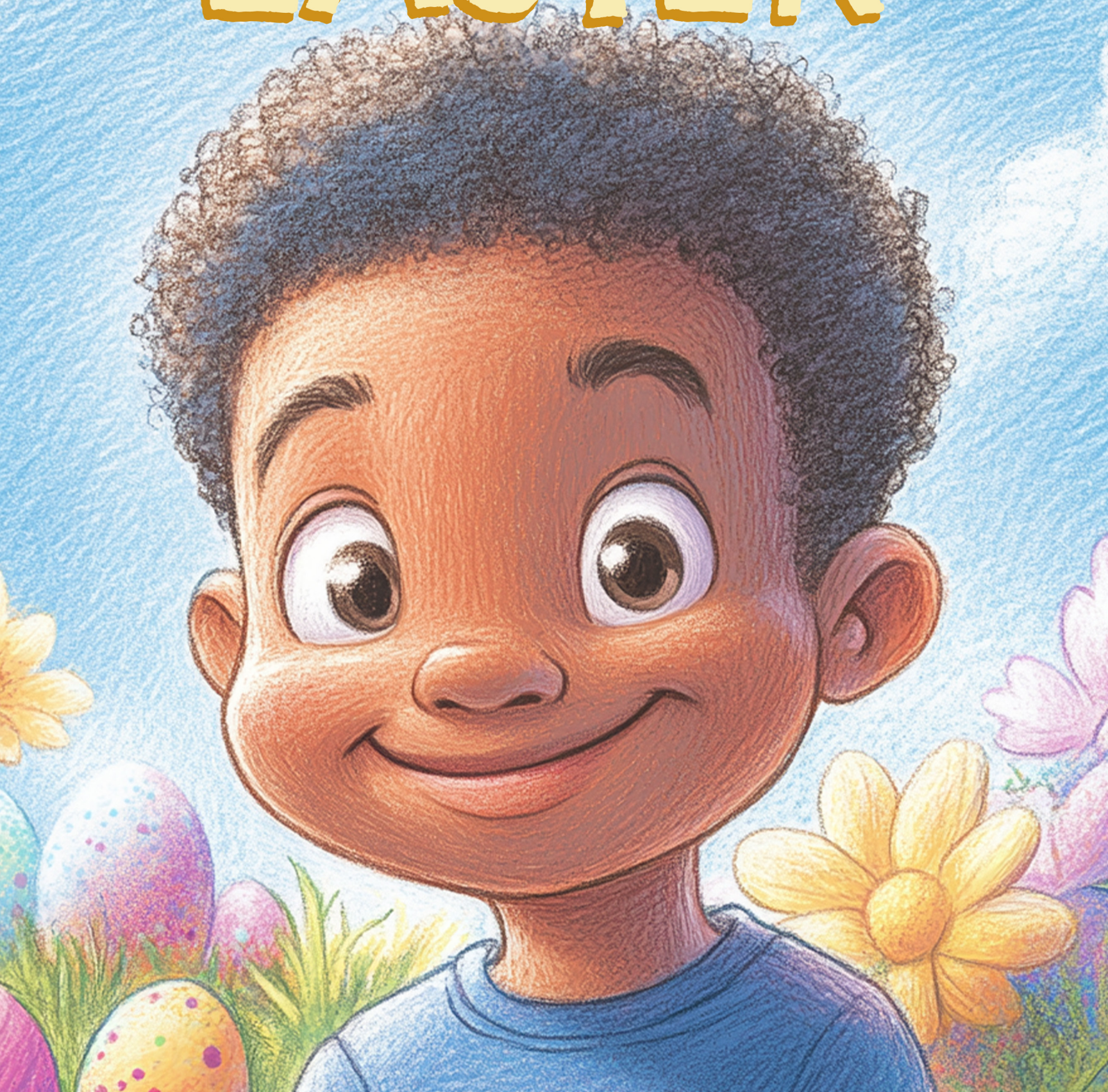


A 365 EASTER





It was a bright, sunny morning,
and Jamal was hopping with
excitement. He held a basket in
his hands, ready for the big Easter
egg hunt at church.

