Then It Happened

Juke 24:30-31

Orinity Celbany 3/29/59

THEN IT HAPPENED!

"So he went indoors to stay with them. THEN IT HAPFENED! While He was sitting at table with them He took the loaf, gave thanks, broke it and passed it to them. Their quest opened wide and THEN HIM! But He vanished even while they stared at Him." Indee 1;30-31 (Thillips)

There is good reason for you to be here this morning. Easter is still the most important thing that has ever happened in our world. We are so eager to get the latest news. We are so obsessed with the idea of interviewing the most interesting personality. We listen avidly for the contract of the contra

by the blood red tulips—no setting could be more wonder-ful than this. But as much as we appreciate all of this

you are more important! It was your voices that took up the cary, "Christ the Lord is Risen today" as it has been taken up again and segain by the community of believers everywhere. In the Upper Room in Jerusalem. In the chancombe of Rome. In the concentration cumps and gas chambers all over the world. And in some places today where there is no material beauty of surroundings there will be believers who will be shouting. He is Risen. He is risen indeed!

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Of all the stories in the Gospels relating to the resurrection I like that of the Bemaus Road best. It is found in the 2lth chapter of Luke. "That very day two of them were going to a village name demans and the very miles from derusalem, and talking with each other about the control of the story of the story of the very story

You see Easter can and should be lived. It is a day day experience extending into home and office and factory and school and parliament. As a result of Easter the secrets of the universe have been opened to us no far as human values and purposes are concerned. God has shown us in Christ his love and his power and now we must live in this faith and with this strength.

James Weldon Jonshon has a book of poems called "God's Trombones being seven negro sermons in verse, One of these is called, "Let by Feople Go." Moses transmitches given the message to Pharaoh and Pharaoh Pharaoh

arach replies:
"And Tharach looked at Moses
He stopped still and looked at Moses;
And he said to Moses: Who is this Lord?
I know all the gods of Egypt,
But I know no God of Israel;
So on back Moses. So go back, Moses and tell your God, I will not let this people go.

Foor Old Fharach, He knows all the knowledge of Egypt, Yet never knew-He never knew The one and the living God. The one and the living God.
Foor Old Haraob,
He's got all the power of Egypt,
And he's got all the power of Egypt,
To test his strength
With the might of the great Jehovah,
With the might of the Lord God Hoste,
The Lord mighty in battle,
And God, string high up in his heaven,
Leaghed at poor Uld Haraob.

Listen!-Listen! All you sons of Tharaoh.
Who do you think can hold God's people
When the Lord God himself has said,
Let my people go?

Like all good Christian preaching this is also the Easter measures, because every sormon is an Easter sormon, just a state of the Easter School, it is this happen to you. How the other is a first is risen. He is risen Indeed, Hallejush and he shall reign forever and forever.

Prist, then, this story tells us that the Easter revelation comes to us in an ordinary you Then Series Piret, then, this story tells us that the Easter revelation comes to us in an ordinary way. Two friends going down the road, they stop for supper. HIM IT HAFFENED! there is something rather smaxing to me about these Easter dawn services. I have a strong feeling that we ought not to inject the element of artificiality into Easter. To get a lot people shivering out on a hillside to lock at a cloudy sky just does not appeal to me. I've got news for you — the sun rises every day, not just on Easter Smaly. The finest sumrises I have ever seen have been in the course of everyday duty. For four years we see buth sumrise and sun set. I shall never forgethe mornings when we locked outover the hudson valley toward the hills, not because we had risen to see the surrise. the hills, not because we had risen to see the sunrise, but because we had risen to do our work and discovered the splendor of the dawn. Then I came to know what the

the splendor of the dawn. Then I came to know what the lyam means Sill, still with Thee, when purple morning breakth then the bird waketh, and the shadows fleet Dawns the sweet consciousness, I cm with Thee. I came then to understand also what Henry David Phoreau meant when he wrote: "Only that day dawns to which we are swake."

I once was connected with a young peoples institute that had the custom of going upon a little hill, which they celled a mountain for a sunrise service. Hey made quite a but of the whole thing. I had a peffect record of non-attendance because if I wanted to see the sun rise I knew of easier places to go. But I was always intersected in their experience. One year I caid to a girl from our church, "How did you like the sunrise" intersected in their experience.

She replied, "I didn't see it, I was looking in the wrong direction!"

I was looking in the Sammus story tells us that they found thrist, not in the dawn but at evening — at the Close of the day, and in their wasting of bread, Not when you are I rish and ready to start out on a new journey but when you are tired and dasty and hungry. Time II RATENS! I lostering I stord in the hospital besidening. You could just see one bright little eye and a tirp part of mouth. He had been earned by the little eye and a tirp part of south. He had been struck by a car and plastic surgery had been done on his face. A murse was there trying to get his to take a pill. They did not see me, but I stood and watched and listened. The unceded in getting his compassion. She turned and saw me and said, "He is a very

brave little boy." AND THEN IT HAPPENED! The Christ who had said, "suffer the little children to come unto me" was no longer a figure of history, He was a present reality, in that room. I had found Him in life's routine.

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Second, we need to remember that the effect of the

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Back in 1951 when everyone was very depressed and allowing a column appeared in the New York Times about the general world situation. It was a cynical article with the title, "If the Stone Nere Only Rolled Away!" The stone for the author of the article was "fear" She said: "No observer of the human scene can doubt that if the road shead were clear we should be in the first stage of a great remaissance of creative energy, perhaps the greatest in history. But the road is not clear. It is allowed in his to the stage of the the fact that the stone was rolled away but we have not been living as if it had.