

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

Now we are those witnesses.

*First Reading*

Give thanks to the Lord for he is good,  
for his love has no end.

*Psalm*

Make yourselves into a completely new batch of bread.

*Second Reading*

He must rise from the dead!

*Gospel*

God our Father,  
by raising Christ your Son  
you conquered the power of death  
and opened for us the way eternal life.  
Let our celebration today raise us up  
and renew our lives by the Spirit that is within us.

*Old Opening Prayer*

This week's readings if you'd like to reflect further:  
Acts 10: 34.37–43; Psalm 117 (118); 1 Corinthians 5: 6–8; John 20: 1–9



'The angels there attesting;  
shroud with grave-clothes resting'  
Sequence

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**ST BEUNO'S OUTREACH IN THE DIOCESE OF WREXHAM**



Easter Sunday  
Year C  
17th April 2022

He saw and he believed!

Happy Easter! Welcome to this Easter season, a fifty-day meditation on the mystery of the Lord's Resurrection.

We begin it, today, by visiting the empty tomb with Mary, Peter and John (**Gospel**). All of them fail to understand the teaching of the scripture at first, but then John sees and believes – just as we are invited to reflect, ponder, and treasure these things in our hearts throughout Eastertide.

The **First Reading** depicts the evangelist Peter sharing with the household of Cornelius, the Good News that he himself had received. His desire to witness, his energy, and his conviction are evident. The 'day made by the Lord' (**Psalm**) has come to Cornelius and his family, and like the psalmist, Peter 'rejoices and is glad' alongside them.

Belief in the resurrected Jesus brings the fruit of forgiveness, which clears out the yeast of evil to make way for the gifts of sincerity and truth (**Second Reading**).

Let's pray, this week, that our gratitude for what the Lord has done for us will impel us to go out and bear witness to his name through lives lived by peace, joy and hope. Amen!

We also continue to pray for peace throughout the whole world, and especially for the people of Ukraine and eastern Europe.



### 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.

## Second Reading 1 Corinthians 5: 6–8

**Y**ou must know how even a small amount of yeast is enough to leaven all the dough, so get rid of all the old yeast, and make yourselves into a completely new batch of bread, unleavened as you are meant to be. Christ, our passover, has been sacrificed; let us celebrate the feast, then, by getting rid of all the old yeast of evil and wickedness, having only the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth.

I take some time, in the midst of these Easter celebrations, to ponder prayerfully. I go to my place of prayer and gently allow myself to settle, to become still — there is no rush. Perhaps I light a candle.

I might even adopt some kind of reclining posture in prayer: the posture of the one who has been freed from slavery; the posture of those celebrating Passover, and of Jesus and his disciples sharing the Last Supper. Whichever position I choose, I move into prayer slowly, deliberately, reflectively.

I read the text from St Paul to the Church at Corinth.

What am I hearing as I read? What am I noticing?

I stay with whatever word or image is moving me.

The reading is a reminder of how, at Passover, the Jewish people were expected to throw out all the old, leavened bread, and prepare new, unleavened bread.

What in my life needs throwing away to make room for the risen Christ?

How am I being called to open myself so as to have a full share in his life?

The Easter season is a time for deep, inner renewal.

As the unleavened bread of the Eucharist is broken and shared, what is my response to the Body of Christ in the community going to be?

How am I being called — like Paul, like Peter — to share Christ's life with others?

I end with a spirit of gratitude for all those people in my past — parents, school, neighbours, friends — whose faithful encouragement and loving example have brought me to my own place and role within Christ's body.

When ready, I end with a slow sign of the cross.

## Gospel John 20: 1–9

**I**t 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.

Perhaps, like Mary, I have come to my place of prayer before dawn, ahead of the busy-ness of the day. But at whatever time I come to pray, I might be able to imagine myself in the quiet of the garden, alongside her, peering into the darkness of the empty tomb.

As I become still, I read the text, and then ponder.

What do I notice going on within me? To where am I being drawn?

Mary, thinking the body to be stolen, does not consider that Jesus has been raised from death. In her alarm, she has failed to understand the teaching of the scripture. When Peter goes into the tomb he sees only loss, the absence of a body. The other disciple, seeing beyond this, feels the stirring of belief in the presence of the Risen One.

What, in my life at the moment, is marked by absence and loss?

What, when seen with the loving eyes of a disciple, is filled with Christ's presence?

What does the resurrection of Jesus say to me about death, suffering, conflict, loss ...?

I remain in the empty tomb, speaking to the Lord from the heart.

*Glory be ...*