



A MINISTRY OF LOUISA CHRISTIAN CHURCH
A VIRGINIA CHRISTIAN CHURCH DISCIPLES OF CHRIST CONGREGATION

The Disciple

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APRIL 4, 2021

Happy Easter

I can think of no better Easter message than the very first Easter message from Mary Magdalene. I have printed the verses from John here. In the following pages may you find reflections on the resurrection. May those thoughts help you reflect on your own journey to find a personal connection with the resurrection this Easter.

"Christos anesti"
(Christ is risen)
"Alithos anesti"
(truly, He has risen)
Sheryl



Jesus Appears to Mary Magdalene

John 20:11-18
(New International Version)

¹¹ Now Mary stood outside the tomb crying. As she wept, she bent over to look into the tomb ¹² and saw two angels in white, seated where Jesus' body had been, one at the head and the other at the foot.

¹³ They asked her, "Woman, why are you crying?"

"They have taken my Lord away," she said, "and I don't know where they have put him." ¹⁴ At this, she turned around and saw Jesus standing there, but she did not realize that it was Jesus.

¹⁵ He asked her, "Woman, why are you crying? Who is it you are looking for?"

Thinking he was the gardener, she said, "Sir, if you have carried him away, tell me where you have put him, and I will get him."

¹⁶ Jesus said to her, "Mary."

She turned toward him and cried out in Aramaic, "Rabboni!" (which means "Teacher").

¹⁷ Jesus said, "Do not hold on to me, for I have not yet ascended to the Father. Go instead to my brothers and tell them, 'I am ascending to my Father and your Father, to my God and your God.'"


¹⁸ Mary Magdalene went to the disciples with the news: "I have seen the Lord!" And she told them that he had said these things to her.

Alleluia!

Quotes on the Resurrection

The truth of the resurrection gives life to every other area of gospel truth. The resurrection is the pivot on which all of Christianity turns and without which none of the other truths would much matter. Without the resurrection, Christianity would be so much wishful thinking, taking its place alongside all other human philosophy and religious speculation.

- John MacArthur



By
his
wounds
we are
healed.

Isaiah 53:5, NIV

Remember that grace and truth cannot finally be crucified. Remember that all the high things that make humanity beautiful cannot be forever laid in the dust, spattered with blood. And most of all, remember that He who rose from the dead, rose to pour out His Holy Spirit into human lives, and, by that Spirit, to make available to any individual all the fullness of Himself, twenty-four hours a day.

- Ray C. Stedman

Because of the empty tomb, we have peace. Because of His resurrection, we can have peace during even the most troubling of times because we know He is in control of all that happens in the world.

- Paul Chappell

The cross is the victory, the resurrection is the triumph... The resurrection is the public display of the victory, the triumph of the crucified one.

- Leon Morris

Our Lord has written the promise of resurrection, not in books alone but in every leaf of springtime.

- Martin Luther

Easter says you can put truth in a grave, but it won't stay there.
- Clarence W. Hall

A man who was completely innocent, offered himself as a sacrifice for the good of others, including his enemies, and became the ransom of the world. It was a perfect act.

- Mahatma Gandhi

For I
know
that my
Redeemer
lives.

Job 19:25



The great gift of Easter is hope - Christian hope which makes us have that confidence in God, in his ultimate triumph, and in his goodness and love, which nothing can shake.

- Basil Hume

The risen life of Jesus is the nourishment and strengthening and blessing and life of a Christian. Our daily experience ought to be that there comes, wavelet by wavelet, that silent, gentle, and yet omnipotent influx into our empty hearts, this very life of Christ Himself.

- Alexander Maclaren

THE SON

Author Unknown

A wealthy man and his son loved to collect rare works of art. They had Everything in their collection, from Picasso to Raphael. They would often sit together and admire the great works of art.

When the Viet Nam conflict broke out, the son went to war. He was very courageous and died in battle while rescuing another soldier. The father was notified and grieved deeply for his only son.

About a month later, just before Christmas, there was a knock at the door. A young man stood at the door with a large package in his hands. He said, "Sir, you don't know me, but I am the soldier for whom your son gave his life. He saved many lives that day, and he was carrying me to safety when a bullet struck him in the heart and he died instantly. He often talked about you, and your love for art."

The young man held out his package.

"I know this isn't much. I'm not really a great artist, but I think your son would have wanted you to have this."

The father opened the package. It was a portrait of his son, painted by the young man. He stared in awe at the way the soldier had captured the personality of his son in the painting. The father was so drawn to the eyes that his own eyes welled up with tears. He thanked the young man and offered to pay him for the portrait.

"Oh, no sir, I could never repay what your son did for me. It's a gift."

The father hung the portrait over his mantle. Every time visitors came to his home he took them to see the portrait of his son before he showed them any of the other great works he had collected. The man died a few months later. There was to be a great auction of his paintings. Many influential people gathered, excited over seeing the great paintings and having an opportunity to purchase one for their collection. On the platform sat the painting of the son.

