

realpeople

the gospel in everyday language



In today's readings: (Mass of the Day)

Peter proclaims the resurrection. Acts 10:34,37-43
Look to Christ, the risen one. Colossians 3:1-4
The empty tomb. John 20:1-9

Next week:

Jesus appears to Thomas
Acts 4:32-35; 1 John 5:1-6;
John 20:19-31

In a nutshell

For the Christian community, Easter is the pinnacle of all celebrations. On this feast we profess our faith in an extraordinary reality: Jesus, Son of the living God, risen from the dead. God's Spirit of life and love pierces every darkness, defeats death itself. In life's deathly moments we trust that we will rise with Jesus, now and forever.



Tears to laughter

Easter 1999 was tough. Following a pleasant family gathering, I went home and descended into a deep depression. I cried for three days. I'm not sure why I cried. Possibly it was the strain of the previous six months: Having been diagnosed with cancer and undergone surgery, I was now enduring a chemotherapy course.

At the end of those three hellish days, a new emotion emerged. It was a restless feeling; a desire to rise above the gloom and do something utterly new, surprising, out-of-character. A newspaper announcement caught my eye. Ten thousand Australians were to take part in the Olympic Torch Relay. Nominations from the general public were being called for. In a crazy, spontaneous act I filled in the form—nominating myself!

Having completed the form, I began to laugh. The idea of me, a 63 year old grandmother who has never jogged a day in her life, running along with the Olympic Torch seemed hilarious. I imagined

the stunned expressions on the faces of my family and laughed all the more. Finding some solace in my private joke I posted the form, telling no one of my folly and never dreaming for one moment that I would actually be picked for the 10,000 strong 'team'.

The laughter proved to be a turning point. After that my depression lifted. Life resumed a degree of normality. I was soon back in the fray of a busy life: family, travel and working in various church apostolates. I completely forgot about the relay nomination.

Imagine my astonishment eight months later when I received a letter informing me I was to be part of the relay! Yes, my family were stunned. And delighted. 'Good on you, Mum!' they said. 'We'll run with you!' (MCP)

Jesus saves

Today I watched a surf lifesaver helicopter rescue an injured man from a cliff face in a heavy gale. The paramedics went through their paces with graceful precision. As I watched them descend with their gear and ascend with the stretcher-borne man I marvelled at what these guys do for a living. Their willingness to risk their lives as part of a daily job is surely a reflection of Christ's saving love. The accident I witnessed occurred through drunken behaviour, yet that did not stop the rescue team from putting their own lives at risk in order to save the victim from his troubles. So much like Jesus. He doesn't care how we got into our mess, he just wants to reach us and bring us to a safer place. (Col)



church below the rooftops

A little boy in our parish died of leukaemia. Families rallied to support the boy's parents and his 7 year old brother, John. John was a regular visitor to our home during his brother's illness. My own son is a friend of his and the two boys supportively sat together in the garden after the funeral. At one point, my son came up to me and said, 'Mum, John wants to cuddle Grace.' Grace is our five month old baby, the darling of our household with enough charm to melt any heart. I brought Grace over and placed her in John's arms. The two boys took turns holding her, playing with her and laughing at her cute antics. It was as if they were drawing strength and comfort from her lifegiving presence. To me it was a precious Easter image: how new life gently heals and offers hope. (Vanessa)

Think . Talk

Today, take time to share Easter images - stories of victory over darkness, of 'dying and rising'.



RealPeople offers faith reflections from the saints and prophets of everyday life.

A publication of
The Story Source, © 1992-2002.

www.TeresaPirola.net