

WE ARE NOT GHOSTS
Luke 24:36b-48

Illustration
Keith Grogg

On Easter morning, before the sunrise service in Carolina Beach, I was standing next to my friend Steve Hall, the minister at St. Paul's Methodist. And the sun hadn't quite peeked out above the horizon, but there was a spectacular red glow all along the skyline, reflecting on the ocean. And I was just about to say, "Steve, I can't figure out why I'm not out here every morning," but he had started to speak first, and he said, "Why am I not out here every morning?"

John, the most sacramental of the four evangelists, puts this scene with the risen Jesus on the beach; and Jesus has built a little campfire, and he asks the disciples returning from their morning trawl to bring some fish to add to the ones he's already got on the grill, along with bread that he has provided.

But Luke has it happening in the house in Jerusalem where the disciples are gathered, and it is evening.

In both cases, Christ's presence is as real as it gets, and he is so alive that, like you and me and every human being in the world, he needs something to eat.

As you and I, members of the body of Christ, try to minister to the world around us, may we remember the real, tangible, physical needs of this world that God loved so much that God gave his only Son.

We are not ghosts. We can do things, build things, make things, share things. And occasionally, when we have done our daily work for the physical well-being of this absolutely real world, we will have the privilege of sitting at table together, in the presence of the one who opens our eyes and makes our breaking bread together a sacrament.

God bless,
Pastor Barbara