

"Go back and report to John what you have seen and heard: The blind receive sight, the lame walk, those who have leprosy are cured, the deaf hear, the dead are raised, and the good news is preached to the poor". Luke 7:21-23

This Lent, I was spending too much time on the irritations of life. I was back studying the history and the politics of oppression and the negatives of our days. Maybe my personal lists and my stations of the cross reopened my mind to humankind's need for our Savior and maybe winter had reset my longing for the Risen Lord. But in fact, my mind had become overweight with thinking.

I needed less organization and more movement. On Easter Monday, I told myself to go and see three miraculous things in quick succession.

At the top of the driveway, a young couple wheeled their precious baby cargo in a compact blue buggy. I called across, "Congratulations," and they waved back. Turning the corner, I looked out across the east and saw the orange reflected flank of Mount San Miguel, the most beautiful and feminine of all San Diego mountains. Down the block, I ducked into the little market and joked with a friend.

The miracle of new life. The miracle of creation. The miracle of friendship. I went back home and reported the good news that I had seen.

DeColores to all in these days of Easter. Alleluia.