

Being a Christian is not something to aspire to. The faith journey is not a spiritual decathlon. Salvation is not a reward. It is all gift. Creation—God’s six day wonder—is a gift of resources for our work and for our enjoyment, with a seventh day each week in our lives that is supposed to be set aside purely for rejoicing. Such re-creative leisure and pleasure is not the privilege of those people fortunate enough to have a good benefits package; it is divine gift for all. God is the gift-giver who keeps on giving. Even when, in our narrow-sighted humanness, we make grabs at the stuff of God’s creation, including jabs and blows upon our fellow creatures, God is there/here offering the gift of forgiveness for our renewed efforts at becoming thankful at all times and in all places for all that God gives. It is that basic—life is as basic as receiving a gift and saying thank you. And the basics make all the difference! Accepting that all things come from God, and that all are gifts of God, transforms our perspective and adjusts our agendas. Instead of looking around at the world trying to figure out who is going to deserve which resources, the people of God set out knowing our stewardship is about sharing resources. In abundance and in scarcity we are bonded to each other. The same people who sing hymns proclaiming One Lord, One Faith and One Baptism save one bar of music proclaim we are One People—the Body of Christ is all of humanity. The Resurrection is Jesus Christ rising up again and again until we are

all together in concert as the many parts of one body, Christ's Body, our bodies working and playing, singing and crying, living and dying and rising again as the Resurrection Body of Christ embracing all of a humanity that embraces sun, moon, stars and all the planets in the courses, trees, skies, streams and oceans, fish and birds, angels and archangels, patriarchs, prophets, leaping lizards and rolling stones... Holy, Holy, Holy. Rejoice now and sing all the round earth: God's gift of new life—the Lord is risen indeed!

Does that make the Resurrection extraordinary, supernatural, and otherworldly? Well, God infuses this world, our lives [Dillon, Penny and Joe's life], all of Creation, with the Holy Spirit. And God gives us the Christ to set what's gone wrong aright. God wills the reconciliation of Creation. God loves us—loves our very bodily selves, the adamah-dust-dirt-clay in this world out of which God forms us. Now that's hardly otherworldly. And neither is the Resurrection super-natural—breaking into our Godless existence, adding in the ingredient which is otherwise missing. For our existence is full of Christ. Even when we are so full on ourselves that we are choking for the very lack of room we have left for anything or anyone else, God in Christ takes a deep breath, willing to give it up as his last, so that we might breathe. From deep within comes this Spirit-breath which supports life. New Birth, new life, is this basic. Extraordinary? Yes,

Resurrection is extraordinary if by it we mean *extra-ordinary*, as in even more ordinary than you might have thought.

The Miracle is the mundane. Resurrection is an every-day occurrence—People meeting Christ in each other. In and during the course of our daily living, Christ is rising up. It is all very basic, as basic as the fire, water and food of this Great Vigil of Easter. The new fire supplies light and heat, an energy source; the fresh waters of baptism, needed hydration; the broken loaf and shared libation, thankfully received, are the nutrients crucial for the body's health. Fire, Water, Food—the provisions of our existence.

Once, a long time ago, the rabbi's wife got up to answer a knock at the door. "Who is it?" the rabbi inquired, still seated inside at table. "A beggar, asking for a bit of bread," she replied, having just heard the request from the beggar's mouth. "And shall I give some bread to this sojourner among us?" "No!" came the retort from the rabbi who bolted up from the table, rushing out of the dining room and into the front entryway, with the large platter from the table in his hands. "Here" said the rabbi to the beggar as he, the rabbi, stepped in between his wife and the beggar. "Here, take the roasted meat," with which the astounded beggar gave thanks and departed. Her mouth agape, the rabbi's wife was now begging an explanation. "Why? Why, my husband, would you commit such an extravagance with the bounty of our table? That beggar, who you see skipping down the road,

asked but for a morsel of bread!” Since he could not actually see what his wife was describing, the rabbi peered out the door, watched for a moment and then cast his gaze, lovingly, upon his wife. “Ahh,” the rabbi let out his breath. “May the beggar remember his dance. May his body remember the lamb”. And then, moving towards her, and embracing her, as if beginning to dance with her, he explained, “I did what I did, hoping that one day, when the beggar is squatting over his bowl of soup and he is approached by someone looking for a potato, he does not just reach down and hurl a stone.”

Fire. Water. Food. May we remember this night rejoicing. May we remember what God does with Jesus’ body, what Christ does in, with and through our bodies.

Alleluia. Christ is Risen. The Lord raises us indeed... in, with and through very basic deeds. Alleluia.