



WEEK TWO

MATTHEW 26:20-50; 27:1-2; 28:1-7

Angry men hurt Jesus so bad that He died, but Jesus came back, just like He said He would.



REMEMBER THIS:

"I am alive for ever and ever!"
REVELATION 1:18, NIV



SAY THIS:

Who is alive?
JESUS IS ALIVE.



DO THIS:



As you drive, look out the window and take turns naming things that are alive. "That [tree, animal, flower, man, girl] is alive!" End with asking your child, "Who else is alive? It's someone very special." Say together, "Jesus is alive!"

BASIC TRUTH:

JESUS WANTS TO BE MY FRIEND FOREVER.



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PERFECT EASTER EGGS

By Sarah Anderson

My husband often tells me “the happiest and healthiest people are those whose expectations meet reality.” I frequently need reminding of this. I live in expectation—playing things out in my head of how I would like them to unfold. The problem is, as you might imagine, the more expectations I have, the more likely I am to be disappointed when they aren’t met.

Last Easter, I had expectations which seemed harmless enough. My husband had come across an egg-dying method involving silk ties and twine. Though craftiness deficient, even this seemed simple enough. I imagined our experiment unfolding like the pictures online promised. We included my two-year-old in the process, hyping it up, promising beautiful eggs when we were finished and he waited patiently for the great unveiling.

But when we unwrapped the first egg we were—disappointed. It was not some psychedelic paisley print. It looked exactly like it did when we first put it in the vinegar. Considering my son was in the throes of the terrible twos, I did not expect this rather anticlimactic reveal to go well. But when we took a deep breath and turned to Asher to navigate his unmet expectations he simply stared wide-eyed. “Look!” he whispered in unabashed astonishment, “It’s a white one!”

Unwrapping a perfectly white egg, I observe my little boy and his effortless expression of wonder. It was an Easter weekend miracle—at least to an innocent toddler. To me, these white eggs were a failure. To him, they were perfection.

My kids are teaching me—whether I like it or not—that **when I let go of my tightly held plans, I am more free to see the world as they do.**

Magical. Enchanting. An extended invitation to be present, thankful and captivated by the gift of what we do have, instead of lamenting what isn’t.

So this Easter, while trying to . . . get out the door to church, smooth dresses, wipe dirty mouths, break up arguments and appear as cool, calm and collected as you wish you felt, . . . take a moment to enjoy the white eggs in your life.

Your expectations may not be met, but you may just find yourself happier and healthier than if they had been.

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