April 15, 2022

Dear Friends:

This day, the promise is fulfilled.

Many years ago I was in deep grief over the death of a loved one. A dear friend and colleague in ministry stood facing me and said, “May the tears of grief that you shed become the deep well from which living water springs forth.”

I have never forgotten that invitation, that prayer, that promise. It has been my prayer through all grief since then, none quite as deep as that day.

Over the last two years, as Covid has rampaged our global society, most of us have known new forms of grief. We may have found ourselves in the back corners of the caves of life where light is hard to come by, where loneliness reaches forth and echoes around the walls of darkness, where anxiety and sorrow become our friends, guests in our house and guides from beyond, as Rumi once penned.

I believe Mary was in in similar cave of desolate sorrow as she searched for the body of the Beloved that first Easter morn. She wept because she loved. Her tears of grief became the living water, a joy unknown, as he called her by her name.

And now he calls us by our name, fulfilling the eternal promise that nothing, not even death, can separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord.

He is not here. Christ is risen! Christ is risen indeed!

A blessed Easter to you, dear friends,
Valerie