NEARING EASTER

(Yea, a sword shall pierce through thy own soul also,) Luke 2:35 (KJV)

Here we are, a week away from Easter. This year of Two Thousand and Twenty is quite different from any we have ever faced. I think in years to come this year will stand out for the health crisis our nation and world has dealt with. One week away from Easter we are pretty sure we will not be meeting at church on Easter Morning. The children will not be having an egg hunt. Families will not be meeting in the same ways they usually would meet. Sunrise services will be cancelled. It could be a gloomy view just a week away.

 The words of our text were words spoken to Mary by Simeon at the time when Jesus was eight days old. “Yea a sword shall pierce through thy own soul also.” Do you think those words may have haunted Mary all the days of Jesus life on earth? She had nursed him, raised him and watched him grow to a man. All the good he did that would make her so proud was cemented in her mind but in the back of her mind she could hear those words of Simeon “Yea, a sword shall pierce through thy own soul also.”

 As the palm leaves line the street and the praises are chanted for her son as he rides on the donkey approaching Jerusalem she thinks maybe just maybe Simeon did not know what he was talking about. It seems everybody loves him and there is this great ground swell of support for him. Yes, he had been warned not to go to Jerusalem but right now all seems very good. Things can change so quickly. There were men with great influence and power meeting behind closed doors plotting ways to bring an end to all the good her son was doing. Little did she know that even one of her son’s closest friends was meeting with these men to devise a way to catch and arrest him. Was that even possible? He had turned water to wine; he had made the blind to see; why he had just raised Lazarus to life. There is no way they could take him.

 Thursday evening into Friday morning they did catch him and they did arrest him. Before the day was ended he was hanging on a cross and a spear would be driven into his side. Most likely there was a woman not far from the cross that fell to the ground writhing in agony as Simeon’s words once more sounded out but this time they were accompanied with sight and sound and unbearable pain.

 Most of us are not really suffering. We are inconvenienced some but not suffering like Mary did. But, for Mary as well as for us there is Easter morning. The suffering of Calvary faded into the glorious light of the resurrection. His death was swallowed up in the eternal life that he brings for all who believe in Him; in Jesus. Let us remember that our church building doesn’t make Easter. The massive congregation doesn’t make Easter. Easter is and has been ever since that third and glorious day when Jesus rose from the grave. No circumstance can change that. Easter will be Easter even in Two Thousand and Twenty. Praise The Lord!