

Tell Me Something Good

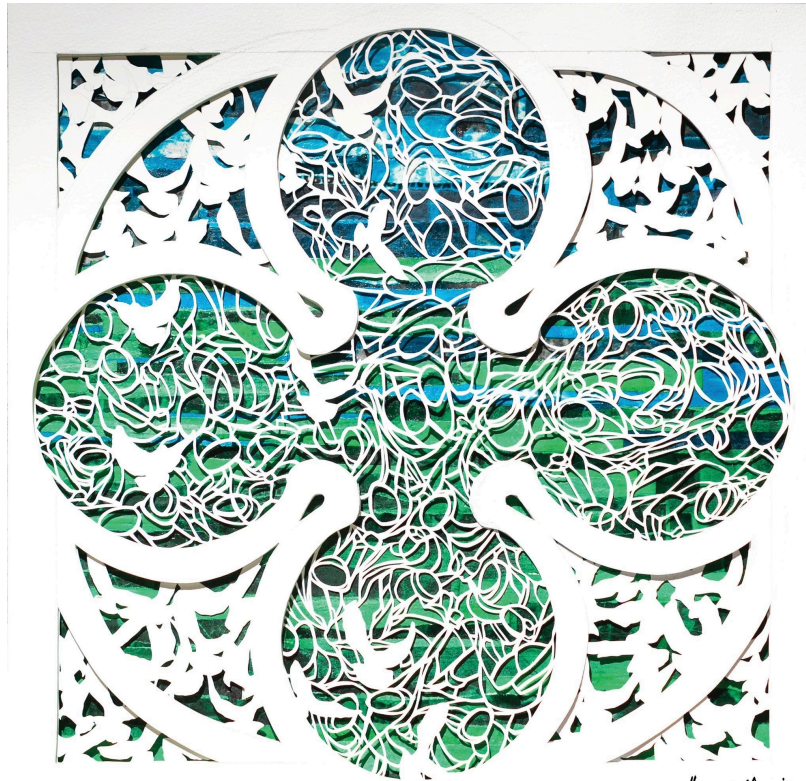
The Good News Is . . .

. . . alive in the world

Southminster Presbyterian Church

Easter - April 5, 2026

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Meet Me in Galilee by Hannah Garrity
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Texts: Matthew 28:1 - 10

Prayer for Illumination

Holy One,
all over the world, people are gathering to hear the same story.
All over the world, people are gathering to hear how death lost its
sting.
All over the world, people are gathering together, praying for a
glimpse of you.
So like our neighbors all over the world, we pray, be here.
Speak to us today.

Soften the calloused parts of our hearts until we can sense your Holy Spirit in our midst once more.

With eagerness and hope, we run to the tomb. We sing alleluia. We bow our heads. We listen for you.

Amen.

Sermon

This morning we remember that Jesus is alive. The Roman empire killed him and both they and the religious authorities who saw him as a threat believed his crucifixion would end the disruption they experienced because of his leadership. Not just the turning of water into wine to bring joy at a wedding. Not just the mysterious multiplication of five loaves and two fish to feed thousands. Not just the welcoming of children in a culture in which children were not valued. Not just because he let a woman of ill repute wash his feet with her hair and perfume. Or because he pardoned another adulterous woman while silently and powerfully calling out the religious zealots for their own shortcomings. All these were disrupting the power structures. And those with power found themselves hugely threatened. Good riddance!

Now as we reflect, some of Jesus' actions were miraculous. Some were stunningly compassionate. To those who experienced feeding and forgiveness, he was magnetic. To those who felt their power threatened, whether religious or political, he was repugnant.

The women who arrived at the tomb that morning were brave. Nothing was going to keep them from honoring their friend and

rabbi. They had been watching and listening right alongside the twelve disciples and the throngs of people over the last three years.

The greek language indicates they were watching for something unusual or out of place when they came to the tomb this Easter morning. Had they understood something the other followers had not? Did they understand in ways others missed that the story was not yet over?

And then . . . so much at once. The stone that covered the tomb out of place. Roman soldiers not on guard. Angels telling them Jesus is not in the tomb where the women knew he had been laid.

And then they see him. They. See. Jesus. Alive!

Jesus tells the women to go and tell his brothers and sisters to meet him in Galilee and it says they go with fear and great joy. It's good to know that fear and joy are not antithetical. It gives us courage to go forth.

In fact, the resurrection and the example of the women allow us to keep going forward and perhaps keep living into Palm Sunday. Last week we celebrated that Jesus entered Jerusalem in a parade that made a mockery of Roman power while proclaiming Jesus as the One who would save the people.

Likewise, we can continue to call out the structures of power knowing that while power is meant to instill fear, even if fear creeps in, we can resist with great joy. Fear is meant to keep us small. But joy takes us space and breathes hope and change. Not only can we resist power with joy, but we will.

The overarching theme of this season has been Tell Me Something Good. Jesus' life shows us that in the midst of power that intends to belittle, we can be people who laugh and dance and sing. We can be people who extend compassion and return dignity to those who are made to feel less than who they were created to be. We can give value to those who feel forgotten and unseen. Jesus did all this and so much more. As his followers, we will do likewise.

Mysteries, Yes

Mary Oliver

Truly, we live with mysteries too marvelous
to be understood.

How grass can be nourishing in the
mouths of the lambs.

How rivers and stones are forever
in allegiance with gravity
while we ourselves dream of rising.

How two hands touch and the bonds will
never be broken.

How people come, from delight or the

scars of damage,
to the comfort of a poem.

Let me keep my distance, always, from those
who think they have the answers.

Let me keep company always with those who say
“Look!” and laugh in astonishment,
and bow their heads.

Let us be people who keep company with those who are discovering
and astonished. Who respond with worship and action. Amen.