

THE CROSS OF CHRIST

This rustic cross, this sign of love,
This branch, this sinew from a tree
Once raised a living arm above
Toward that blue eternity.

For twenty years it's been a part
Of worship here—for all to share,
A figure toward which every heart
Can turn with peace in private prayer.

This is no rigid rack of pain.
Its flowing lines embody good.
It gathered strength from sun and rain;
We see life rhythms in this wood.

Christ when on earth with vigor trod,
Part of a great eternal plan.
He still is here, the Son of God.
This is the symbol of that man.

One arm beckons to us all
To share the grace of God above.
It curves to gather great and small
Within His sturdy arm of love.

And one arm points, "This is the way,"
A gesture full of urgency.
Within our hearts we hear Him say,
"Come now in love—and follow me!"

His body turns as to depart.
He calls us, but to hear His voice
Each one must listen with the heart,
And each of us must make the choice.

—Charles Jorgensen



In 1959, Cleon and Alice Etter discovered a natural cross near Sedona. They gave it to the Church of the Red Rocks soon after its founding, and ever since it has had a central place in our chancel area. During his ministry here, Dr. Perry Avery mounted it on a burl which had been found by Clyde Etter, Cleon's brother.