

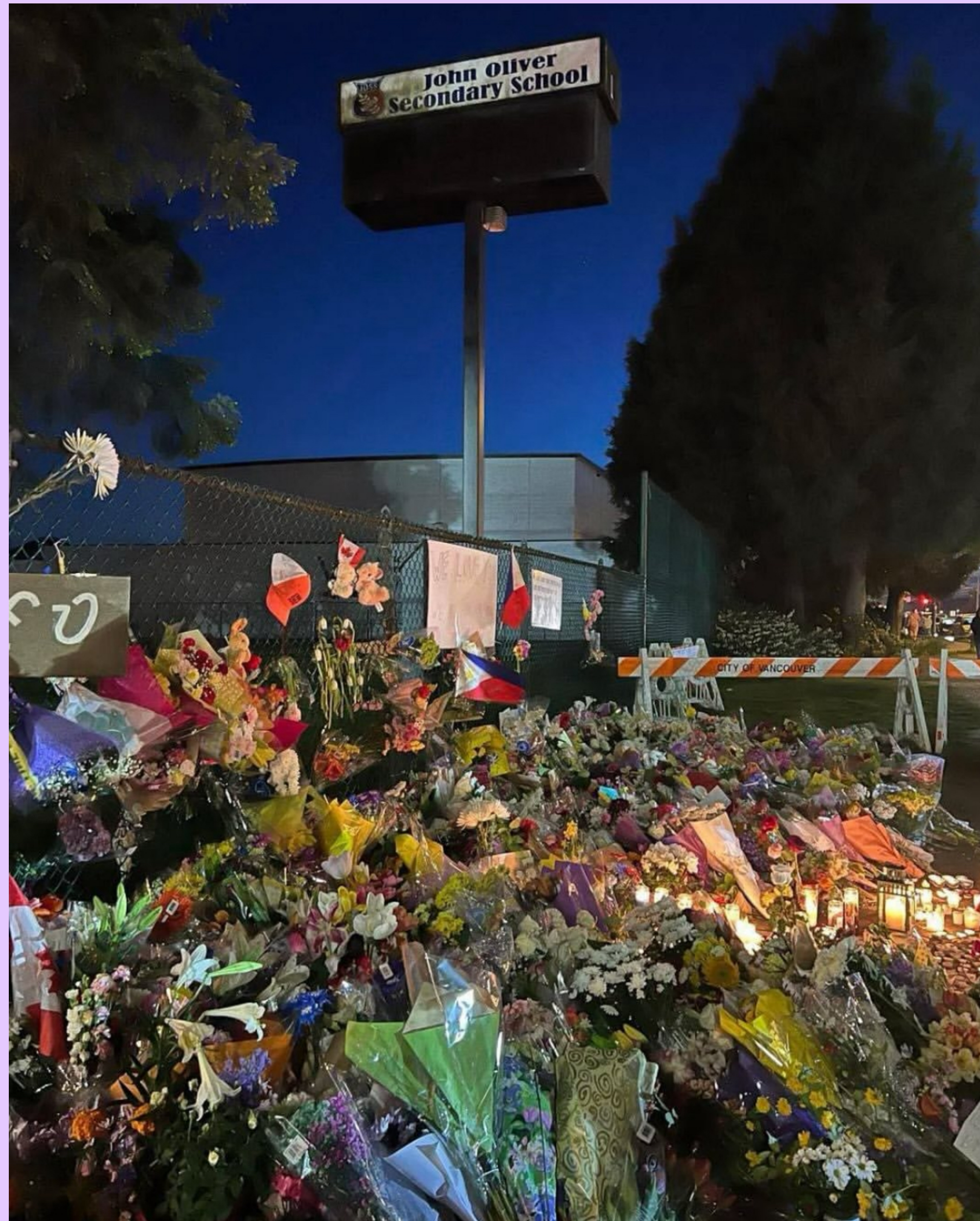
Eastertide Series 2025

Imagining Otherwise









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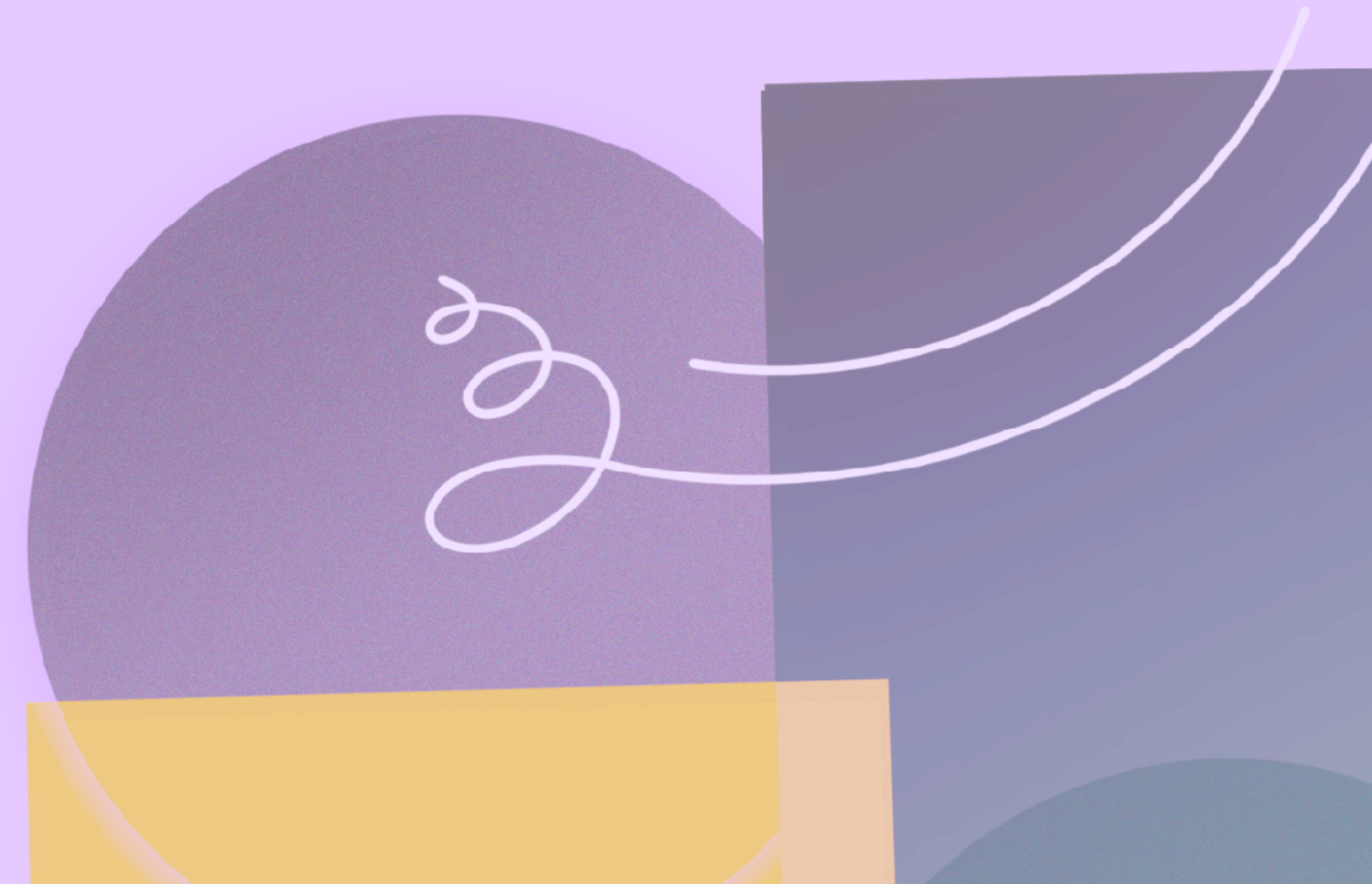
Eastertide Series 2025

