



EASTER SUNDAY

Wandering Heart: "And I hope"

Easter Morning

I cannot stay away on Easter Morning.

Like Peter,

I would run if I could.

Stop the car,

pump my arms,

take the church steps two at a time,

all to know—

Did it happen?

Did it *really* happen?

Is evil no match for love?

I'd slide down the center aisle.

I'd grab the mic to ask

the angels,

the heavens,

the children,

Were the stories true?

And in response, the choir would sing, "Alleluia."

The children would flower the cross.

The preacher would tell me the stone was rolled away.

The people would pass the peace,

and welcome strangers,

and make room in the pews.

And with faith over doubt,

I would hope.

For I imagine that all of that ordinary holiness

would be enough for Peter,

and it would be enough for me.

Poem by

Rev. Sarah Speed

Unison Prayer

God of new beginnings,

On that first Easter morning, the disciples struggled to hear the good news. Doubt clouded their minds.

Negativity took root and hope vanished with a simple shake of their heads. As we return to this familiar text, help us to hear differently this morning. Open our ears that we might hear the sound of Alleluias ringing through this text.

Open up our minds that the mystery and joy of Easter might feel within reach.

Open up our hearts that we might believe the unbelievable.

And like Peter, in this hearing, may we move closer to you. God of the empty tomb, we are hungry for your good news. Speak to us now.

With hope in our hearts we listen and we pray, amen.