

The Stone

The Sunday of the Resurrection. Year B, RCL. Mark 16:1-8. April 1, 2018. The Shared Ministry of Our Saviour, Salem and Trinity, Alliance, in the Episcopal Diocese of Ohio. The Rev'd Jerome H. (Kip) Colegrove.

“Who will roll away the stone for us?” (Mark 16:3)

Some things are too heavy for us to lift.

That doesn't mean they're too heavy for *anybody* to lift.

The stone that sits on our hearts is death. The death not only of our bodies but of hope, sense, capability, scope, meaning, honor, delight...all the good stuff. All that good stuff seems to go away, get spoiled, be unattainable, diminish. The stone of death suffocates us, mashing us into the darkness of a tomb.

What could lift that stone, what could move it? How can we get out from under it? It has the weight of years of misery, guilt, hopelessness, piling up in layer after layer, obscuring the sun...

We need the light of hope and joy, the fresh air of renewal and peace. We need a doorway of delight to dance through, out into freedom. And still the stone weighs upon us.

But.

The stone that seals our tomb is movable. It got rolled there, and we have some complicity in that—our hands, schooled in sin, have helped block our way out. So the stone can be moved.

But.

We can't roll it away on our own. It needs hands that can manage it as if it were as light as a marshmallow. Who has hands like that?

God.

God can move the stone. God can transform it. God can give us the opening we need to rise. He will do it for us. He did it for the first time on the first Easter morning. He has kept doing it. He is melting the weight of sin, death and evil away. He is turning it into something sweet. Turning it into resurrection.

Renewed life, the life of the renewed age—eternal life—floats that stone of death like a marshmallow on a cup of hot chocolate and melts that sucker away.

How about you? Need a swig of new life instead of a stone too heavy to handle? God's table is spread. Christ is risen. Come out—out of the tomb. Come up—up into the light. Come in: here is where we get to know the one who moves the stone. Here is where we celebrate the taste of eternity.