

The week after Holy Week is always an odd one for ministers. Holy week without question is always the busiest week of the year. There are of course the normal worship services (Maundy Thursday, Good Friday and then Easter Sunday in both Holden and Tofield), but then there are the added pieces like the daily bible readings that this year were put onto YouTube. On top of all of that there is always other things that take place that draw both heart and mind in other directions. By the time, the final amen is spoken on Easter Sunday, most ministers are quite tired and often spend the rest of the day either napping or semi-consciously watching TV and movies.

The week after Easter Sunday is often much quieter, which is why many ministers will take some time off, but this year, at least for me, I did not take time off because my sabbatical leave begins quite shortly, and it seemed odd to take a week off and then come back for a week and then be gone for four months. As I walked to the church yesterday morning then, it occurred to me that this is the first time that I would be working the week immediately following Easter and truth be told a part of me was dreading it a little bit. It is not that I do not love the work I do, I absolutely do, but what I was dreading was the quiet. You see this past week was busy, my mind and heart were fully engaged all week. Each day was filled with scripture readings, worship planning, pastoral care and worship itself. I sang hymns in the church everyday last week as I prepared for our Easter morning Hallelujahs.

So, I was dreading entering into the silence, entering into a post hallelujah church. As I stepped into the sanctuary there were signs of Holy Week all over the place. The communion wears, now washed, are placed on the communion table, a reminder of Maundy Thursday and the celebration of the last supper. A basket with nails sits on the chancel steps a stark reminder of the events of Good Friday and as I sit at the computer station, I can see the banner which was displayed with the candles on Sunday morning that reads "He is Risen" a reminder of great joy of Easter morning. Yet still, it was so quiet. There were no hymns being sung, no sounds of cameras turning on or off, no microphones clicking, simply nothing was moving at all. I finally opened a window just to hear cars passing and then the most amazing thing happened, about twenty sparrows landed on the windowsill and began to sing. When our songs of hallelujah had ceased, theirs began.

It was and remains a good reminder, not just for me, but for us all that the blessings of Easter, the promise of God's presence in the world, the light of love and grace shining, does not just fill one day and then cease; the promise of Easter is everlasting. It is found in our busiest days and in the naps on a quiet afternoon. God's light shines in the sun, from sunrise to sunset and in the stars and moon as they brighten the night sky. The blessings of Easter are found in the rainy days, snowy days, hot days and windy days. The love of Easter is found everywhere and in everything, always.

Its in you and me and its in the sparrows sitting on the windowsill. When we say that Christ is risen, we mean the promise of resurrection, the love that causes Jesus' resurrection, is present always and unconditionally. Easter is not just one day; it is a promise for everyday. The sparrows reminded me of that!

Sincerely, The Rev. Adam Hall

