

## At The Core

When you eat an apple what's at its core? Simple answer is seeds (plural). If you slice its width you will see a star (design) as well. I won't get into the adage of which came first the seed or the tree but as it concerns Easter I will mention that Christ's resurrection involved both seed and design. Scripture reveals this: John 12:24—"unless a grain (seed) falls into the earth and dies, it remains alone; but if it dies' it bears much fruit." Revelation 13:8—"the Lamb slain from the foundation (design) of the world."

The core of our culture is pluralistic and its design relative. Instead of the resurrection of Jesus Christ being at its center, He is just one of many topics vying for our attention as Easter eggs produced from the reproductive pouches of bunnies find their way into baskets filled with a variety of sugar and chocolate products.

For the nominally religious, Easter is occasion to parade fashion and apparel through the sanctuary for the second time—the first having been at Christmas. Limited to the pleasantries of the church calendar, they escape for yet another year the responsibilities and duties of their Christian heritage that at its core proclaims unequivocally the grace of God—"For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son that whoever believes in Him should not perish

but have eternal life" (John 3:16). You cannot have the hope Easter brings without the crucifixion Christ endured. The one precedes the other. It is by God's design from the foundation of all creation. Just as it takes winter to get to the spring, it takes the cross to bring the new creation.

Praise God for all Jesus went through to plant within us the seeds of everlasting life. When fallen into the earth we are they sprout and grow up into mighty trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord that Christ might be glorified (Isaiah 61:3). This is what the core of Christian hope is all about. This Easter season I leave you with the following lyrics to the song "My Hope Is Built":

***My hope is built on nothing less than Jesus' blood  
and righteousness. I dare not trust the sweetest  
frame, but wholly lean on Jesus' name.***

***When darkness veils his lovely face, I rest on his  
unchanging grace. In every high and stormy gale, my  
anchor holds within the veil.***

***When he shall come with trumpet sound, O may I  
then in him be found! Dressed in his righteousness  
alone, faultless to stand before the throne!***

***Refrain: On Christ the solid rock I stand, all other  
ground is sinking sand; all other ground is sinking  
sand.***

Pastor Bud