

**“They did not yet understand... he had to—rise--from—the dead.”**

*In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit.*

**Once upon a time**, it was a hot, sunny, summer afternoon and I was slowly drifting in a canoe on the lake at my cottage in Somerset, near Seven Springs. As was my custom, I cast my fishing line into the lake, sat the rod beside my foot, tied a portion of the line to my big toe, and commenced to read a very good book. I looked away from the book, momentarily, and down at the water beside the boat. A bunch of water beetles were at play.

Suddenly, one of the beetles broke away from the pack, so to speak, and began to crawl up the side of the canoe. When it got halfway up, it attached the talons of its legs to the wooden side of the canoe and, apparently, died.

I watched for movement for a few moments, seeing none, I returned to my book. About 3 hours (& 4 fish-later, I might add), I checked on the dead beetle. I was amazed at what I saw.

The beetle had, in fact, dried up and its back was starting to crack open. As I watched, something began to emerge from the opening: first a moist head, then wings. It was a beautiful dragonfly.

It was amazing. The dragonfly began to move its wings. It hovered gracefully over the water where the other beetles were at play. **But**, they didn't recognize the dragonfly. They didn't realize that it was the same beetle they'd played with just 3 hours earlier.

*With my pinky-finger, I nudged the dried-out shell of the beetle.  
It was like an empty tomb.*

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*I guess you all recognize my point...the parallel between the water beetle and Jesus.*

**But**, and there's that proverbial **BUT** in life, to make it perfectly clear:

*Jesus died fastened to a wooden cross; the water beetle died fastened to a wooden canoe.*

*Jesus underwent an amazing transformation three days after his death.*

*The water beetle underwent an amazing transformation three hours after its death.*

*Jesus wasn't recognized by those who had been with him three days earlier.*

*The beetle wasn't recognized by those who had been with it three hours earlier.*

*The risen body of Jesus had new powers to move about.*

*The beetle could now fly and, no longer, had to crawl, so...*

*it, too, had new powers to move about.*

*The body of Jesus that rose from the dead on Easter morning was  
totally different from the body of Jesus that was buried on Good Friday afternoon.*

*It was NOT a resuscitated body, i.e., a body that was restored to its original life—  
as was the body of Lazarus, as was the only son of the widow of Naim, as was the daughter of Jairus.*

Paul compares the body **before** resurrection to a **seed**...  
and the body **after** resurrection to a **plant**.

“What you plant is a bare seed, NOT the full-bodied plant. When the body is buried, it is mortal; when raised, it will be immortal. When buried, it is ugly and weak; when raised, it will be beautiful & strong. When buried, it is a physical body; when raised, it will be a spiritual (i.e., a **glorified**) body.” 1 Cor.15:37, 42-44

And we will **all** share in the resurrection of Jesus, as Paul clarifies:

“The truth is that Christ has been raised from the dead, as a guarantee that those, who sleep in death, will also be raised..... For just as all people die because of their union with Adam, in the same way, all will be raised to life because of their union with Christ 1 Cor. 15:20-22

Now, there is something **more** ...and it's **very** important. Paul tells us that we **don't** have to wait and die ...to share in the risen life and power of the risen Jesus.

So-o, “**how can we share in the risen life and power of Jesus?**” you ask.

**Well, I am glad you asked that question!**

You see...

**Each time** we **love** again, after having our love **rejected** .....we share in the resurrection.

**Each time** we **trust** again, after having our trust **betrayed**...we share in the resurrection.

**Each time** we **fail** in our plans, but, nevertheless, **try** again...we share in the resurrection.

**Each time** we **hope** again, after having our hope **smashed**...we share in the resurrection.

**Each time** we **pick up** the pieces, **wipe away** our tears, **face** the sun, and **start again**...  
we share in the power of the resurrection!

**The message of Easter is...**

**nothing** can destroy us anymore—not pain, not sin, not rejection, not even death itself!

Remember, Christ has conquered all and, with our complete faith in him, so... **can... we!**

I close with this prayer:

**Heavenly Father, help us to remember that  
every Good Friday in our life ...has an Easter Sunday.**

**Help us remember that we don't have to wait until death to share in the resurrection.**

**To do so, all we have to do is to open our hearts to the grace (his presence) that  
Jesus won for us on the first Easter Sunday, nearly 2,000 years ago.**

**Help us to realize that we can begin that sharing in this life, right now,  
at this moment, in this Mass  
because...**

**“By your holy cross... you have redeemed the world!”**

**Together we say...Thank you, Jesus!**

(Please join me in those three, simple words:)

**“Thank You, Jesus.”**

May Almighty God, our Abba, bless you...  
the Father and the Son and the Holy Spirit. Amen.