



GRAVEYARD STREAKER

WHEAT, 5% 21 IBU

John 11:43-44
aka: When Death Lost Its Grip

He was gone. Four days deep. Wrapped tight in burial linens, sealed in a tomb, mourners comforting the family.

And then Jesus showed up. He didn't give a sermon or offer sympathy. He just said the man's name: "Lazarus, come out."

And out he came, still tangled in his grave clothes, stumbling into the sunlight, trying to figure out what just happened.

That's the thing about grace:
it doesn't wait for you to get it together first.
It calls you by name right where you are.

It finds you in the dark, in the stench, in the place everyone else has given up on, and it brings you back to life.

Graveyard Streaker is about that moment when what was dead starts to breathe again. When hope sneaks back in.

When you start peeling off the things that don't belong to you anymore — shame, guilt, fear, regret.

Because the truth is, we've all been Lazarus at some point.

And if He called your name, I hope you'd come running too.