

Easter Day

March 23, 2008

Acts 10:34-43

Psalm 118:1-2, 14-24

John 20:1-18

In the name of God, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

Jesus says to Mary, “Tell the Disciples to go to Galilee, there they will see me.” Go back to where it all began; go home.

Galilee is home, of course. The Disciples have only been away for a few years, three at the most. It’s really only a short while since Jesus had appeared to them in the midst of their daily work – they can still feel the coarse nets on their hands and hear the sound of the waves against the sides of the little wooden boats, see familiar faces in their mind’s eye, hear their voices and the myriad small sounds of the village, smell the cooking fires. They know well what they had left behind. And at times, perhaps in the small hours of the morning, they missed them, you can be sure.

But, oh the places they had gone and the sights they had seen in those three years of following Jesus! They had walked with Him from noisy, dusty little villages to the grand Jerusalem itself, happy memories and sad. They had seen sick people made well, lepers made clean, blind men given sight, deaf given hearing, and even one man raised from the dead.

They had seen Jesus in controversy with all sorts of grand and important people, people of whom they had walked in fear,

proclaiming that the Kingdom of God had come, a Kingdom where the poor and the weak and the humble would be exalted and the proud and mighty would be brought low.

They had bravely vowed that they would be with this wonderful Jesus to the end, but the end had come, and, of course, their weak flesh betrayed their willing spirit.

Well, that was all over now; time to pick up where they had left off, resume their lives, and tell wondrous tales to their grandchildren about the adventures of their youth. In time the bad moments would fade in their memories, and only the good times would remain, and it would become more and more difficult to remember exactly what Jesus had said and done, what exactly he looked like: such is our frail memory.

“We’ll just go home,” so they thought.

Actually, we all have our own personal Galilee, the place we call home. It might be a geographic place, a town or even a building, or it might be a time in our lives, a time filled with memories. Home is where we go for comfort. Jesus walked into the lives of the Disciples, into their comfort place, and said, “Follow me.” Jesus has walked into our comfort place, too.

The question is, of course, where were we when He walked into our home place and called us? There’s no need to answer; it’s an unfair question. I imagine very few of us can point to a moment in time, a moment in our lives, when Jesus made His presence known, but walk in He did, or we wouldn’t be here this morning.

What then? There are those who, like Peter and James and John, have simply abandoned their lives and homes to follow Jesus – great heroes and heroines of the Church – and there have been many more whose names we will never know. But we can’t all do that; far more have heard Jesus’ call and stayed put, stayed at home, with lives

transformed. We are transformed if what we do is to the greater glory of God and, in the unfailing presence of Jesus Christ every day, even the simplest routine task takes on new significance if He is present with us as we do them.

We can be sure that the villages of Galilee were more beautiful in the eyes of those Disciples returning from their great adventure. We can be sure that the nets of Peter and Andrew, James and John were different in their hands, all because of the presence of Jesus.

Of course we aren't simply talking about an event of long ago. In His Resurrection Jesus speaks to every one of us, saying, "This is your Galilee. Live here and now in this world as my good Disciple," and, "This is where you will see me."

In His Holy Name.