



JESUS IS AMONG US AS HE ALWAYS WAS AND ALWAYS WILL BE

It was early on the Sunday morning as the day was dawning when friends of Jesus commenced the disturbance of the day, a day like no other day. Loss, grief, absence, and fearful wondering brought Mary Magdalene to the tomb. The rolled stone, the linen cloths, the emptiness of the sepulcher heightened her agitation and Mary frantically ran to the disciples who then had to see for themselves.

These scenarios demonstrate the mystery of the Paschal Journey that is still to be believed by Jesus' friends as a movement of deep love and belief. It still had not dawned on Mary or the disciples that Jesus had risen. Mary, as she spent time in her garden, thought she was talking to a stranger as she spoke of her anguish. The familiar voice calling her Mary must have set Alleluias racing through her mind as she rejoiced in the love of her friend. Mary as the disciple of the Resurrection proclaimed this news to the disciples.

Jesus continued to bring good news to His friends at breakfast on the beach, the meal in the Upper Room, the journey to Emmaus and the dramatic protestations of Thomas. The mystery still needed to be unfolded. We could surmise that Jesus appeared a little different in His role as Jesus the Christ; or maybe their loss and deep sadness prevented deep sight. The scales still had to fall from their eyes so that they could find belief and recognition! On the contrary Denise Levertov shows the immediate recognition of the servant girl *who sees the light around Him and is sure*.

The Servant Girl at Emmaus

*She listens, listens, holding
her breath. Surely that voice
is his—the one who had looked at her, once, across the
crowd,
as no one ever had looked?
Had seen her? Had spoken as if to her?*

*Surely those hands were his,
taking the platter of bread from hers just now?
Hands he'd laid on the dying and made them well?*

Surely that face—?

*The man they'd crucified for sedition and blasphemy.
The man whose body disappeared from its tomb.
The man it was rumoured now some women had seen this
morning, alive?*

*Those who had brought this stranger home to their table
don't recognise yet with whom they sit.
But she in the kitchen, absently touching
the wine jug she's to take in,
a young Black servant intently listening,
swings round and sees
the light around him
and is sure.*

Resurrection happens every day. Jesus calls us each day to be touched and to rise in our dying and our rising. Mary did not expect Jesus in the garden; the apostles did not expect the stranger to join them on the road; Thomas had to touch the wounds. Jesus the Christ is found in familiar and strange places. Belief in the Resurrection calls us to, as Joan Chittister says, "*stand in the light of the empty tomb and decide what to do next*".

Our imaginations find it hard to plumb the depth of the Incarnational magnitude of the Resurrection. Jesus was always God. Jesus' rising from the dead demonstrated His deep divinity as well as his humanity. The Paschal Journey is a connection with the Godhead and a call to deep love for all people and the universe.

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