Imagining Otherwise



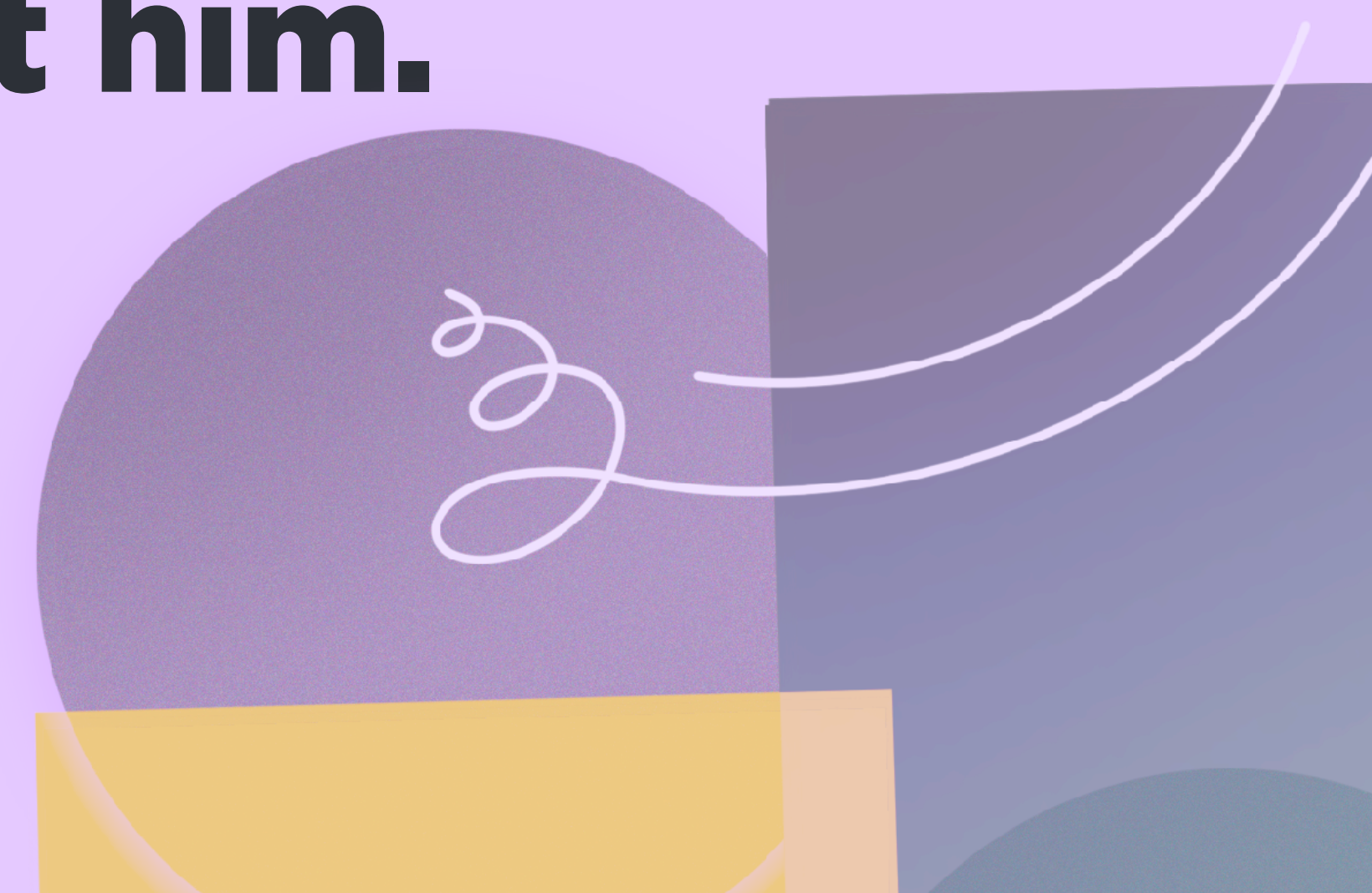
John 11:29-37

(Pg. 749)



After she had said this, she went back and called her sister Mary aside. “The Teacher is here,” she said, “and is asking for you.” When Mary heard this, she got up quickly and went to him. Now Jesus had not yet entered the village, but was still at the place where Martha had met him.

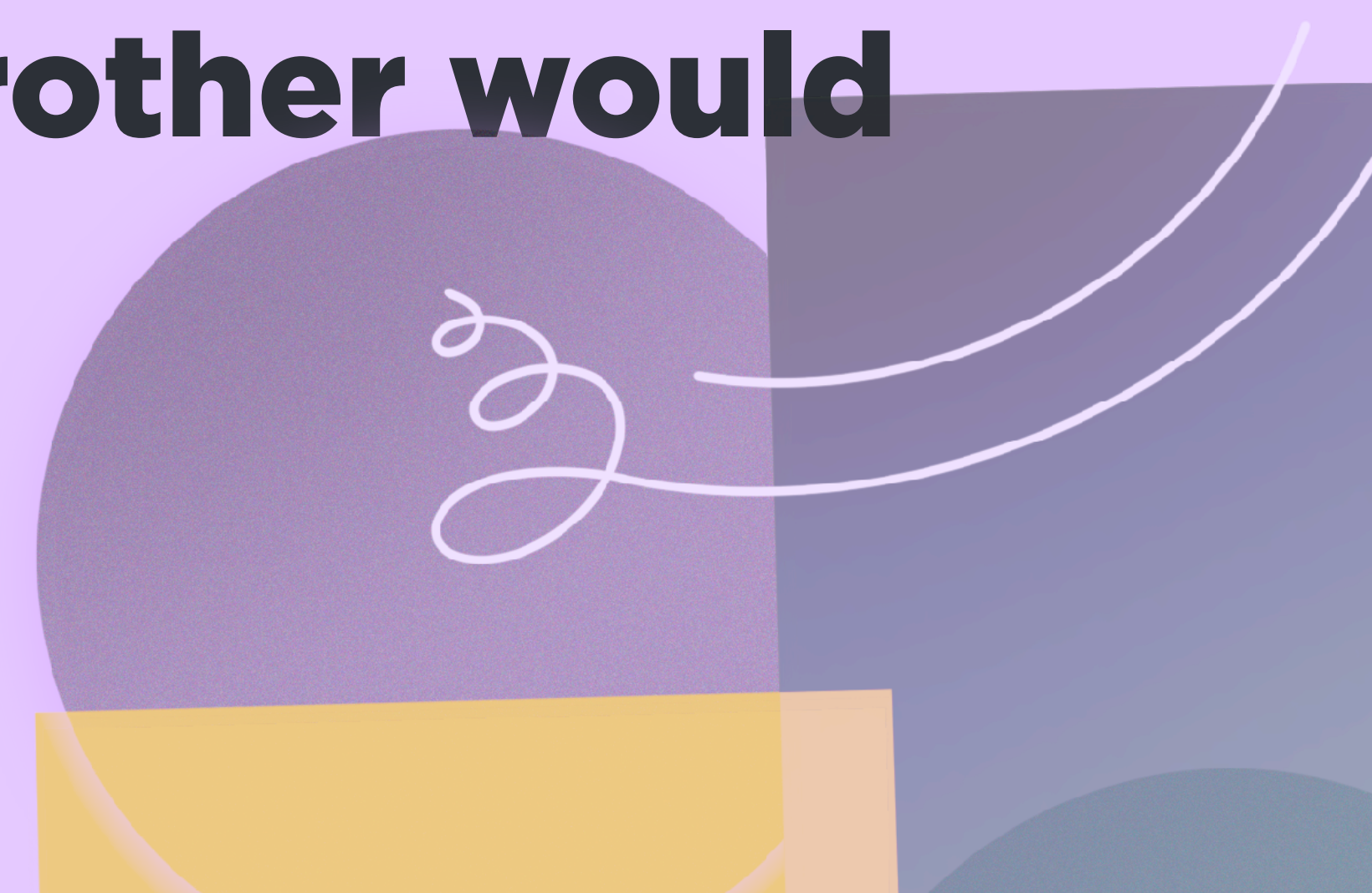
John 11:28–30 (pg. 749)



When the Jews who had been with Mary in the house, comforting her, noticed how quickly she got up and went out, they followed her, supposing she was going to the tomb to mourn there.

When Mary reached the place where Jesus was and saw him, she fell at his feet and said, “Lord, if you had been here, my brother would not have died.