“Mommy,” Jamal asked
as they walked outside, “why do
we have Easter? Just for finding
eggs and eating candy?”

Mom smiled and knelt beside
Jamal. “Oh, sweetie, Easter is so
much more than eggs and candy.
It’s a story about love and bringing
hope—the greatest hope ever. Want
to hear it?”

Jamal nodded, his eyes wide with
curiosity. “Yes, Mommy! Tell me!”



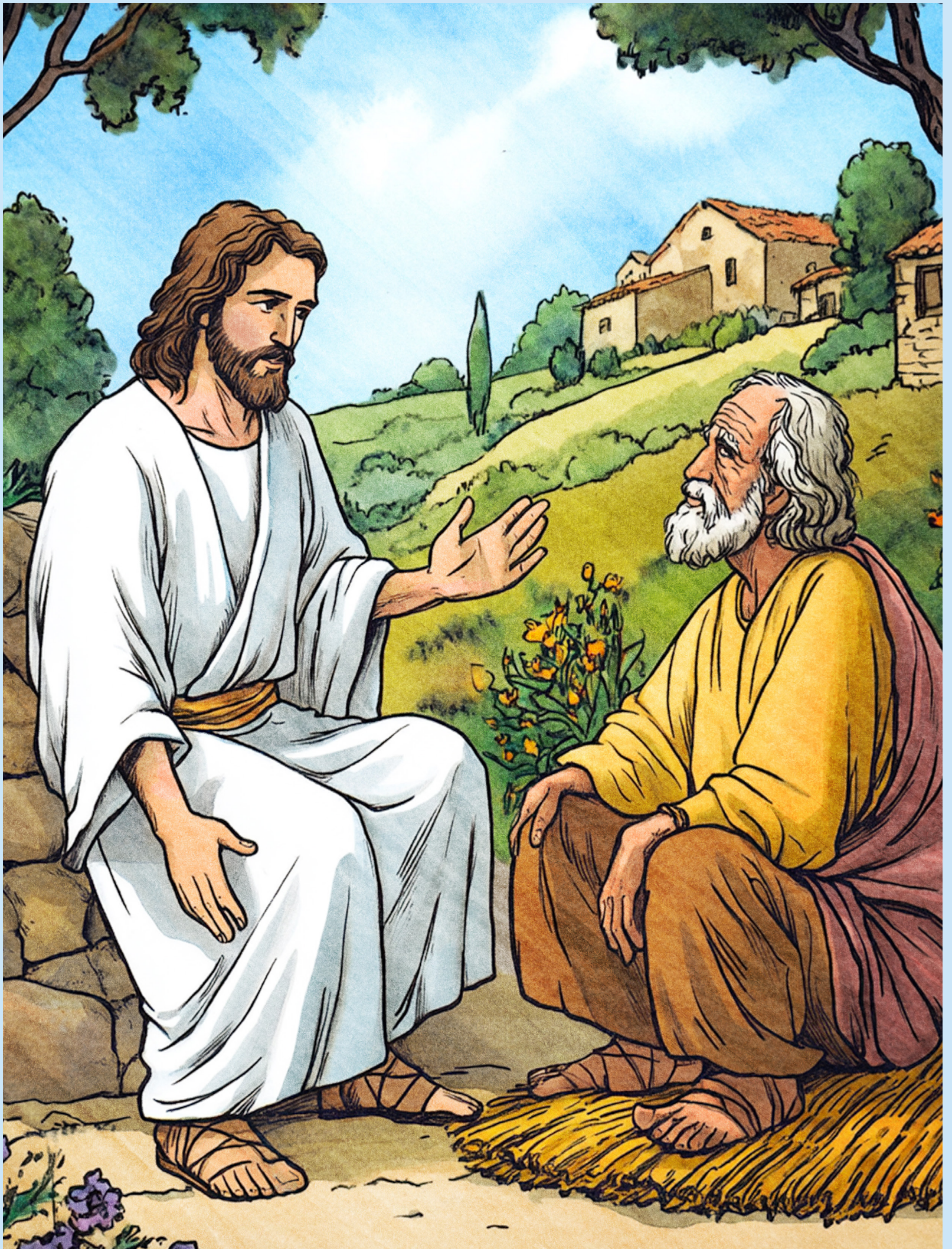


Mom sat on the grass
with Jamal and
began.

A long time ago, there was a man named Jesus. Jesus told stories that helped people understand how to be kind to others. Jesus loved everyone, even people who weren't always nice, and showed them how to love too. When people were hungry, Jesus took five loaves of bread and two fish, gave thanks to God, and then He multiplied the food so that everyone had more than enough to eat—and they were all full and happy.

Jamal tilted his head.
“Was He like a
superhero?”

Mom laughed softly. “Kind of like a superhero, but all of His power came from God, in Heaven. Jesus did wonderful things, like calming storms and making blind people see. But some people didn’t understand Jesus. They didn’t like Him and wanted to stop Him.”





Jamal frowned.
“That’s not
nice. What did they do to Him?”

Mom’s voice grew soft. “They hurt Jesus. They beat Him, put a crown of thorns on His head, and made Him carry a big, heavy cross and then put Him on it to die. It was a very sad day, Jamal. His friends, the disciples, were so heartbroken.”

Jamal's eyes filled
with concern.

“Why didn’t He stop them? If He had so much power, couldn’t He save Himself?”

Mom hugged him tightly. “He could have, but Jesus chose not to because He loves us so much. He wanted to save us from all the wrong things we do, called sins. And He wanted to bring hope to the world—hope that we could be close to God forever. He knew this was the only way to make everything right again.”



Jamal thought for a moment. “What happened next?”

