

“The Story Isn’t Over When We Die”

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By Marianne Brock

A long time ago, when I was a little girl, we didn’t listen to music on MP3 players or CD players. We had to use a machine called a record player and our music was stored on these things called “records.”



Now a record looks kind of like a CD, only it’s much bigger and much less sturdy. You had to be very careful with records, because they could get scratched VERY easily – and then they wouldn’t work anymore. So my dad had taught me that you only touched records on the edges, and you had to be very particular about putting them away properly. (I was kind of a messy child, but I ALWAYS put my records away.)

I had my very own record player that I could keep in my room and I had an extensive collection of my Very Own Records. I had Goldilocks and the Three Bears; Songs From Winnie the Pooh; A Child’s Introduction to Classical Music; The Firestone Christmas Album, Collection 4; A Christmas Collection featuring Mahalia Jackson and the New Christie Minstrels; The Osmond Brothers: Songs We Sang on the Andy Williams Show,



and then there was my favorite record of all... The Sesame Street Record.



I loved my Sesame Street Record. It had the best songs: Big Bird sang ABC-DEFGHI-JKL-MNOP-QR-STUVWXYZ, Kermit sang It's Not Easy Bein' Green, Oscar sang I Love Trash, and Ernie sang Rubber Ducky. It was a great record. I played it over, and over, and over, and over... I played it

so much that, not only did I know all of the words to all of the songs, MY DAD knew all of the words to all of the songs!! I really loved that record, and I think my dad loved it, too. We used to sing along with this one song called I've Got Five People In My Family... it went like this:

*Oh, I've got 5 people in my family,
And there's not one of them I'd swap!
There is a sister, and two brothers,
And a mother and a pop.*

...And then my dad would always say "That's ME!" in a really low voice, and it really made me laugh.

Well, one day, after I had listened to both sides of my Sesame Street Record several times, I very carefully carried it over to my bookcase to put it away. I don't remember exactly what happened next, but somehow, the record slipped out of its jacket. I wasn't quick enough to catch it before it fell on the floor and broke into three pieces! Immediately, I realized that my life would never be the same! I would never be able to hear my favorite songs again. I knew that the record couldn't be repaired. I knew that my family didn't have enough money to buy a new record. And I knew that my dad was going to be so sad because we could never again sing along with The Five People in My Family Song. I was devastated. I didn't know what to do, and I really didn't like feeling as sad as I was feeling. So I picked up the pieces of my record and I hid them behind my bookcase. I put the jacket on the shelf with the other records and I tried not to think about it again.

In today's gospel, the disciple named Thomas is very, very sad because his friend Jesus had been hung on a cross. Thomas loved Jesus – they had been good friends who had walked and talked and eaten had even sung songs together. Thomas knew that he would never see Jesus again because Jesus had died. Thomas knew that when someone was dead, the story was over. They couldn't come back. Not ever.

So when the other disciples saw the Risen Jesus and told Thomas about this, Thomas couldn't allow himself to believe that this news could be true. Thomas had put his sadness on a shelf, and he didn't want to think about it.

Shortly after this, Jesus appeared again to the disciples, and this time, Thomas was there. Thomas saw that Jesus WAS ALIVE – and Thomas was filled with so much joy that he couldn't say anything except "My Lord, and My God!" which I think we can translate as "Jesus – I love you!"



Love is very strong, and God's love for us is stronger than anything else. It's stronger than CD's, or glue, or even daddies. God's love is even stronger than death. **Jesus appeared to Thomas and the other disciples so that they – and we – would know that the story isn't over when someone we love dies.**

Now, as for me and my Sesame Street record... that story isn't over either. No, I did not find my record miraculously repaired (although, I will admit that I prayed to God for that). Eventually, I told my parents what had happened, and they helped me throw away the pieces. Even though I didn't have the record anymore, my dad and I still sang the Five People in My Family Song... and many years later, when my son Benjamin started to talk, he called my dad "Pop!"

One more thing, a couple of weeks ago, after years of looking for it, I found the Sesame Street Record on eBay. I paid 12 dollars to reclaim my childhood happiness... now, if I only had my record player.

The end.