

Reflection for Saturday of Easter Week 2020 Threatened with Resurrection

This day was made by the Lord: we rejoice and are glad. Listen to Sr Macrina Wiederkehr OSB.

I go out into the world of nature and see the battle of death and life unfolding before my eyes. Everywhere new life is climbing out of the ground. There are times when, because of lack of water, lack of rain, the unfolding life doesn't survive. It folds in the middle of its unfolding. I, too, at times feel as though I am folding in the middle of my unfolding. But then something happens – someone comes along and gives me hope in the midst of my hopelessness.

One such person in history stands out as someone who teaches us to live as though we are **threatened with resurrection**. Guatemalan poet, Julia Esquivel, lived in exile for nearly a decade because of her work on behalf of justice for the indigenous Mayan people. How beautifully she writes of hope in her two poems, *The Certainty of Spring* and *Threatened with Resurrection*. Listen to the hope that can be found in these words from a few pieces of her poem:

“What keeps us from sleeping,
Is that **they have threatened us with resurrection!**
Because at each nightfall,
though exhausted from the endless inventory
of killings since 1954,
yet we continue to love life,
and do not accept their death!

Because in this marathon of Hope,
there are always others to relieve us
in bearing the courage necessary
to arrive at the goal which lies beyond death...

Accompany us then on this vigil
and you will know what it is to dream!
You will then know how marvellous it is
to live threatened with resurrection!
To dream awake,
to keep watch asleep,
to live while dying,
and to already know oneself resurrected!”

(by Julia Esquivel, Guatemalan poet and theologian, from her book, *Threatened with Resurrection: Prayers and Poems from an Exiled Guatemalan*, Brethren Press.

In our search for the holy, there are times when our restless preparations smother the very truth for which we are searching. We decorate our rooms and make elaborate preparations for our prayer, when a single flower and a moment of waiting are all we need to meet the One Who Comes. MACRINA WIEDERKEHR, *Seasons of Your Heart*

Beauty calls us to attention. It slows us down. This, in itself, is the beginning of contemplation. It is difficult to hurry through beauty. Thomas Merton once said, "Hurry ruins saints as well as poets and artists." If you are in a hurry you probably won't stop to be present to "the beautiful." Beauty has the ability to heal life's wounds. It can make us receptive to grace. . . .
and to resurrection.