

All for Love – Part 3



Men came, important men, Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea, members of the Sanhedrin. They took care of everything, they ordered the soldiers to take Jesus body down, and gave them the order from Pilate allowing it. They had servants with a cart to carry the body away to a tomb in a garden. We hurriedly wound the body in sheets and put it in the tomb, and the door was sealed by some of Pilate's soldiers, who then mounted a guard. We then hurried back to Bethany for the beginning of the Sabbath, and the beginning of our lives without Rabbi Jesus.

In the silence and the quiet of the sabbath I began to mourn, I began to examine my wounded heart and see whether there was any way I could live with it. I remembered the words of Jesus and called each one to memory savouring what he had said to me, what he had taught me, what he had done for me, and my broken heart realised that he would want it to keep on going. So I packed up some oils and spices to anoint his body. I would do all that I could for his body, and then I would carry on his legacy of words.

On the morning of the third day I walked to collect Mary, his mother and Salome, and we walked through the early morning light to the tomb where Jesus had been laid. We had some discussion as we walked, about how we would move the stone that was over the entrance. As it was, it was not a problem. The stone was no longer there. I ran forward and looked in the tomb, but there were just the winding cloths, and the head cloth lying there. The soldiers were lying either side of the entrance looking as if they were asleep. It was all too much for Mary, so Salome began to lead her, weeping, back towards Bethany. Of all the cruel things to happen, the loss of Jesus' body was the final straw. I took a final look around and saw what I thought was the gardener, but as he had the rising sun behind him I was not completely sure. I demanded that he tell me where they had moved Jesus' body to, as I wanted to go and reclaim it. Then he spoke. He just said,

‘Mary’,

that, and no more. But I knew that it was Jesus, my beloved Jesus. I ran towards him with my arms outstretched to hug him, but he stopped me saying that he was not yet ready to be touched. Then he asked me to return to Jerusalem and tell those who were still in the city that I had seen him. He would come and see them later.

I was so happy, that I did as I was asked. As I ran past Mary and Salome, I told them, but they did not believe me. In the city the followers I told did not believe me either. Some went to see for themselves and agreed that Jesus was no longer there, but still did not believe that he had returned. Some thought that maybe he had not been dead in the first place. I got really cross at that. Unlike them I had been there all through those last hours, and I saw him die and the spear thrust through his side. Jesus was dead and now was risen. Alleluia! Love has won out. His love? Yahweh's love? My love? I am not sure yet what love, but love it is, and it is my story to tell.