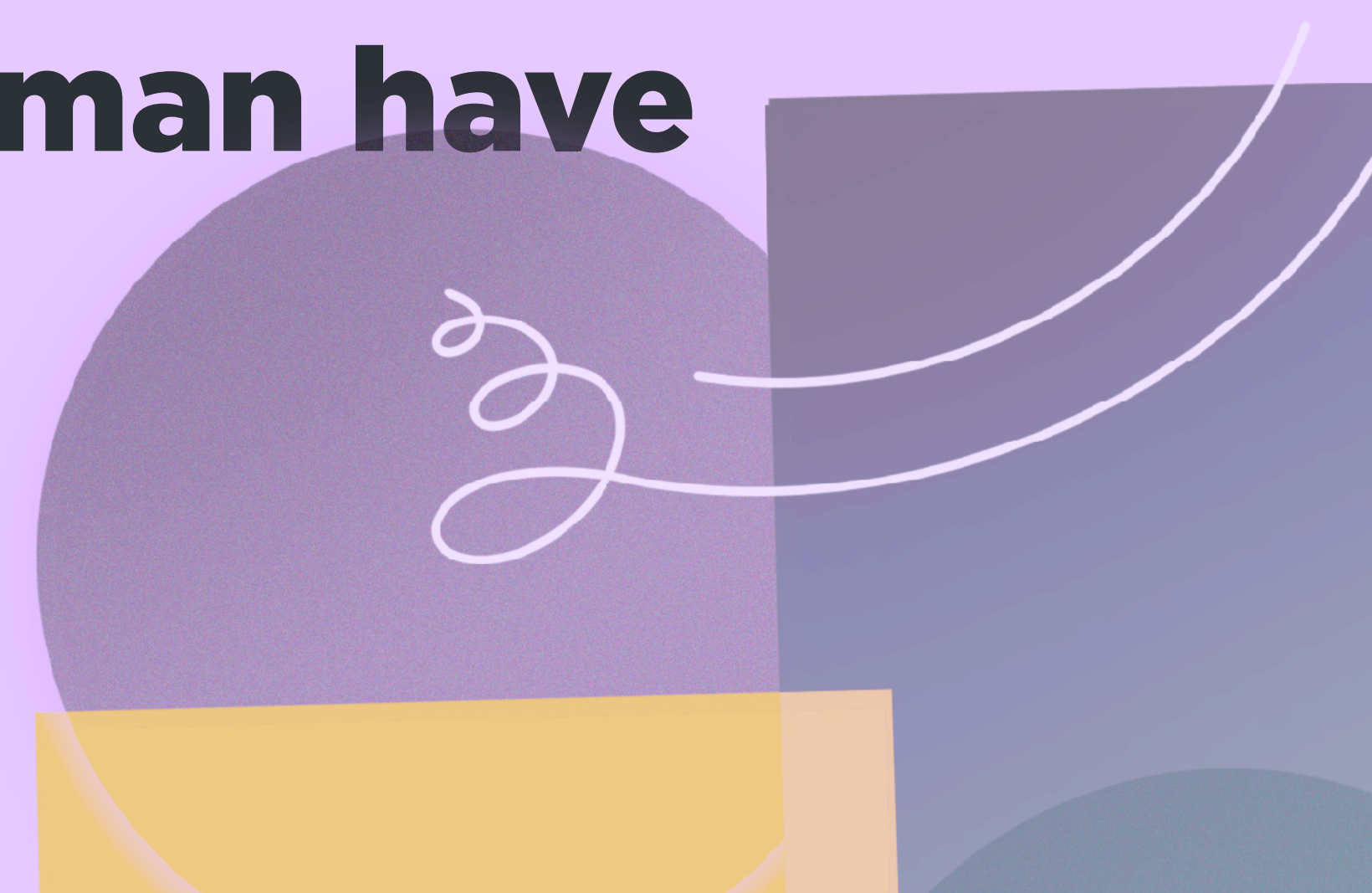
John 11:31-32 (pg. 749)



When Jesus saw her weeping, and the Jews who had come along with her also weeping, he was deeply moved in spirit and troubled. “Where have you laid him?” he asked.

“Come and see, Lord,” they replied. Jesus wept. Then the Jews said, “See how he loved him!” But some of them said, “Could not he who opened the eyes of the blind man have kept this man from dying?”

John 11:33-37 (pg. 749)



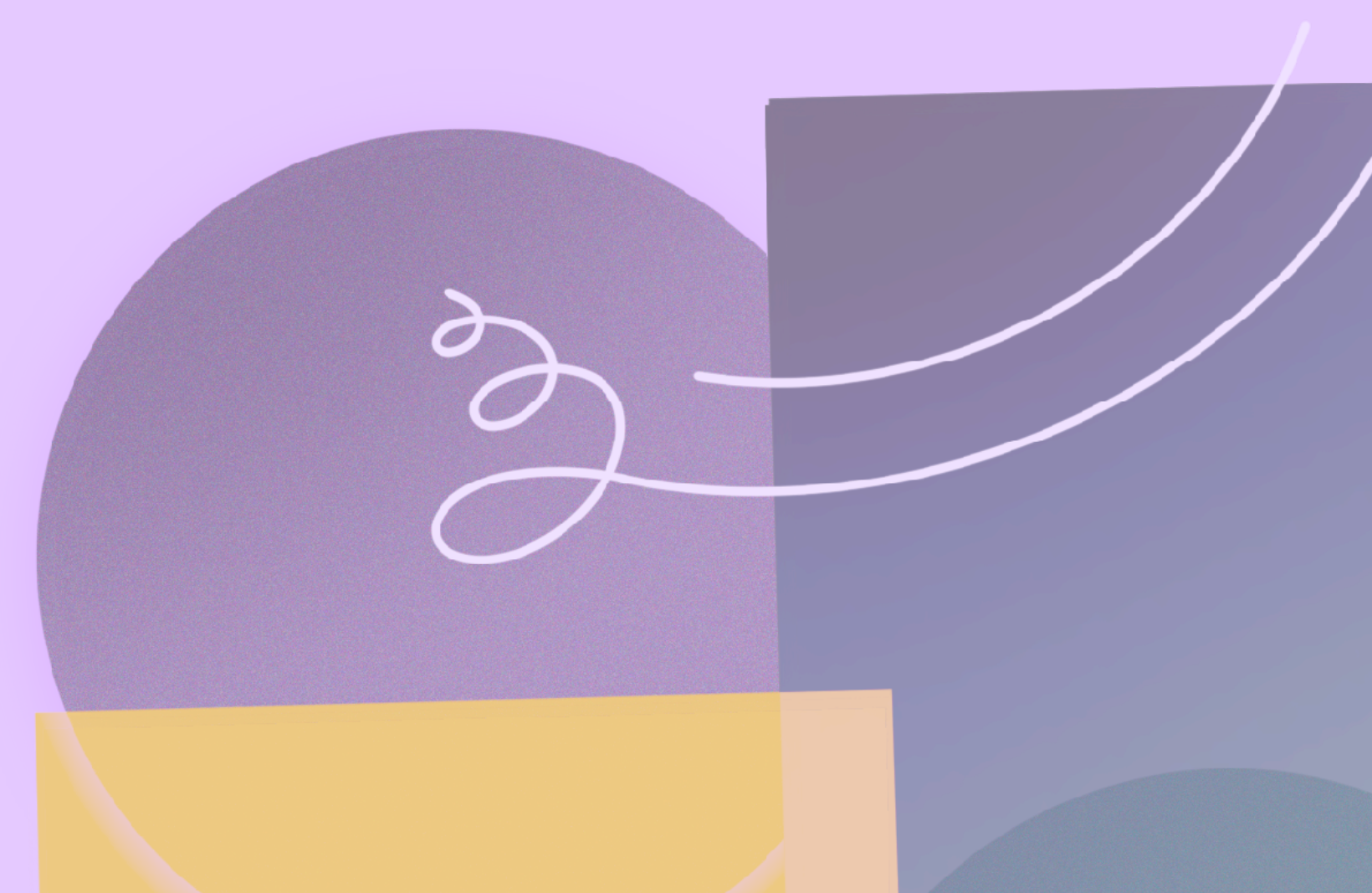
Eastertide Series 2025

Imagining Otherwise



“Our friend Lazarus has fallen asleep; but I am going there to wake him up”

John 11:11 (pg. 749)





