

An Eloquent Silence

Easter Sunday
Year C

Acts 10:34, 37-43;
Ps. 118;
Col. 3:1-4;
Jn. 20:1-9

It is Easter morning, the day after Holy Saturday. We can picture ourselves, Lord, standing beside your two disciples in your tomb. Immobile. Mute. Stunned. Your corpse is not there. Only the burial cloth remains—the shroud in which your martyred body was wrapped by those who had pity on you after all your sufferings.

Like Peter and John, who followed you along the dusty roads of ancient Palestine, we too followed you for a long time along the roads of today—a journey on which you accompanied us with endless patience. When faced with the silent question of the tomb, we too, like your two disciples, realize that we understood very little of what you said to us in our long conversations with you, listening to your Word, meditating on it, sharing your banquet table innumerable times, carrying out in your company many activities with and for our brothers and sisters, perhaps in the parish or in various groups, or in the small daily activities we offered you, believing that such behavior meant we were “all right” with you and that at this point we had made you the privileged partner of our life. How wrong we were! Like your disciples, we fled from danger, from sufferings, from the many “deaths” life forces us to undergo, from the fatigue of believing and of witnessing to the Faith in a world that mocks you.

And yet we are still here, standing in an empty tomb. Silence reigns. The silence of God. But a silence that speaks about you. Only when faced with you, our God who was abandoned, annihilated, killed, silenced...only before you, our “weak” God, do we begin to understand and, like “the other disciple,” start to believe. We realize that it is not clever reasoning or mere external fidelity that enables us to penetrate your mystery. It is only when we surrender to what you are—a gifted Love that calls us to make a similar gift of ourselves—it is only then that you transform us into yourself day after day. Love is like that—the way it was in your tomb: defeated yet triumphant.

Prayer

Stefano Stimamiglio, ssp



Lord, you were willing
to be judged and killed
by those you love.

Only by surrendering ourselves to you
can we grasp that hidden in our death
lies the seed of life.

It is the principle of the resurrection,
which one day will unite us to you.

Amen.