

Steve 26th March 26, 2008: Having experienced Easter and watched the BBC programme 'The Passion' I was reminded of this piece written for our Easter People course looking at the time when the disciples were in the upper room. Think of yourself as one of the disciples and you read and reflect

When I felt his breath I knew.....

I'd come to be with the others.
Lost and afraid we were.

We'd locked ourselves in. We would be next.

He was gone. Some had said they'd seen him; Mary and the women, two on the road, but it could not be. They were mistaken. I'd seen him die. We would be next. They would come for us next. I just knew we were done for.

I caught half a glimpse. It was him. No someone like him. Across the room, half hidden by the others. The man looked just like him, standing in the middle of the room

I stared, frozen. It could not be. He turned. There he was. Just there. Among us. Facing his face. Seeing those eyes. Hearing his voice.

'Peace be with you.'

I melted. Cold fear washed out by warm love, by that gaze, by those words.

'Peace be with you!'

Awash, deep within, so deep my being warming. He came to me.

'As the Father has sent me, I am sending you.
He breathed on me. 'Receive the Holy Spirit.'

My heart just opened and love flowed out. Exploding out, filling me and bursting me at the same time.

He breathed on me.....and I knew.....

