises and humiliation. The iconic depiction gives a fulfilling mental image that has resonated for millennial and lapsed generations and more to come if our Lord

tarries.

The Wood: A rustic representation of two expressly different natures crossing to provide redemption. Christ in the majesty of his righteousness had taken on our unrighteousness, being the nature of sin and thus bearing its recompense – Death!

The Rocks: The dark crevices that bore the body of a dead Saviour who would decent into the crypts of hell to claim the victory over death, the wage of sin.

The Throne: A public display of triumph as Christ resurrects on the third day - retribution of man's debt. He ascends to sit in all His majesty, reclaiming a right and reconciling an errant people to a redeeming Father.

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Founder, Christian Literary Hub
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EASTER

Kristian M. marion

Body broken
Blood shed
Last breath
Now He's dead.

Broken bread
Cup of red
"I'm coming back"
Was what He said.

WOODS, ROCKS AND THE THRONE.

Oluwaseunayofunmi Owonifaari

I write of wood

Shaped in the order of the sign of addition.

Yet, all it did was subtraction.

I write of rocks

Carved for the dead.

Yet, it housed the living, at rest.

I write,

Of the throne

Where Light dwelled at ascension.

I write of the death, resurrection and ascension of the risen King.

WOUNDED FOR OUR TRANSGRESSION

Anjolaoluwa Ladipo

Wounded, for crimes he wasn't guilty of
He descended from lofty heights above
Into the chaotic world, darkness to dissolve

For the one who was betrayed with a kiss
And upon whom was the chastisement of our peace
Has proved that no greater love hath any man than this

Our overzealous dead works couldn't save us
So he hung on a tree. For our sakes became he a curse
that grace might be free to run its full course

Transgressions covered and that's the reason we celebrate

SYNOPSIS

Animashaun Daniel

There are no TGIF clubhouses for Prophets;
Only vigils, like the one at Gethsemane.

It was a Black Friday
With no discount on suffering and pain.
A King was coronated with a crown
That tore into the mind.
He was decorated with lashes on the back
That tarred roads leading to healing.

Like a well-written script,
The carpenter's son became the furniture of the Pharisees.

INRI

Adesina Ajala

/I do not know how
passionate the voice of Love could echo – spur
back, forth and back
into the ears that played the deaf
till my sin-stricken self sprawled
at the foot of Calvary
and my un-beguiled eyes
transfixed on the cross standing in the middle of the two crosses,
watched His blood splatter on Golgotha,
/watched the splashes bleach me into His righteousness.

THE DEVIL'S MISTAKE

Betiku Ayokunle Samuel

Yesterday, the devil whipped me with
sin's sinister stick; I was stuck
till Christ crossed my path.

The devil had him nailed to a cross, had him
buried in a grave; his grave mistake

He did not know, Christ became
sin for me; in killing Him, he had
killed sin ... and buried it too!

Today, Christ is risen, free from
sin's hold; I in him, free!

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THE JUNCTION OF ETERNITY

Michael Tomiwa Bello

The woods shaped the T-junction of eternity
Where upward lays the City of the King to come,
And towards the earth seats the awaiting judgement.
The Son of Man hanged on with his blood-soaked flesh
And eyes of hope gazing far beyond the clouds.
Yet, with an agonised heart which sank slowly into Hades.
All for love sake, he lived within the dead of the rocks
And now, he is the first offspring of the Divine Life
Which broke the cocoon of death and damnation
And has been made a King upon the throne.

UNTHINKABLE (BUT TRUE)

Adebayo Kolawole Samuel

It is unthinkable that God
Is the foetus growing inside a womb.
It is unthinkable that God
Is the baby lying inside a manger.
God will have to be nailed to a crucifix—
This too is unthinkable.

[Oxymoron: *He who is Life will die.*]

I think God is unthinkable;
Beats my imaginations.
Life dies to kill death— unthinkable!

WE SHALL LIVE

Olasubomi Olopade

Death be not proud.

Indeed thou has conquered all, but one,

The living Messiah, the Lamb of God.

Three days he allowed you stall him

That the prophecy be fulfilled and the debt paid

And on the third day he rose not to die again,

to the dismay of those who guarded where he laid.

In his resurrection we are reminded of a new life

Where you shall surely die at his second coming

And we shall live!

THE PRICE FOR SIN

Irene Chidinma Oriaku

He walked shamelessly amidst the angry crowd
Their piercing voices slashing more than the whips
They humiliated their king and crowned Him with thorns
The cross hung on his bare shoulders
Our sins, filthy and bloody
Golgotha, the place of skull
There He was crucified
There it was finished
He had redeemed man
The price for sin was paid

REDEMPTION AT THE CROSS

Ayomide Adesina

With a scornful face, I smiled as He walked up the hill of Golgotha all for the redemption of my soul. I joined the bitter crowd to spit and taunt as I watched His misery grow. Moments ago, I placed on Him a scarlet robe not to acknowledge Him as my king, but to mock Him. I denied His existence, His reality, His power and ignored His worth, not knowing He was my all.

