

Mark's Remarks

The signs of her came last week with open arms. Arms that beckoned motorcycle riders, bicyclists, future NBA stars, runners, and walkers to enter into her embrace. Robins hopped in anticipation. Geese filled the sky as they followed their internal compass that now pointed north. A wakeup call for trees, shrubs, and all of nature. Warmer sunshine, softer breezes, and a sense of freshness in the air reminded us all that spring was on her way. As the sunshine streamed through the windows, revealing their need for a bath, the world was anxiously awaiting spring's full arrival.

However, swiftly around the corner came another punch from winter. Not yet ready to blow off into the distant, she reminded us that her time was not yet officially over. Those same motorcyclists, runners, walkers, and Larry Bird wanna be's (showing my age here) retreated back indoors only to gaze out the window, wondering how much longer. Heavy coats, gloves, and hats were again brought out of the closets. The world waited. The earlier burst of energy temporarily set aside.

Yet today, the water is rapidly following the curve of the street. Robins are again chirping and the warmth of the sun is awakening my desire to act like a cat and sprawl out on the carpet for a good nap. The promise of spring has responded with her own gentle nudge, reminding the world her time is quickly approaching. If one listens closely, you can almost hear the trees yawning and stretching as they shake off the slumber of winter. New life is coming. Energy and color eagerly wait to replace sluggishness and dullness. Today it seems that no matter how hard winter battles to keep life down, spring and new life are destined to win. It is certain. It is a promise we not only hope in, we anticipate.

Reminds me of Easter. No matter how strong death assumed it was or to what extent it thought its reign extended, life was stronger. Life promised to blow freshness and eternal hope into a world of death and despair. Regardless of how powerfully death and anguish fought, they realized they could not simultaneously occupy the same territory as Life. Grace dealt them a final blow.

This Easter season, remember that our wellspring of hope flows from Christ's death and resurrection. It is a never ending stream. It is why trees blossom, flowers bloom, and birds sing. Easter is to be spring. It is to have new life. It is to be filled with vivid color. It is to recognize, welcome, and bask in the warmth of the Son. As we accept the coming of spring, may we accept the new life that is found in our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ.

Question...in what season are you living, winter or spring?

"Go, stand in the temple courts," he said, "and tell the people the full message of this new life." (Acts 5:20)

A sinner saved by grace,

Pastor Mark