

“The First Easter Egg: A Story of Life from the Tomb”

Children... gather close.



This morning, the Story Wagon rolled very early—before the sun rose—when the world was still quiet.

Giuseppe, the wise pepper farmer, was already awake. He held in his hands a small basket... but today, there were no peppers inside.

Only... eggs.

Pip—the little brown rabbit—hopped beside him, curious as always.
“Giuseppe... why eggs? It’s Easter! Shouldn’t there be something more... exciting?”

Pastor, the faithful black dog, stood watchful and calm.
And Luma, the firefly, flickered softly in the dim light.

Giuseppe smiled... the kind of smile that knows a secret.

“Long ago,” Giuseppe began,
“before chocolate eggs, before baskets, before even the Easter Bunny...”

Pip’s ears perked up. “Wait... there was no Easter Bunny?!”

Giuseppe chuckled. “Not yet, Pip... not yet.”

“On the first Easter morning,” he continued,
“two women went to the tomb... just like in the Gospel we heard today.”

(Matthew 28:1–10)

“They expected to find death.
They expected the stone to remain.
They expected silence.”

Luma flickered brighter.

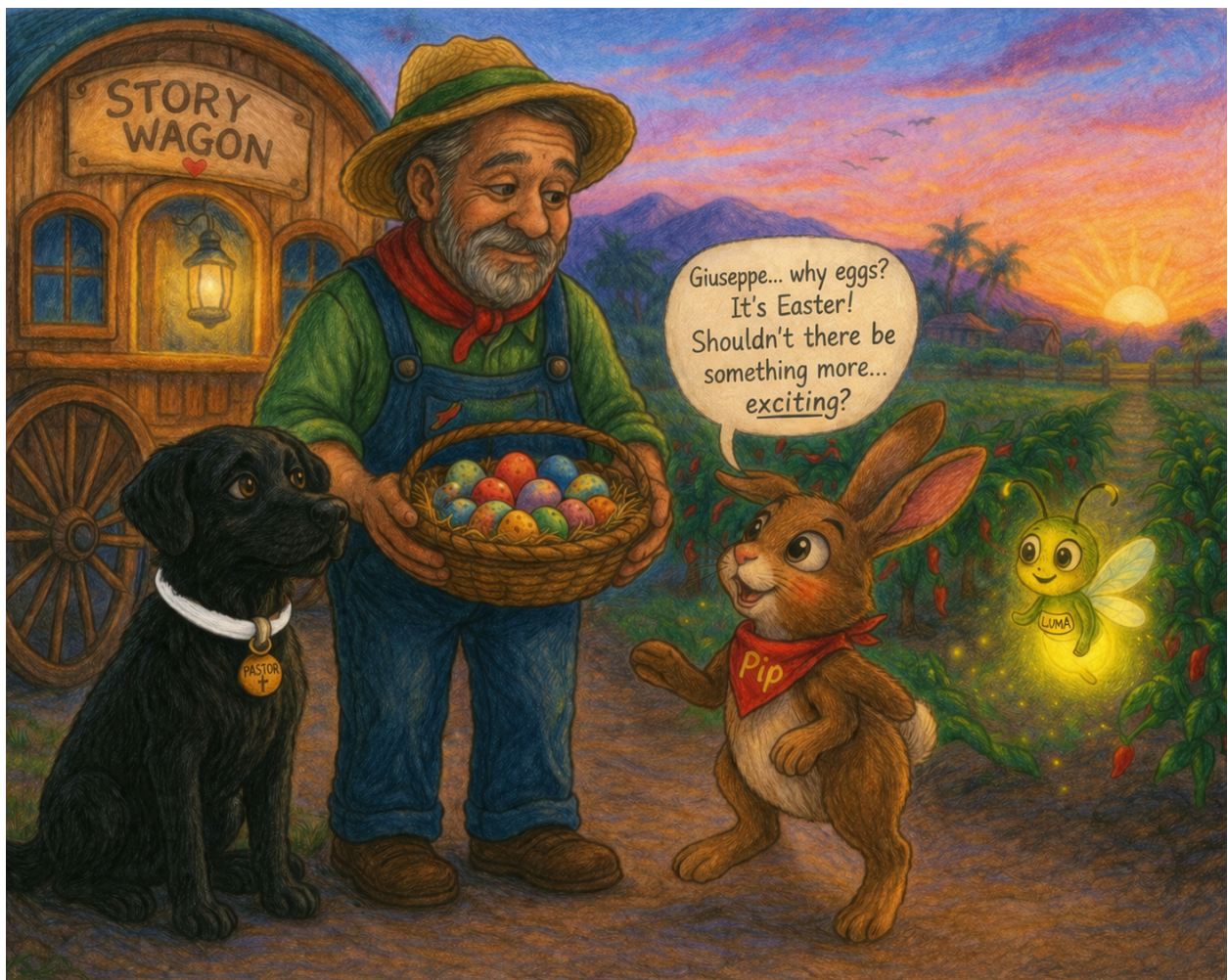
“But instead—
the earth shook,
the stone rolled away,
and an angel said:

