

An Easter Meditation: Jesus and Mary



Call to Prayer "[God] ... when sending [Jesus] ... willed Him a palace ... His Blessed Mother." Vincent, Coste, 13a, #15 Sermon, page 36

Reading (Ask four people to read parts of narrator, woman, Mary and Jesus, please.)

Narrator: She lay unsleeping in the pre-dawn darkness, pondering, pondering in her heart that long and heavy day. All through the night she had relived her life with him. She ached with the memory, ached with love and pain and sadness. Who, she questioned, was this son and who the God whose will he had so bravely come to do? She thought again about his friends - ashamed, confused and frightened. Had they slept, she wondered. Would they ever laugh again? What would she say to comfort them when morning came? Across the room she heard the other women stir. One whispered:

Woman: "It's almost day. We're going to the tomb. Come with us."

Mary: "I'll stay and start the bread. The brothers will be hungry when they wake."

Narrator: But when the women had left, she knew there was another reason she had stayed behind. She knew - and yet she did not know she knew - they would not find the body in the tomb. She sat alone beside her bed and thought again of Jesus, hearing in her heart the echo of his dying words: I thirst ... This day you will be with me ... Father, why ... Forgive, they know not ... Here, your mother ...

Jesus: "Woman, here I am. Your son."

Narrator: She heard the words aloud! His voice! Her son alive and standing in the doorway!

Jesus: "Woman, peace."

Narrator: He took her hands in his and raised her to her feet.

Jesus: "My mother, peace."

Narrator: He held her tired body gently in his arms. She stood in silent wonder, slowly letting the truth come home.

Mary: "My son, my son!"

Narrator: Her lips were trembling with her unshed tears. Tenderly she touched his face to let her fingers tell her once again that he was really here, with her.

Mary: "Jesus! Son!"

Narrator: She took his hand and kissed his open wound. They sat together on the window seat.

Jesus: "At times I didn't think I'd make it, Mother. So much anguish. So much fear. I did not think my love was strong enough."

Mary: "But, Jesus, you kept praying for them all, kept calling to your Father ..."

Jesus: "And I really was afraid He didn't hear."

Narrator: He shook his head as if to shake his fear.

Mary: "You suffered so and there was nothing I could do for you. I felt so helpless, Jesus!"

Jesus: "Mother, you were there. I needed that. I needed you to be there. So did John."

Narrator: She stood up suddenly.

Mary: "The brothers, Jesus! Do they know? The women don't. They left early, just before you came. They took oils to anoint your body ..."



Narrator: Then she wept. The joy, the grief, the tiredness, the love swept through her in great aching sobs. He held her, calming her with his strength. She spoke at last.

Mary: "We lost one, Jesus."

Jesus: "Yes, I know."

Mary: "If only he had come to me like Peter."

Jesus: "So Peter came here, Mother. That was good."

Narrator: He smiled then and moved to leave.

Jesus: "I must go find them all."

Mary: "The women will have reached the tomb by now. And the brothers slept together in the supper room."

Narrator: He kissed her gently on the cheek and said:

Jesus: "Shalom, Mother! Peace!"



Narrator: And he was gone. She leaned against the doorframe drinking in the sun, not knowing how to feel, what to think. He's alive! Her son alive! He lives, he *lives*, he *LIVES*, she thought, the joyful message pounding in her heart and throughout her entire body. She paused, straightened the bed coverings and said aloud:

Mary: "I'd better get some breakfast made. The brothers will be hungry when they wake. Awake, awake, *AWAKE*..."

Narrator: Mary chanted, as she ground out the wheat with ancient grace. And what a waking this new day would bring!

adapted from author, Kieran Sawyer

Pause for Reflection and Sharing

When has God asked me to stay with someone in their suffering? Share the experience.

Response

Be Joyful, Mary (verses 1, 3)



1. Be joy - ful, Ma - ry, heav'n - ly queen, Gau - de, Ma - ri - a: Your
2. The Son you bore by heav - en's grace, Gau - de, Ma - ri - a: Did
3. The Lord has ris - en from the dead, Gau - de, Ma - ri - a: He



1. Son who died was liv - ing seen, Al - le - lu - ia, lae - ta - re, O Ma - ri - a.
2. all our guilt and sin ef - face, Al - le - lu - ia, lae - ta - re, O Ma - ri - a.
3. rose with might as he had said, Al - le - lu - ia, lae - ta - re, O Ma - ri - a.

Text: 85 84 7; *Regina Caeli, jubila*; Latin, 17th cent.; tr. anon. in *Psallite*, 1901, alt.

Music: Johann Leisentritt's *Catholicum Hymnologium*, 1584.

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Prayer

(Please, pray together.)

Loving God, you invited Mary to accompany Jesus during His life, through death into His glorious Resurrection. As mother and first disciple, she walked with her Son to the end. May we follow Mary's example and journey with Jesus throughout our lives through joys and struggles, allowing us to empathize with those living in poverty as they are challenged by pain and adversity. We ask all this in the name of your Son, our Risen Savior, through your Spirit. Amen.