



Love unwrapped

In the breeze a feather floats.  
Is it falling or is it dancing?  
Is it tossed by the wind or using the wind?  
What do you see?  
What do you believe?

In the early morning the disciples looked into the tomb.  
The wrappings lay, one folded, one discarded.  
What did they see?  
What did they believe?

Death came, but love lives.

Perhaps a folded cloth speaks of time to prepare  
and a discarded cloth of sudden death.  
Why both?  
A reminder perhaps  
that however it comes death is not the end,  
the spirit that once gave the body life  
is free as a feather to dance in wind,  
and the wrappings of this world no longer define it.

We talk of seeing but it is not a body we see.  
It is the evidence of life beyond death,  
it is the feather dancing in the breeze,  
the kindness of a stranger,  
the sight of love making a difference,  
that first laugh after sorrow,  
the lifting of a heart from despair,  
it is hope.

Resurrection is love unwrapped,  
dancing in the breeze  
and free to go wherever it is needed,  
touching us, embracing us  
and reminding us that life goes on.