

Easter 2020

Easter Sunday is a day of hope. It is the day we loudly proclaim the resurrection.

Jesus Christ has overcome death

He has arisen, gone from the tomb, and left instructions to follow

“Do not be afraid; go and tell my brothers that they must leave for Galilee: they will see me there”

We have still not arrived

The journey goes on

There is more to do. More to live. More to be.

I may have mentioned to you before now that as a young good looking boy of fifteen, I was undecided as to which way my life would go. I dreamed of playing centre forward for Manchester United, becoming a rock and roll star, or doing a good impression of St Francis of Assisi.

Those dreams are now dead.

Time taught me, that I had little eye ball coordination. I never really learned to play the guitar, and I discovered that I was a self-righteous, self-absorbed, fool.

But my mother loved me

My Lord Jesus Christ called me from those graves and on.

Indeed he called me and not what I dreamed I would be.

My Mother died, my sister died, my father died.

I spent the last few months of his life going daily to the bedroom where he was slowly sinking beneath the weight of cancer. We talked of many things, and nothing, and we lived the love we shared.

I have lived enclosed within the darkness of depression. Inhibited by its drowsy venom. Isolated by thoughts that went nowhere, but around in circles.

Time has taught me that the love of those who have gone before shall never leave me. That depression, although feared is not an inevitable part of me.

And still my mother loves me

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Indeed he called me
and not what I dreamed I would be.

This Easter is crazy

We are all enclosed within artificially created isolation

The natural response of community is restricted to the telephone, and this social media, that I don't really understand. My natural inclinations to go out and celebrate the faith as I understand it, are inhibited by the virus. I have been challenged by this imprisonment to make real the prayer, which is so much a part of what we share.

Within the silence of the daily celebration of mass, my sister comes to me, my father prays with me, my mother loves me.

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We are called now from within the confines of our homes to live the dignity

To express the hope

Even from this static boredom

To go on

Not from where we should be

but from where we are

Not from what I should be

but from what I am

Always there is more

The resurrection is not a conclusion

But a direction

My mother loves me

Your families love you

Those who have passed through death

They with Christ are calling you

To go on.