The Mourners (Sitting Shiva), by Emmanuel Levy, 1928



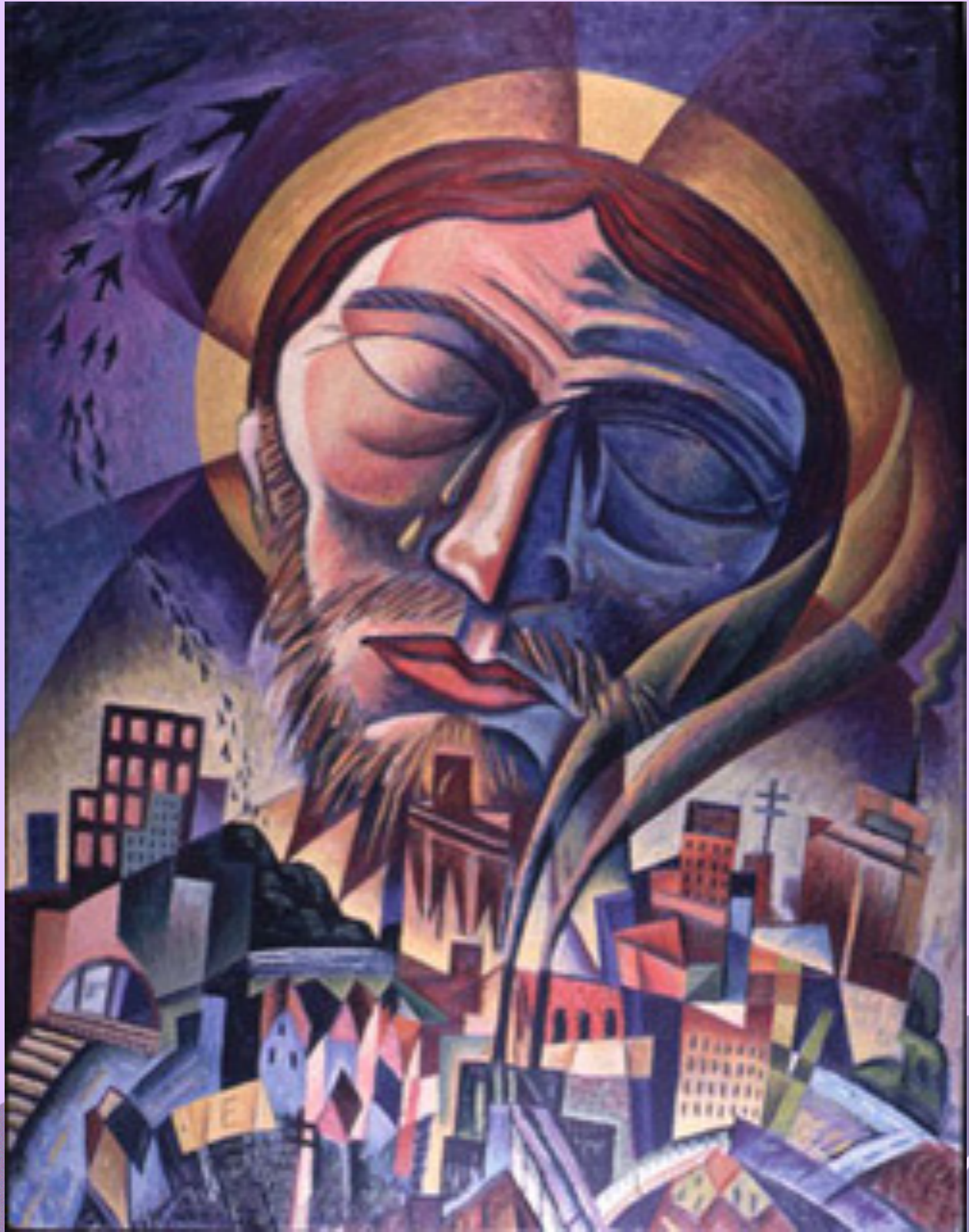
Jesus in Bethany, by James Tissot



Jesus Wept, by James Tissot, 1886-1894



Jesus Weeps, by Linda Richardson

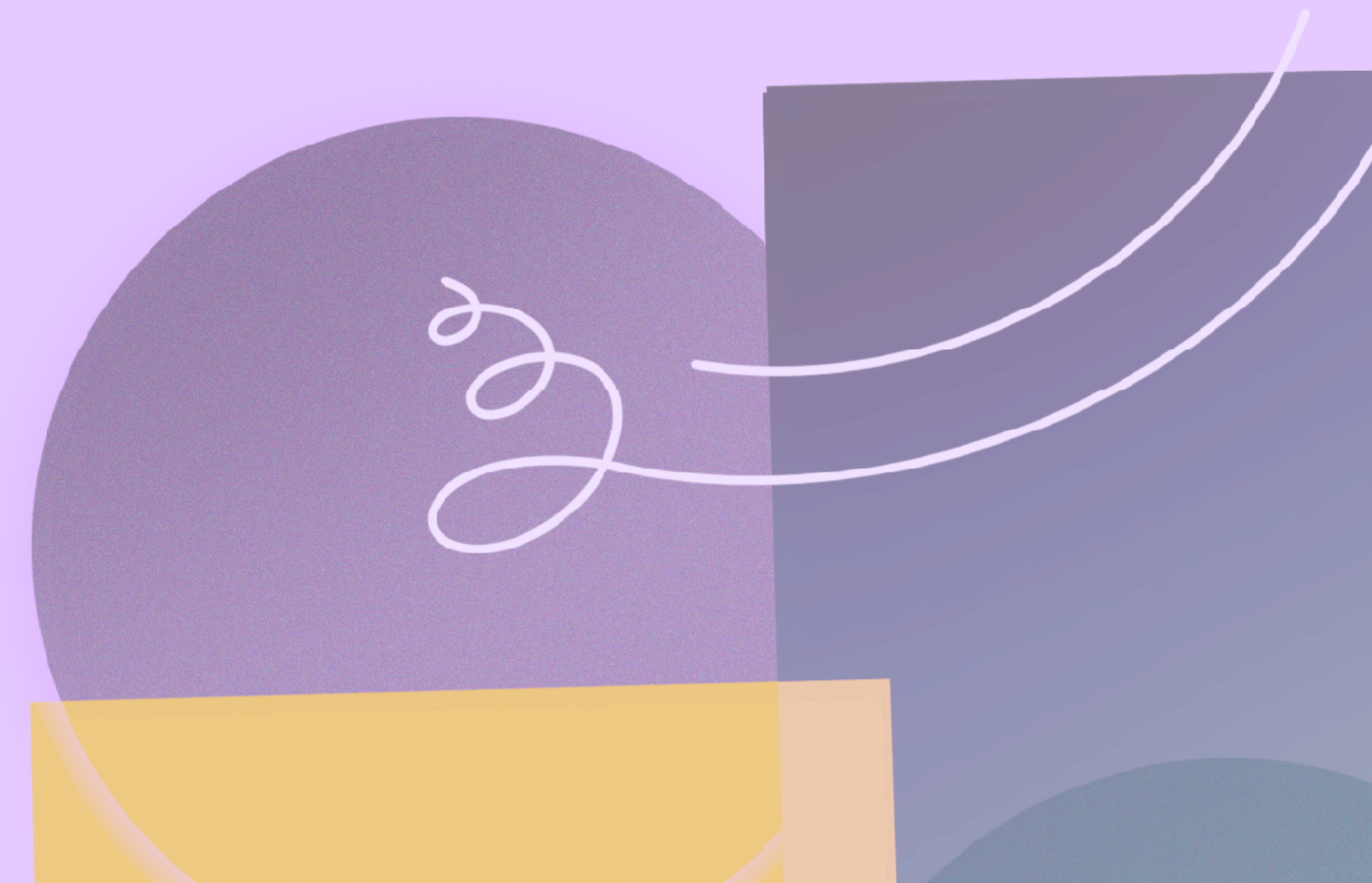




Kapwa (kap-wa);

“Kapwa means I am inherently tethered to you, I am cut from the same cloth as you”

Yanan Melo





jlngns



Follow

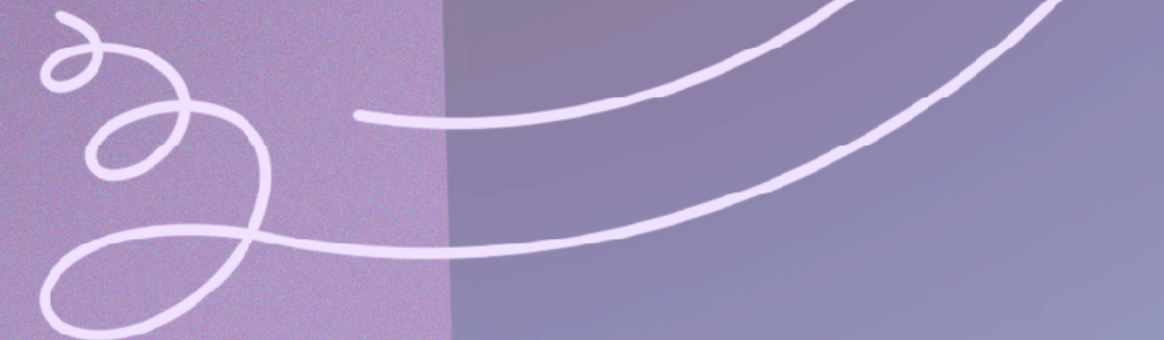


THEY'RE NOT MY PARENTS,
BUT I CALL THEM NANAY AND TATAY.

NOT MY SIBLINGS,
BUT STILL MY ATE AND KUYA.

NOT MY UNCLES AND AUNTS,
BUT ALWAYS MY TITO AND TITA.

WE LIVE AND MOURN AS ONE FAMILY.
AND YESTERDAY, WE LOST PART OF OUR OWN.



