

ON LETTING
EASTER IN

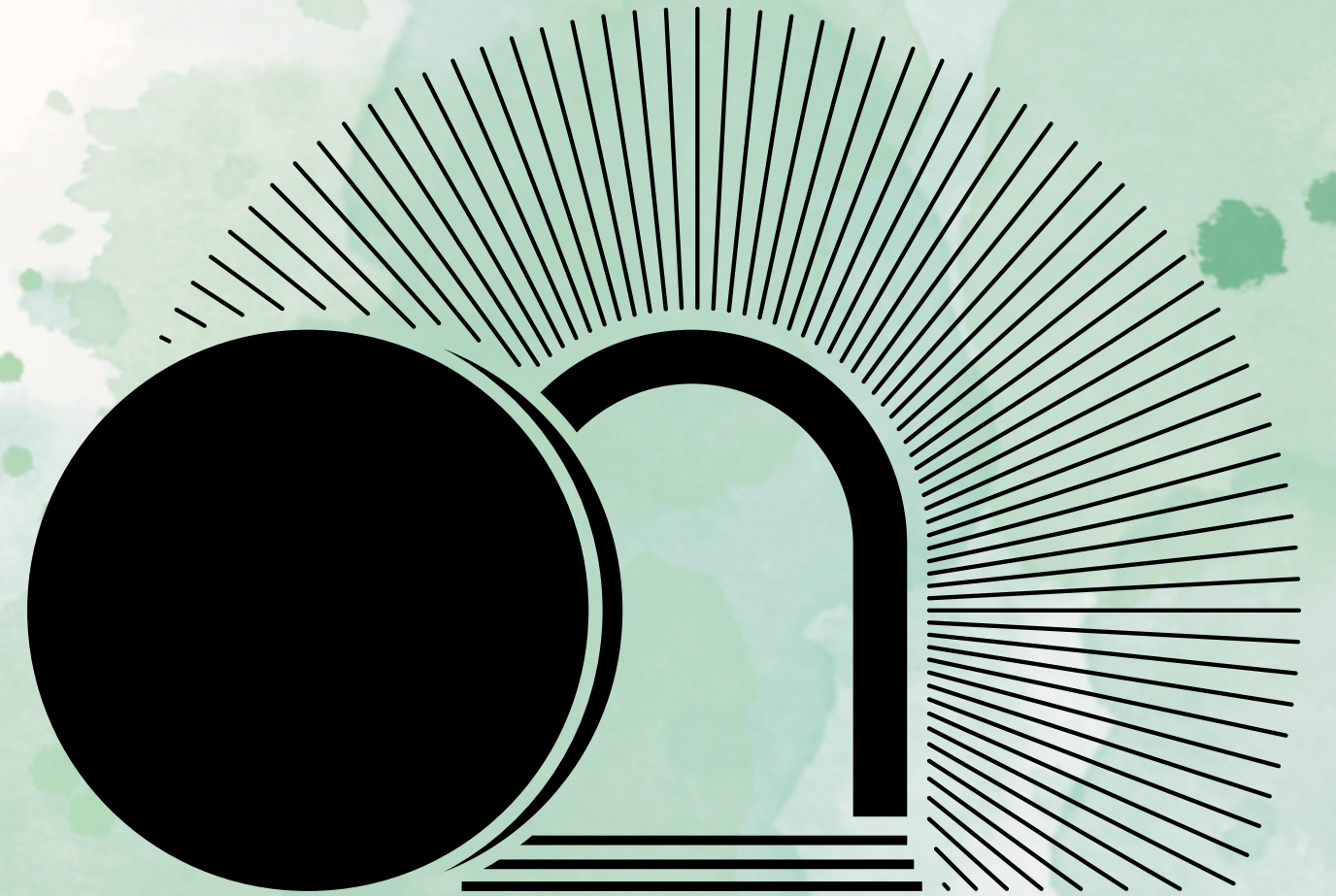


After the Sabbath, on the first day of the week, Mary Magdalene and the other Mary went to visit the tomb. Suddenly there was a violent earthquake: the angel of the Lord came down from heaven, went to the tomb and rolled away the stone from the entrance to it and sat on it. His face was like lightning and his garment was white as snow. The guards trembled in fear and became like dead men when they saw the angel.

The angel said to the women, "Do not be afraid, for I know that you are looking for Jesus who was crucified. He is not here for he has risen as he said. Come and see the place where they laid him. Now go at once and tell his disciples that he is risen from the dead and is going ahead of you to Galilee. You will see him there. This is my message for you."

They left the tomb at once in holy fear, yet with great joy, and they ran to tell the news to his disciples.

