

“Because He Lives”

Inspiring story from the themes of 1 Corinthians 15:13-20, 51-58...hope beyond death, unshakable faith, and the courage to keep going.



The old train depot café was almost empty, the kind of place where the coffee refills came without asking and the windows rattled every time a big truck passed by. Raymond sat at the corner table, fingers wrapped around a chipped mug, staring out at the gray afternoon.

Bobby slid into the seat across from him.
“You look like you’re trying to argue with the sky.”

Raymond chuckled faintly. “Losing, too.”

Jimmy came in behind Bobby, headphones hanging loose around his neck. Flint followed with his guitar strapped, standing tall and quiet, nodding once before sitting down. Lucille arrived last, as usual, with April and Emmitt trailing behind her.

Lucille scanned their faces. “Alright,” she said, setting her purse down. “Everyone’s here. That’s a miracle by itself.”

Emmitt grinned. “First resurrection of the day.”

April laughed, then noticed Raymond’s expression. “Okay,” she said gently, “what’s going on?”

Raymond set the mug down. “I went to a funeral this morning of an old friend, and he was good man.”

He paused. “I kept thinking... if death really is the end, then what was the point of him fighting so hard to love people well?”

That question settled heavily over the table.

Jimmy broke the silence. “Yeah. That’s what gets me too because everybody says, ‘It’ll be worth it someday.’ But what if ‘someday’ never comes and what about today?”

Flint leaned forward. “Then we’re all just distracting ourselves until the lights go out.”



Lucille raised an eyebrow. “You sound like Paul before the turnaround.”

Bobby gently huffed. “Wow, comparing us to ancient apostles now?”

Lucille smiled. “I’m saying people have always asked this question. Even the faithful ones.”

April opened her songbook of notes. “I was trying to create a song for this passage earlier; the one where Paul basically says, ‘If there’s no resurrection, then our hope collapses.’”

Emmit tilted his head. “So... he admitted that?”

“Yes,” April said. “He didn’t sugarcoat it. He said if death wins completely, then faith is empty, forgiveness is a lie, and love doesn’t last.”

Raymond nodded slowly. “That’s exactly how it felt this morning.”

“But,” Lucille said, tapping the table softly, “he doesn’t stop there.”

Jimmy looked up. “Nobody ever does when they say it with that tone.”

Lucille’s voice grew firm. “He says death *doesn’t* win. That something happened—something real—that broke its power.”

Bobby crossed his arms. “Okay, but people still die.”

“Yes,” Lucille agreed. “But they don’t stay owned by it.”

Flint frowned. “That sounds nice, but it doesn’t change Monday mornings.”

Emmit laughed. “Man, nothing changes Monday mornings.”

April leaned forward. “Paul talks about a mystery, not everything changing at once, but everything *eventually* being made right. Weakness replaced with strength and fear replaced with victory.”

Jimmy shook his head. “I don’t feel victorious.”

“No one said you had to *feel* it first,” Raymond said quietly. Everyone looked at him.

He continued, “My friend, he didn’t live like death had the final word. He lived like love counted. Even when it cost him.”

Lucille smiled. “That’s the point.”

Bobby drummed his fingers on the table. “So, what are we supposed to do with that? Just wait around for heaven?”

Lucille shook her head. “No. The message ends with action. If death doesn’t have the last say, then what we do right now matters more than ever.”

Flint exhaled. “Meaning?”

“Meaning,” April said, “you stand firm when it’s hard. You don’t give up because the story isn’t finished.”

Emmit leaned back, arms stretched. “So you’re saying my choices echo.”

“Yes,” Lucille said. “Even when you don’t see where.”

Jimmy stared down at the table. “What if you’ve already messed up too much?”

Raymond answered before anyone else could.

“Then resurrection isn’t just about the end of life. It’s about what can still rise.”

Silence fell again; but this time, it held something gentler.

Bobby smiled crookedly. “Man... that’s dangerous talk.”

“Hope usually is,” Lucille said.

Outside, a bus hissed to a stop, doors opening with a groan. People stepped out, heading in different directions.



Flint stood. “Alright. I don’t know everything. But I know this; if death already lost, then I’m done acting like fear’s in charge.”

Emmit stood with him. “Same, I’m too stubborn to bow to something that’s already defeated.”

Jimmy took off his headphones and placed them on the table. “I’m tired of pretending nothing matters. Maybe I start there.”

April closed her song notebook. “That’s enough for today.”

Raymond lifted his mug in a small toast. “To standing firm.”

Lucille smiled at them all.
“To work that isn’t wasted.
To lives that still count.
And to hope that doesn’t quit.”

They clinked mugs and glasses together; not because everything was fixed, but because something deeper was settled.

The rain began again outside, but this time, none of them hurried.

They had time.
They had purpose.
And they walked out believing that even in a world still wrestling with death,
victory was already spoken
and their lives were proof it mattered.