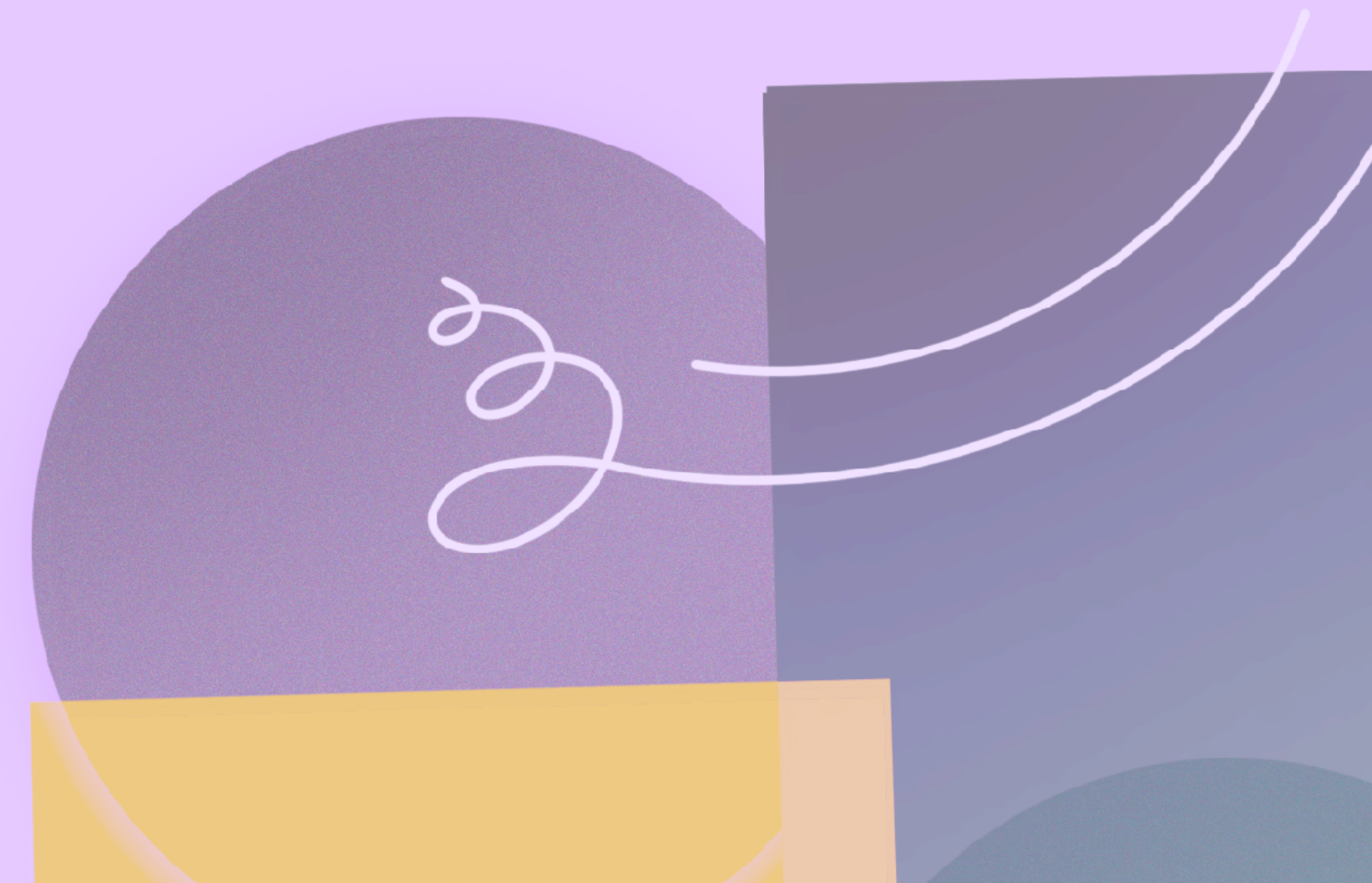
Kapwa has no English equivalent. The closest equivalent is “neighbor” or “kindred”. To live in kapwa is to share an inhabited physical and spiritual space where there is unity and the moral obligation to care for our fellow human. It is characterized by the fundamental recognition that I have a shared identity and a shared self.

Carl Lorenz Cervantes (1/2)



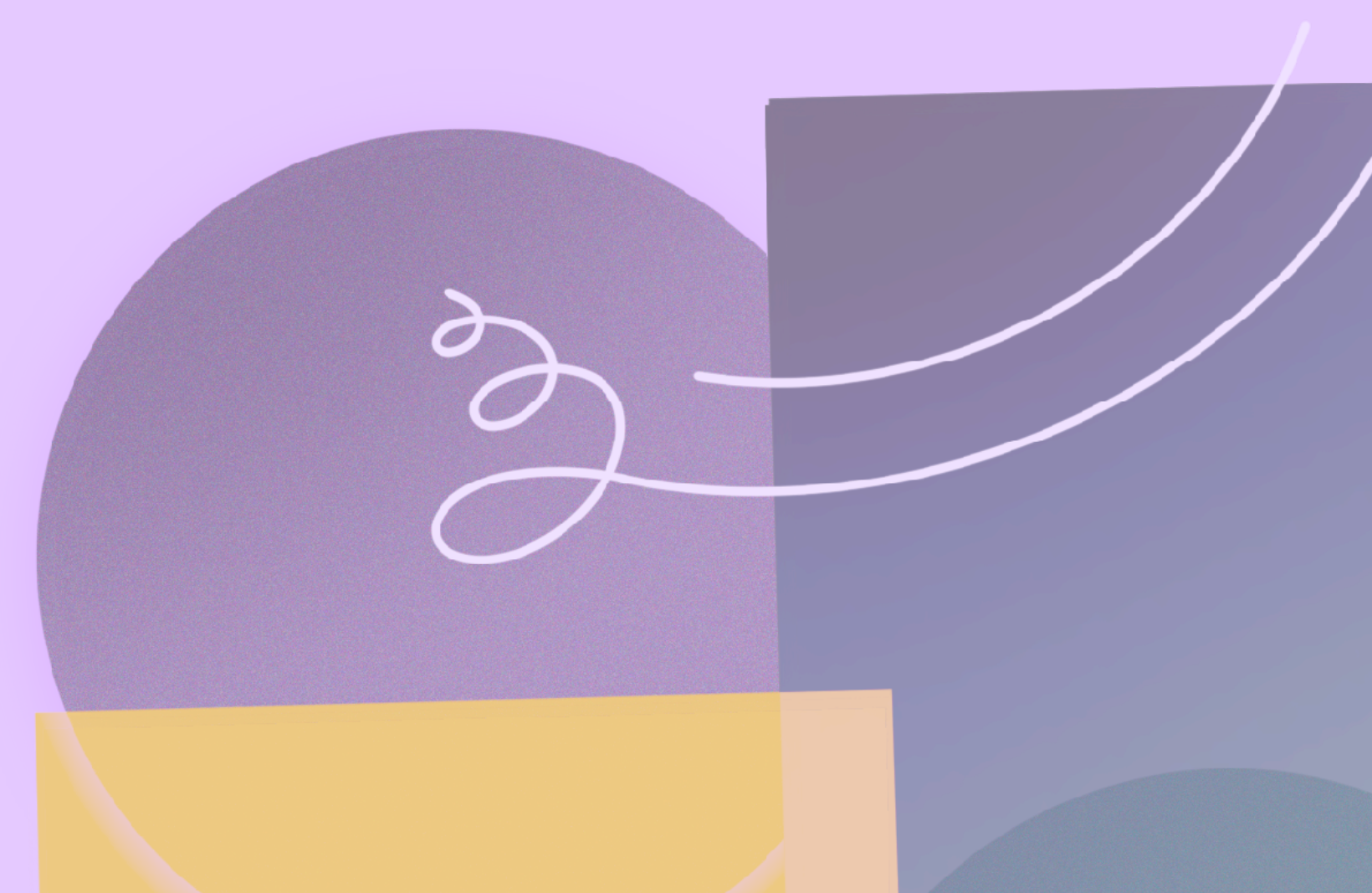
I can never fully be me without you. It is reflecting the image of God more fully because we are together and united in love. Kapwa is who we are called to be.

Carl Lorenz Cervantes (2/2)



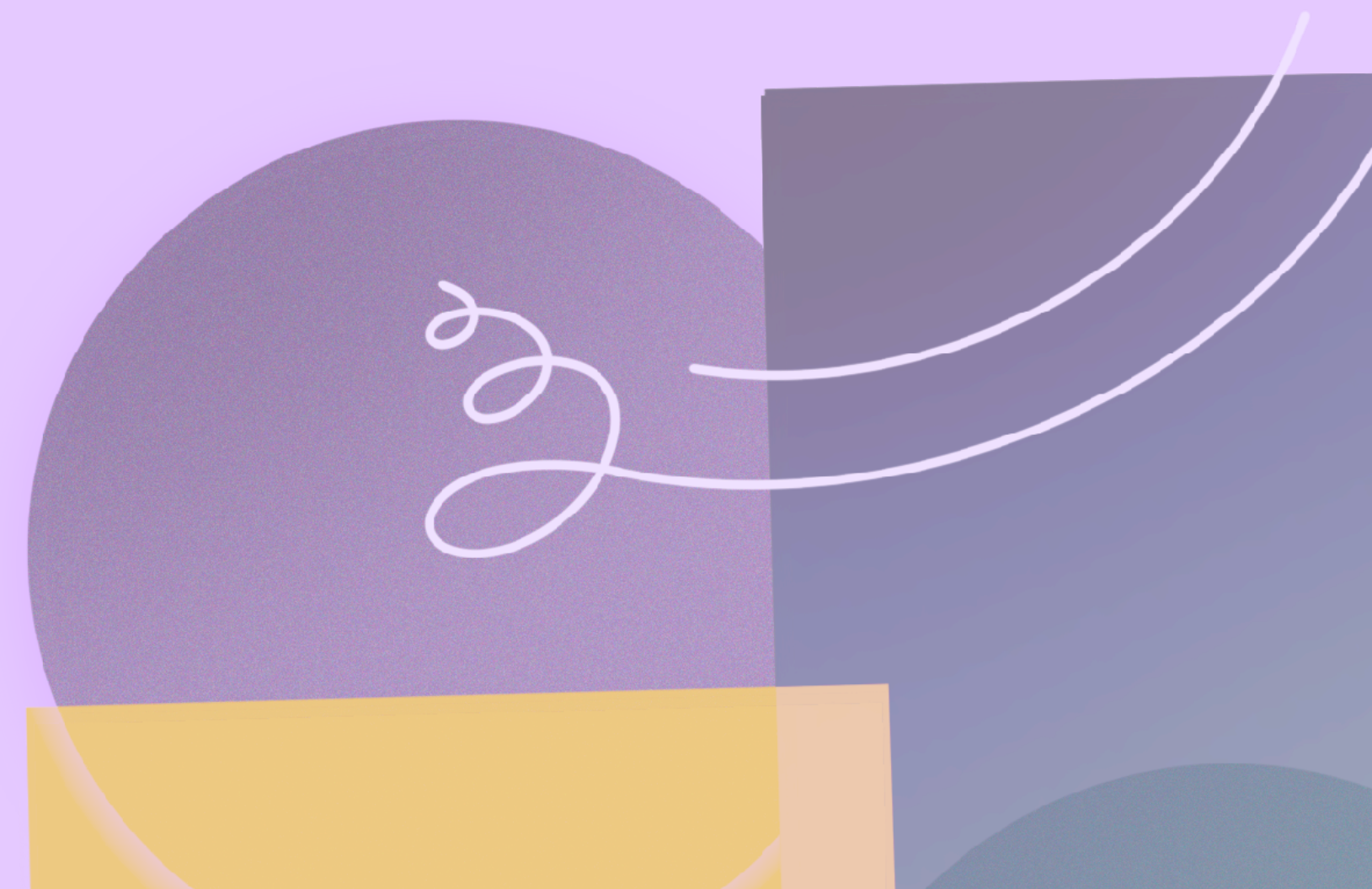
**“In kapwa, we lament because we yearn
and strive for something better, something
different”**

