

# Notes for Brian's Sermon at Brentwood Presbyterian Church

Sun, Apr 12, 2020 – Easter Sunday



## A New Day Dawning

(Ps 114 and Luke 24:1-49)

**Now it was Mary Magdalene, Joanna, Mary the mother of James, and the other women with them who told this to the apostles. But these words seemed to them an idle tale, and they did not believe them.**

**(Luke 24:10-11)**

On Good Friday, we were left in the darkness of death  
pondering what Jesus gave up when he let go of his spirit,  
to whom did he let it go, and for what.

This morning, we gather in awe  
at the answers to those questions.

Jesus gave up the divine life energy  
that had nourished every breath he had taken  
while serving as the ambassador  
of the Creator's forgiving and reconciling love for this world.  
He gave his spirit up to that Creator,  
who he called *Abba*.

If we understand the English translation of *Father*  
to connote a 'revered and trusted authority,'  
then we begin to glimpse what is happening here.  
It's the Creator's intent that is being done here.  
It's the Creator's love that is being trusted.  
It is the Creator who is receiving back  
the essence of life once given.

And this morning,  
on this Easter day in the midst of a pandemic that takes away our breath,  
we are reminded how precious that gift is  
at levels of our beings often ignored or rejected in our contemporary cultures.

Lots of people still think the story that we heard again this morning  
is an idle tale, not worthy of belief.  
It's a scandal to some, folly to many more,  
the stuff of fantasy and delusion.  
With respect, and I truly do respect these perspectives,  
I disagree.

My road to a deeper and ever deepening  
reverence for and trust in the God who is at work here  
has taken a winding path  
filled with traumas and tangles  
that have blurred and blunted God's intent for my gifts.  
I assume the same is true for you.

But somewhere beneath the sense of scandal and folly  
that has distracted and mislead me on my journey  
to understand and practice more faithfully my reason for being,  
there is a reverence and trust  
that continued to pester and provoke me  
to accept the new day that dawned  
on that first Easter morning  
and participate in its divine energy  
with every breath that I take.  
In company with this Creator I find hope.  
Belonging to this Creator's corps of ambassadors,  
I find meaning and significance in my life.

I find myself now more and more aware  
of awakening each new day  
to an appreciation for the lengths this God will go to  
in restoring the original intent of creation  
in ways that give me a significant role in that redemption.  
It's not about me on my terms,  
but about me and the unique contribution with which I have been entrusted  
in making this world a nourishing habitat and flourishing home  
for all of *Abba's* beloved friends.

And that is reason to dance,  
to attune and align ourselves with the breath that give us all life  
and greet each new day with gratitude for its possibilities.

Let's reflect on that further as Dan and Ben  
play their improvisations on 'Lord of the Dance.'

## My Notes



## My Prayers