

Easter confuses me. Today is the day of celebration, the ultimate day of joy. Why then, do I sometimes feel so blah?

Because the *Risen* Christ is not the same as the walking, talking human Jesus. I have gained a *savior* but I have lost a *friend*. Mary Magdalene was the first to understand that mixed sense of joy and loss, which grows on each of us as we let it.

Leonard Cohen was on to something when he wrote those profound words: "love is not a victory march, it's a cold and it's a broken Hallelujah..." And in the midst of this irony it is up to us to find (and extend) the peace of Christ, the peace that passes all understanding.

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