

“EASTER!”
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By Rebecca Enney

Jeremiah, a prophet who spoke for God said “The Lord says I WILL BE THE GOD OF ALL FAMILIES.” And God knows there are all kinds of families.

Elizabeth’s family is having a great Easter morning! She and her Mommy and Daddy had lots of fun looking for sweet Easter treats before getting ready for church. For breakfast Elizabeth had one hard boiled egg, two chocolate eggs and 3 bubble gum balls from her walking chicken that lays bubble gum balls. Watch this!

Sometimes, we think that all families have happy Easter mornings. However, in real life it doesn’t work that way. This year Uncle Floyd is having a bittersweet Easter. Last night Mrs. Potato Head came to stay overnight with Barabas while Uncle Floyd was away. He just got back at 7:00 this morning and is quick going to make the icing for the cake he baked for dinner. Then he will go upstairs to wake up Barabas.

Lets see, he has the butter and the sugar and the mixer and the sour cream and the bittersweet chocolate. You might be surprised to know that chocolate, by itself, is very bitter, but with a lot of sugar it is one of our favorites at Easter and Halloween . . . and Valentines Day . . . and Tuesdays and Thursdays!

So *bittersweet* chocolate means it has a taste combination of both bitter chocolate and just enough sugar to make it a little sweet.

“Bittersweet . . .” said Uncle Floyd reflectively. And he thought about what a different kind of Easter morning he just had, because it had been both bitter and sweet. You see, Uncle Floyd just returned from taking a turn as a volunteer at the homeless shelter at Zion Lutheran Church over in Harrisburg.

“I reckon it was a bittersweet Easter morning for Warren.” Warren is one of 40 very, very, very poor men who sleep on the floor at the church every night all winter. In the summertime they must sleep outside. Uncle Floyd liked Warren. They talked about Jesus last night before lights out. Early this morning, after the homeless men all got up, they rolled up their blankets and sprayed their sleeping mats with Lysol to kill any germs and then they all had a cup of coffee and a graham cracker. Then Uncle Floyd opened the back door and they all filed outside into the cold as a wintry wind swept down the alleyway between the Train Station and Zion Lutheran Church. The first thing most of the men did was to light up a cigarette but Warren did something different.

Warren walked across the alley and looked up at the sky where the sunshine had just started to creep over the horizon. Warren smiled and bowed his head and he said quietly “Alleluia. Christ is Risen.” And then he walked around the corner out of sight. Uncle Floyd was happy to have met Warren and to have volunteered at the homeless shelter, but at the same time, Uncle Floyd felt sad for Warren. He felt bitter . . . sweet.

“I reckon there are a lot of different ways that Jesus comes to us on Easter morning.” thought Uncle Floyd as he finished icing the cake.

Elizabeth was having fun playing with her walking chicken, a chicken that lays bubble gum balls.

Uncle Floyd set the cake on the counter and went to wake up Barabas.

Warren walked to the bus station to find a place out of the cold wind.



(Place figure of Risen Christ) Jesus spoke to the women who came to his tomb that first Easter morning and said “Do not be afraid! My followers WILL see me.”

Jesus reveals himself to all families. He has revealed himself to us this morning! Alleluia! THE END