

April 11, 2020

Today is the day in the liturgical imagination when the tomb is not empty.

I am sad not for Jesus, but for me and you.

Today is the day in other years when the church would have been decorated for Easter. Lilies and more lilies and azaleas would be brought out of hiding in the back offices, gold and white would be streamed and swirled all over the place, the new oils would be in the vessels ready for lots of baptisms as this spring and then the summer and autumn and the next year, the new paschal candle would be unpackaged and as we put the old one away we would comment on how many funerals we had that burned that candle down so far, and and and.....

As the afternoon arrived so would baskets filled with food and wine and candy and the garlicky aroma would make me hungry and little kids would have a hunt for eggs and prizes and there would be giggles and shouts and pictures and and and.....

When evening came the church would begin to fill and candles and more candles would be passed and then, more times than not lately, we would not have a big fire outside because of the wind but Deacon Phil and now Deacon Dan, one of them would take the candle and begin the procession and candles would be lit all over the place and then we would sing, we would sing a lot and there would be incense and words tons of words from readings that I always wanted to talk about and why we listen to them but never did, and then we would pray to our dead, and then go to Communion and then have wine and cheese and and and.....

Then Sunday morning would come and we would have over the years wonderful Jazz from all kinds of people but in recent years Philip Jurek and his friends whom I loved to overpay, and then Mass and water and kids running all over the place and then mopping up the water and happy faces and more Communion and and and.....

I am sure, without a doubt, that God weeps with us this weekend, that that building, our church, weeps inconsolably because it cannot do and be what it was built for, and I am sure our dead all of them weep with us this weekend, the long dead and the ones who have died, some alone then, but no more in these days, all of our dead weep with us, as we await that day of peace that we ache for that we long for that we pray for, forever and ever.

AMEN!