



## Amid the Wreckage

The beach after a storm is a place of wonders. With a mixture of anticipation and trepidation, I get up before dawn and go outside as the sun rises. I find

A tree trunk lying askew, as if casually tossed by a giant hand  
Gaping holes and deep gullies in places they hadn't been the day before  
The sand stripped away in some spots and piled high in others  
Shredded beach umbrellas and bent chairs strewn every which way.

Amid the wreckage, life goes on.

Sandpipers continue their dance at the edge of the breakers  
Gulls cry overhead  
Pelicans dive and dolphins swim  
Life goes on, changed and ever new.

With a mixture of anticipation and trepidation, women friends of Jesus got up before dawn after a weekend of storms and went to the tomb as the sun rose. They found

A stone rolled away, as if casually tossed by a giant hand  
A gaping hole that had once been closed and sealed  
The earth stripped away beneath the displaced boulder  
Grave cloths strewn and scattered every which way.

Amid the wreckage, life went on.

Birds sang. Critters crawled.  
And, so much more.  
Resurrection was revealed in the simple calling of a name:  
“Mary.” “Rabbi.” “My brothers.”

Amid the wreckage, Christ is risen. Life prevails. Liberation is loose in the world.

In this Easter season, this time of wonder that transforms our world,  
In this Easter season, as we begin to emerge from the wreckage of pandemic

Our Liberator shows us how to live with eyes wide open  
to see how the pandemic has changed the landscape  
to lament what has been lost and broken  
to witness the power of resurrection even in the wreckage,  
especially in the wreckage.

Our Liberator strengthens us to live with ears wide open  
to hear the pain and confusion of others  
to hear their stories of freedom and transformation  
to hear Jesus every time he calls us by name even in the wreckage,  
especially in the wreckage.

Our Liberator delights for us to live with hearts and minds wide open  
to celebrate how life goes on without demanding that it be the way it was before  
to find beauty in the brokenness,  
life amid the loss,  
wonder in the old and in the new.

Christ is risen. Life is changed. We are free.  
What will we do with our wild, wily and wonderful freedom?