Yanan Melo



Bayanihan (buy-uh-nee-hun)

**Bayanihan, the sense that because I am
tethered to you – kapwa – I will fight for
you. I will help you.**

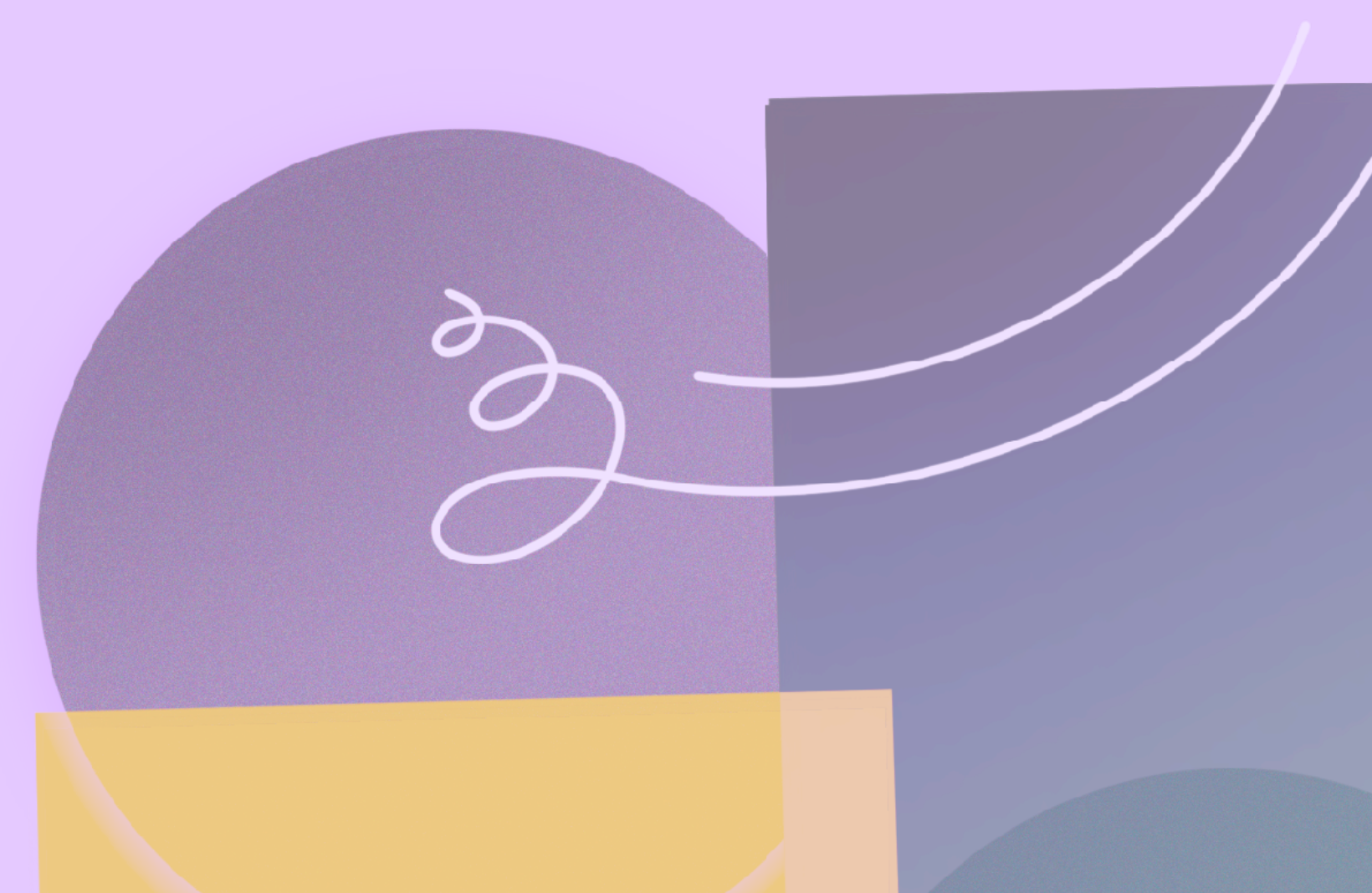






“Sadly in today’s Philippine society, this kapwa orientation is buried - like find gold dust in the riverbanks. It may have to be winnowed again from layers and layers of heavy colonial sand”

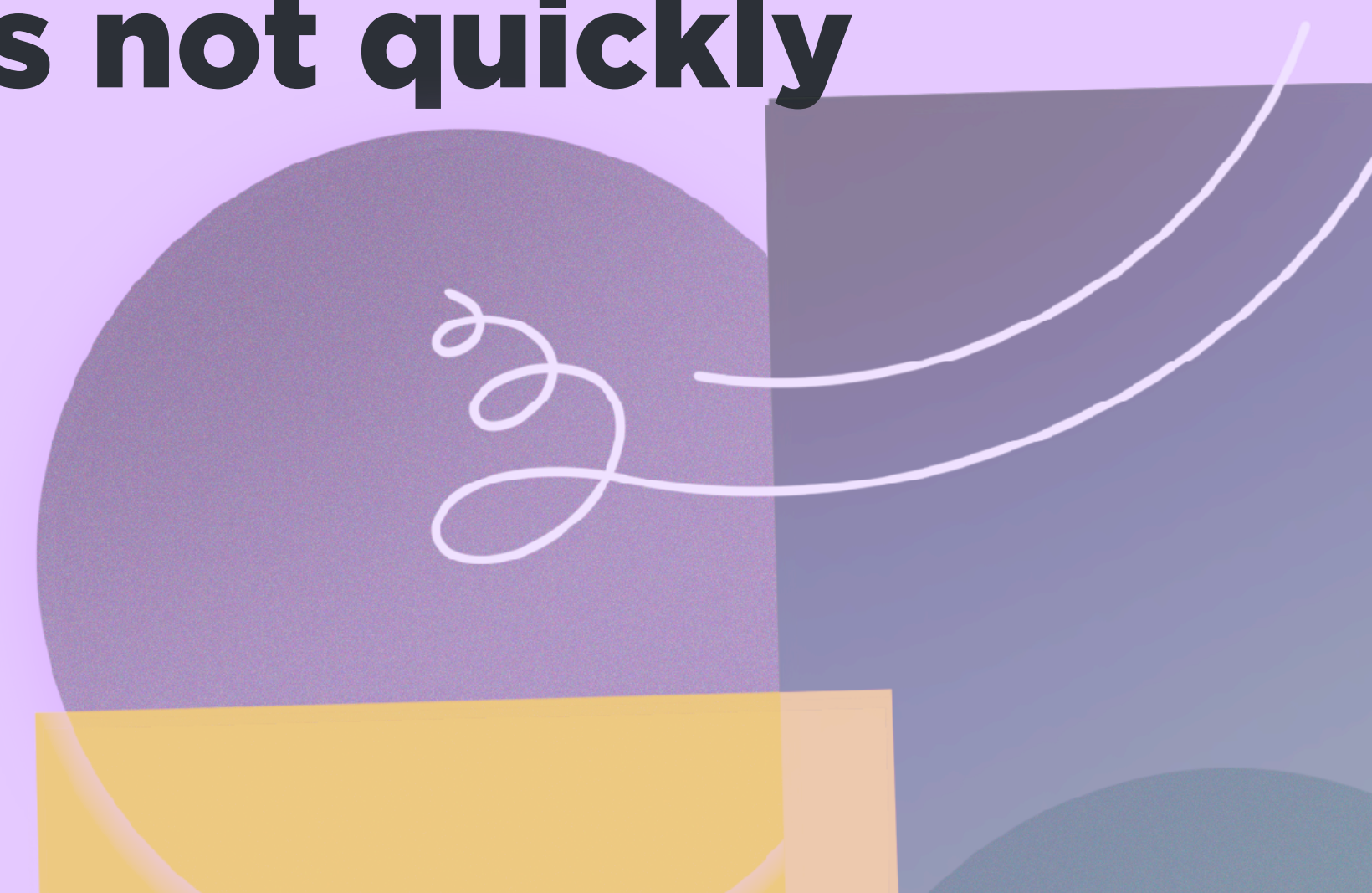
Katrin de Guia



Two are better than one, because they have a good return for their labor: If either of them falls down, one can help the other up. But pity anyone who falls and has no one to help them up.

