

Easter at Myrtle Beach

The sun tinted the Eastern sky, and then laid a shimmering path of light across the dark waters of the Atlantic. Slowly, it colored puffy white clouds with hues of pink, then red and orange, much like the painting of eggs that would be discovered in clusters of flowers and underneath shrubs throughout this day across America.

It was Easter morning on Myrtle Beach, South Carolina, where my wife, Lola, and I are vacationing. All of nature gloried in the works of its Creator – today, it seemed, more than usual.

On the beach below our hotel, a band of about 20 worshippers had gathered to greet the dawn. Some one of them read some Scripture, followed by a discourse on the passage. Most likely, although I could not hear clearly, there was singing. Shortly, four people waded out into the ocean waves. In order, two of them were immersed in the cold, cold salt water. The four then walked back to the group on the sandy shore, to be greeted by hugs and fellowship.

Lola and I watched in close attention. In her eyes, I could see the mist of tears of joy. It was a moving experience, even though they were total strangers. Indeed, we hoped that all the guests in the hotel observed what had taken place in the ocean.

What we had just witnessed was a symbolic dramatization of the true meaning of Easter. These two believers had shown the world – at least that part of it looking on in Myrtle Beach – a picture of the death, burial and resurrection of Jesus Christ, and a representation of the new life He gives to those who choose to walk with Him.

Later that morning, Lola and I drove to the nearby Ocean View Baptist Church, where the Rev. Steve Cromer, pastor, challenged his hearers to allow Christ to remove the grave clothes, as His Father had done for Him, thereby quickening us from our trespasses and sins, allowing Christ to work through us to bless others.

It was quite an Easter morning on Myrtle Beach.

-- Beecher Hunter