'He is not here. He has been raised.'” – Who do you think the angel was referring to? – Jesus!

So, the angel said: “He is not here. He is risen!”

Pip whispered, “Risen... like waking up early in the morning?”

Giuseppe shook his head gently. “No, Pip... not just waking up. This was about **new life**—a life that can never die again.”



Giuseppe held up one of the eggs. “Do you see this?” “It looks small... simple... even lifeless. But inside—there is life waiting.

Hidden.

Silent.

Ready to break open.”

Pastor the black dog stepped closer, as if guarding something sacred.

“The Early Christians,” Giuseppe said, “began to see the egg as a sign - a reminder of the tomb of Jesus.”

Pip blinked. “A tomb?”

“Yes,” Giuseppe nodded.

“The shell of this egg is like the sealed tomb of Jesus.

And when it cracks open—what comes out? Life comes out!

Just like Jesus breaking out of the tomb, He lives forever.”

Luma now glowed brightly, circling the egg.

“And in some old stories,” Giuseppe added softly, “people would color the eggs different colors with their favorite color, but many times, red—to remember Jesus, and His love poured out on the Cross... that made new life possible.” - “You see, everything we Christians know... has a deeper meaning.

The egg is not just an egg.

The light is not just light.

Even this morning... is not just another morning.

Because God is always doing something **more** than what we see.

What looks ordinary... holds heaven. What looks small... carries something great. Sometimes, what might feel broken is where Jesus visits us - it is where grace begins.

Just like this egg - Giuseppe said,
quiet... hidden... waiting...

So too is your heart.
And when you let Jesus in—
when you trust Him,
when you love like Him,
when you follow Him—

something new begins to rise inside you.

That is Easter!

Not just something that happened to Jesus...
...but something that is happening **in you**.

Pip grew very still.

“So wait... the egg isn’t just for fun?”

Giuseppe knelt beside him.

“Oh, not just fun Pip - the egg is a symbol of joy! It is “joy” with meaning. Because Easter is not just about what we see— it is about what God is doing... **inside us - inside everyone.**”

Pip looked at the egg... then at himself. “Giuseppe... could I... carry this message?”

Pastor wagged his tail.

Luma sparkled like fire.

And Giuseppe smiled again.



“Yes, Pip.

You will remind the children—
that what looks small,

what feels hidden,
what seems broken...

can become **new life** in Jesus.”

And so, children...

that is how Pip the Brown Rabbit
became... the **Easter Bunny**.

Not just to deliver eggs—

but to remind us:

The tomb is empty.

Jesus is alive.

And *you* are meant for new life too.

So every time you see an Easter egg... remember:

It is not just candy.

It is a story. Our story.

The story of a tomb that could not hold Jesus...

The love that even death could not stop...

And the new life that is now given *to you*.



And just like the women in the Gospel...

Go now... run - live with joy... and tell everyone: **“Jesus is risen!”**