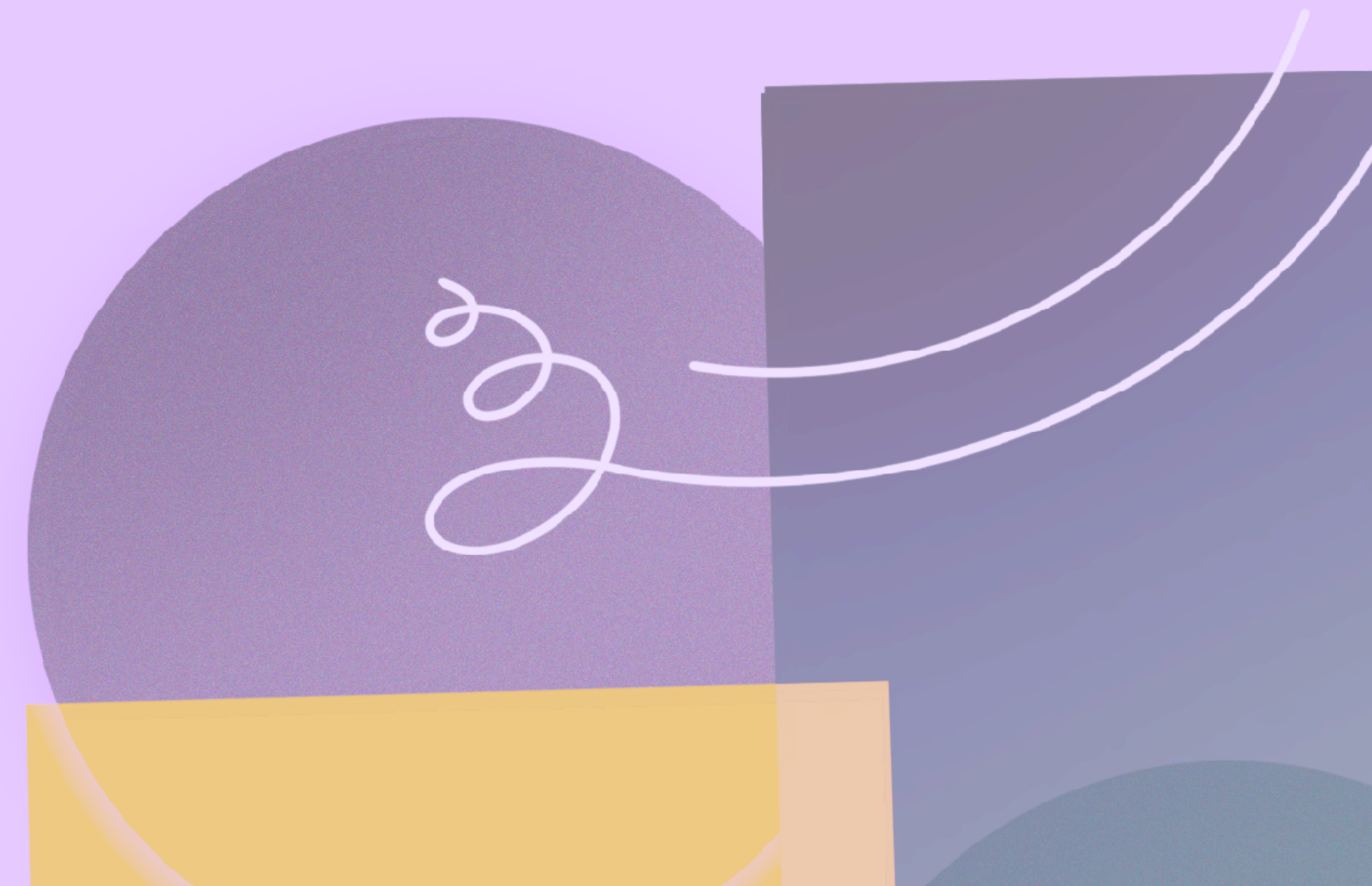
**Also, if two lie down together, they will keep warm. But how can one keep warm alone?
Though one may be overpowered, two can defend themselves. A cord of three strands is not quickly broken**

Ecclesiastes 4:9-12 (pg. 463)



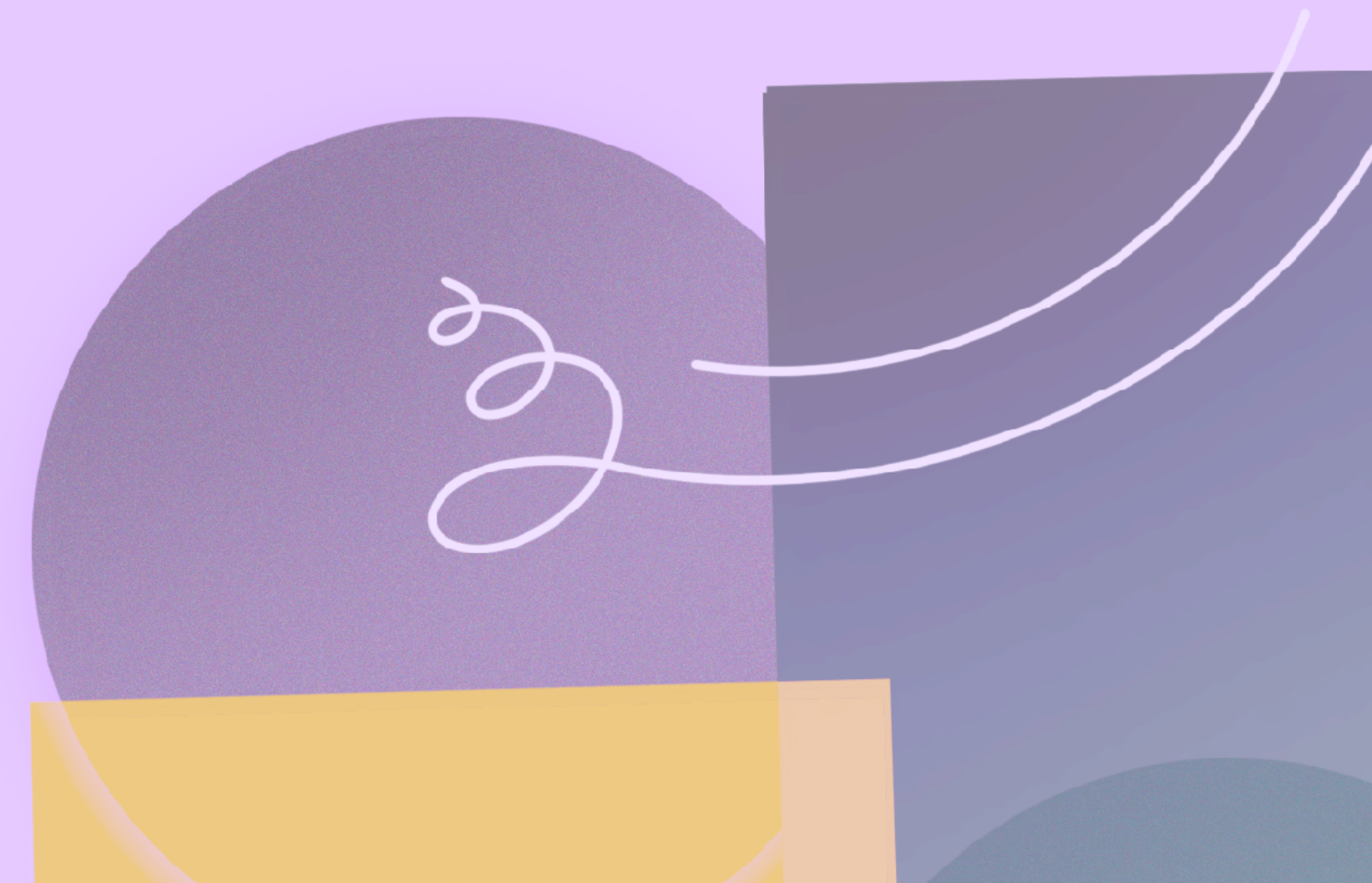
“Rarely, if ever, are any of us healed in isolation. Healing is an act of communion.”

