



His Eastertide

The last candle has been snuffed during Tenebrae and the echoes of Easter trumpets have faded. The Easter lilies that graced the chancel are now planted in the backyard, and the chocolate bunnies have been eaten. Hopefully, the last missing colored egg will soon be nosed out by the dog before it explodes into May. And now, in the quiet, I find myself turning away from the questions of “Who is he,” toward the question, “Who am I.” The question to which he has led me throughout his journey to the cross and promised resurrection.

So, I have knelt at the foot of his cross on Good Friday and have stood at the empty tomb on Easter Sunday. And now, after all the ritual and rhythm of the season are finished, I am holding in my hands the blessed gift and am faced with the questions: “What difference does his resurrection make in my life? Where does my purpose lie within his greater purpose? Will I have the courage to follow his call? Will I dare to embody his love today, tomorrow? Who is he calling me to become, to be?”

Each Eastertide, these are the uncomfortable questions I know I should be asking myself. But instead, if I am honest, I too often skip over them and return to my pre-Lent life, sipping my glass of wine or enjoying my occasional dessert, which were tucked away during Lent.

To be fair, I am quite intentional during the forty days of Lent, contemplating his sacrifice, journaling, and trying to enter into the mystery. But there is always an end in sight: Easter morning. I find comfort in the boundedness of Lent. It is only forty days, after all.

But now? To ask the questions I know I must ask? Knowing that if I ask the questions, Lent becomes a time of preparation for much, much more than Easter Sunday? To see Easter not as an ending, but rather as a threshold across which I am invited to step, an invitation to begin living into a greater purpose and calling for my life? Wait a minute. I am prepared to be intentional during Lent. Forty days of faithfulness? No problem. But this? To see Lent and Easter as the means through which God is preparing me to live into the questions that come as I stand at the mouth of his empty tomb? This no-time-limited preparing for, then living into his Resurrection? I am not so sure I can manage that.

But this Eastertide, I am going to try. I am forcing myself to ask the uncomfortable questions which I know will lead me into the new life that awaits. The new call, the new hope, that his Resurrection always holds out to me, if only I might have the courage to cross the threshold of Easter into his Eastertide. If I could only thank God that there is no ‘boundedness’ to his story instead of seeing the openness as overwhelming. To thank God that God is calling me to live into Jesus’ Resurrection, to be a part of his reconciling work in the world each and every day, rather than to be fearful because there are no forty-day limits to his call.

I do not know if this resonates with you or not. But I wanted to share my thoughts as I prepare for my next chapter. And I hope that my thoughts might be of help to you as you prepare for whatever God is placing on your heart in this Eastertide as he calls you to live into his Resurrection. And I hope you join me in asking the questions. The Eastertide questions that surely shall lead us into the newness of life. For us, and for the world as we offer him our hands to serve him.

I also want you to know how much I appreciate your reading my musings each month. Because of your faithfulness, I am forced to be faithful. Because you expect to receive an email in your inbox, I am forced to sit down each month and listen for his voice. So, thank you for giving me a reason each month to spend time with him. It is a gift to me because of you.

Blessings,
Rev. Linda L. McCarty
President & CEO



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