

Sermon: 2019/04/21, 0630 (Easter Day - "Vigil") - Genesis 2:4-8,16-18,21-3:7a; Genesis 6:6-19, 7:11, 8:1-4; Exodus 14; Daniel 3:1-28; Jonah 1:1-2:10, & Luke 23:50-24:5_BTR

What's your story like?

And by "story," I mean your personal history.

The things you've done;

the places you've been, and so on.

I like to tell myself that my own is more interesting than most - I've travelled pretty extensively; I've seen some "stuff."

Although some of the best bits I can't even take any credit for:

random chance, "luck-of-the-draw." Coincidence and kind strangers all along the way.

And quite a large helping of disappointment, regret, shame and failure.

And isn't that true for nearly all of us?

Our "stories" will never be written in a book - they won't deserve it.

(You won't see my face on the cover of any biographies, or my name on a plaque at the local High School.)

The most we can hope for is that our children and grandchildren will preserve some memory, but those will fade and be eventually forgotten.

(You know, I can't tell you a single detail about my great-grandparents:

Were they good people?

I don't know.

Did they rob banks?

And die in a drunken, blazing shootout with "The Law."

Possibly.

I'm half Australian after all. :-))

Even our supposed uniqueness is illusory:

We choose to dress like everyone else, to style our homes in the latest fashions, and to watch the same TV shows;

which we "switch" on to see celebrities much more beautiful and privileged than ourselves leading lives in more glamorous places that make us "drool" with envy:

"Hollywood" has set a standard so hopelessly out-of-reach, that it breeds resentment and discontent.

But it needn't!

But for us.

Not for Christians - *and anybody can be one!*

It means exchanging a focus on my "story" and participating in one much more exciting and dramatic and seductive and significant and unique; an *incomparable* story that swallows up and dwarfs all others: that of the Bible!

(The one we just heard - in part, any how.)

Unlike *my* story, I know how this one will end - not in obscure mediocrity, but victory!

A *triumph(!)* - a triumph that no man or woman could ever obtain:

Eternal life.

Let's face it: that's a prize *far, far* greater than promotions (at work) or a degree from university or even finding enduring, romantic love.

And Jesus *wants* me to just have it:

He asks only that I trust *His* way - one that already has been vindicated; *proved*.

On that first Easter morning.

In a body that had bled and wept; that had needed 'spices and ointments' - embalming and grave-clothes; and then, well, *didn't*.

And wouldn't ever again!

Praise be to the Lord, amen.