

# Discovery!

The sun burst through the horizon and splashed golden light against the eastern walls of Jerusalem's buildings. The dawn had yet to find its way into the deserted streets that meandered between the buildings. The silent corridors were still gloomy alleys where the last of the cold night could hide from the sun.

Mary Magdalen shook Peter's shoulder, and shouted in the dark room. "Jesus' body is not in the tomb!"

Startled from his sleep, Peter forced one angry eye open and glared up at Mary, kneeling at his side. "What?" he demanded.

"The Lord has been taken from the tomb! We don't know where they have put him," Mary repeated.

By then John was awake, propping himself up on an elbow. Peter looked at Mary's tear streaked face and pondered what she had said. After a long moment he pulled on his robe and sandals.

"Gone?" he asked her.

Mary nodded.

John hurried into his clothes and nearly collided with Peter as they both rushed for the door.

The silence of the streets was broken with the noise of Peter and John running to the garden where the tomb had been dug.

They were running as fast as they could through the winding streets. Peter started to fall behind.

Peter shouted ahead to John, "Wait up!" John didn't look back. Fueled by his exasperation, Peter struggled furiously to keep going. Pain burned in the muscles of his legs and a painful knot was beginning to form in his chest.

As he continued to run, Peter wondered what happened. Who would steal the body of Jesus? It might have been soldiers or even thieves. Perhaps Mary and the other women had simply gone to the wrong tomb.

John was waiting at the entrance to Jesus' tomb when Peter limped the last few steps. Gasping with exhaustion, he stared at the huge stone which had been rolled away. Peter did not hesitate. He stepped past John and crouched inside the tomb. The body wrappings were heaped in a pile on the ground. On the ledge, folded neatly, was the blood-stained cloth that had covered Jesus' face.



John came in and knelt on one knee next to Peter. He put his hand on Peter's back to keep his balance. The two men were so filled with wonder they could not speak. Slowly they began to accept the reality of the Resurrection that had taken place.



Like Mary Magdalen and the other women we discover the reality of this most important moment of all time. Like Peter and John, we can kneel in the empty tomb and finally come to know that Jesus is Risen. Like every Christian through the centuries we will eventually know that by His Resurrection, Jesus beckons us also to rise with him. May all of these truths flow to us this Easter and fill us with God's joy and love.