



REFLECTIONS

April 5, 2015 Refreshed from the Archives of April 12, 2009

Jesus said to her, "**Mary.**"

John 20:16

Called by Name

It was dark when she arose that morning. She hurried to get ready for she had agreed to meet the other women early. Besides, the night had been long and unsettling—as unsettling as it had been two days before when Jesus was crucified. No one could explain the darkness that fell at noon that day, or the earthquake at mid-afternoon, or the torn curtain in the temple. No one could explain why Jesus had to die, especially such a painful death. And no one could feel a deeper loss than Mary Magdalene felt as she hurried to join the others.

Darkness made them step cautiously as they made their way to the tomb. Along the way the women talked of the earth tremor in the night, but they were not prepared for what they found when they reached the tomb. The stone was rolled away, but the tomb was not empty. Angels were there. The body of Jesus was not.

"Why do you look for the living among the dead?" the angels said. "He is not here, he has risen!" Trembling and bewildered, the women hurried back and told the eleven what they had seen, but the disciples did not believe them. Even so, John left the others and ran to the tomb with Peter chasing close behind. John reached the tomb first. He stopped to look in, but Peter ran past him into the tomb. Jesus was not there—only strips of linen and the burial cloth neatly folded nearby.

Though overcome with grief, Mary Magdalene had followed Peter and John back to the tomb where she watched quietly from the shadows until they returned to the others. She made her way to the opening wondering, "Where is my Lord?" When she reached it, Mary bent over and looked into the opening. Through her tears she saw the two angels in white still seated where Jesus' body had been, one at the head and the other at the foot. "Woman, why are you crying?" they asked.

"They have taken my Lord away and I don't know where they have put him," she anguished and turned away grasping her face into her hands. The image of a man caught her eye—maybe the gardener she thought. Then a familiar voice called her name. "**Mary,**" the voice said tenderly. Joy swept through her body. It wasn't the gardener she had seen. It was Jesus! He has risen. It was Easter morning and *He has risen indeed!*

Jesus called Mary by name that first Easter morning. Now in the holiness of this Easter morning, the voice of Jesus tenderly calls *you* by name too. He says,

"I am the good shepherd. The good shepherd gives His life for the sheep."

And you are blessed to be a part of his flock.

"You are the light of the world,"

Richard +

www.reflectingthesavior.org