

Easter 1943

Luke 24:16

Some travelers found an old mt woman - they asked about her husband - she turned and looked toward the going down of the sun - where its beams entering the clouds turned them into a great curtain like scene with the gorgeous colors of the rainbow - and said "He is not here" she went on to say "I understand he is over yonder above that mountain where you see all those pretty things - He got sick some years ago and was sick a long time - so one day about this time of the day he was gazing that great mt - as he looked out of his window from his bed - and he said 'I believe that is heaven over there and some strange but wonderful persons seems to be around my bed and seems to be saying - "The chariot is ready" - He went to sleep - friends came and put his poor tired body in the little cemetery - but his spirit is over yonder and I look over there every day for I am anxious for him and that wonderful person to come for me"

The little cemetery held his body but heaven held his spirit -

you may go into new Mexico and to the place of the cliff dwellers - abandoned

more than a thousand years ago - but the
crumbling dust and bone - the ashes of
uncounted generations still rest un-
disturbed - "The dead are there"

In the heart of the mts of Peru - the
home of the Sun-worshippers you will
find where great terraces were thrown
up - and at the top - the Sun temple - and
back of that the burial place of the sun-
worshippers - "Their dead are there"

Nara is the most ancient Capital of Japan
Each year the emperor with his royal
makes a pilgrimage there because
the dead ancestors are buried there -
they are all still there -

To Buddhists the dearest spot is where
they think the ashes of Buddha rest
- the temple of Ceylon -

In Egypt is the valley of the dead
empty of every living thing - there
men who once controlled the civilized
world lie among the dead -

Westminster Abbey - where kings
warriors, poets, dreamers, painters,
statesmen, and missionaries are buried
is Westminster abbey because the
dead are there -

you may go around the globe
and visit shrines on five conti-
nents - graves have been filling
until the dead outnumber the
living a thousand to one -

If all were to come back who have died there would not be standing ^{room} for them on the land of this world.

All of these billions and multiplied billions are now in their graves except one - you say - what about Lazarus? He was raised but raised to physical life - and died again -

Jesus was placed in a tomb - that tomb was sealed - the power of Rome guaranteed that the dead was in that tomb and that Christ would stay there -

THEN A NEW DAWN BREAKS WITH THE SWEET GLEAM OF SPRING - the music of bird song the fragrance of lilies - and as the light comes in to Joseph's garden - troubled women find an open tomb - the only kind of a tomb that has ever healed troubled hearts - there they found a white messenger who spoke a word never heard at another tomb in this world -

"He is not here" what that means to parents ^{white crosses} - whose sons lie beneath the

But because of this person not being there we are coming to that new greatest Easter morning when every tomb shall open in the sea and on the land and the resurrection



angel shall stand over our graves and say "He is not here" ^{Rise every one go heaven or hell, which?}

John Rathbone Oliver once told about a friend of his, a young physician, who met an untimely death. Dr. Oliver says that the man was most lovable and brilliant, sure of a distinguished future. There was also a young woman whom he had known since she was a girl, and whom he admired more than any girl of her age he had ever known. These young people fell in love and were married. Naturally they looked forward to a future of happiness and achievement. Dr. Oliver says that he never knew two people who loved and understood each other better. They seemed to be an ideal pair. Then came the end suddenly, after only one single year of married life. There was a chance infection from an autopsy. The young physician died.

Dr. Oliver confesses with shame that he did not go to the funeral. He who had written so much about how to overcome fear was afraid even to look at the young woman. He was afraid to write her, even though he was one of her old friends. He was afraid to meet her on the street. He felt that he had only wretched shreds of comfort to offer in the face of such cruel tragedy as that. At last one morning he almost ran into her outside the hospital. He did not see her at first, because of his poor eyesight.

But this young woman wore no black. There was nothing to suggest depressive hopelessness. "Her face was alight with something more than mere happiness." As she gave her hands to her friend, he must have stared at her. He mumbled some lame excuse for not having written and for not having been to see her, in her great grief. She smiled at Dr. Oliver, as she patted his rather shaky hand. "Ah doctor, you don't understand," she said. "I miss Dick. Of course, I miss him. But I haven't room in my heart for anything but thankfulness and gratitude to God. I had a year of Dick's love—a whole year of perfect happiness. No other woman has had as much as I. If I live to be eighty, I shall not have had time to thank God enough. And when I do stop living, well, Dick and I will begin living together again."

Well, however we may attempt to analyze the faith