

2026 Bishop's Easter Greeting

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Christ is risen! He is risen indeed! Alleluia!

Dear SD Synod,

I grew up in Germany, where winter does not end easily.

It lingers.

It resists.

And then, almost hidden, you see them.

Snowdrops.

Small. Fragile-looking.

Pushing through frozen ground while winter is still very much alive.

Nothing around them has changed.

The cold is still there.

The ground is still frozen.

And yet, everything has changed.

Because those little flowers say one word:

Doch.

In German, *doch* is a contradiction.

A defiance.

It means: *Yes, despite everything you just said.*

It means: *No, you are not right about how this ends.*

It means: *Still. Nevertheless. Even now.*

Winter says: "Nothing will grow."

The snowdrop answers: "**Doch.**"

Death says, " This is the end."

Easter answers: "**Doch.**"

That is the resurrection.

Not the removal of the cross.

Not pretending that suffering wasn't real.

But God's decisive, unmistakable contradiction of death itself.

Christ is risen.

And that changes everything, not because the world suddenly looks different, but
because we now know what is ultimately true.

So when we say we are Easter people, we are not talking about being cheerful or optimistic.

We are talking about people who live a **Doch-shaped life**.

Easter people say *doch* to despair.

Easter people say *doch* to fear.

Easter people say *doch* in places where the world has already given up.

We do not deny the weight of things.

But we refuse to agree that death, division, or despair gets the final word.

Martin Luther, in his Easter preaching, insisted that the resurrection is not just an idea; it is a reality that grips us and reorients our lives.

It pulls us out of fear and sends us back into the world differently.

Not safe.

Not certain.

But free.

Free to forgive.

Free to risk love.

Free to show up in hard places and trust that God is already at work.

That is Easter faith.

So yes, watch for the snowdrops.

But more than that, be one.

Stand in the cold places.

Push through what feels frozen.

Carry that quiet, stubborn, unmistakable word into the world:

Doch.

Because Christ is risen.

He is risen indeed. Alleluia!