

It's hard to think of anything new to say about Easter. Jesus Christ, having died on a cross, comes back to life a few days later. There, that was simple, wasn't it. However, it's not quite right.

Christ is not Jesus' second name; it's his title or description, meaning "anointed." (In Hebrew, "Messiah.") Jesus' name wasn't Jesus. The name was mis-translated; the real name is closer to Joshua (Yoshua), whose name means, "He saves." Jesus real name was Yeshua, which means, "I save." Only, he did not save himself, and he did not come back to his former life again.

God raised him from the dead to new life.

The point of all this is that sometimes we think we are so familiar with something or someone that we either make assumptions that our perception is correct, or, even worse, that there is nothing more to be wondered at.

Yet - as a number of you are often telling me - the majority here in the Burnhams is closer to the exit than the entry point of this life. And as I type this on my birthday, that includes me - unless I live beyond 112! So it amazes me that there isn't quite a buzz about the place as to what comes next: an eternity of, in my case, bits falling off, various bodily measurements going in the wrong direction, hair (what's left of it) going grey, and so on. A bit more of the same, is that what comes next?

Easter is what comes next. But I can't think of anything new to say about that - except: alleluia!