

Easter Sunday Holy week 2009

What happened next....?

(introduce tags)

'Lazarus had described his death as a time of waiting, a time of nothingness, as if he had been underwater, everything blurred...

And then, he said, the return to life was like being pulled out of the numbing water and being able to hear again, see again and breathe sweet air again.

And it *was* like that, and so much more besides,

But for me, death hadn't been a time of waiting, just as I had expected it wouldn't be. I was much busier...

Lazarus had me to come and bring him out of death,

I had to confront death face on.

And it wasn't pleasant.

The sense of nothingness, was not as of a void, but as of chaos - like in the beginning, like before the beginning,

Before we had formed chaos into light and shape and life and love,

But worse than that, because even before the beginning, there had always been love.

In death there was no love.

Only fear and futility

An endless end to life...

But I was there at the beginning breathing life into the world, and now I was here to breathe life into death.

Death

Death itself had been all that I had feared it to be,

The agony of the pain, the shame, the uncertainty of knowing there was to be more pain, but not knowing from which direction it would come,

The pain of knowing how they would all turn against me, or at least away from me,

Those I had trusted, had become untrustworthy, cowardly, dastardly,

At the end only my 'mother', the young girl who had said 'yes' to us 30odd yeas ago, no longer a young girl, no longer saying 'yes' but screaming 'no'

And John, dear John...

Seeing their anguish only added to my own.

But now, now I long to meet with them again, to sweep them up in my arms and swing them in the air, I long to see them laugh again, I long to breathe life back into their hopes and dreams and desires for a new kingdom, a heavenly kingdom here on their earth, the one I helped create.

I long to share with them my joy, my victorious joy having conquered death,

Not removing death, but creating out of it a passageway to a greater life and a greater hope and a greater joy than any of them could ever imagine,

That each of them who had seen me for who I am, and recognised in me the Father,
Would, in their own time not just experience such hope and joy, but live it

'even Peter?' the 'gardener' asked, the one who had taken on common guise in order to roll away the stone,

'especially Peter, but he doesn't know that yet'

'and what about Judas?'

'hmmm, well, that's something the Father and I will have to decide together, I came in order to bring life in all its fullness, but the Father did appoint me Judge of the living and the dead...'

Thundering footsteps...

'looks like Mary's done her job'

'hmmm?'

'Mary came earlier, just after you returned, saw the 'door' open, saw your empty grave clothes, panicked and ran to the boys, here they come now, and she's not too far in the distance either'

'mother?'

'no, the other one'

'bless her, I mean it, bless her, her faith in me may have wavered, but not as much as the boys, and her love never has'

'well, enjoy your resurrection re-union, I'd better be off, give you some space, you can be the gardener for a while, just remember, you're not strong enough to get physical yet, no swinging disciples in the air'

'ok,...

And Jesus turned to see the two men slink away, baffled

And the woman sink to her knees, weeping, just as she had once sat at his feet and washed them with her tears,

'Mary?'

Lynne Chitty prayer.

I long to breathe life back into their hopes and dreams and desires for a new kingdom....

What are your hopes and dreams? Maybe this year, Easter feels

more like a time of despair than hope? Using the tags, be honest with God, and even if you're unable to hope, maybe allow the empty cross to carry them for you.