

## “Good Friday Reflection”

April 10, 2009  
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Rose turned 92 last Monday. I have known Rose since Halloween of 1984. She was the first to greet my family when we moved from Lonoke, Arkansas to Norman, Oklahoma. She took me and my brother's trick or treating. I called her to wish her a happy birthday and as is her habit, she began to recount everything she had done in the last day or so, which was never anything. She went out to eat Sunday night at the Olive Garden and then watched her beloved Oklahoma Sooner women's basketball team play and lose. She stayed the night at friends. The next morning she went to the YMCA to do her normal routine of water aerobics and sitting in the hot tub. As she was about to enter the water, the lights went out. As if that would stop her. But before she got in the pool to walk in the water in the dark. They announced that a circuit had blown and that everyone had to get out of the water. She said, "I guess they thought it wasn't safe. I would have done it anyway."

There is something about the dark that implies danger to most people. It's the unknown factor. It's all the what ifs of darkness.

Certainly, when the women watched Jesus' body being laid in the dark tomb, on the darkest day of their lives, they must have experienced a sense of the unknown. Perhaps they were fearful; certainly they were dumbstruck with grief. This wasn't what was supposed to happen. They were entering into the unknown, and the man who had been leading them for the last 3 years dead.

One author wrote, "When you come to the end of all the light you know, and it's time to step into the darkness of the unknown, faith is knowing that one of two things shall happen: either you will be given something solid to stand on or you will be taught to fly." Certainly, the women could not have known that in that deep darkness of the tomb was a power that was unknown to them. Not something to dread, but something to celebrate. Resurrection power. Something firm and real and yet something that could make them fly beyond their imaginations. Something amazing and wonderful.

Tonight, we sit in the dark, remembering the great tragedy of the crucifixion of our Lord. Certainly, it's not a day that we jump up and down in celebration, but there is a reason we call today Good Friday. It is because out of the darkness of this day came the most amazing miracle of all history: resurrection. And with it came hope.

I don't know if Rose was ever afraid of the dark. But I do know that she is a person of faith. And in her many years of walking in the water in the dark with her Savior, she knows that wonderful things can happen. That night when my family stepped in to the unknown of a new place, she was there awaiting us, not with a trick but with a treat, her friendship.

My friends, Jesus awaits us in the dark and unknown periods of life. In reality, the next moment is always unknown until we step...or fly into it. Faith is not knowing what will happen, but knowing that our savior and friend awaits us with his great love.