Back from the Dead – an Easter monologue

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Look: I bought myself an egg with M&Ms in it! (*opens and starts to eat*) Kind of a shame that you don’t get to hunt for candy-filled eggs anymore after you grow up. Easter loses a lot of its fun when you don’t have kids around, you know?

But I am still getting the traditional family dinner – we’re all meeting at my brother’s for lunch today. I can’t decide yet if I’m looking forward to it or not. Family, you know. The same old same old. But a couple of my nephews are going to be there who I haven’t seen in a few years. Russ and Mark have had this running gag since they were teenagers about who’s going to die first and how they’re going to harass the other one from the grave. You know – “I’m gonna come back and shave your dog.” “Well, I’m gonna come back and dismantle your pickup.“ They’re hysterical!

But my sister-in-law always gets her panties in a wad about it. (*in a funny, persnickety voice*) “Don’t make jokes about heaven and the resurrection!” Like they’re disrespecting the dead or something. As if there’s anything to disrespect. I mean, I’m probably in the minority, but I seriously doubt there’s anything going to happen after we die. It’s just lights out. At least, I hope it is. I sure don’t want the kind of afterlife my sister-in-law seems to think is coming. Playing harps in the clouds . . no shopping malls or credit cards . . singing church songs to a bearded man in a long robe sitting there glaring at all of us sinners. Not my idea of a good time.

But it is kind of depressing to think that it would all be over when we die. I’d kind of like to think there’s something else that happens after that. Sometimes I think it would be kind of nice to get a chance to start over, you know? Get a whole new life. Who knows—maybe God made a way for that to happen. But I guess the only way we would know is if God sent someone back from the dead to tell us about it, someone whose word we could believe. Yeah . . . yeah, that would be nice if God did something like that.