

The events of this weekend wrap up Holy Week. Tomorrow we remember the day Jesus was crucified – – Good Friday. Good Friday? Right, I know, some are confused by its name, but the sad commemoration of Christ's crucifixion and death remind us that it was human sin that caused His death, that He alone is good enough to save us, and that the fact that He did so is of great cause for celebration. So yes, sad, but Good. And then on Sunday of course we celebrate Easter. Yeeepeee I can eat chocolate again! Dig into those goodies! Wait Connie, contain yourself, because first and foremost we celebrate the resurrection of Jesus, and that's inside a different kind of basket.

His resurrection to me represents hope. Pure hope. Hope that the day I step through that transcendent doorway I will be able to continue in all of its fullness the kind of life that God intended for me, in His company and in the company of my loved ones, for all eternity. Wow, that's big hope you say. No, no, that's godzilla-size hope. But it's precisely what enables me to march on in this life, which is no easy task as you know, given the state of our world today. A state which unfortunately causes us to be bitter about life in general and lose focus of what's important, prompting us to behave in ways that can lead us away from salvation. But in the resurrection Easter basket I find a way back. I find this big hope that jump-starts my faith and gives me the spiritual strength I need to work towards being a better person, the kind of person worthy of the kingdom of heaven. And I want that. You do too, I'm sure. In that basket full of hope I find the drive towards readiness, something I need to work so very hard for – – you know, for that day when God comes knocking on *my* door.

So yeah, that long-awaited bite of chocolate will be ever so sweet, but that boost of hope, oh, well, that boost of hope is…heaven. My friends, what's in *your* Easter basket?

Blessed are those to whom Easter is not a hunt… but a find; not a greeting… but a proclamation; not an outward fashion… but inward grace; not a day… but an eternity. ~ *Anderson*

The stone was rolled away from the door,

not to permit Christ to come out, but to enable the disciples to go in.
~ Peter Marshall

> THE DOOR
> Amen, amen, I say to you, he who enters not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbs up another way, is a thief and a robber. But he who enters by the door is the shepherd of the sheep. Amen, amen, I say to you, I am the door of the sheep. Those others who have come are thieves and robbers. I am the door. If anyone enter by me he shall find salvation, and shall go in and out, and shall find pastures.
> *~ John 10: 1-2, 7-9*
>
> I wish all of you a hopeful Easter. :)
> God bless.

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