

A Confession for Holy Week

by Allison Stone

God, we must confess that we rush through Holy Week, straining to feel and see glimpses of Easter—living entirely for the familiar joy of Easter morning. Forgive us. For we know that the joyous Easter morning contains a hollow ring if the path to the cross has not been weathered. Our concept of the abundant life is indeed skewed if we fail to include the darkness in our wholeness.

In our desire to thwart the pain we sometimes deny that it is a real part of our existence. If we have not stopped to examine our pain and the pain of our brothers and sisters, then rejoicing is merely an empty exercise.

For the cross is the very point at which our joy and pain intersect. The cross represents the place where despair and doubt don't have to be ignored—can't be ignored—but rather the depths of human hurt are embraced and celebrated as part of the whole person. The whole, alive person that God desires each of us to be.

Alive to celebration and defeat, but ALIVE to the wonders of the abundant life through Christ. Alive to the hurts of our sisters and brothers and how we can be an instrument of healing. Ready to respond to their hurts in a spirit of reconciliation and justice.

In this Easter season, may we each continue to develop the ability to weave all our experiences into the rich tapestry of our existence—embracing both joy and pain with Christ's life as our model. Therein lies the true impact of the resurrection. May it be so.

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Art is by Lenora Mathis.

(from *Baptist Peacemaker*,
Volume 20 Number 1,
Spring 2000.)

