

It was early ... A meditation on the surprise of that first Easter morning, followed by an invitation prayer of thanksgiving and commitment.

It was early ... very early ... dawn early.

They must have been so committed these women. Still caring for the 'what might have been'. They say there is no dignity in death. But there was in this one. Jesus was not forgotten.

He would not be allowed to be forgotten while these faithful followers, who followed to the foot of the cross, were still alive. The body would be looked after. It was the least they could do. So they did it.

But they weren't prepared for what God could do.

No body?! Dazzling angels?! Talk about a shock!

They had already seen the worst - the light of life drain in columns of deep red to the empty ground. No more surprises please. No more shocks. No more pain or dark questions.

But slowly, the surprise sinks in. 'Why do we look for the living among the dead?' 'Why do we ...?' Indeed. Why do we? He is risen!

And the joy, exuberance, lift of life sings in their hearts. Things cannot ever be the same. It will always be different. From now on, his-story is one story.

The story of life. The story of death defeated. The story of Jesus.

And today, you partake in the story of life fulfilled, death defeated, hope assured. The women ran to tell the disciples. Where will you run? Who will you tell? This is it. The reason we do what we do.

Pray -

Risen Lord Jesus, thank you. Thank you for the delight and elation of this day. Thank you, for the victory won, and thank you for the light you bring.

To you, you alone, I give my life.

I know it is safe in the hands of a master who knows no boundaries, no endings, no failure, and no defeat.

I praise your mighty, risen and exalted name. Now, and with gladness, for evermore. Amen.