

He Is Risen

By Rick McKinney, Easter Season, 2017

Early in the morning in thunderous noise a stone rolls away and guards flee away.

He is risen.

Prisoners are set free for hell has been despoiled and the deceiver has been foiled.

He is risen.

Women with spices in hand come to an empty tomb and there find angels who proclaim,

He is risen.

Running to the tomb a beloved disciple peers in to find an empty shroud and thereby believes.

He is risen.

Simon Peter while amazed in wonder comes to believe only after his own personal encounter.

He is risen.

By an empty tomb a woman lies weeping until her own name is said by her teacher in keeping.

He is risen.

A walk with a stranger burn hearts embolden as the scriptures are unfolded.

He is risen.

At a home in Emmaus bread is broken and eyes are opened.

He is risen.

A visitor enters into a locked room bold and to unbelieving eyes they behold.

He is risen.

Empty are fishermen until a man on shore urges them to cast their nets once more.

He is risen.

The one who prepares the bread on shore is the one who prepares the soul to restore.

He is risen.

Now sent are his disciples into all the world to go and to declare,

He is risen.

For know this:

In the midst of pain and sorrow; He is risen in joy.

In the midst of worry and war; He is risen in peace.

In the midst of despair and loneliness; He is risen in hope.

In the midst of evil and ugliness; He is risen in goodness.

In the midst of coldness and hatred; He is risen in love.

In the midst of sin and unforgiveness; He is risen in mercy.

He is risen indeed.