



AMDG
EASTER SUNDAY
MASS DURING THE DAY
YEAR A
16 APRIL 2017



The Lord is truly risen, alleluia!

OPENING PRAYER

O God, who on this day, through your Only Begotten Son, have conquered death and unlocked for us the path to eternity, grant, we pray, that we who keep the solemnity of the Lord's Resurrection may, through the renewal brought by your Spirit, rise up in the light of life.

This is the day the whole Church has longed for, the day of Easter joy. I rejoice as I settle down in my favourite place of prayer. To mark the occasion, I may want to have a cheerful visual focus: a few spring flowers for example.

I begin my prayer by placing myself in the presence of God and asking for the grace to enter fully into the joy of the risen Christ on this Easter morning. I read the prayer slowly, perhaps aloud, letting the words echo deep in my heart, staying with a word or a phrase I feel drawn to and, when ready, expressing to God the thoughts and feelings that arise in me. I feel that Easter joy stirring in my heart and I let it fill my whole being. I speak to Jesus, my risen Lord, as I am moved, perhaps thanking him for his gift to the world of new hope, new joy, new life.

The risen Lord opened the eyes of his disciples to what had taken place. Perhaps I want to ask him to open my eyes, and to lead me to deeper faith in him so that I may follow him in his risen life. I ask for what I most deeply desire.

I take a moment to decide what I want to ask the Lord for on this Easter morning. Am I prepared to be surprised by something that I had not noticed before?

RESPONSORIAL PSALM: PSALM 117

*This day was made by the Lord;
we rejoice and are glad. Alleluia !*

Give thanks to the Lord for he is good,
for his love has no end.
Let the sons of Israel say:
'His love has no end'.

The Lord's right hand has triumphed;
his right hand raised me up.
I shall not die, I shall live,
and recount his deeds.

The stone which the builders rejected
has become the corner stone.
This is the work of the Lord,
a marvel in our eyes.

This week and throughout the Easter season, to express my deep interior joy, I might like to begin and end my prayer with the Hebrew word of praise and rejoicing in the Lord: 'Alleluia'! I read this psalm slowly, repeating each line on my breath several times. I stay with and savour a line which 'speaks' to me more particularly. I reflect on the many ways the Lord has shown his goodness to me. I take comfort in the certain knowledge that his love has no end. No matter what I do, have done or will do, the Lord loves me. With the Lord, the world is turned upside down; the rejected, the marginalised, the less than perfect are brought to the fore and become key members of society.

I speak to the Lord about what this means to me. I bring to him the people in my life whom the 'builders have rejected', and entrust them to his care. I end my prayer with the psalmist cry of joy:

This day was made by the Lord; we rejoice and are glad. Alleluia!

GOSPEL: JOHN 20: 1-9

It was very early on the first day of the week and still dark, when Mary of Magdala came to the tomb. She saw that the stone had been moved away from the tomb and came running to Simon Peter and the other disciple, the one Jesus loved. 'They have taken the Lord out of the tomb' she said 'and we don't know where they have put him.'

So Peter set out with the other disciple to go to the tomb. They ran together, but the other disciple, running faster than Peter, reached the tomb first; he bent down and saw the linen cloths lying on the ground, but did not go in. Simon Peter who was following now came up, went right into the tomb, saw the linen cloths on the ground, and also the cloth that had been over his head; this was not with the linen cloths but rolled up in a place by itself. Then the other disciple who had reached the tomb first also went in; he saw and he believed. Till this moment they had failed to understand the teaching of scripture, that he must rise from the dead.

Mary of Magdala loved Jesus so dearly that she could not wait until daylight to visit his tomb. When she discovers that he is no longer there, she seeks the help of Simon Peter and John. They too are confounded, but when John finally enters the tomb, what he sees there triggers something in his understanding, and he now believes that Jesus has risen from the dead.

I look at the three people in this hectic scene of fear and confusion. I try to be with them as they struggle to understand where the body of their beloved friend has gone.

Who do I feel most drawn to? Who do I most resemble?

The one who even in 'darkness' hurries to meet 'The Beloved'?

The impetuous one who rushes in?

The one who hesitates and holds back?

Where does my love drive me? Who is the one whom my soul seeks?

I let the Holy Spirit lead me in prayer as I speak to my risen Lord from the heart.

Here's a text if you've only got a minute...

We have eaten and drunk with him after his Resurrection.

First Reading, Acts 10:34, 37-43

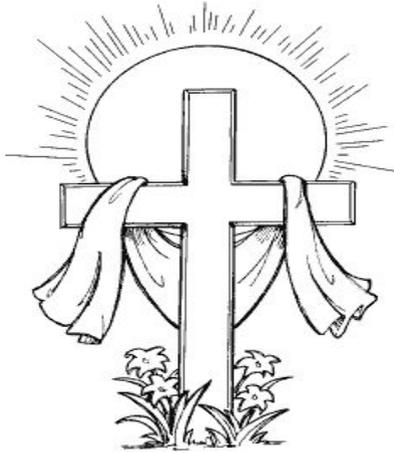
His love has no end. *Psalm 117*

Now the life you have is hidden with Christ in God.

Second Reading, Colossians 3: 1-4

Christ my hope has risen, *Sequence*

He saw and he believed *Gospel, John 20: 1-9*



How does this image help me meditate on the events of Easter?

REFLECTIONS

What does the week hold for me and how do I feel God may be calling me?

And so, what do I want to ask of God for myself and for others?

Based on Prego by St Beuno's
Outreach in the Diocese of Wrexham



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