



# Daily Reflections

## March 31, 2018

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### Scripture

#### **Mark 16: 1-7**

When the sabbath was over,  
Mary Magdalene, Mary, the mother of James, and Salome  
bought spices so that they might go and anoint him.  
Very early when the sun had risen,  
on the first day of the week, they came to the tomb.  
They were saying to one another,  
"Who will roll back the stone for us  
from the entrance to the tomb?"  
When they looked up,  
they saw that the stone had been rolled back;  
it was very large.  
On entering the tomb they saw a young man  
sitting on the right side, clothed in a white robe,  
and they were utterly amazed.  
He said to them, "Do not be amazed!  
You seek Jesus of Nazareth, the crucified.  
He has been raised; he is not here.  
Behold the place where they laid him.  
But go and tell his disciples and Peter,  
'He is going before you to Galilee;  
there you will see him, as he told you.'"

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## Our Scripture Reflection

Why the emphasis on an empty tomb? For the women, for the Apostles and eventually for the entire world, it would make one most important statement in its silence: Promise Fulfilled! God is ever faithful to His promises, thank God!

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### Food for your Journey

On a grave in Ruleville, Mississippi, there grows a cactus, one that flowers every so often. It has been there since 1977, when a woman was buried there after having lost her battle with cancer. On the tombstone, under the name of Fannie Lou Hamer, are the words she lived by: "I'm sick and tired of being sick and tired."

Fannie Lou Hamer is not the kind of person -- if you look at her early life -- who you would think likely to have been written up anywhere, any time. She was the 20th child of a family of black sharecroppers in the poorest part of the poorest state in the nation. When she married and found she couldn't have children, she and her husband adopted two daughters. Her only talent was the ability to sing, especially the spirituals which were so much a part of her life.

In 1963, when she was 45, she heard a speech that turned her life around. In the speech, she was told that she was a citizen and could vote. So she tried to register but failed the literacy test which was then required. She vowed she'd be back the next month to try again -- and again -- and again -- until she passed. The landlord came and told her that if she persisted, she'd lose the little bit of farming equipment she had and the land she and her husband were sharecropping. She persisted and was evicted. One of the voter registration groups heard of her courage and asked her to work for them, which she did. In her travels, she was arrested for going into the "whites only" part of a bus station, hauled off to jail and badly beaten. After some pressure from the U.S. Justice Department, she was released. Surprisingly, the bitterness that might have been there wasn't. As she put it, "It wouldn't solve any problem for me to hate whites just because they hate me."

Here was a woman, mostly self-educated, who decided in the latter half of her life to use the God-given power that was hers for bringing justice to Ruleville and other parts of the South.

And so a cactus blooms over a grave that friends had to take up a collection to buy. And the cactus stands as a symbol of a woman who could bloom in the midst of an arid desert of injustice and hatred.

--Henry Sawatzky,

"On Not Being Powerless"

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## **A Prayer from the Heart**

I know that my Redeemer lives!

What comfort this sweet sentence gives!

He lives, he lives, who once was dead;

He lives, my everliving head!

He lives to silence all my fears;

He lives to wipe away my tears;

He lives to calm my troubled heart;

He lives all blessings to impart. Amen!