“They put Jesus in a tomb, like a little cave,” Mom said, “and rolled a big stone in front of it. His friends thought it was the end. But do you know what happened three days later?”



Jamal's face lit up.
come back?" "Did He

Mom smiled brightly. "Yes! Early on Sunday morning, an angel came and rolled the stone away. When Jesus' friends went to the tomb, it was empty! The angel told them, 'Jesus is not dead. He is alive!'"





Jamal sighed with relief. “That’s amazing! Jesus is so brave and strong!”

“He is,” Mom agreed. “That’s why Easter is so special. Jesus came back to life to show us that His love is stronger than anything—even stronger than death. And because of what He did, He brings hope to everyone. Hope that no matter what, we are loved, forgiven, and never alone.”

Jamal looked down at his basket of eggs. “So, is that why we have eggs on Easter? Because the tomb was empty?”

Mom beamed. “That’s exactly right, Jamal. Eggs remind us of new life, just like Jesus gave us. And when we search for them, it’s like searching for the joy and hope Jesus brings to our lives.”





Jamal jumped up,
holding his
basket high. “I’m going to find ALL
the eggs today and tell my friends
about how Jesus brings hope!”

Mom laughed and stood up.
“That sounds like a great idea. And
later, when we make our Easter
crafts, we can decorate eggs to
remind us of this special story of
hope.”

Hand in hand, they walked to
the church, ready for the day’s
adventure. And as Jamal searched
for eggs, he thought about Jesus,
His amazing love, and the hope He
brings to everyone.



As this story came across my desk, I was deeply moved by its message of unity, compassion, and hope. I trust it inspires each of you in the World Missions Community, just as it has inspired me, to continue our Journey to Breathe Life, Bring Hope, and Build Community for the Last, the Least, and the Lost. LaQuita and I wish you a very Happy Easter—may you celebrate with joy, knowing that He is risen and hope is alive!

-Dr. M. Thomas Propes