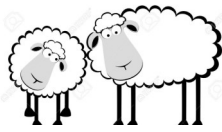


April 12, 2020



Brandon Christian Church



Easter Sunday

# Flock Talk

813-689-4021

brandonchristianchurch.org

910 Bryan Road, Brandon, FL 33511

brandonchristianchurch@gmail.com

## Today's Scriptures & Message:

Liturgist: Don Sherman  
Psalm: Psalm 118  
Epistle: Colossians 3:1-4

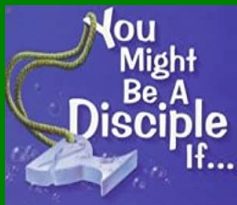
Sr. Minister: Rev. Day Broers-Case  
Sermon Text: Matthew 28:1-10

Sermon: "Mary Discovers the Empty Tomb"

### Serving in Today's Worship

Elders: Don Sherman, Britt Failes  
Music Director: Rick Barclay  
Music Presentation: BCC Praise Team  
Audio/Video: Tom Smiley

### You Might Be a Disciple If:



To bring a little levity during this difficult time, this space will be featuring jokes from "You Might Be A Disciple If..." By David Patrick Polk

"You might be a Disciple if...  
Your preferred liturgical dress is a navy blazer and khaki pants"

"You might be a Disciple if...  
"You sometimes have an overwhelming urge to put your last name in parentheses"

"You might be a Disciple if...  
"The only dog-eared pages in your Bible start about three-fourths of the way through"

In essentials, unity.  
In non-essentials, liberty.  
In all things, love!

## Prayer Needs...

HALL, Lori (9yo girl undergoing chemo—Jean U.)++  
BARNES, Johnny & Danielle (Powell)  
BAUCH, Scott & Pam (Failes)  
BENNETT, Adam (Benitez)  
BENNICK, Patty (Garthwaite)  
BROERS-CASE, Rev Day (knee)  
BRYAN, Thelma (Rev Day)  
BURDICK, Ronald (Skasko)  
BUTTERWECK, Chris  
CAIN, Gail  
COLLINS, Rev. James (Rev Day)  
DENTON, Bill  
DENTON AND KING FAMILIES  
DIGREGORIO, Robyn  
DUPONT, Andy (Cancer, Kathy M. BiL)  
ECKDAHL, Kathy

FAILES FAMILY  
FUERST, Jacob (Drayer)  
GAINES, Matthew (DiGregorio)  
GIBERSON, Milton (Tom) & Joan  
HUSKEY, Joshua (Powell)  
KYLE, Julie (Peterson)  
LEBOW, Jake (Friend of the Powell's)  
LEUNG, Gordon and Anthony  
MAYER, Vicki (Heart Surgery)  
McKINLEY, Sarah Lynn (Denton)  
Michael (17 yo, broken neck, friend of Jo's grandson)++  
MILLER, Brooke (Blinder)  
MOJICA, Nelda (Betty C.'s Mom)  
MOJICA, Ruthie (Betty C's Sister)  
PAULSON, Diane

POWELL, Betty (Rev. Day)  
RIENSCHKE, Nancy  
RODGERS, Cheryl (Benitez)  
SMITH, Tim  
STUEBER, Susan (Solomon)  
UPTON, Dallas (Jean)  
VELEZ, Fernando (Elizabeth)  
WATSON, Tom  
WATTS, Dorothy (former member) ++new name



Please also pray for all those affected by Covid-19, our first responders, medical care professionals, and those out on the front lines to protect us.



## A Prayer for Holy Week

by Jamie Lynn Haskins, co-editor, Acting on Faith

God of death and resurrection, God of the space between, we have walked this Holy Week road before, but never quite like this. As always, palms are behind us, shouts of "hosanna" ringing in our ears. As always, we look toward your death with grief, your resurrection with great hope. As always, you are here with us through it all. Yes, we have walked this Holy Week road before, but never quite like this. This year nails will pierce the cross, and we will mourn in our homes rather than in our pews. This year your body will be placed in the tomb, and we will await word from those faithful women as we shelter in place. This year, resurrection will come (it always comes) and we will shout "hallelujah," rejoicing in our living rooms, across computer screens, over conference lines, because this year, as in every year, you are still with us. Yes, we have walked this Holy Week road before, but never quite like this. May we remember, Holy One, that in every familiar and unfamiliar step, every "hosanna," every "hallelujah," every Zoom call and every text, you are with us. As we walk this Holy Week road remind us-- in death, in resurrection, in joy and grief, in the unknown and the liminal space between, you are still our God, and we are still your people. Resurrection will indeed come. Amen.



# One Shepherd's Thoughts...



What do we do when we come out of the wilderness? (Back from Covid 19 virus isolation) (Through Easter resurrection)

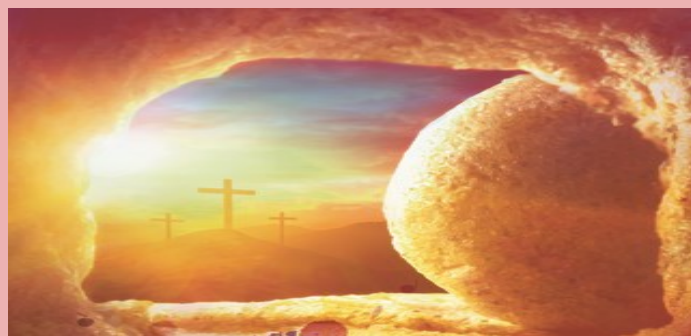
Do we return to the way things were? Or do we hold onto the hope that this transformation might last? That whatever we experienced in the wilderness might continue to change us?

It can be easier to practice our faith in the “special” seasons of the year. Advent anticipation, Christmas traditions, and Lenten disciplines guide us and keep us on track. But we rarely celebrate the full fifty days of Easter—and have nothing to center us during Ordinary Time (summer and fall). How do we hold the energy instead of dropping off and going back to our “normal” lives?

Maybe it is as simple as continuing to show up—however that may look. John’s account of Jesus’ resurrection shows two different responses to the empty tomb. After the initial shock of fear, hope and confusion that brought them all to the tomb in the first place—Mary Magdalene, Simon Peter, and the other disciple stood looking at the linen cloths abandoned in the tomb. But Mary Magdalene was the first to witness the resurrection because she was the one who stayed. Peter and the other disciple went home—back to business as usual for them. But Mary stayed. Whether it was from grief or hope—Mary Magdalene stayed by the tomb weeping—and was the first to see Jesus. The first to undergo that transformation from grief to joy. Because she stayed.

Perhaps the way to hold on to what we have learned in these forty days is to continue to show up each day—hoping for a resurrection.

He is Risen!  
*Rev Day*



*I used to know the wilderness only as  
pain;  
A land without food, a land without  
water.  
But you rained down manna  
And even water flows in your desert.  
I used to think the wilderness was total  
isolation—  
But the Israelites had each other,  
And you had the stars in the sky.  
So then I thought the wilderness must be  
time wasted—  
Forty years of circles.  
Forty years of wondering.  
But then I realized, each step is a step,  
And maybe there's growth in that.*

*So then I concluded that the wilderness  
must be lonely spaces—  
The woman and her well,  
The blind man and his gate,  
Martha and her kitchen,  
Peter and his fire.  
But then you showed up in each of those  
places,  
To each of those faces  
So now I wonder—  
What if the wilderness is the birthplace  
of creation?  
What if the wilderness is where call be-  
gins?  
What if the wilderness is where joy is  
birthed?  
What if, between the dirt and the sky  
And that wide orange horizon,  
The wilderness is where we find you?*