

The Tall Story by Nick Fawcett *reflecting on the events of Easter*

I didn't take him seriously,
for he was clearly spinning a yarn,
the claims so extravagant they were laughable,
each more far-fetched than the next.
So, I dismissed his words as so much nonsense,
too fanciful to swallow.

It was the same centuries earlier:
women rushing from the tomb,
bubbling over with news of the resurrection,
only for their words to be dismissed as nonsense,
even by the disciples,
the message seeming beyond belief,
too good to be true.

Though I need to be sceptical sometimes, Lord,
rather than believing everything I hear,
save me from closing my mind too easily
to what's beyond my experience.

Though I struggle at times with the idea of resurrection,
so much causing me to question,
remind me of the way you changed
the lives of the apostles
and of countless others since,
transforming doubt to faith,
sorrow to joy
and fear to confidence.

Meet me, then, through the risen Christ,
so that, incredible though it may seem,
I may know him for myself,
and share his life,
now and for evermore. Amen