



Alleluia! Christ is Risen

UNDERSTANDING EASTER MAY TAKE ALONG TIME!

In the midst of all the squishy bunnies, chocolate candy and coloured eggs we might forget Easter is of course all about new life. I was aware of that in a rather abstract way as a little boy.

One Easter my grandfather gave my brother and me two dyed baby chicks as Easter presents. (By the way we lived in a third floor apartment.) Undaunted my dad got a couple of apple boxes, nailed them together and created a farm in the city. Somewhere he got feed and even set up an “apparatus” so they could drink. My brother Terry and I were tasked with feeding-and yes-cleaning the “barnyard”. They thrived and grew out of their colors. In fact over time they became teenage chickens and I was amazed at how they grew almost day to day. Although I was only about seven I began to grasp the idea of how life changes if we get involved in it. Soon it became obvious that larger one was a rooster. In fact by late summer Whitey was acting as my alarm clock, albeit a little on the early side. By Fall I was back to Grade Two, but always hurried home to see my friends. To be honest I was a bit jealous of Terry since he was able to stay home all day with them. As they got bigger and bigger, and a bit more to handle, even I wondered what would happen. To be honest being little farmer Joey was beginning to wear a bit thin and the academic rigors of Grade Two were taking a lot of my time. I don’t think my dad had done a lot of forward planning.

One evening at the dinner table we decided that Whitey and Ellie were lonely for other chickens and my dad would take them out to the country to a “real farm” the next day. I was a bit sad, by then I was lobbying for a dog. When I came home next day they were gone, the living room no longer had its accustomed aroma and my Mum seemed much more at ease. That Sunday we had fried chicken for dinner. It was only years later I connected the dots.

In a somewhat obscure way those seven months were the start of my becoming aware of what life and growth is all about. Looking back it was a privilege to see small helpless balls of fluff thrive under somewhat difficult conditions.

It is no wonder that Romans saw the egg as a symbol and source of new life. In fact they dyed them red-the colour of life blood-and exchanged them on the first day of Spring. The Christians saw them as the tomb from which new life-the resurrected Jesus- emerged.

This wondrous celebration, embedded in the natural renewal of the world, is a perfect time for all of us to be reborn. Just as our world is rousing itself from its winter sleep, Jesus had spent three years preaching, teaching and healing for one purpose-to show us God’s powerful love. The people who followed and listened to Him needed that time to understand His message and rebellion. His real “rebellion” was urging them and us to do the same. What a great cause for joy. Resurrection should not be separated from Jesus’ entire life. It is just the most powerful manifestation of God’s love for all of humanity. In fact the Resurrection began with Gabriel’s visit to Mary. It and all that occurred after helps each of us say,

**HAPPY EASTER!
HAPPY NEW LIFE!**

Rev. Joe Ponc, Transitional Priest