

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

If you have been raised with Christ, seek the things that are above,
where Christ is, seated at the right hand of God. *Second Reading*

Christ, my hope, is risen! *Sequence*

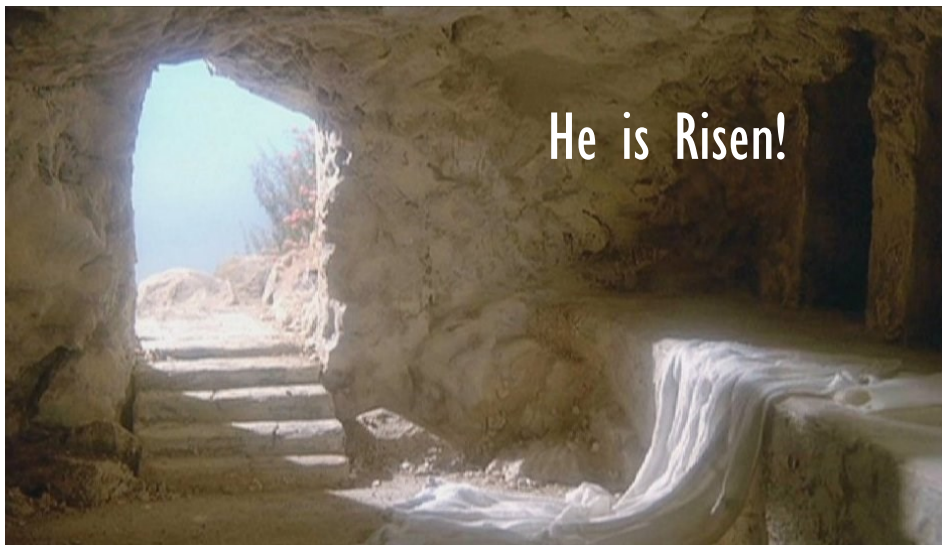
The other disciple went in, he saw and he believed. *Gospel*

God our Father, creator of all, today is the day of Easter joy.

This is the morning
on which the Lord appeared to those
who had begun to lose hope
and opened their eyes to what the scriptures foretold:
that first he must die, and then he would rise
and ascend into his Father's glorious presence.

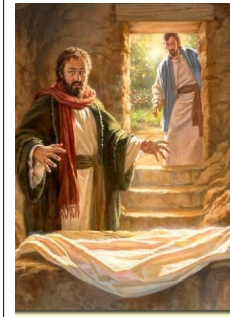
Old Opening Prayer

This week's texts if you'd like to reflect further:
Acts 10: 34. 37–43; Ps. 117 (118); Col. 3: 1–4 [or 1 Cor. 6–8]; John 20: 1–9



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ST BEUNO'S OUTREACH IN THE DIOCESE OF WREXHAM



Easter Sunday
Year C, 20th April 2025

The Lord is truly risen, alleluia!

Easter Sunday: the greatest feast of our liturgical year! May our readings fill us with hope and deep joy, whatever our circumstances may be.

In our **Gospel** we see Mary Magdalene, running to tell the disciples about the empty tomb. Peter and the beloved disciple discover this for themselves and slowly come to believe that Jesus is risen.

Psalm 117 (118), which we will meet several times in the Easter season, is a joyful song of praise to the Lord who has triumphed over suffering and death.

The **First Reading**, from the Acts, shows how Peter has grown in his faith. He is spreading the Good News and gives his personal witness to the Resurrection of Jesus to Gentiles as well as Jews.

Both alternatives offered for the **Second Reading** challenge us to live out the reality and the consequences of the Resurrection for us—we have been brought back to true life with Christ.

As **Pilgrims of Hope**, this Jubilee year encourages us to acknowledge that we need to pause, to give time to rest and worship.

May the Easter season lead us to put aside some time for quiet each day, or maybe enable someone else to do so. We can place our trust in God who rested on the seventh day.



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.

Psalm 117 (118)

**R./ This day the Lord has made;
let us rejoice and be glad.**

Give praise to the Lord, for he is good;
his mercy endures for ever.
Let the house of Israel say,
‘His mercy endures forever’.

The Lord’s right hand is exalted.
The Lord’s right hand has done mighty deeds.
I shall not die, I shall live
and recount the deeds of the Lord.

The stone that the builders rejected
has become the cornerstone.
By the Lord has this been done,
a marvel in our eyes.

I come to my place of prayer and sit quietly, taking a few deep breaths, and asking the Spirit to help me as I pray on this glorious feast.

I read the psalm slowly, taking time between the verses for their meaning to sink in.

I let the refrain set the tone. Even if I do not feel great enthusiasm myself, I can let the joy of Easter surround and support me.

How do I feel that Easter is a new day, a new creation?

As I re-read the psalm, what words or expressions strike me particularly?
Why do I think or feel this?

The psalmist exhorts us to give thanks. For what do I wish to thank God today? I spend time in a spirit of gratitude.

I consider the metaphor of Jesus, the rejected stone, becoming our cornerstone. What is this new structure? How do I belong?
I speak to the Lord about this.

I think of my journey from Palm Sunday, through Holy Week.
Where have I been newly aware of God’s unending love?

I draw my prayer to a close with a ‘Glory be...’

Gospel John 20: 1–9

On the first day of the week Mary of Magdala came to the tomb early, while it was still dark, and saw that the stone had been taken away from the tomb. So she ran and went to Simon Peter and the other disciple, the one whom Jesus loved, and said to them, ‘They have taken the Lord out of the tomb, and we do not know where they have laid him’. So Peter went out with the other disciple, and they were going towards the tomb. Both of them were running together, but the other disciple outran Peter and reached the tomb first. And stooping to look in, he saw the linen cloths lying there, but he did not go in. Then Simon Peter came, following him, and went into the tomb. He saw the linen cloths lying there, and the face cloth, which had been on the head of Jesus, not lying with the linen cloths but folded up in a place by itself. Then the other disciple, who had reached the tomb first, also went in, and he saw and believed; for as yet they did not understand the Scripture, that he must rise from the dead.

As I prepare to pray, I may choose to light a candle, symbol of the Risen Christ. I relax my body and slow my breathing, and become aware of being in his presence.

When I’m ready, I read the text slowly a couple of times.

I consider Mary coming to the tomb in the darkness, full of grief and apprehension. She finds the tomb empty. She runs.

What are her feelings: fear, confusion, hope...?

How am I feeling today? Maybe the stone is still covering the tomb for me ... or do I feel a surge of hope?

Peter and the other disciple run too. What jumble of emotions do I imagine are theirs?

It is brighter now and the disciples can look into the tomb. They see the cloths lying there. What is their significance for me?

The disciples did not understand the teaching of the Scriptures. What would Peter think and feel as he stood in the empty tomb? And the other disciple? Why does faith seem to come more quickly for him?

I stand in the empty tomb; the sun has come up.

What do I say to the risen Lord? I speak to him from my heart.

I end my prayer in gratitude for all those who help me to believe.