My rebellious acts shoved the thorns in His head and I drove every nail deep in His hands with every sin in my heart. With no hesitation, I gave Him bitter drink and watched Him take it with glowing hatred. My pride pierced His side as I stood with excitement waiting for His life to end, waiting till His last blood drips. Suddenly, conviction drew on me and then I heard His voice "Forgive him father, I am doing this for Him to have a chance to live in light".

And when the temple veil was ripped like a single piece of paper, all my hatred, pride, rebellious acts were all wiped off. He didn't stop there. He walked out of the grave on the third day. He defeated death just for me to experience the sweet taste of love; freely given but infinitely costly. His resurrection proved life was stronger than death, love was stronger than hatred and that hope was stronger than despair.

I'm now living in freedom, blessing and expectation of His plan. And when I can't, He can, He's my God and He is watching over me.

AT GOLGOTHA

Olaewe David Opeyemi

Blood dropped from His nailed hands,
and gushed like a river from His side.
While He laid in agony on the wooden cross,
at rocky Golgotha - the place of the skull.

For there is no other way.
To deliver His people from the slavery
of sin and fear.

He rose again!
Now to intercede for them,
on the throne of grace beside His Father.

BEAUTIFUL EXCHANGE

Adedokun Emmanuel Tijesunimi

The cross; the site of the exchange

The wood carried our lamb; of flesh, blood and bones.

Abomination at its peak; the death of the creator.

When He lay in these rocks, our sins were traded for righteousness.

Rose to the office of the Christ with us in Him

God's eternal plan; where He wants us all the time.

It was on that wooden cross that God took the sinless Christ

And poured into Him our sins.

Then in exchange, He poured God's goodness into us.

ABBA FATHER

Oyebamiji Okiki

Like a lamb, he was led to the slaughter
He was beaten amidst cries and laughter,
Despite his pain and hunger,
He still prayed for us, Abba Father.
And on the third day, the veil was torn.
When the enemy thought he had won,
He found out he was still on the run,
And the heavens rejoiced for the return of the Son.
So let the world know for this reason,
That indeed Christ has risen.

LORD OF LIGHT

Adebayo Kolawole Samuel

On the day God died as a man,
Darkness covered the earth as mist
And the wind ran with the speed of light.
Satan wore a coy smile,
And laughed on in wanton jubilation.

On the day God died as a man,
Hell received heaven; darkness welcomed the light.
And the dark army put together could not hold the light.
On the third day, the Lord of light defeated death.
Satan's laughter was the beginning of his woes.

WHEN HE ROSE

Oshafi Abdulrazak

Before he rose,
I was constantly on a--
blind date with darkness.
Daily, I was showered with
Several bouquets of hopelessness.

When he rose,
Like an internet access bar,
He cleared my dirty history,
Changed my status,
From thrash to treasured.

WOODS, STONES AND THE THRONE

Chidera Robinson

He was expected to come in a golden cradle.
But alas! In a manger he came. Woods!
Their fury allowed him only thirty-three years.
With rocks hurled at him, He was led to Calvary.
A treasure in an earthen vessel,
Hanging naked on the cross.
He was allowed burial for the Sabbath's sake.
On the third day, their 'wisdom' proved foolish.
An empty tomb!
Don't look in there! Behold! On the THRONE!!

THE CELEBRATION OF EASTER

Adisa Samuel

Exegesis of the immortal

A broken cord; yet joined together

Within three days to secure our heavenly rewards.

The Genesis of his 33-day journey

became evident after his departure.

He died: To nullify the power of the flesh and sink sin

That he becomes life to me.

I dance down the victory valley, and rejoice in glee.

For The one who died, now lives for me

CHRIST THE RISEN KING

Anyadike Emmanuel

It wasn't like every random night,
Where the stars shone so bright,

It was one that had the temples curtain torn,
As those whips slashed his back,
His death freed generations unborn.

His tears broke the chains of fear, sin and lack,
Unified us with the Father, and mended the broken tracks.

Who would have known
That after three days, He'd return with his glory seated on the throne?

So let it be known, that Christ is risen and always would be King.

LIFE IN HIS DEATH

Arowolo Seun Samuel

Once I wallowed in shackles of sins,
Bulls and rams couldn't set me free,
Their blood failed to expiate for my sins.

He stooped lowly from His exalted throne,
And willingly to the land of skull He went,
There to be crucified for my misdeeds,
And be nailed for a wretched me.

Now I live, I'm justified!
Christ's Calvary completed all,
In His death, I am glorified!

REDEMPTION

Christiana Peters

I was lost in darkness till a light came in His brightness.
An unlimited love He showed by taking my pain and shame.

With nails in His hands and nails in His feet,
He bore my iniquities and gave me fame in His name.

