

It is still dark in the morning. We can infer that Mary did not sleep well during the night and felt the need to be near her Lord, Jesus. She feels lost and helpless. We have all felt that way at some point in time when life handed us something that was out of our control. Do you remember when your children or babies were sick and you slept on the floor next to their cribs or bed, just to be close? Or when you found yourself pacing the floor endlessly, or sitting at the bedside of a loved one in the hospital? The situation was out of your control, but this was at least one thing that you could do. This morning, it just so happens, that Mary Magdalene is the first to approach the tomb, and just being there, maybe, would be something she could do.

Joseph of Arimathea had already anointed Jesus with aloe and spices, wrapped Jesus' body in linens, and now it was time to sit shiva.

Sometimes, following through with a ritual helps us process. Isn't that why we hold wakes and funerals? It helps those who are grieving to move through the process and learn to say good-bye. Mary was trying to process the events of a few days ago and learn to say good-bye.

Little did she understand that her saying goodbye would not be goodbye forever.

Mary comes out of her desire to be where the body of Jesus is. She is bereft that he has been taken away, not just by his death but by the disappearance of his body as she finds out. She runs back to tell her companions because she needs to share her grief and shock. Her words are poignant, and we can feel the hurt and the longing in them.

“They have taken away my Lord, and I do not know where they have laid him.”

You see, Mary and the disciples had still not caught on to the lessons Jesus tried to share with them in advance of what was to come. That he would suffer, die, and then be resurrected. Jesus taught many lessons related to the idea of resurrection throughout his ministry each time he healed the sick, welcomed the stranger, ate with the despised, sought out the oppressed, and last Thursday evening, we heard of his time with his disciples at the last supper when he demonstrated extreme service and love for all.

These are all examples of min-resurrection moments; moments when we feel our life has been given back to us.

To make this simpler, think of the last time you had the flu, or more recently, covid, and someone brought you dinner or a ginger ale, and it made all the difference in helping you feel a little more refreshed and as if you were getting your life and energy back. Or, I am sure, there are some present who have suffered through a chronic illness that took everything from you but was remedied and eventually you were able to work your way back to do those things you hadn't been able to do for a long time. Or, perhaps, remember the time when you moved to a new place where you knew no one and felt alone, but someone welcomed you. Or, after each time someone struggles to find their way out of depression, or someone starts to find interest in life after the loss of a loved one, or recovers from an addiction; these are all times of mini-resurrection hope for new life. Maybe nothing I have mentioned so far has ever applied to you, but I am positive the spirit will lead you to

recognize that you, too, have experienced mini-resurrection moments.

Times when you felt as if there was hope for a new life.

Resurrection is new life.

Jesus prepares us for the ultimate promise of resurrection; the ultimate promise he gave us through our baptism, and his death and

resurrection, that we, too, would be resurrected; eternally and forever.

He knew we could never understand this mystery, so through his life

and example and our faith, we experience and see glimpses of new life

which prepares us to embrace the ultimate new life waiting for each us

when we, too, shall be resurrected and live a new life when this one

passes away.

God so loved the world that he gave his only son so that we may have

new life.

Resurrection is real.

Jesus has risen from the dead, death had no hold on him, and through

the waters of our baptism, we, too, are promised new life in which

death shall have no hold on us, either. This morning, and each day, we

live in the promise of resurrection. And, for that, this morning, I shout out “Alleluia, He is risen”, and we all reply.....” he is risen indeed!”