

## **Easter Sunday 2024**

It is quite strange to consider that the suffering of the cross of the crucifixion is somehow something we find easier to engage with at Easter

The joy, the hope and the exultation of the resurrection we tend to find more difficult.

We live in a society where bad news sells better than good.

Where the dramatic scene generally involves someone encountering disaster.

Encountering disaster, be that domestic, or public.

Indeed we have real problems living and celebrating good news.

We find it difficult to appreciate what we have. We leave it until it becomes a memory.

Then we can talk of the good old days.

But living with the now is a challenge.

Jesus rises from the dead and in real terms the Apostles do not know what to do.

The miracle of the rising from the dead has happened and it creates confusion.

Not a massive demonstration of success or triumph

St Thomas does not believe the reality

The apostles are soon to be found clustered together in one room

Wondering what they should do.

Perhaps one of the reasons we find it so difficult is that it is open ended.

That if there is a death

If there is a disaster

Then there is a conclusion

It is over

But our faith proclaims that it is never over.

That there is always more

The death of Christ Jesus was the birth of the Church

The taking on of the responsibility of the spreading of the good news.

The teaching

The charity

The faithfulness to each other and the community

However nobody had arrived.

Nothing was ended

All was beginning

Our faith proclaims it is never over.  
My mother's death was one of the most traumatic events of my life  
Her going looked like a disaster  
Her leaving us like annulation  
But she is in peace  
Indeed my faith in the resurrection means  
That I still share each day with her  
That the example she gave me I still live  
That the goodness she gave me still nourishes me  
That the relationship we share, which has passed through my childhood, adolescence, and  
early years.  
Is again transformed  
But is again real  
So what am I to do  
Pretend that we have a perfect relationship now  
Because we never did in the past  
Allow my imagination to transform her into a perfect saint when she never was  
It is my faith that she is in heaven  
That the abundant kindness she gave is celebrated eternally  
Indeed I here and now am a part of that celebration  
Living the hope that she gave me  
Attempting the challenge she gave me  
To make the very best of my life  
Each day a new beginning.

I have had the honour of living with the poor  
With those who had no security, no certainty of finding food for the table.  
I once attempted to save the life of a boy who had a bone infection.  
Eventually having to give his father the option of amputation or returning home  
To take his chances and inevitable death.  
I returned the boy and drove off to the rest of my life  
The chances are that the boy died

But I shall see him again  
It is my faith that such innocence shall be in heaven  
That what I did was not pointless  
That when again I am standing with the poor  
There will be forgiveness and fullness of redemption  
Then, as for you and me now  
There is always more  
There is always the challenge  
Knowing that all love is eternally recognised  
Knowing that all loss is eternally healed  
Knowing that Christ has overcome  
Knowing that I do not need to fear  
That the attempt is enough  
That in the attempt  
I share both the death of what was  
I share the new life of what will be  
And even here there is always more  
Christ is risen from the dead  
The beauty, the kindness, the justice, the goodness  
The love, has overcome  
Christ has risen from the dead  
Have faith  
And enter into the attempt  
And in that attempt live your life to the full.