

5-1-2008

Easter Morning

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ISSN: 2472-2596 (print)

ISSN: 2472-260X (online)

Recommended Citation

Ketterlin, Kendall A.. 2008. Easter Morning. *Obsculta* 1, (1) : 4-4. <https://digitalcommons.csbsju.edu/obsculta/vol1/iss1/3>.

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And the Word became Flesh

When people first get to know me, it does not take long to find out that I spend a lot of my time at a local coffee shop. Not only is a good cup of coffee one of the most beautiful miracles in life, but what I enjoy even more is that when I walk through the front door, I never know who I'm going to meet on any given night. Several years ago, in the days immediately after the attacks of September 11, I met a biker on his way from Nevada to New York. His name was Kevin and he had several friends who lived and worked in the area right around the Trade Center. For the past three days, he had been trying to get in touch with them on the phone, but was having no luck. Too much chaos, and too many people trying to get in touch with their own loved ones. Kevin wasn't worried though, just anxious to get back to see his friends and the city he had grown up in. Our conversation quickly turned to the Bible I was reading and the word of God. Kevin's idea was that the Word that John wrote about was literally the word: the gift of language, ability to speak, to read, and to write. Humanity came into this world speaking and sharing one language; through sin and pride, that language, and our ability to share with one another, became confused.

Kevin was saying that God comes out when we share our stories with other people, much like he and I were doing that night. His vision may not match a cultural exegesis of John's gospel, but I've always thought that he touched on something extraordinary. It's an intimate relationship when we open ourselves and bring that treasure to another person. By simply telling our story to another person—our thoughts, feelings, and ideas—we are helping to bring God into the world.

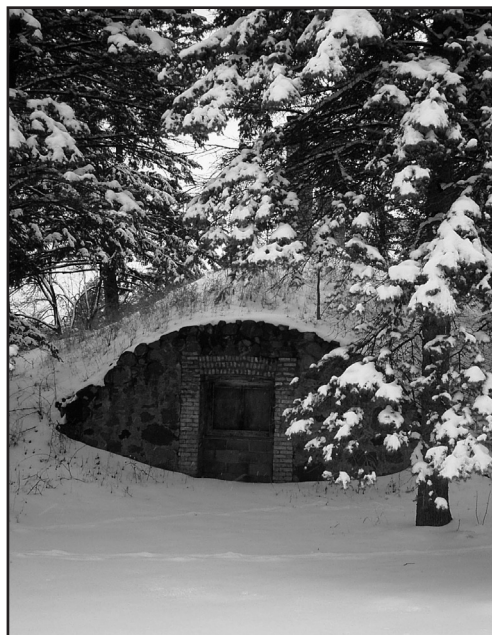
The desire to share our stories is what inspired me to knock on Lauren's door last summer with a desire to put together something, some type of publication or on-line forum for students to share the work they have been doing. Over the course of my first two semesters here at Saint John's, I would get excited when I heard people talk about the papers they were working on for class. Whether it was a dis-

cussion on celibacy in the priesthood, reflections on feminist theology, or a deeply personal story about how a person came to believe in Christ, I was always disappointed that there was nowhere for us to share the incredible work we were doing. We would write these papers, they would see a grading pen, and then die. I was astounded when Lauren told me that she had spent much of the last year working to get a student publication going.

It's our stories that are sacred, and sharing them is what *Obsculta* means for me, opening ourselves with one another and breaking open our community.

I am extremely grateful that Lauren and Genevieve let me join in this project, to Kathleen and Bill for their guidance, to the entire School of Theology for your excited support. But most of all, THANK YOU to all of you who submitted works, who took that step of opening your intimate selves and sharing your word with us.

May God bless you and open the treasures of your heart,



Easter
Morning

Kendall A. Ketterlin