

THAT SUNDAY



We went there early,
as the sun was struggling
to shed any glimmer of hope
on our grieving world.
How we lived through yesterday's Sabbath
I'll never know.
The call to worship mocked us,
echoing Friday's jeering crowd.
So we huddled together,
women,
by now beyond tears,
grief crushing us
to dry dust.

So there we were,
as we had been on Friday,
Mary, his mother,

Joanna,
and me,
with our sweet smelling,
bitter burden,
to offer our tender anointing,
our last gesture of love.
But we found ourselves
even bereaved of that.

The tomb was empty.
No soldiers.
No stone.
Just a gaping hole
that mirrored the shocking
emptiness of our hearts.

We ran back to tell the others,
but they didn't -
couldn't -
believe us.
So I returned,
to weep for my lost love,
sure that his body
like my hopes,
had been snatched away.
In fact I begged the gardener
to please, please tell me where
they had taken him.

But then
just one sweet word:
"Mary."
The blur of my tears
may have blinded me,
but my ears over the years
had been too tuned to his voice
calling my name
for me to deny what I heard.
It was impossible,
but it was him.
In my joy I wanted to hold him,
tell him of my love.
But he knew the dangers
of such an attachment.
There was too much to do.
Too much to share.
Too much to tell.
And so I was sent,
the first Apostle,
to do,
share,
tell
of my beloved's love
for the world.

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