

THEY WOULD NOT HAVE BELIEVED US! Margaret Noel.

Christ is Risen.

### **HE IS RISEN INDEED, ALLELUIA.**

“You are so lucky to be able to shout ‘Christ is Risen’, we couldn’t, we did not know he had risen, or what it meant. You are probably wondering what I am talking about, or who I am and what do I mean by ‘We’. Let me explain.

I am Mary Magdalene and with my friends, Mary the Mother of James, Salome, set out early on the day after our Sabbath to go to the garden where the body of our Lord, Jesus, had been placed in temporary tomb, on the Friday evening. We carried spices and perfumed oil for his body, as was the custom. Why did we go early morning? Well we were scared there might be soldiers about waiting to arrest any of Jesus’ followers, but we felt compelled to go, it was the least we can do for him. No one was able to help him once he was arrested. It was up to God, but I don’t know what we expected, probably thought God would save him, we never imagined God would seem to desert him and let him to die. And after the scourging and beating he received it was surprising he was able to walk to his cross let alone carry part of it. He didn’t complain, beg forgiveness, plead for pardon, like the other two criminals, only cried out at the end, to his God. It was heart-breaking to hear and terrible for his mother Mary, to have to stand and watch her son die.

They didn’t have to treat him like that. Whipping him, putting a crown of thorns on his head; the crowds who had cheered him into the city were now jeering at him. Then he his final humiliation was to crucify him between two thieves like a criminal. What they did was criminal.!

We women stood, helpless, watching him die, - his disciples all stayed out of sight, except for John who was looking after Mary our Lord’s mother. We were angry and upset. GOD was angry and upset, the sky grew dark, there was a noise of thunder ; it was terrifying. Then silence----- . He was dead.

He didn’t deserve to die like that. He was our beloved master, a man of peace and love, who hated no one, just went about healing people, feeding the hungry, being kind to anyone he met. Did not matter what tribe they were from, even gentiles responded to him and he to them. He did not mean any harm just wanted people to love him and to show love and kindness to others. He wanted people to return to God, to remember His covenant to his people. He welcomed women in his group, not just to feed him but as his followers, we were included in his teaching. We couldn’t help but feel love for him and his gentle ways.

He didn’t mean anything by riding into Jerusalem on that colt, even if the crowds did shout and cheer, thinking he was their Messiah, their saviour who would lead an uprising against the Romans. He came in humbly, in a peaceful way. We women understood he would not lead an uprising but many of his follower, his disciples, especially Judas, thought he would

He wasn’t a threat to the Romans or the priest or anyone really. Just Wanted people to live a better life and love God more. Something we all seemed to have forgotten.

Some of his followers took down his body. We had to find a tomb to put him in as it was a Friday and we must not do anything on the Sabbath. It was a terrible time, a lot of crying, and fear, terrified the soldiers would come after all of us for being his friends.

So that is how we came to be walking to the tomb on that awful morning, or at least it seemed awful to us knowing what we had to do. But it was a beautiful day bright sun, flowers everywhere, birds singing, the world seemed happy, but we were upset. Not the best job to be doing but someone had to do it, and it is always the women. I was dreading having to look at the dead, naked body of my master, but it was the one last service we could do for him to thank him for all the kindness he had shown us. And we wanted to do it for his poor mother. No mother should have to go through what she has.

When we got to the tomb, the heavy stone had been rolled away. I thought perhaps Peter or Andrew or another of his friends had gone ahead to move the stone for us. The tomb was empty. No body, only a pile of clothes. As we stood horrified, then two men in white appeared and asked us what we were doing. Well we just clutch one another and fell to the ground terrified, these men looked like they were on fire, their clothes shimmering with light.

*What are you doing looking for him here in grave yard. He's alive, he's risen. Don't you remembered what he told you. Surely you remember his teaching- he would be crucified, but rise on the third day'*

Then the men disappeared and then we got up and ran from the garden. Terrified we fled to our homes. We could not even talk to each other about what had happened. How could we tell anyone what we had seen? Who was going to believe us? So, we didn't go to Peter, Andrew or the other disciples who were hiding together afraid of arrest. What was the point, their faith had been shattered by the events of the last few days. They no more believed Jesus could come back from the dead than we did. They would not have believed three hysterical women. Because that how they would have thought us, hysterical and imagining things!

But in the safety of my own room I began to recall what Jesus had said a few weeks before, how he would be killed but would rise on the third day. We didn't set much store by it at the time. No one can come back from the dead. Then I remembered Lazarus. If he could bring Lazarus back, then why not himself. Then I experienced such joy such happiness, I believed these men, and I knew he was alive. All that he had been telling us began to make sense. Only the Son of God could conquer death. No wonder it was such a glorious morning. God was happy his Son was alive. The birds were singing, and do you know, since that day I have not been afraid of anything. My friend is alive again, and knowing that helps me to face anything, because now I know everything he told us is true, even that he will be with us always. If you believe you too will know that Jesus will help you face anything. “

Maybe that is Mary's story, we will never know as the thoughts of women were never recorded. But I have one question for you- I you had been in he garden that first Easter day- would you have done what the women did, or be brave and run and tell everyone even

You see the risen Christ, defied all that is natural. But for the Son of GOD anything is possible and we believe he is risen because it is our faith. The followers of Jesus were still discovering what their faith in Jesus meant, it did not die on the cross, their faith and the power of Jesus was just beginning.

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