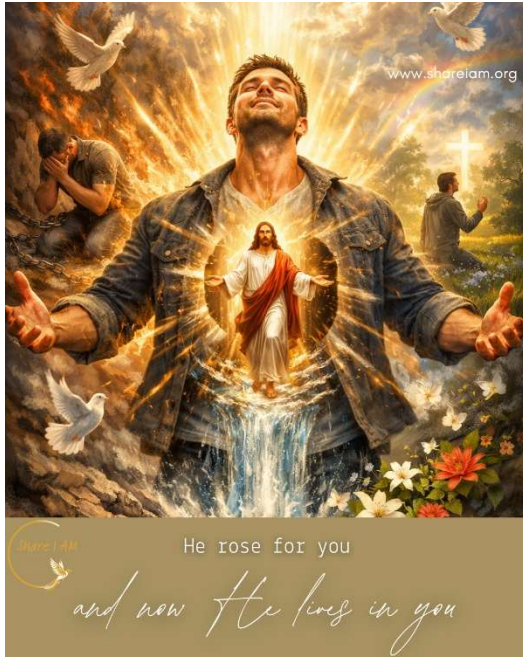




EASTER: A LIFE, NOT A WEEKEND

📖 *"I have been crucified with Christ; it is no longer I who live, but Christ lives in me. Galatians 2:20*

📖 *"If the Spirit of Him who raised Jesus from the dead dwells in you... He will also give life to your mortal bodies." Romans 8:11*

There is a quiet contradiction that visits the Church each year. For a few sacred days, hearts grow tender, songs grow deeper, and the Cross stands once again at the center of our attention. We remember His suffering, His burial, and His resurrection. Yet, as swiftly as the weekend passes, many return to lives that scarcely reflect the power of what they have just celebrated. It is as though Easter becomes a memory, rather than a reality.

But the resurrection of Christ was never meant to be admired from a distance. It was meant to be entered into. The same Spirit that raised Jesus from the grave now dwells within every born again believer. It means that Easter is not an event we recall, but a life we are called to live. Christ is not merely risen for us, **He is risen in us.**

To be born again is to receive Him as the Living Seed. And every seed carries within it the nature of what it will become. If Christ lives within us, then His life must, in time, be expressed through us. The Cross is not only something we thank Him for; it is something we are invited to share in. The resurrection is not only His victory; it is the pattern of our transformation.

Consider a seed buried in the ground. It does not commemorate death; it passes through it. Only by yielding to that hidden process does it break open and rise into life. So it is with us. There comes a moment when each believer must move beyond celebration into participation, beyond gratitude into surrender.

We thank Him for His sacrifice, and rightly so. Without Him, we would not dare call ourselves children of God (John 1:12). Yet the question remains: What does that sonship look like on an ordinary day?

Imagine standing before the empty tomb. The stone has been rolled away. The grave is empty. And in that silence, a question rises, not from accusation, but from invitation:

Have you forgiven the one who wounded you?
 Have you extended kindness where none was deserved?
 Have you allowed His life within you to overcome your own?

For resurrection life is not proved in words, but in likeness.

It is seen when we forgive as He forgave.
 When we love where it costs us something.

When we choose life where we once chose self.

Easter, then, is not a weekend we visit. It is a doorway we walk through. And on the other side is a life that steadily, quietly, unmistakably reflects Christ Himself.

 Reflection Questions:

... Am I celebrating the resurrection of Christ, or am I living in its power daily?

... In what areas of my life is the Lord inviting me not just to remember His sacrifice, but to reflect His life?