

7 April, 2021

## A Rock Rolled Away

When the sabbath was over, Mary Magdalene, and Mary the mother of James, and Salome bought spices, so that they might go and anoint him. And very early on the first day of the week, when the sun had risen, they went to the tomb. They had been saying to one another, "Who will roll away the stone for us from the entrance to the tomb?" When they looked up, they saw that the stone, which was very large, had already been rolled back. Mark 16:1-4

Friends,

On Easter Sunday morning those of us who could gather for worship online watched an amazing thing. One by one, as the spotlight moved through the congregation, we watched the rock in front of the tomb being rolled away.

On the surface of things it was so simple. Some little gardens filled with grass, which had leaped up, exuberantly through the season of Lent. Some stones from Gill's farm were moved no more than an inch. A few hands lifting imaginary stones. So uncomplicated.

And yet.

As the spotlight brought each family before us, I felt my heart swelling wide. Rock after rock was lifted and moved, and the wonder of the first Easter was played out by hands and hearts so familiar and dear.

The burdens that some of us carry are enormous. The rocks which entomb us are too big to budge. But gather your community around you, invite sisters, brothers and kin alongside, and even the largest stone will move.

The gift of the resurrection of Jesus showers us with blessings: a life which conquers death, sins forgiven, the promise of eternity.

And a stone of unspeakable weight lifted away.

Hope incarnate, in aluminum pie plates and dollar store plastic cups, the garden tombs of the community laid open for all to see. The rocks are lifted. We lift them for each other.

Alleluia! Christ is risen! He is risen indeed.

## Kate

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