

He is risen!

Mary Magdalen lay staring up into the darkness. She was exhausted from the long hours of trying to get to sleep. There was no place she could hide from the bloody images of Jesus that had haunted her since Friday. All Sabbath night and yesterday the horror of Jesus' death had crashed against her mind like angry surf pounding against the shore. In the swirling eddies of her thoughts there would sometimes be a momentary stillness. She could relax, thinking it was all just a bad dream. But then, like a new wave being born, the reality would rise. Unable to escape, she would shudder with tearless sobs as the vicious truth reappeared and engulfed her.

Mary arose from her bed and moved soundlessly across the room. She carefully pushed the door open and peered out into the night. Her eyes searched the eastern skies for signs of morning. There was a faint, silvery tracing of light along the murky crest of the Mount of Olives. She sighed in relief. The new day was dawning at last. Now she could hurry off to meet the other women and complete the preparation of Jesus' body. Because of the Sabbath the women could not fully anoint Jesus for burial. Now that it was the first day of the week and the sabbath restriction was passed, they would be able to do their work.

She rushed through the silent streets to the garden. Mary wanted to be there ahead of the others so that she could have Jesus to herself this one last time. She would sit near the large stone that had been rolled up against the entrance to the tomb on Sabbath night. Waiting there, she knew she would find peace in his presence.

Mary Magdalen gasped at the sight of the huge stone which had been rolled away from the tomb. The others must have already arrived, and yet it was still dark. The tomb was empty. A bolt of fear coursed through her and she ran to Peter's house to tell him that Jesus was taken from the tomb. She was filled with great excitement. Her intuition already full with the knowledge that something wonderful was about to be revealed to her.



The stunning realization that Jesus was risen from the dead would soon fill Mary Magdalen with a joy and peace beyond all understanding. He who had once driven the demons from her heart would now fill her heart with a love beyond all understanding. From this moment the world would be offered that same peace and love which, beyond all understanding, comes to us again in the bright hope and glory we call Easter.