The auctioneer pounded his gavel. "We will start the bidding with this portrait of the son. Who will bid for this painting?" There was silence. Then a voice in the back of the room

shouted. "We want to see the famous paintings. Skip this one." But the auctioneer persisted. "Will someone bid for this painting? Who will start the bidding? \$100, \$200?" Another voice shouted angrily. "We didn't come to see this painting. We came to see the Van Goghs, the Rembrandts. Get on with the real bids!" But still the auctioneer continued. "The son! The son! Who'll take the son?"

Finally, a voice came from the very back of the room. It was the long-time gardener of the man and his son. "I'll give \$10 for the painting." Being a poor man, it was all he could afford. "We have \$10, who will bid \$20?" "Give it to him for \$10. Let's see the masters." "\$10 is the bid, won't someone bid \$20?"

The crowd was becoming angry. They didn't want the painting of the son. They wanted the more worthy investments for their collections. The auctioneer pounded the gavel. "Going once, twice, SOLD for \$10!" A man sitting on the second row shouted. "Now let's get on with the collection!"

The auctioneer laid down his gavel.

"I'm sorry, the auction is over. When I was called to conduct this auction, I was told of a secret stipulation in the will. I was not allowed to reveal that stipulation until this time. Only the painting of the son would be auctioned. Whoever bought that painting would inherit the entire estate, including the paintings. The man who took the son gets everything!"

God gave his son 2,000 years ago to die on a cruel cross. Much like the auctioneer, His message today is, "The son, the son, who'll take the son?"



Happy Birthday!

Harry J.	April 3
David P.	April 4
Eric P.	April 5
Kenneth S.	April 6
Bodhi W.	April 15
Carley K.	April 18
Katelyn P.	April 19
Joseph V.	April 20
Jonathan Q.	April 22
Maxwell L.	April 26
Christopher V.	April 26
Betty W.	April 26
Shirley B.	April 27
Sam P.	April 27
Stephanie T.	April 28

If we missed anyone's birthday,
please let us know.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Zoom Bible Studies

Wednesday
10:30am

Thursday
7:00pm

Contact Pastor Vincent to get
the Zoom information.

Easter morning I awoke, still filled with all my doubt.
The others were confused, and scared, of how it all turned out.
All our plans and dreams were gone, our future looking bleak.
Everything we had hoped for, with nothing left to seek.

Well, I guess that life goes on, you do the best you can.
I had hoped He was the one, but He was just a man.
Today the air seems fresher, as I walked out in the street.
“Have you heard,” a stranger said, as he began to speak.

“That man named Jesus, that they killed, last Friday on the cross,
Nobody knows what happened, everybody’s at a loss.”
“Someone took His body, others say He rose again.”
“Some even say He lives, and He has spoken to His men.”

I thought, I spoke to John and Peter early on last night,
They never mentioned anything, this fellow can’t be right.
The town is in a frenzy, some remember what He said.
They think because the body’s gone, He came back from the dead.

Many were not there that day, when He was crucified.
But, I saw the soldier thrust the sword into His side.
I had thought, He’d use His power to show He was Lord.
But, I knew that He was dead, because I saw the sword.

I had to go and see the men, to see what they have heard,
Rumors spread so quickly and you can’t believe a word.
People love to gossip and spread stories all around.
I know the men are hiding, they’re afraid they may be found.

Later on that evening, when I knew it would be safe,
I went to see the other men, to see them face to face.
As I opened up the door, expecting to see fear,
They were all excited and they said, “He was just here!”

“He has given us the Spirit, of the Holy Ghost!”
“He breathed on us and told us, that our bodies were His host!”
“Are you all insane?” I asked, before I turned to leave.
“Unless I see Him for myself, I never will believe.”

“I was there, I saw the nails, they hung Him on the cross.”
“The sword that pierced His side and all the blood He lost.”
“He was dead, I know He was, when I had to leave.”
“Unless I see the wounds on Him, I never will believe.”

“I will come back, a week from now, to see if you regain,
Your senses, after you recover from your awful pain.”
“All of us are hurting from His loss, as it would seem,
But, we cannot go on in life, while you live in a dream.”

Exactly eight days later, I went back to check on them.
Hopefully, they’ve overcome their fantasizing whim.
As I stood among them, “It is true,” they did persist,
“Jesus came!” and suddenly, He was standing in our midst.

Then, He looked at me and said, “It’s true I really died.”
“Come and take your finger, and just thrust it in my side.”
“Look upon my hands and see the marks where I did bleed,
And then you’ll know I live again, and then you can believe.”

“Now, my Lord and God I know, and I do realize,
You were dead and live again, I’ve seen it with my eyes.”
“You believe,” He said, “because your eyes are sharp and keen,
But, blessed are believers, who believe and have not seen.”

After this He came to us and taught a month or so.
He showed us many wonders and taught all we had to know.
I am here to tell you, that I saw Him die and rise.
It’s not a story that I heard, I saw it with my eyes!

Thomas

Believe.
HOPE.
Encourage.
P E R S E V E R E .