

An aerial photograph of a beach with people swimming and sunbathing. The water is a vibrant blue, and the sand is a light tan. Numerous people are scattered across the beach and in the shallow water. The text 'Easter at PCC' is overlaid in the center in a white, outlined font.

Easter at PCC

Scripture

Revelation 1:17-18

¹⁷ When I saw him, I fell at his feet as though dead. But he laid his right hand on me, saying, “Fear not, I am the first and the last, ¹⁸ and the living one. I died, and behold I am alive forevermore, and I have the keys of Death and Hades.

Sermon

Fear Not

Matthew Trexler

Reflections

It's 3:00am, and I'm rocking my 7 month old daughter, Claire. My mind turns over and over images of empty playgrounds, ventilators pumping, freezers full of bodies. I cry out in prayer, "Lord, you make life out of breath and cause dead bones to rise, have mercy!"

My holy moment is interrupted with a whack. My daughter's arm, the one not tucked against my body but free to the outside world, is flapping rapidly. She is seemingly content nursing, yet that arm has a life of its own. If she were a cardinal or robin, she would take off. Wild flapping continues. I can't help myself and place my hand out, ready to catch her tiny one on its next decent. Our palms meet and a sound escapes. Claire stops eating immediately. She looks up at me, as if to say, "Did you hear that?" She smiles, continues eating, and our hands meet again and again. We are clapping.

I think of Isaiah 55:12, "For you shall go out in joy and be led forth in peace; the mountains and the hills before you shall break forth into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands." A picture of heaven. All of creation rejoicing, making music for the Lord. I look at my daughter. She knows nothing about COVID-19, isolation, unemployment, terror. She only knows safety, provision, affection, delight. My heart is now calm. I'm grateful to God for this gentle reminder that our future is certain. In Christ, we are guaranteed an endless parade of dancing. Through the cross, we are held and protected forever. Without the pulse of anxiety, I suddenly feel exhausted. I allow my eyes close. My chair rocks, back and forth. Claire eats. Clap. Clap. Clap.

Information & Resources

We are meeting COVID-19 financial needs through our general fund.

General Fund Update (as of 3/29/20)

Offerings Budget: \$775,639

Offerings Actual: \$699,127

Expenses Budget: \$1,024,355

Expenses Actual: \$904,384

To give from your phone, text **give2pcc** to **77977**

Updates & Resources

WEBSITE: www.PacificCrossroads.org

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