

## ***A Dance, Not To The Measure Of Time***

Can there be any day but this – though many suns to shine endeavour?  
We count three hundred, but we miss; there is but one, and that one ever.

George Herbert, *Easter*

When I think of Easter, it sometimes all seems like a story from the past, full of togas and palm-trees and crested helmets. Isn't the Resurrection something that happened far in the past?

*No, because things that happen in the temporal sense, and drift slowly backwards into history, cease when we die.*

So the Resurrection isn't part of history?

*Human history is made up of temporal deeds. The Resurrection belongs to a divine history, like the Creation which began human history.*

So it really happened?

*No, it really happens. Stop relegating it to the past!*

But Jesus died, as part of human history...

*...yes, and because he was divine, his death in time made dying something which is no longer foreign to God. That's good news!*

And then he rises from the dead beyond time...

*...which is where victory over death is, so to speak, established in eternity. Even better news!*

So one day I will rise from the dead.

*"One day" you will die: but your rising from the dead won't be "one day", because ticking clocks and rising and setting suns will no longer apply. In that sense, perhaps you shouldn't be relegating the Resurrection to the future, any more than the past.*

This is boggling to the mind. Does it mean anything practical, or is it just another of your puzzling religious ideas?

*It means something hugely practical. It means that your life, here and now, is not confined to the days of your human history, but opened up to some huge prospects.*

You mean there is for me Pie in the Sky when I Die? I've heard that before, and it sounds like a fib.

*But there you go, relegating it to the future again! Maybe this inheritance is one you can start drawing on already. Maybe you're living like a pauper, because you've forgotten where your fortune is banked. You remind me of one of those old gits people pity for years, who die in squalor, and then turn out to be millionaires. I think you've lost the power to spend.*

I certainly don't feel like a millionaire. Let me tell you that my mortgage will still be running when Charmian reaches University age, and my job-prospects...

*...yes, yes, but why do you constantly confine yourself to human history? You know where human history ends up: pine box, six brass handles. That's not what you're all about, that's not your terminus. You've always thought bigger than that!*

This is dangerous talk. People like you aren't safe to listen to.

*There's nothing safe about the grave.*

Maybe not, but I need to know where I stand. I've got people depending on me.

*You don't stand at all in the grave, and you're no use to anybody dead.*

This is very depressing.

*It certainly is. So think on, and remember where your Creed ends: "I believe in the resurrection of the dead: and the life of the world to come." You've got a world to come – that's future to you now – but you've got believing now, in the present. "Amen!" That means "Serious!"*

And what does "serious" mean to somebody like you?

*Serious, dear heart, means Eastertide: eat, drink and be merry (and merry means generous) because tomorrow – and therefore today - we live. And there, if you like, is a verb in the present tense!*