



Her Lord was Dead

On Friday he died in darkness. Mary Magdalene watched. He was the only one who had seen her, who had known everything about her, and still he had chosen to love her.

And now he was dead.

She watched as the Roman soldiers pried the nails out of his hands and let his body fall. She watched as two men – two men she didn't even recognize – take his body, but they treated him with respect. Mary watched as they wrapped him and as they laid him in a new tomb that had never been used before.

On Friday her Lord died.

On Saturday she wept. It was a special Sabbath – it was supposed to be a day of remembrance and joy. But there was no joy for Mary. Her Lord was dead.

Sunday dawned early, and Mary stumbled out to the tomb, for her Lord was dead. And when she saw that the tomb was open, she feared, and she ran, and she told the other disciples what had happened.

And she stumbled back. What else could she do? She only wanted – she only wanted to love her Lord.

And there she looked into the tomb. There were two young men in there. And they asked, “Woman, why are you crying?”

“They’ve taken my Lord away,” she said, “And I don’t know where they’ve put him.

She couldn’t even process who these two young men were. She couldn’t understand that they were angels.

Her Lord was dead, and now, even his body was gone. The one who had loved her, and she couldn’t even honor his body.

She turned away. There was someone behind her. And in a kind voice, he said, “Woman, why are you crying? Who is it you’re looking for?”

And Mary couldn’t even look at his face. “Sir, if you’ve carried him away, tell me where you’ve put him, and I’ll get him!”

And then the voice: “Mary.”

The voice. The same voice that had loved her. The same voice that had freed her. Her Lord was not dead!

“Rabboni!” she cried, which means “teacher!”

But Jesus backed away. “Do not hold on to me, for I have not yet returned to the Father. Go instead to my brothers and tell them, ‘I am returning to my Father and your Father, to my God and your God.’”

Yes! Her Lord was alive!

And Mary Magdalene dashed away from the grave; she ran away from the tomb. Her Lord was alive!

She burst into the upper room where the disciples waited. “I have seen the Lord!” And she told them that he had said these things to her.

Brothers and sisters,

We are now several weeks after the Festival of Easter, but do not forget that joy: That the Lord who knows you so well and yet chose to love you – he is still alive.

And this story is true.

John 20:11-18

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