

The View from Grabbist

This year Easter Sunday is on 31 March, followed immediately by April Fools' Day. I love the old idea of "hunting the gowk" (Scots for cuckoo) - people being sent on phony errands.

So, is the resurrection of Jesus a kind of catch the cuckoo? Well, you'd expect me to disagree! And I do - but perhaps for different reasons than expected...

I'm a seeker after truth, authenticity, deep resonances with reality. So how does resurrection sit with this?

Well, here's where I'm at: I don't take resurrection to be true because somebody tells me I must, or because it's in the Good Book. As a young 'un, I suppose I did, but I now think that simply isn't good enough. Truth doesn't have to be something I can grasp or comprehend (if I do, it probably isn't truth!), but it must have an *authentic* ring, and change me for the better.

This takes me to the Book of Nature, which *is* cycles of life, death and new life, from vast stars to tiny seeds. All things are interconnected - from quantum entanglement to trees speaking to one another through a kind of 'internet' of fungi. We are one with our ancestors, share 99.9% of our DNA with them and with one another, 60% with chickens and 50% with trees! We breathe in the oxygen which trees breathe out. Not an atom in your body remains from when you were born - yet you are still you! The mystery of consciousness has not been resolved (many scientists believe it can't be, that it's a philosophical 'hunting of the gowk' to think it can be!). The deeper we probe reality, the more we confront deeper mystery.

Humans have universally contemplated this 'beyond', the 'divine', in which we 'inter-are', in a myriad of ways. The wholesale loss of this humbling intuition seems to me to have failed to bring enlightenment, our world remaining profoundly and increasingly conflicted and cocksure.

So, back to Jesus. I find his life utterly compelling (despite many misrepresentations), his compassion wholly authentic (despite the hypocrisies, common to all human endeavour, which also plagues Christianity), his humility humbling. The Book that tells of resurrection is not dogmatic, but leaves much unsaid, opening up vistas of enigmatic beauty. I continue to encounter people daily whose lives are deeply enriched by inhabiting this mystery. My experience tells me that the Spirit of Christ reconnects me with *everything*, and with every human being. Christ to me is far more than a historical example, but a living Presence who transfigures me. I don't have all the answers, and the whole thing remains deeply, inscrutably mysterious, eliciting much humility. But I *know* this: *Christ is alive – and, through much suffering, Love endures through everything.*

On this - fool that I am - I stake my life.

Happy Easter!

Kenneth