

BUT This Morning, Hallelujah, Our Hope Sprang from the Tomb!

So many reasons to despair, about the world and about ourselves...

In the life of this world, so much injustice and violence. Wars, with bombs... or tariffs. So many walls between peoples; between each other so many obstacles to human beings on the path to their dignity, their security, the peace they desire. And the planet is getting hotter and hotter, as if hit by the fever that's gripping us.

In our personal lives, so much misery. The evil I wouldn't want to commit, the good I can't manage to do. My old habits. Forgiveness waiting to happen. And then the passage of time, taking me towards my end, without sparing me sickness and anguish.

It's as if the cause had already been heard: "No future! Or, worse: the eternal recommencement of a cycle that makes us hope for spring and beautiful days, only to lead us back to winter, in a downward spiral towards chaos... or nothingness. Despair!

Yes, you'd think the case had been heard and the verdict implacable. Just as we thought that death and hatred had had the last word, with this Jesus of Nazareth. Oh, he made people dream. He had promised them many unrealistic things, in the name of God the Father of whom he claimed to be the beloved Son. Many words, many promises, gone, soon forgotten. Death had the last word. With the help of the "Law and Order" of the world's powerful. The tomb is closed with a heavy stone. The tomb, like a locked dungeon, more than double-locked. The tomb, oblivion. "Abandon all hope! This last word was thought to have been pronounced for him and his disciples.



BUT, but, but... this morning, hallelujah, our hope sprang from the tomb!

This morning, almost silently, God steps out of his silence. He raises his hand and says to Death and his accomplices: "Excuse me, pardon me, but... I have the last word, not you!" And his raised hand rolls away the stone. And so it begins.

No drums, no trumpets, no choirs of triumphant angels.

BUT this morning, hallelujah, our birth has sprung from the grave!

Still many challenges, perhaps even defeats. Creation,
like its children, has labor pains.

BUT this morning, hallelujah, our future has sprung from the grave!

So, my sisters and brothers, I wish us to hear, in the depths of our being, God's final word, the Easter cry of joy: "Jesus is alive! Christ is truly risen! Because with this last word, the Lord our God declares our future open, and invites us to create it with Him. Stand up, Christians, Christ's Resurrection is already ours, and the promise of a new world!

Happy Easter!

A handwritten signature in blue ink, appearing to read "Alain Faubert". The signature is fluid and cursive, with a long horizontal stroke extending to the right.

† Alain, Bishop