Easter Morning

Kendall A. Ketterlin

College of Saint Benedict/Saint John’s University

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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-...