

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

I have risen and I am with you still: Alleluia! *Entrance Antiphon*

God has ordered us to proclaim this ... that all who believe in Jesus will have their sins forgiven through his name. *First Reading*

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

God our Father,  
by raising Christ your Son  
you conquered the power of death  
and opened for us the way to 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 texts if you want to reflect further:  
Acts 10: 34, 37-43; Psalm 117 (118); 1 Cor. 5: 6-8; John 20: 1-9



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



Easter Sunday  
Year A, 9th April 2023

Rejoice!

I have journeyed with Jesus through the sorrow of Holy Week, in whatever way was possible for me. Now I pray for the grace to know gladness, and the glory and joy of my Risen Lord in this Easter season.

The Easter readings tell of the ways in which the first disciples came to realise the power of Jesus's resurrection.

The **Gospel** tells the story of Mary, who goes to the tomb but finds it empty; she runs to the disciples to report her loss. Peter and John race to see for themselves. Finally they begin to understand the meaning of Jesus's words about 'rising from the dead'.

Peter (**First Reading**) gives personal witness to Cornelius of the life and death of Jesus; he has eaten with him after his resurrection! Peter proclaims that the forgiveness of the Risen Jesus is for all.

In the **Second Reading**, Paul stresses that to live the life of a believer is to try to be free from sin, to live in sincerity and truth.

The **Psalm** celebrates the triumph of God over death in a love that has no end. We rejoice and are glad!

This week, then, we might want to pray for our world where such love is much needed. How might I bring the joy I find in God to others?



### 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.

As we move into the joyful season of Easter, I take time simply to become still, asking to know and share in the joy and gladness of the Risen Jesus. Christ the Lord comes to me bringing comfort and consolation, whatever the circumstances of my life now. It may be that on some days, this is my whole prayer.

When I am ready, I read the words of St Paul, noticing the words or phrases that particularly resonate with me.

I ponder the striking but homely image of bread-making: a small amount of yeast kneaded through the dough transforms the whole loaf.

I consider that from which I need to be freed by my risen Lord in order that I may be 'rid of all the old yeast' that is not of God.

I recall with gratitude and celebration all that God has done for me, the ways in which I have received good things from God.

God wants to be with me now, giving me life. I ask for whatever I need.

I consider the 'unleavened bread' that is simply made, with no yeast to alter its flavour.

What does it mean for me to live as 'unleavened bread', in sincerity and truth?

I speak with my risen Lord, sharing whatever is in my mind and heart.

It may help me to remember St Ignatius's saying that 'Love ought to find its expression in deeds rather than in words' (*Spiritual Exercises* #230), as I ask to know how I might bring the life of the Risen Christ to those around me.

I end my prayer in praise: *Glory be ...*

## 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 believed. Till this moment they had failed to understand the teaching of scripture, that he must rise from the dead.

I begin my prayer by becoming still in the presence of God.

I ask the Holy Spirit to help me enter more fully into the joy of the Risen Jesus this Easter.

Slowly, I read this familiar gospel. I may like to place myself in the story, going with Mary of Magdala to the garden tomb before dawn, or racing with Peter and John to see what has happened.

To whom do I feel most drawn? With whom do I identify ...?

Mary, who seeks out her Beloved Lord in darkness and sorrow?

Or John, who races to the tomb first but hesitates at what he sees?

Or Peter, the impetuous one, who rushes in?

I watch as the truth slowly dawns on each of them: He is risen!

Gradually, I become aware of another presence; my risen Lord Jesus is gazing at me, calling my name. I allow the Holy Spirit to lead me as I speak with him. Or maybe, there are no words; I simply rest in the wonder of his presence, allowing his joy to fill my whole being.

After a time, I end my prayer slowly, giving thanks ...