In an Easter reflection, a Loretto Sister, introduced me to Wendell Berry’s *Manifesto: The Mad Farmer Liberation Front*. The last line of the poem says “Practice Resurrection”. That last line created all sorts of energy in my heart about what it means to “*PRACTICE RESURRECTION”*. So here are my musings:

**Practice resurrection**

Walking forth from the death within us

we know life in a new way

a joyous , grateful, more powerful way

but the getting there isn’t all that easy.

There is the choosing life

that happens each morning

with each foot touching the floor with the words Thank You.

There is the staying in the present moment

when we’re yearning inside to cling to a more comfortable

“the way it’s always been”.

There is the claiming victory

taught to us by Jesus, the Christ,

on one amazing Sunday morning

but also each day we allow this Jesus

to live and rise within our heart.

Each time we truly allow ourselves

to encounter a brother or sister we practice resurrection,

each time we affirm another,

put another’s interest above our own

or even walk gently alongside someone

for whom there is much pain,

in each of these moments we

practice resurrection.

Walking in the rain was glamorized in Hollywood movies

but often the rain is hard and

we feel wet and cold

wanting the warmth of our own home.

But, if we’re willing to look another in the eye and say

“I have no umbrella

but may I walk with you,”

we practice resurrection.

The daily rising to our better self

to a more compassionate and loving heart

is, for me, what it really means

to practice resurrection

but I’d still like to know

what was in Wendell Berry’s heart

as he wrote those words: Practice Resurrection.