

EASTER SUNDAY

YEAR A

Out of Darkness, Eternal Light

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

At last a new day has dawned: the “eighth day” generated by the night of nights—a night brighter than the day; a night that “illuminates” each of our own nights, during which it is necessary to keep watch:

The night on which we were created: at first there was nothing and then, suddenly, like a miracle, we began to exist! The night of testing, when faith seems to be a kind of wishful thinking that feeds illusions and false hopes. The night during which it seems to us that life has led us to a dead end and that if we move forward it will be only to face an impassible sea, besieged by threats of death. The night in which we realize that we have wasted our time by failing to use it for things that could have truly nourished our soul and quenched our heart.

But the night of death that devours every life, including our own, has been conquered by the Light! The spice-bearers made their way to the tomb of Jesus before dawn and today we run to the same site, seeking a confirmation of our faith that is not dependent on the excited claims of eyewitnesses in the grip of strong emotions. The women went to the tomb convinced that they would find a dead man to weep over and instead they found the Living One over whom and with whom they could rejoice! How many times people come to our communities longing to see the Living One but instead find only the memory of a dead person to mourn over. We persist in wanting to “anoint” a memory of the past instead of striving to perfume life with our proclamation of the Living One, present and active today.

With the Passion of Jesus completed, let us share the Apostles’ amazement that the Risen One is really and truly the Crucified One, not someone else. Let us believe that our crosses too will be transformed into banners of glory. Together with him, we will be bearers of warmth and light in the darkness of the world because the fire within us continues to burn even after the rising of the Morning Star. Let us allow ourselves to be lapped by the fountain of living water springing from his heart so that our aridity will blossom anew in that garden in which, on the first day after the Sabbath, the garden keeper who approached Mary Magdalene turned out to be none other than Christ himself. Let us be bearers of a hope that does not disappoint because it looks to the “things above,” where Christ is. Let us abandon our tombs of sorrow, fear, sin and death. This might seem impossible because the stone that blocks our exit is too heavy for us to move by ourselves. But we shouldn’t be afraid: the “earthquake” of Life can remove every obstacle and enable us to resurrect with the Lord!



PRAYER

*Lord Jesus,
shake our dead lands, sprayed by the blood
of so much innocent suffering.
Bring us out of our tombs and lead us all,
together with you, along the path to heaven
with the faith of children, the hope of the simple
and the love of the humble!*

Fr. Massimo Tellan