**EASTER REFLECTION**

**Reflections on Resurrection**

(Mary’s reflection adapted from the play *The Tables Turned and the Stone Gets Rolled Away* by Scott Douglas.)

**Mary**

After they crucified him, when I thought his body had been stolen away, it felt like it would have been better if I’d never met him. I thought, what’s the use of being shown a world of freedom when, in the end, nothing changes. The poor are still poor. The evil are still evil. And death still had the last word. None of it mattered. Then he appeared to me. I thought he was the gardener, but when he said my name I knew it was him and my despair and hopelessness began to transform, just as he was transformed. I began to remember all that I learned from him. How he didn’t stop when people didn’t understand his stories. He started healing the sick, and hanging out with the outcasts, including me. He welcomed me, a woman, into his community. I remembered how even though he knew the risk, he went straight to Jerusalem, the centre of power, to spread his message and challenge the structures that oppressed and hurt the people. I remembered how he would often stump the religious authorities. I could see them getting more frustrated, agitated and worried. But that didn’t stop Jesus. And even though he faced death, he continued to be faithful, right to the end, even forgiving those who carried out the crucifixion. And now God’s love has won out. God has anointed us to bring Good News to the poor, instead of blaming us for poverty. God has sent us to proclaim release to the captives, by treating us, not as second class citizens, but as people with dignity. And recovery of sight to the blind, so that no one can say, ‘it’s not my problem’. And to proclaim the year of God’s favour, when there will be no rich and there will be no poor, and then the only law will be the Law of justice and compassion that will be for all people. I now know that love is stronger than death and justice is stronger than oppression. I now have the strength and courage to carry on his message. For Christ is risen!!!

**Peter**

He told me I was “the Rock” in fact he changed my name to reflect that I would be of solid faith. Yet in the end, he knew I wouldn’t be able to stand up for him. I didn’t believe it, but he knew. I denied that I was ever with him after he was taken away. I was scared, I didn’t want trouble. I didn’t want to be arrested as well. I didn’t want to die. And so I abandoned him. Then the rooster crowed, just like he said. He was right, and I was devastated. In his greatest hour of need, I betrayed him and turned like a coward. Then he was crucified, and dead. We were really worried. Jesus was gone. What would happen to us? Were we next? We hid behind closed doors, struggling to hold onto our faith, but it was not enough to overcome our fear. Then the women came barging in with the news - he was not in the tomb. He was alive. It was incredible! At first, we dismissed them – after all, they were just women. But then we remembered how Jesus always challenged that thinking, so we went to see for ourselves – and it was true, he was gone, the cloth he was wrapped in folded neatly, not the act of thieves. It was unbelievable. As the days went on we experienced such grace and love it overwhelmed me. After what I did, he forgave me, and not only that, he encouraged me to continue his message - to spread God’s love and justice for all. I now know that God raised Jesus from the dead as an affirmation of Jesus’ life – an affirmation that living as Jesus did is what God wants us to do. God has shown us there is light even in the deepest darkness, and not to give into that darkness. That light is in us and all around us. God in Christ helped me to see that now. The whole experience certainly gives me the hope and strength to carry on, no matter what the cost. Now, I am willing to die as he did and stand up for God’s love. Christ is Risen! Thanks be to our wonderful God!!!