Matt 28:1-9



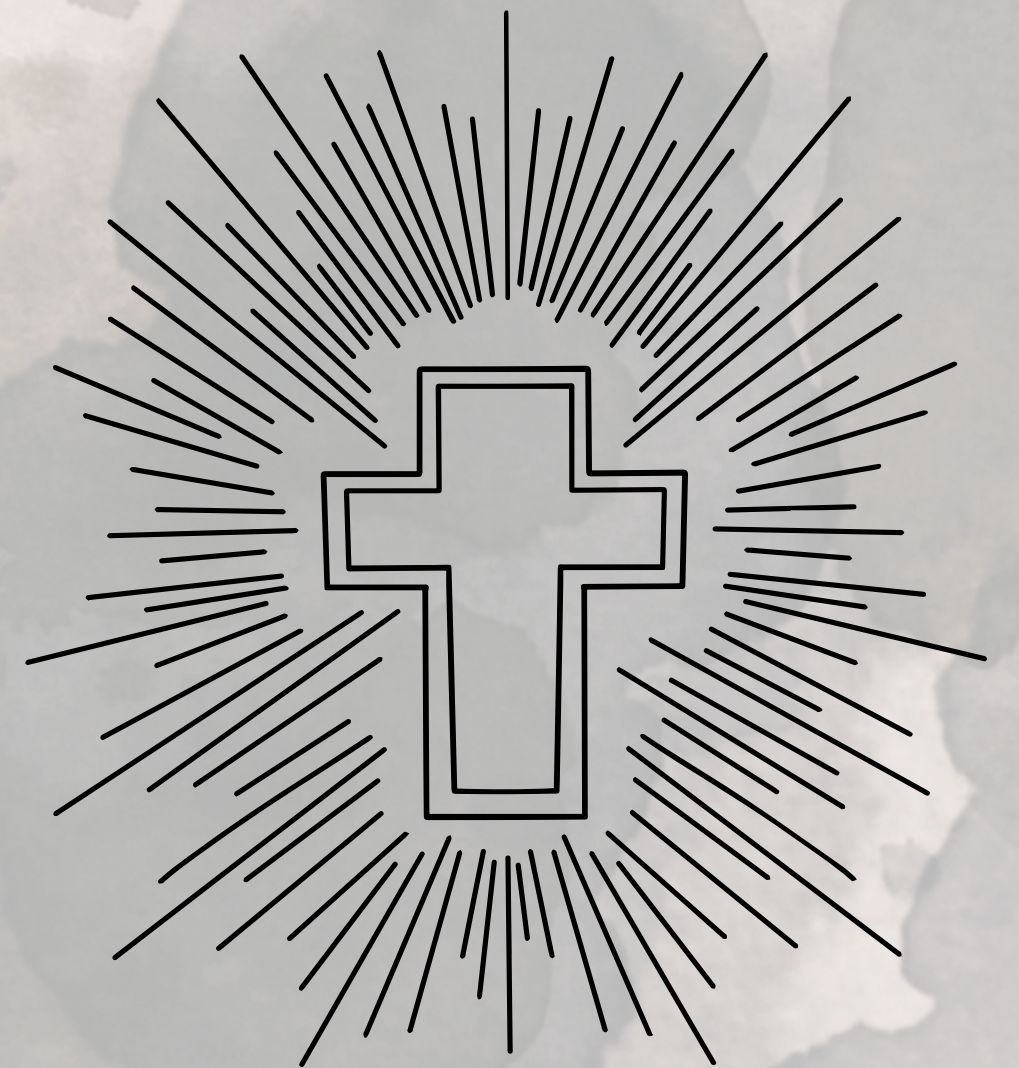
On Easter morning should you be surprised to find Jesus coming to meet you?

But what if you didn't know it was Easter?

What if there hadn't been an Easter morning before?

*What if it was the day after the most sorrowing day you had ever experienced,
the day after that painful Sabbath when he had lain in the tomb, dead?*

Dead as the life you once felt!



It is so amazing then - this trembling awe we felt?

*We came to the tomb to find him dead as our hearts,
but an angel was there with a story of life.*

*If you're wondering what Easter really is - it's finding leaven in a
dough that was dead. It is despair moving over to make room for hope.*

It is joy suddenly crowding out your sorrow.

*It is a tomb transformed into a womb -
life pushing its way out of death.*

It is the stone being rolled away on the morning of great sorrow.

The angel of life at the tomb of death!



When dawn stands still with wonder, when birds jubilate in the trees, when buds hurry into blossoms and grass starts wearing green -
I always know that Easter wants to come again.

But deeper yet and richer still when Jesus, imprisoned in me, asks me to roll away the stone that locks him in, then Easter wants to come again.

So, let it come. It's one dawn past rising time and Resurrection is the wildest news that's ever touched this crazy mixed-up world. It says, yes!
When everything else says, no! It says, up! When everything else says, down! It says, live! When everything else says, die!

Easter's standing at your door again, so don't you see that stone has got to go? That stone of fear, of selfishness and pride, of greed and
blindness and all the other stones we use to keep Jesus in the tomb.

So here's to rolling stones away, to give our Lord the chance He needs to rise and touch a troubled, lonely world.

Some call it Resurrection. It's wild with wonder. It's beautiful and real, intent on throwing life around - it touches and it heals!

Yes, Easter, you can come - an angel of life I'll be. I'll roll the stone away and set you free.

(From Seasons of Your Heart by Macrina Wiederkehr)



