

WHERE HOPE STILL BLOSSOMS

Personal Reflections on Easter

2026

Dear Reader,

As Easter approaches, I take time to reflect more deeply on what this season truly means. We often talk about the activities surrounding this celebration, but the very heart of Easter is hope, joy, and new life. This year, these words resonate with me in a more personal way than ever before.

In recent months, our family has been walking through a deep, unexpected loss. Perhaps this Easter finds you in a tender place, too. If so, I want you to know—you are not alone.

Last December, my husband—faithful companion and best friend of fifty-four years—passed away. His absence has left a quiet emptiness that words cannot fully capture. Grief has reshaped the rhythm of my daily life, leaving me with cherished memories of him. My family and I, each in our own way, are learning how to move forward, while holding his love and memory close to our hearts—a challenge for us all.

Yet in the midst of this sorrow, the message of Easter shines brightly! How can I say this with such confidence?

Because I believe in a Savior, the Son of God, who truly understands human sorrow. By walking through suffering and bearing the cross out of love, Jesus felt our deepest pain and anguish. When He declared, “It is finished,” He completed the work of redemption, opening the way for forgiveness, reconciliation, and eternal life for us all—a gift of grace we do not deserve.

But the story does not end there.

On Easter morning, the stone was rolled away. The tomb was empty. And in that glorious moment, darkness gave way to light! In His resurrection, I find the promise that death does not have the final word. It does not deny grief—it transforms it. I grieve, yes, but not without promise. I weep, but not without expectation. Because He lives, my hope remains steady and unshakable.

Through it all, I experience God's presence—comforting, strengthening, and sustaining me as I turn to His Word and to prayer. In time, His deep peace and lasting joy—not the fleeting kind— have already begun to blossom again in my heart. And I can say with quiet confidence, “It is well with my soul,” thanking Him for His faithfulness and goodness.

In my husband’s final moments, I saw awe in his eyes as he gazed upward—a memory I will carry with me always. Though from this side of heaven, I can only imagine what appeared before him, I believe he now beholds the glory of God in the face of the Savior he loved. In the midst of my sorrow, I am reminded that heaven is not merely a distant hope—it is a promised reality, one that gives me the assurance that this goodbye is not forever.

This year, Easter is more than a celebration for me; it is an anchor for the soul. It reminds me that love is stronger than death, that light overcomes darkness, and that Christ walks with me through every valley. It invites each of us to lift our eyes from what is seen today to what is eternally true.

Wherever this Easter finds you—whether your heart feels light or heavy—may you sense the nearness of the risen Savior. May His presence steady you, His promises strengthen you, and His resurrection fill you with quiet confidence for the days ahead.

Jesus is risen!

And no matter our circumstances, because He lives, hope still blossoms—today, tomorrow, and forever!

With love and hope in Him,

Beth 😊