

The women at the tomb know that the resurrection of Jesus reframes everything. Life will never be the same because life is not longer enslaved by the finality of death. They are filled with **fear** and **joy**, the very feelings that make life exhilarating for you and me. Living with fear and joy puts you right on the edge where you know your life is dependent upon God and God's power in you. All the women want to do is share the news. Lest we forget, as we have so often done, let me say again: the church is born from the witness of women filled with fear and joy. When the Church forgets the witness of women who boldly tell the good news, it always stumbles into the dark ways of hubris.

If death reframes everything in its brutal power to annihilate life, the resurrection is the great reframing of all things, even death itself. That is the Christian faith that the women share so boldly.

Still, I must say, Saint Paul seems filled with the trash-talking flourish of a winner when he screams defiantly: Death, O Death, where is thy sting? In my experience, death stings terribly, and no amount of Hallmark sentimentality takes away the pain. Again, in the most literal sense it hurts like hell, because that's what it is. Death happens; there is no escaping it. No tiny bit of immortality floats heavenward like a ghost blissfully untouched.

But death is not the last word. Eternal life is. ***This is the message that lives at the heart of Christian faith. The resurrection of Jesus Christ is the emphatic promise that God has the last word and that word is life eternal, like an ever-flowing stream. The invitation is to live in that stream everyday and not forget it.***