

# Easter Sunday



## RESURRECTION: THE DEATH-DEFYING STANCE OF GOD

I AM; not was, nor will be. In Jesus, humanity witnesses Divine osmosis, his ability to embrace a freedom untainted by conditions, snags of self-defining declarations, open, untethered, and allowing Love its path.

Resurrection, the splitting of the atom of ego  
I AM becomes we are  
"That they may be one  
as we are one."

Resurrection's call, can we dare to embrace it?  
Allow love to dissolve divisions  
Recognise in one's self  
the ache, the capacity to embrace the fragility,  
the magnificence of Divinity enfleshed in human  
form?  
Seeded throughout history  
by those enfleshing a call.

Zelensky, tapping into the nation's histories,  
engenders compassion to embrace his cause.  
We are all Ukrainian –  
tribalism dissolved to fight the weight of oppression:  
push back that rock that threatens to imprison a  
nation.

Black Lives Matter  
Me Too  
Climate change  
All movements beyond boundaries,  
confronting life's crippling experiences.

It is the rocks of corruption and violence that form  
the tombs among the people where I live  
but even here too, in the favellas of Salvador,  
Resurrection finds its path.

We were sitting in the safety of St Antonio's Chapel  
sharing the Gospel when our peace was shattered by  
the sounds of bullets. Cell phones replaced Bibles, as  
frantic calls to family were made checking their safety.  
Women jumped to close the door and gate.

A shout cries out. Without thought we beckon the  
lad into the Chapel and the Good News is laid aside  
to make room for this stranger. Stuttering, heaving  
for breath, he shares his story. His friend has just  
been shot dead by police because they had stolen a  
motorbike.

There are noises on the street, people searching for  
our new companion so he's hurriedly bundled into the  
sacristy, and we turn to prayer, all the while wondering  
if "they" will break the sanctity of a sacred space to  
seek revenge instead of justice.

An older woman slips out to her home next door and  
collects a t-shirt and cap. She coaxes our new member  
to swap his clothes for hers and places a Bible in his  
hands.

At any minute the doors could burst open, and we  
could be joining his friend. But the women focus on  
him, giving motherly counsel as the noise of those  
hunting fades down the street. There is no judging  
or condemnation, no thought of turning this lad out  
to secure their own safety. Just the compassion of  
mothers for another's son gone astray.

I AM, in an instant,  
has created death-defying mothers  
willing to shield from violence  
a son, not their own.

**Helen Caughley rsj**  
*Brazil*