

## Meditation/monologue

### Mary Magdalene – no tears left

*Over the last few years, the Sanctuary has been building a growing family of meditations/monologues surrounding the Christmas story, which many people have been finding a blessing. (You can explore the audio and written files for these here [on our seasonal resources](#) page.)*

*And then one of our creatives – Barbara Macnish – who wrote our Elizabeth monologue, told us she had previously written this one some ten years ago to bring to life what Mary Magdalene’s experience might have been like at the first Easter. We knew we’d all love it – and we did. So we’re sharing our first Easter meditation/monologue with you... and yes, there may well be more coming in future years!*

Come and see, come and see... Please come with me and see with your own eyes!

I’ve just come from the tomb, and I saw him. Jesus, he’s alive! He’s *alive*. Rabboni!

How can I even start to describe everything that has happened over the last few days? It all seems so unbelievable, impossible even, like a nightmare or a dream.

I have not really slept since Wednesday – Thursday night was filled with prayers, pleading with God for his safety after the arrest in the garden and then Friday. How could anyone sleep after Friday– the betrayal of every hope; unutterable shock. Nothing could efface the image burning in my eyes of his tormented, dying body on the cross.

I have cried every tear I had until there were none left in me. I am dry in mouth and skin and shrivelled in heart. His death was my death too.

But now?

At dawn this morning I took the perfume and left Jerusalem by the Garden gate. I wanted to be alone so I left the other women sleeping. We had clung to each other in our constant weeping since Friday but I needed to see the tomb again.

I wanted to be away from their neediness, guilt and agony and alone with my own.

I needed to say my own goodbye to the one I loved the most.

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I was not ready to let him go. What was there for me without him?

He was *everything*.

How could the one who had already raised my spirit from the death of abuse and addiction I was imprisoned in; the one whom I had seen raise three people from physical death; how could *he* be dead?

As I left the house it was as though I had also died and left my body behind. Every detail is seared on my mind now but it had a dream-like unreality to it then.

The mist hung in the valleys. The dew on the grass beneath my feet and the grey olive branches overhead made the cool dawn silver in the paling light. There was an unnatural stillness in the air – as if the whole world was waiting for something.

At that moment I was flung to the ground.

The jar I carried smashed, infusing the air with spicy fragrance.

The earth was erupting ahead of me –

Did you feel the earthquake here? Can you still feel the vibrations in the air and earth?

That was the moment. I am sure of it.

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All the numbness fell away and a tremendous, heady fear shook me as I clung to an upturned tree root. When some small courage had returned, I looked beyond the tree towards the tomb.

I could see that the rock had been moved away from the entrance – what could this mean? Had they taken his body away? Hadn't they done enough already?

I couldn't go on.

My trembling courage broke and with shaking knees I ran back to the upper room. I had to tell Peter and John. When I spoke of what I had seen they immediately got up and ran to the tomb.

I followed them but I couldn't keep up. But I saw them enter the tomb and pick up something white from within..

Then they left looking puzzled.

Alone again and weeping, I went to the tomb and peered inside.

There were two people there. But no Jesus. No body.

I was so weary and confused I didn't notice much about them. They asked me, "why are you crying? Why do you look for the living among the dead?"

So I said "they have taken him away, Jesus, I don't know where He is" ... but I didn't want to talk

I just wanted Jesus.

When I turned away there was yet another man. He asked me the same question. I *begged* him to tell me where Jesus was. Surely he would know if he worked in the burial ground?

He said just one word in response, and with it my world turned upside down. He said "Mary" and it was *his* voice.

"Rabboni?"

My voice cracked. And then came surging tumultuous joy!

I fell at his feet and clung to him. He was *alive*. I touched him – warm, solid and oh! So real.

My life was not over but here in flesh. Resurrected!

He spoke again “Do not hold on to me Mary, it is time to let me go. But I have a task for you. Tell my beloved brothers that I am alive and I will meet them in Galilee. I am returning to my Father and your Father, to my God and your God.”

I looked into his eyes. They were brimming with love and boundless, joyful *life*. The horror, weariness and agony of grief were lifted away in an instant and I felt light as a feather. To do his bidding was my delight, so I went once again to the upper room.

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My glowing face must have looked so strange to them.

Everyone there was pale and exhausted; puffy eyed from silent crying – there were no tears left. They could not believe what I had to say but just the remembrance of his beautiful face, alive and well; completely replacing the nightmare image of Friday; sustained me.

I was not raving again. I had never been more in my right mind – I had truly seen him. First he loved me; then he healed me; then he *died* for me. Rising, he gave me purpose and a reason for living. Living life in his freedom and joy which I had not dared to believe even existed.

Rejoice, rejoice with me. For God is good and his love endures forever. The Lord has made it possible for every one of us to truly live – because he truly is *alive*! There are *no tears left*!