

Simply too good to be true. How many times have you found that well-worn phrase running round your head, rattling insistently away, bouncing off the walls like the class from year one who found the tuck shop door unlocked and have gorged themselves on forbidden sugary drinks and sherbet dip? Too good to be true. Too good to be true. Just, too good to be true.

If you're finding your inner voice singing such an insistent ritornello riff in response to an unbelievable bargain at a car boot sale, the proposal of a second hand car salesman, someone you've never met who's called you on the phone to tell you this is your lucky day, an unknown former general who's emailed you to offer you a share in his multi-million dollar fortune in exchange for your PIN number, someone who, in front of your very nose finds a gold ring in the street and wants to sell it to you just twenty pounds: in any of those circumstances an excellent rule of thumb is if it's too good to be true, it almost certainly is. There is a major role in modern life for cynicism and much of the time that's healthy.

But not here, not today. Today you have won the lottery, today you have dug up a hoard of Roman gold and struck oil; today you've been proposed to by Brad Pitt or Brigitte Bardot, Selena or Zayn- take your generation, take your pick. Today your results are in and it's straight A*s, today you've gone to the car boot sale and come back with a 1933 penny or a tuppenny blue stamp or a Picasso; today you have invented the perpetual motion machine, discovered the panacea and worked out how to make your car run on water; today a letter from the college of heralds has arrived on your doormat saying they've just been looking through an old parchment that they were using as a doorstep and in turns out that actually it's you who's the rightful resident of Buck Palace and they'll be sending the carriage along to pick you up just as soon as they've dropped Betty & Phil off at their new maisonette in Thamesmead.

Yes, today it's that good. It's not too good to be true; it really is that good and it really is true. Jesus has risen from the dead.

The man who, just scant hours ago was nailed to a cross and left to die. A spear thrust into his side. He died. And was buried. And now he is alive again. Really alive. Alive enough to walk and to talk, to eat fish and to break bread. And more. More than alive. Platinum alive, +++ alive, XXXXXL alive. Resurrection alive.

Bite down that survival training cynicism. Bite down the voice saying 'Well bully for Jesus, lucky for him, but what's that got to do with me?'

It has everything to do with you. Jesus is but the first born from the dead, and he brings his brothers and sisters with him. Where the shepherd is, the sheep will follow, where the head is, so is the body.

Amazingly, right here, right now, bathed in the new light of Easter is the best possible place and time, in all worlds and all ages, to be. It's that good. And it's that true.