



Shepherd of the Hills Lutheran Church  
*Pastor Terry's Thoughts of the Week*

## **Destruction and Death**

This week is one of mixed emotions. Today the children are having their Easter Egg Hunt. They will come to worship with a sugar high! We wave palms at the beginning of the service and we rejoice with those of ancient times as we remember Jesus coming in glory into Jerusalem, riding on a donkey, King of the people! There was such joy!

Then comes the rest of the week. Our devotions will carry us, carefully, to Maundy Thursday when we will remember the Last Supper Jesus shared with his friends and went out silently to the garden to pray.

On Friday we will solemnly and quietly remember the last few hours of his life knowing that those hours were filled with the agony of pain beyond knowing and sorrow only those who watch a friend die in pain, can know.

On Saturday we will take our rest. We will gather ourselves as we prepare for Sunday. We will feel that the sun is brighter, that the air is lighter and that they days are getting longer – which they are! (As a point of interest, Maundy is an ancient word meaning “longer” as in longer days, as in Spring. As someone pointed out the new life of spring and the celebration of the resurrection have a lot in common!)

Take each day as it comes. Today is the happy/sad day. We move from celebration to “Crucify” in only an hour or so. We take this day to prepare for the coming week, to realize that this is the most solemn time in the life of our church family for the whole year.

But we have our faith!

Now, what in the name of heaven does that mean? It means that in the midst of destruction and death we find life. The death of a seed in the ground brings out new life, often beautiful life, in our neighborhoods. The death that comes in many arenas of nature feeds the earth and the people and animals of earth. But let's face it, that's not the death we're concerned with. It's our own!

Most of us don't like to contemplate our own death. We expect to live forever – at least I do. The world was less before I was born and it will be less when I leave this world. It's difficult for me to realize that I am only a small part of this magnificent world. I am not that important.



On the other hand, I am than important to God. I trust (last week) his word which tells me that he knows all the hairs on my head. He has promised me (I trust) that I will live in his kingdom forever. I have been baptized, I am God's child, I am important to him and so I trust that he will carry through on his promises.

You know that's not just me. That's all of us. We are into the trust thing, I hope, and with that trust comes our love from God and our never-ending life.

I hear again and again, getting old isn't all that great. I remind people that it's better than the alternative. Maybe I'm wrong. But we still have a mission here until God calls us home. We will do the best we can and leave the rest in his hands. God is good and trustworthy. Let's remember this all this week.

*TMK*

-- *Week of March 28, 2010*