

## EASTER 2026

*“Kintsugi - signs of glory”*

My friends, Christ is Risen! Alleluia! This is not just a greeting. This is a victory cry! The tomb is empty. The stone is rolled away. Death has been defeated. Sin has been conquered. Jesus Christ is alive, not as an idea, not as a memory, but alive in power, alive in glory, alive forever! And because He lives, everything changes. Not just history, your life. Imagine, for a moment, that you drop your favorite mug. It slips, it falls, it shatters across the floor. And in that instant, your heart sinks. We all know that feeling. It's over. It's ruined. There's no going back. That is how the world saw Good Friday. The Body of Christ broken. Hope shattered. Darkness victorious.

But in Japan, there is an ancient art called Kintsugi, “golden joinery.” The artist does something astonishing. He does not discard the broken vessel. He kneels down... gathers every fragment... and with patience, with intention, with love, he restores it, not with glue, but with gold. And when he is finished, the cracks are not hidden. They shine brightly! What was broken becomes more beautiful, not in spite of its wounds, but through them. My friends... this is not just an illustration of Easter... This is Easter. Because on the third day, God did not simply undo Good Friday, He transformed it. The Resurrection is not God pretending the Cross never happened. The Resurrection IS God revealing what He has done through the Cross. Christ rises, and His wounds remain. The nail marks. The pierced side.

But now they are no longer signs of suffering, they are signs of glory. No longer defeat, but victory. No longer death, but life. They shine like gold. And here is the truth that should shake us to the core this morning: what happened to Christ is not only about Him... it is FOR you. Because your life, our lives, know what it is to be shattered. By sin. By weakness. By suffering. By the quiet, relentless weight of ordinary struggles. We carry cracks. We carry wounds. We carry pieces we think can never be put back together. And yet Easter proclaims, with unstoppable power, nothing is beyond restoration. Because the same Risen Jesus who walked out of the tomb walks into your life. Not from a distance. Not as a spectator. But as a Savior.

He kneels down into the mess. He gathers every broken piece. Nothing is lost. Nothing is wasted. And He restores. Not with gold... but with something infinitely greater... His grace. His mercy. His divine life. And slowly... powerfully... He does something we could never do ourselves. He does not just fix us. He transforms us. So that the very places we thought would define our failure... become the places where His glory shines the brightest. This is the power of Easter. This is why we rejoice. We are not discarded. We are not forgotten. We are not beyond hope. We are claimed by the Risen Lord. And right now, today, He is at work in you. Restoring. Healing. Raising. Piece by piece. Grace upon grace. Until your life becomes something radiant... something whole... something alive with His presence. So, hold nothing back. Bring Him your brokenness. Your sin. Your wounds. Because He is risen... and He is not finished with you. He does not discard what He has made. He redeems. He restores. He glorifies. But you must let Him. Do not leave unchanged. Live as those who know that Christ is alive. This is the joy of Easter; no darkness can overcome it: the victory is already won. Christ is Risen, and nothing will ever be the same! Alleluia!