

Reflection

Like God

Before the blessing of the fire at last year's Easter Vigil, I was focused as much on a little girl in front of me as I was on the fire. A happy distraction. The only thing between me and the light. *Light* between me and the light. Her frilly dress and shiny shoes were perfect Easter attire. And they would have been perfect for dancing too, given a different venue and just a little more space. As it was, she swayed a little and twirled a little, quietly waiting for things to get moving. And then, no longer able to contain herself, she broke the solemn silence with three simple words: "I like God."

"I like God." She spoke it almost dreamily, quietly but clearly, to herself as much as to anyone around her—though given the smiles across the way, I realized I was not an audience of one. We were in the company of a four-year-old mystic!

"I like God." This seems a most profound—and essential—outpouring of the faith we profess in baptism. I imagine congregations the world over on this Easter morning renewing their baptismal promises, with presiders the world over surprising us with one final question:

"Do you renounce Satan . . .?"	I do.
"Do you believe in God . . .?"	I do.
"Do you believe in Jesus Christ . . .?"	I do.
"Do you believe in the Holy Spirit . . .?"	I do.
"Do you like God . . .?"	Say what?

Maybe the question of whether we like God seems too simplistic for the Solemnity of the Lord's Resurrection. But truth be told—and the great truths of our faith professed—it's a fair question for this fairest of feasts. Because if we like God,

then we must also be Godlike. What God desires, what God *likes*, we like too: light and life and the flourishing of all creation. In a word: resurrection.

Christ's resurrection from the dead 2,000 years ago is astonishing beyond words. And the resurrection that awaits us at the end of our earthly journey? As it is written: "Eye has not seen and ear has not heard what God has ready for those who love him" (and those who like God too!). But if we focus all our attention on the past event and the future glory, we miss the promise right in front of us—the resurrection within us. It's our Easter attire for heaven's sake, and for earth's sake too.

We proclaim Christ's death and profess his resurrection until he comes again. In the meantime, the world awaits our resurrection dance, our spontaneous movement to bring life and love and hope to every corner of this blessed world. This venue is not at all too vast or too problematic for us—because we are clothed with Christ, and we like God.

Christ is truly risen! Alleluia! Alleluia!

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