bell hooks



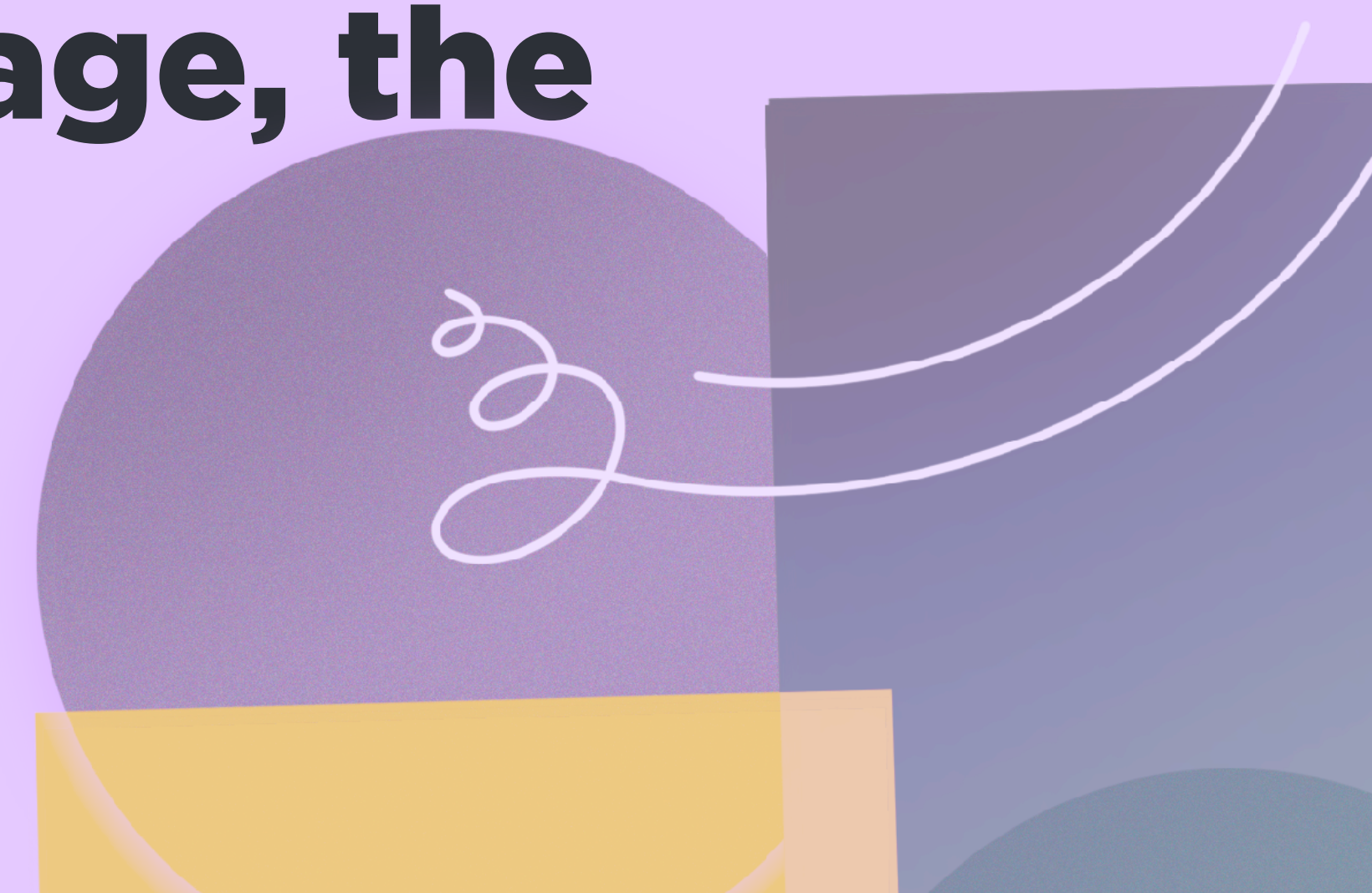
***Pakikibaka* (pah-ki-ki-BAka)**

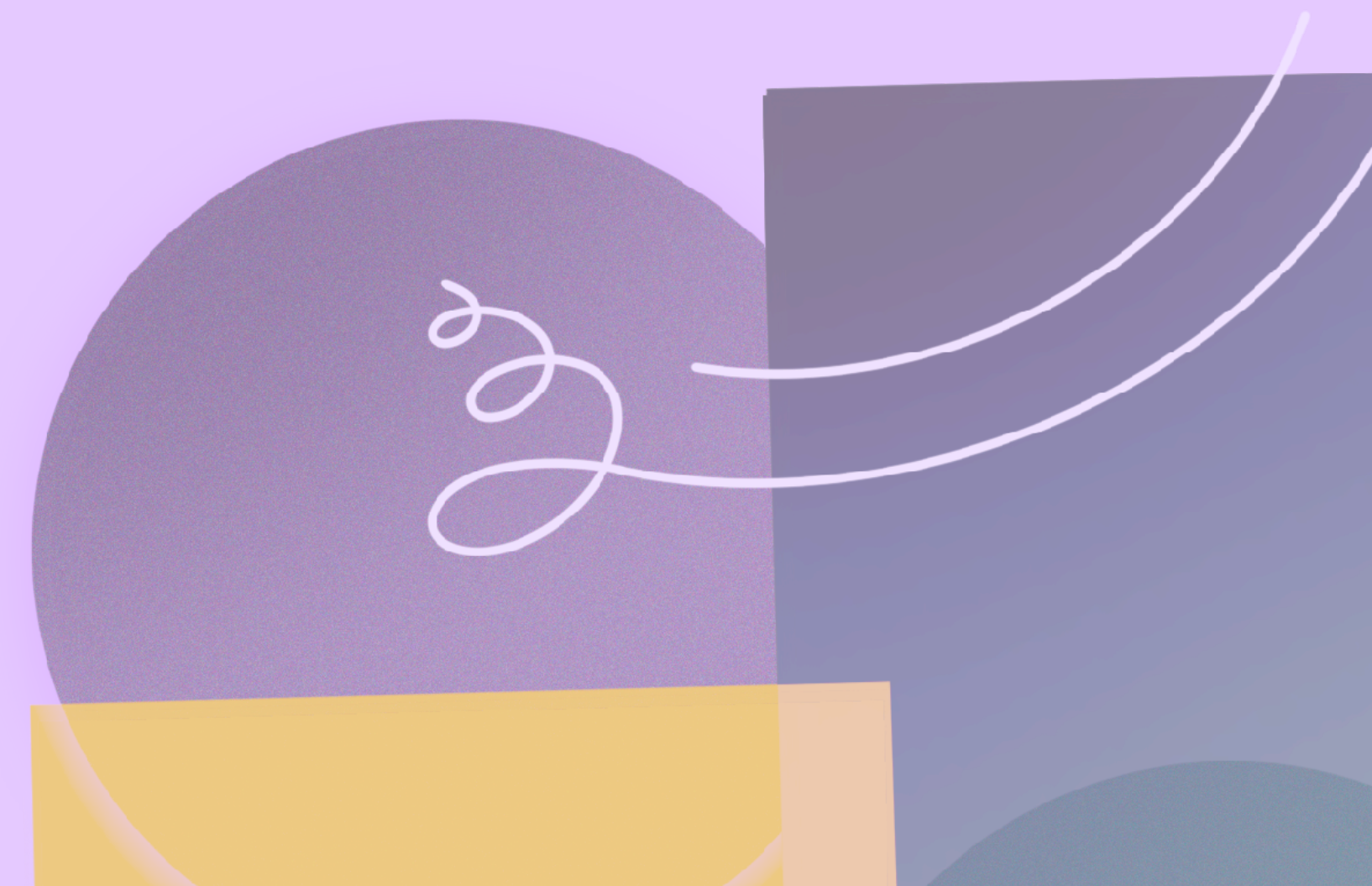
**Pakikibaka, shared struggle towards life,
towards Shalom**

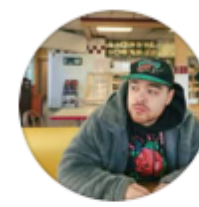


“From my perspective as a Filipino in the diaspora, *Kapwa* is our inheritance, a gift to the Filipino people, and in turn, a gift that the Filipinos share with the world and with all of humanity, our *kapwa tao*. It is a gift that keeps on giving for *kapwa* is our lens through which we are able to glimpse the infinite beauty of the Divine image, the image of Christ in the other”

JD Gonzales







soldiana
East Vancouver



the garden on fraser and 41st

Bitter taste on my tongue when I call my own people “resilient”.
I prefer to call us by something else:

kapwa; “a shared self”.

On the news, they named Saturday the darkest day in Vancouver’s history.
On Sunday, the candles we ignited turned Kensington Park into the night sky.

we clapped at the vigil, crescendoing into an
isang bagsak; “one down”,
as in, when one falls, we all fall.
Conversely, we rise together.
And on Sunday? We sounded like thunder.

On Saturday, our home was turned into a crime scene.
On Sunday, we laid flowers to rest
and turned Fraser and 41st into a garden.

-sol diana-



2



Prayers of the People

Reader: Lord in your mercy

Response: Hear our prayer