In Him was no sin yet He had thorns in His head.
Not by the blood of goats and calves but by His own blood.

He entered once and did it all for me.
Death lost its grip for I was redeemed by His blood.

Eternal life is now at its peak even forgiveness through His grace.
Oh! What a price for me.

THE MESSIAH

Mary Damilola Sokunle

"Crucify him! Crucify him!! Crucify him!!!"

That was the cry that woke me up early that Friday Morning. The Pharisees and scribes are at it again- I said to myself. What is it with this man they just captured? What has he done? Why do they want to crucify him? All these questions kept flowing into my mind as I got up lazily from bed. Suddenly, a voice jolted me out of my thoughts.

"Nicoulas!" That was my mother's voice. "You are awake! Take, quickly peel these yams. I don't want to see you outside. Don't go out to watch any scenario being played over there. You have no concern with this man named Jesus, son of Joseph. Did you hear me?" Yes ma. I replied. I will not. I promised.

"I want to quickly get fresh pepper to make stew from the market. After peeling the yams, wash them very well and boil, adding little salt."

"Alright ma" I said as mother hurried out.

Our house was very close to the house of Pontius Pilate, the governor, where Jesus was being prosecuted. The shouts and screams continued. I could not take them off my mind. The worry, curiosity and anxiety in me increased second by second. Thank God I did not cut my hand with the knife I was using to peel the yams. My mind flashed back to Sunday event. Jesus had rode on a colt into Jerusalem with great shouting and proclamation from the people of this city - Hosanna! They cut branches; spread their clothes on the

way for Jesus to pass through. The children had sung beautiful songs in praises of him. Everyone seemed to be very happy. But now, crucify him is the most prominent cry I hear.

Whip! Whip! Whip! Are they beating him? Why? This man I had heard of is gentle, calm and full of good deeds. In fact, many called him Rabbi meaning teacher. He had healed the sick, cured the blind, even, raised the dead.

“We want Barrabas! Release Barrabas to us and crucify this man Jesus. Let His blood be upon us and upon our children.” I heard again. After all these, I heard the sound of movement. Jesus was being led by the soldiers to be crucified. I was really sorrowful. I knew that a Messiah should come to rescue Israel. Was this really the Messiah we had been expecting?

“He is risen! He is risen!! He is risen!!!”

A sharp cry woke me up on the third day after the crucifixion of Jesus. “Jesus of Nazareth is risen! He is alive!” I heard the voice say again. “He indeed died on that cross and was buried in Joseph of Arimathea’s new tomb. But today, Mary Magdalene and the other Mary went to the sepulchre and could not find him, the tomb was empty! They saw an Angel who told them he is risen”

And indeed, the Messiah is risen because that tomb is still empty!

NOTHING BUT GRACE

Faith Olawoyin

We died whilst we lived

Indeed! We were dead men meandering through the many labyrinths
of creation

We skedaddled from grace

For we were skeined as slaves to sin like fishes in a seine

Compliments of the scene-stealer and his devious shenanigans

Posterity inherited the old nature from the progenitors

No one could pay the price for freedom-

It was indeed priceless

Until Love through nothing but grace fought the war and won freedom
for all

With his blood he established victory at the place of the skull

EASTER

Opadokun Gloria

Encouraging - the crowd to revolt, the

Pharisees yelled "crucify him."

Angry - were the ignorant hearts

Who believed he blasphemed

It was EASTER.

WRITER'S PEN

Okioma Joy

My lips are a writer's pen

Ready to script in ceaseless praise

I call for the actor to raise a scene

Play out this joy my heart now feels

For,

Once upon a time my feet danced to the beats of sin

Dragging my whole body and soul to the den of Hades till

My savior came, took the beats, wounds and death

Rose again to rewrite my song and my story he seals in

Glory.

THE GRAVE WAS NOT BRAVE ENOUGH

Adebayo Kolawole Samuel

The grave was not brave enough
To hold my Lord,
And death lacked the strength
To put Him in bondage of mortal corruption.
For what is eternal life if he can ever perish?
The Lord did not die to stay dead.
The Lord died for me
To destroy the death hanging over me.
And the Lord rose for me
To secure me with His eternal life.

CHRIST

Michael Adewunmi

Earthly things; that I dwelt in
As a sacrificial lamb, he came
Suffered, for my liberation
To die so I could live, He chose
Exterminated for my sins
Resurrected, to give hope of eternal life.

EIGHT LINES

Oluwaseunayofunmi Owonifaari

"I want to write happy poems", I said.

"Tell me about Golgotha", he mumbled.

The loser thought Light breathed his last
On mere wood! Really? I thought to myself.

How, do I tell, of many broken bones
'Cept for one?

"To tell of Golgotha is to tell of victory,
The greatest of all time". I replied.

Or how else, do I paint the most beautiful love story ever scripted
In eight lines?