

The dead One appears. As a gardener. As a stranger on the road.

It's God all over again — the good that has been everywhere known through the strange power of the miraculous, a radical change in reality's rules, in surprise, in bread or disease, in dreams of angels, in burning bushes. It is God teaching the supreme lesson: healing is, first and foremost, a spiritual act.

We are always standing in the gap; we just don't often see it as clearly as we do today. It is the gap of possibility. To those whose worlds have just been demolished, that insight may feel like a theological nicety. But Easter teaches that nothing is ever truly lost to us. The hard part of the lesson is that what has been lost won't return in its original form. Healing and growth reside in our accepting this.

Healing is about moving into a new life, not hanging back in the old one. "Home" is not behind us; home is not in front of us. It is in our midst, in the present moment. Here. Now.

The disciples had to come to terms with what they knew about the meaning of life. They had to be very quiet, to remember the teachings, and to realize that it wasn't all poppycock. It was Truth, which they now had to take responsibility for, to realize that they'd been granted a legacy and a task.

The New Testament is festooned with stories of healing and conversion like the Easter altar was with flowers, beginning with those who were called to follow Jesus. But today, I think that the Apostles' most significant conversion happened after Jesus was gone. Now they had to step up to the plate, to choose whether they would walk a path of stitching together the glimpses they had received, remaining faithful to their awakened hearts, or go back to throwing their nets into the sea, nursing grief and disillusionment the rest of their lives. Healing entailed seeing that what had made them new needed to be communicated through them, so that it could come into the world.

If my reading is even remotely accurate, then healing is a surrender into the gap of possibility. There are signs there, everywhere, that will lead us from our comfortable pews into something we can as yet hardly imagine.

By Kathleen Hirsch (Crux contributor April 7, 2015) *Adapted*.