

HOW OLD AM I?

Let's do the math.

Ray Wallace has lived through 3822 Easters.

One Easter per year.

I would 3822 years old! (No wonder my knees hurt!)

And no... I didn't know Abraham!

Oops! I made a mistake in my math or *in my Easter's per year!* Let's try again.

I lived through 3822 Easters.

52 Easters per year.

3822 divided by 52 = 73.5

That's more like it. I am, indeed 73.5 years old. The math works but why would *anyone* say that there are 52 Easters per year. *And if there are, I want more Peeps and Cadbury Eggs!* It's actually simple: the early Christians did not celebrate Easter as we know it today, once per year. On the first day of the week (each week) the early Christians came together to break bread and worship. Why the first day of each week? That was, and IS resurrection day... *celebrated each and every first day of the week.*

The modern term "Easter" comes to us from the Dutch *ooster* and the German *Ostern*. Some churches borrowed the term and the celebration from those non-Christian (and in some cases, *pagan*) celebrations.

I realize that Christendom in general has a different view, but as an independent, non-denominational, "restoration" church, we seek to "restore" what God has given us in print. We seek to, as Paul wrote, "not go beyond what is written," 1 Corinthians 4:6. Since scripture and history tell us what the early Christians did, as they followed the written word (2 Peter 1:3) we understand what we need to do to please God rather than man.

But the *real* importance is not a debate about history, *it must be our realization of the reality that Jesus died on the cross for our sins and was raised on the third day to show us his deity and what will happen to those who make Him the Lord of their lives!*

So, today, as every week, "Happy Resurrection Day!" (So where are my Peeps?)

Ray Wallace