



The Resurrection of the Lord

After the apex, when it was deemed safe to come out, we rushed to the tombs to see if there was any life left. The shelves at the grocery store started to fill up again, and those who had thoughtlessly hoarded goods that others needed just as much stood at the entrances and begged forgiveness.

So too, those who had disregarded ordinances for social distancing began their sentences. They worked twelve-hour shifts in hot, crowded factories in parts of the world where the virus was exploding, sewing masks and gloves and gowns for all those who, while serving the sick, would become sick themselves because the numbers of sick were too great, because they were infected by those who wouldn't step away from the beach or the bars when it mattered the most.

We counted our dead, and finally cried for our elderly neighbors, our grandparents, our friends, ourselves. We checked in with our jobs, those that still answered the phone and had the lights on. We checked in with our stock portfolios and our bank accounts. Okay, that might take awhile.

Finally, our hearts heavy, we went to our churches. And behold, the ground outside that was cold and hard in mid-Lent was bursting with flowers! Inside, the purples were gone, and glorious Easter whites and golds filled every corner of the sanctuary. And the lilies! That sweet Easter fragrance soaked into our dry bones, and we began to revive. And we heard the voice of the Lord say, "My people, I am going to open your graves and have you rise from them."

And the trumpets began to blast, and the Alleluias burst forth. And the voice of the turtledove was heard in the land.

What are you most looking forward to when the church doors finally open again?