

# Food for risen bodies



*On that final night, his meal was formal:  
lamb with bitter leaves of endive, chervil,  
bread with olive oil and jars of wine.*

*Now on Tiberias' shores he grills  
a carp and catfish breakfast on a charcoal fire.*

*This is not hunger, this is resurrection:  
He eats because he can, and wants to  
taste the scales, the moist flakes of the sea,  
to rub salt into his wounds.*

*(Michael Symmons Roberts)*

# Holy Week and the Season of Easter 2014

Dear friends across Sudbury/Manitoulin,

This poem takes us from Jesus' Passover Seder supper to the barbeque breakfast he prepares on the Galilean shore for his disciples after his resurrection. In it we are reminded of how important meal sharing with his friends was for Jesus. It is not hard for us to imagine the heaviness in the air on the Thursday evening, or the wonderful aroma of fish grilling on the fire at dawn. *'This is not hunger, this is resurrection.'* This meal is so much more than just any breakfast – it is the beginning of resurrection life, and soon His friends will be ready to take on the world in the power of the Holy Spirit.

But in between the two meals there is a garden, a betrayal, a denial, a whipping, a crown of thorns, a purple robe, a cock's crow, a mockery of a trial, a walk to a hill, the hammering of nails, a stripping, and a gruesome, humiliating crucifixion.

There is a death, there is a tear in a curtain, there are tears, there is a pardon, there are prayers, there is a burial, there is a mother's sorrow, there is silence, there is darkness, there are angels, and there is an empty tomb.

We cannot arrive at the beach at sunrise for the meal of fish and joy, without first experiencing the bitterness of the three days between. The poem is asking us if we are willing to be fully present to the events of the Triduum (Holy Thursday – Easter Sunday); if we are willing to live through suffering and death that, like Jesus, we may find ourselves transformed on the other side of Easter.

I invite you all to make this week – with its highs and lows, a truly **Holy** one by participating fully in everything your church has to offer. Join the crowd on Sunday and sing, "Hosanna to the King!" Wave your palm cross high. Celebrate the Eucharist on Holy Thursday and humble yourself to have your feet washed by others. Join the procession to Calvary's hill and feel Christ's outstretched arms around you. Stand in the darkness on Easter Eve and watch the first light dawn. Then feast on all that Jesus offers on Sunday morning. Rejoice! Be hungry for Resurrection life. Be transformed!

I wish you and those you love a Blessed and Happy Easter!

Alleluia – He is Risen!

**Anne+**