

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

We are witnesses to all he did.

First Reading

I shall live and recount his deeds.

Psalm

Your life is hidden with Christ in God.

Second Reading

So she ran ... and told them.

Gospel

God our Father, by raising 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'd like to reflect further:

Acts 10: 34, 37-43; Psalm 117 (118); Colossians 3: 1-4; John 20: 1-9

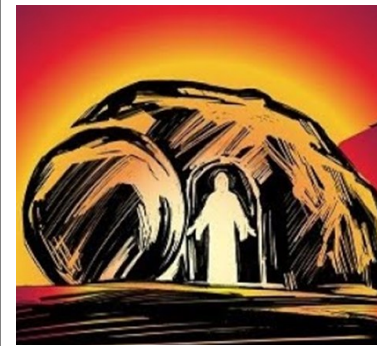
Vasily Polenov, 'Ushered in a Tearful Joy', 1899-1905



Ask for the grace to be glad and rejoice intensely because of the great joy
and the glory of Christ our Lord (*Spiritual Exercises of St Ignatius, 221*)

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ST BEUNO'S OUTREACH IN THE DIOCESE OF WREXHAM



PREGO LEAFLET

Easter Sunday
Year A, 5th April 2026

'I have risen
and I am with you still.
Alleluia!'

Praising the goodness and mercy of God is our central and joyful
purpose within the Easter Sunday liturgy.

The scripture for today's celebration proclaims God's ultimate victory
over death.

The One hung on a tree and laid in the tomb is no longer rejected, but
raised to be appointed judge of the living and of the dead (**First
Reading and Gospel**).

Christ is forever the cornerstone (**Psalm**) and, having taken his place
at the right hand of God (**Second Reading**), he continues to offer to us
the priceless gift of a share in his life.

Let's pray, during this Easter week, that Christ's constant,
faithful love will raise us up to fresh encouragement and
greater hope, so that we may bear witness to his resurrection
in our daily lives. Amen.



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 is the 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 for ever.”

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 might be quite busy over the Easter holidays, but if I can, I set aside some time – on this day that the Lord has made – to become still with him. I enter into the quiet in my usual way, asking for the help of the Holy Spirit, the Lord, the giver of Life. I take my time.

I read the psalm very slowly, once ... then again ... noting any line, word or image that is drawing me. I linger there, perhaps wondering at the marvel of it. I speak to the Lord about whatever is stirring in my heart.

One of St Ignatius’s images of God was of the One who is at work. Today’s psalm speaks of God labouring, making, doing. What has God been doing for me? What is God doing for me? I ponder ...

By ‘recounting the deeds of the Lord’ in my life, perhaps I feel a desire to respond in some way, however small. What work for the Lord, on this, his day, will point to his enduring mercy and lead me to rejoicing gladness?

I spend some time with this thought, allowing my heart to expand with ever greater generosity.

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

Gospel John 20: 1–9

On the first day of the week Mary Magdalene 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.

Paying attention to my breathing, slowly, I become quiet and still. Perhaps I try to enter in my imagination the stillness of an early morning, just before dawn. All is calm, dew lies on the ground and the birds are quiet. The whole world seems hushed.

I begin to read the Gospel, and sense a great anticipation and excitement about to erupt. I see out-of-breath disciples running back and forth. There is a great energy. Do I feel it?

I may choose to rush back with the two disciples to look with them into the tomb. What do I see? What do I believe? Do I sense a movement within me, a feeling of emerging resurrection life, as I ponder Christ returning to life?

Mary witnessed to the two disciples. Do I feel a commission to testify to everything that happened concerning Jesus? How has the belief that Christ, the One through whom life is given, impacted upon me? How would I like that belief to affect me now?

I remain, perhaps in the garden of the now empty tomb, wondering, believing, allowing the hidden life of Christ to gently rise from deep within me. *Glory be to the Father ...*