



Daily Reflections

April 21, 2019

Scripture

John 20: 1-9

On the first day of the week,
Mary of Magdala came to the tomb early in the morning,
while it was still dark,
and saw the stone removed from the tomb.
So she ran and went to Simon Peter
and to the other disciple whom Jesus loved, and told them,
“They have taken the Lord from the tomb,
and we don’t know where they put him.”
So Peter and the other disciple went out and came to the tomb.
They both ran, but the other disciple ran faster than Peter
and arrived at the tomb first;
he bent down and saw the burial cloths there, but did not go in.
When Simon Peter arrived after him,
he went into the tomb and saw the burial cloths there,
and the cloth that had covered his head,
not with the burial cloths but rolled up in a separate place.
Then the other disciple also went in,
the one who had arrived at the tomb first,
and he saw and believed.
For they did not yet understand the Scripture
that he had to rise from the dead.

Our Scripture Reflection

You have to feel compassion for the first disciples. They were all Jews and most had been taught from the time they were children that there would be a resurrection and that everyone would be raised up together when it happened at the end of time. Now when they discovered that one man, Jesus, had been truly raised from the dead it was mind-boggling. What joy they had when they saw Him! And what did resurrection mean for them? Well, the same thing it means for us. When we close our eyes for the very last time on earth, we will not see darkness, but rather, light if we have believed in Jesus and followed Him. What joyful news it is to know, to believe that His death brought the promise of new and eternal life to us all....Happy Easter!

Food for your Journey

The fields were parched and brown from lack of rain, and the crops lay wilting from thirst. People were anxious and irritable as they searched the sky for any sign of relief. Days turned into arid weeks. No rain came. The ministers of the local churches called for an hour of prayer on the town square the following Saturday. They requested that everyone bring an object of faith for inspiration.

At high noon on the appointed Saturday the townspeople turned out en masse, filling the square with anxious faces and hopeful hearts. The ministers were touched to see the variety of objects clutched in prayerful hands - holy books, crosses, rosaries.

When the hour ended, as if on magical command, a soft rain began to fall. Cheers swept the crowd as they held their treasured objects high in gratitude and praise.

From the middle of the crowd one faith symbol seemed to overshadow all the others. A small 9-year-old child had brought an umbrella.

A Prayer from the Heart

Dear God, Thank You for giving us Your Son Jesus who gave His life for us. He suffered and died so that we could live with You forever. May I live my life in gratitude for Your gift. Amen