

Light

I cannot help but think about the actual moment of resurrection, and those first witnesses, the angles.

Last Sunday, as I sat through a couple of Palm Sunday services, I could not help but 'see' all the angels. I think there were hundreds, and not just each person's guardian angels, but hosts of seraphim and cherubim. They filled the church.

As I went to the supper the Lord granted us of Himself, I followed again a small child, peering over the shoulder of her dad. They'd sat next to me in church, good as gold. Again I saw the stuff of stars in her eyes, those unique bits of light, as they roved all over the upper reaches of the church, still young enough to see all the angels I knew were there. "Unless you become as one these little ones, you cannot enter the kingdom of heaven."

I did not see them with my mind's eye or my physical eyes. I did not feel them. I just knew. I just 'saw'.

Our dear Fr Andy, earlier in the week, gave me three more 'wisdoms' to think about, and act on, as I contemplated the moment when the center of time coalesce from one of the total exposure of God's kingdom in all its magnificence, to that period of three days of total darkness, when all seemed lost, only to explode in the greatest light we, as humans, ever witnessed.... Resurrection.

He said to me, 'God has an incredible short term memory', and 'Leave the past in ashes', and 'Have faith.'

All of us today are left with faith. We were not there, though my imagination runs wild with what it might have been like.

Never before had one of us, come back. My father used to 'joke' that he was still waiting for the Buddha and Mohammed to come back from the dead, with no disrespect intended for either. He said that when they do, he'll seriously examine what they had to say. Until then, he said, 'I'll be a Jesus man.'

And he was until the day he left here to be There.

I can 'see', much like I've seen the angels surrounding us in their ever loving care, I can 'go back', to that moment. I can do this because of faith, even when mine is shattered.

I can see that early morning, still almost dark, the light in the sky showing first, just a bit past midnight blue, the sky as it is before the sun rise, with only a glimmer of star bred light in the east pushing back the midnight blackness. I hear the quiet, where even the birds waited in anticipation, silent this morning, like never before, hushed in an anticipation never known to any creature, bird or human. I can hear the earth quaking thunder, accompanied in unison with a flash of... light... not seen by any human, and witnessed by none at its moment, so precious, so sacred, so unique it was, except all those angels.

It originated from a place before the Big Bang, the commencement of our universe, the Alpha of all there is. Incredible searing light from before the beginning of time. The 'stone table' of CS Lewis was cracked. The cycles of death broken. Hope erupted, a super nova that spanned the entire known universe and all those unknown. Faith became what it was always meant to be.

Love won.

Light, in a blazing blast that shines still, even stronger, two thousand plus years later.

Resurrection.

God lives.

Then, now, and always. The Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the end.

Rejoice! Alleluia! Alleluia!