

Mary Magdalene meeting Jesus on Easter Morning - John 20 1-18

I'm going to the tomb, I need to collect my thoughts.
The stone will still be there and I can reflect on
What might have been.

It's empty!

WHERE IS HE?

Peter and John aren't much help.

I need an answer,

WHERE IS HE?

Two angels? what do they know?
Before they can reply to my question,
I sense a person behind me,
Yet I feel no fear.
I turn and through my tears
See the face of a man.
He asks me why I'm crying and who I'm looking for?
I feel no need to pour out my catalogue of woes.
I feel the tension inside me ease
And a deep peace begins to build.
My mind reasons -
to be here, this early He must work here.
I swallow hard and ask.
"Have you taken Him?
If so **WHERE IS HE?** "



Then through the grief and despair
That suddenly overwhelm me,
I hear my name, **My name.**
My heart instantly lightens.
Deep peace, love and joy fill me.
As my mind grasp what has been said
And by whom;
It has to be.
"**Rabboni !!**"



I want to capture the moment forever
With all its feelings and emotions.
To hold Him, never let Him out of my sight again.
I'm told I can't, His time here is short.
A voice inside me screams, that's so unfair!!
I know He sees my heart. But continues,
"My future purpose now lies with God My Father.
Don't you see I have to go Home?"

Years later I recall the words of Jesus by the empty tomb.

...."I have to go Home..."

I realise now He was right. If He had stayed,

It really would have been unfair.

