

November Devotional:

How Sweet the Sound of Resurrection

Behold! I tell you a mystery. We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trumpet. For the trumpet will sound, and the dead will be raised imperishable, and we shall be changed. For this perishable body must put on the imperishable, and this mortal body must put on immortality. When the perishable puts on the imperishable, and the mortal puts on immortality, then shall come to pass the saying that is written: "Death is swallowed up in victory." "O death, where is your victory? O death, where is your sting?" The sting of death is sin, and the power of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, who gives us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ. Therefore, my beloved brothers, be steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, knowing that in the Lord your labor is not in vain."

—1 Corinthians 15: 51-58

How Sweet the Sound of Resurrection, as Paul here writes in his letter to the Corinthians, and how Jesus accomplished for us after his horrific death at Golgotha and His time in Joseph's tomb. This is, I believe, the culmination of what we as Christians look to in the future, is it not? Or, is it what we look to in the here and now?

Think back, if you will, to the first time that you really gave any thought to Christ's resurrection. I mean, when you really pondered it and really let it sink into your very soul. I am sure if you are like me you heard the Sunday School story of His resurrection as a child; you may have confirmed your baptismal vows as a teen and confessed His resurrection; you may have attended any number of Bible studies as an adult on His resurrection and what it means; and, if you are like me, the older you get, the more you might daily think on His resurrection as loved ones around you become sick and even die.

I was a 17-year-old high school senior when I really thought about what the resurrection of Christ meant. Our mother was diagnosed with lung cancer, and after a few months it had spread to two other areas of her body. The prognosis was not good at all. I earnestly prayed for her healing, but knew somewhere deep down that it was not meant to be. She got sicker and weaker, and she eventually died on a hot summer's day. The not so sweet sound of the dispatcher calling my co-worker and me back to the shop let me know that her time here on earth had ended. As I drove home from Bragg Crane and Rigging that day, my first thoughts were for my father and sister, of course. Then it hit me: mom was now in a much better place, singing her Savior's praises because of her belief in the Resurrection of Christ from the dead on that very first Easter! The sweet sound of the resurrection was clear and unmistakable; however, it took the loss of a loved one to fully experience and appreciate it.

One day we too shall rise and be with our Savior and those who have gone before us. Our victory has been won! We continue to press on in this place, at this time, sharing this Good News with all we come in contact. We continue to wait for that "Sweet Sound" of the resurrection to fully be experienced.

Thanks be to God through our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ...Jesus, You are the Resurrection and the Life. When it is Your will, grant us a peaceful death and take us to Yourself in heaven. Amen.

How sweet it is!

—Karl Fink, Minister of Discipleship