

Easter Sunday Meditation 2012

The people on the pages
Talk to me
They tell a story
That sings through the ages
That perforates the dull of doubt with light
That seeps under doors of darkness
And floods grey rooms with colour and joy

The people on the pages
Talk to me
They tell a story
They enter my imaginings
And flit through my faithless moments
Leaving a trace of mystery
That I must follow

The people on the pages
Talk to me
They tell a story
A story of betrayal and pain
A story of faith and fear and following
A story that haunts my days
That inhabits my hopes

The people on the pages
Talk to me
They tell a story
It is His story
It is your story
It is my story
The story of humanity
The only story that really matters.

It is the people on the pages that have always interested me most. Who are these people? Would I have been one of them? And if so which one would I have been? Would I have been one of the women at the tomb with the spices? Would I have been one of the disciples shut up in hiding for fear of the Romans? Would I have been one of the establishment who was brave enough to get involved, to anger my colleagues or my family by giving away my family grave to a disgraced heretic? Would I have been one of those who just refused to believe unless they saw the evidence? Would I have betrayed him because I was afraid of being recognised? In the face of the cross, a horrible and painful death... one that we looked at in a bit of gory detail last week in our daily prayers... I could well imagine that I might have been one of those who left the city of Jerusalem in fear..afraid that the same fate might have befallen me.

Try to put yourself in their shoes/or rather their sandals for a few moments. There was Jesus's mother. He was just a young man, she had been terrified for so long. She was weary with worry. Most mothers will recognise that feeling. Which child to worry