

The Gift of Wonder

Then arose Peter, and ran unto the sepulcher; and stooping down, he beheld the linen clothes laid by themselves, and departed, wondering in himself at that which was come to pass.

– Luke 24:12 –

What it must have felt like to be Peter that Easter morning! After hearing Mary's tidings of a risen Jesus, he rushed to the very same tomb which, just three days prior, his traitorous shame and disgrace would not have permitted him near to tread. Could it possibly be – Jesus alive? Or was it more likely that this was the idle tale of emotionally distraught women? Yet, if true, how would his Friend even receive him? Had Jesus heard his treacherous, cursing denial? A torrent of questions must have been cascading through Peter's mind, the speed of which would only be out paced by his escalating, thumping heartbeat.

As Peter reached the tomb, he stooped down. (Remember, all who would have their faith, even a scant faith, rewarded, must be willing to "stoop down" – for the Master said, we must become as a little child.) How the scene before him would have overwhelmed his senses as he beheld the barren tomb with no trace of the Lord but His neatly folded tallit and the empty linen cloth shell of His grave clothes. Indeed, something beautifully and undeniably inexplicable had occurred, and Peter's confused skepticism was transformed into a warm, surprising admiration – a *wonder* – at the glorious occurrence and its momentous import.

We all doubtless remember our first time at the tomb, do we not? No – we were not physically present, like Peter. But for us, when the Holy Ghost was first having His way with our very Peter-like hearts and introducing us to the Risen Christ via the conduit of saving faith, that very same *wonder* that Peter experienced filled our hearts and minds as we grappled with the fact that this neither fairy tale nor merely a Sunday School lesson, but the very Lord of all Creation Who had given Himself for us on Calvary's tree and defeated the icy enemies of Satan, the Curse, Death, and Hell so that we need no longer be bound.

And does not that same *wonder* frequently remind us that, like Peter, while we still have many questions, He has already answered the most important ones, and will answer the others in His time?

And does not that same *wonder* assure us continuously that, like Peter needed to know, our Lord's friendship is stronger than our failures?

And, dear friends, does not that same *wonder* also encourage and propel us, like Peter, to find someone to share the news with of what's happened at that tomb for all who will dare to approach and stoop down at its inviting entrance?

Could Peter possibly have been meditating during his wondering return from the tomb that Easter morning on Psalm 88:10 – "Wilt thou shew wonders to the dead? Shall the dead arise and praise thee? Selah."

I wonder.