

Building the Bridge Between Resurrection Morning and Evening

Last Sunday was Easter. Like Mary Magdalene, some of us went to the cemetery earlier in the morning to celebrate the resurrection. The morning was crisp and clear, all be it, a tad bit chilly. We gather back here in a warmer space to continue our celebration, sharing coffee and pastries around the table before continuing our Easter celebration. And hopefully, we had, like Mary Magdalene, Peter and the Disciple Who Jesus Loved, “Seen the Risen One” in our midst and then told others of our encounter with the Risen Body of Christ.

But just as the sun rises, and a bright new day of light fills our lives, giving us renewed hope, the sunsets again, the light fades, and darkness settles back in.

Light had dawned, but now it is night. Fear has once again replaced hope. The stone that had blocked the entrance to the tomb may have been rolled away, but now the door is locked, and the disciples seem to be the ones who are entombed by their own fear of the authorities and death.

This situation is no “laughing” matter - or is it. Key the Wes Craven scary movie music. Someone approaches. Who is it?