



Notes for Adult discussion groups at
On-Line@9 Worship Service
Easter: 8 April 2007

DAWNING REALISATION

John 20 v 1-18

The Meditation on the back of the sheet is a reflection on the story of Mary Magdalene on the first Easter Day. Take time to read it quietly, and think about the events of the day from her point of view.

1. When Jesus first spoke to Mary, what might she have understood about what was happening?
2. Did she believe in the resurrection at this point?
3. What might the disciples have made of her story when she returned to the Upper Room?
4. Would their views have strengthened or weakened her own belief?
5. When might the full truth of the resurrection have dawned on Mary?

Many followers of Christ gradually come to an understanding of who Jesus is - not one single blinding experience, but a dawning realisation of the presence of God in our lives.

6. Can you recall any particular moments when the truth about Jesus dawned on you?
7. Has the full truth about the resurrection dawned on you yet?

I WAS SHATTERED AT THE TIME

I was shattered at the time, inconsolable.
It was as though the bottom had fallen out of my world
and there was nothing left to live for.
How could they do that to him, I asked myself?
How could they destroy someone so loving and gentle,
so caring, so good?
Yet they had.
I'd seen it myself,
I'd watched as he drew his last agonised breath;
and it was dreadful, more terrible than I can ever describe.
It wasn't just the pain he went through, though that was awful enough;
it was the isolation of it all -
standing there before Pilate, alone,
forsaken by his friends,
one man against the might of an empire;
groaning under the lash of the whip, alone,
no one to offer him comfort,
no one to bathe his wounds;
hanging upon that cross, alone,
crying out in such heart-breaking anguish,
as though he were separated not just from us but from God himself.
I felt at the time I would never forget it,
that the memory would haunt me for the rest of my days.
And so it would have, unquestionably,
were it not for what came after.
It was all so unexpected -
suddenly, in the nightmare of my grief, a ray of sunshine,
and then joy, immersing me in its light.
One moment despair,
then the stone rolled away,
the tomb empty,
the mysterious stranger appearing from nowhere,
and that familiar voice speaking my name.
One moment tears - the next laughter.
One moment death - the next life.
And now my heart dances with delight.
I still can scarcely take it in though;
sometimes I have to pinch myself to be sure it's not all a dream.
But no, it's true.
He died yet rose again!
He was killed yet conquered death!
He lived and lives again!
I really thought that life was over
not just for him but for me.
But I was wrong, wasn't I?
For it wasn't over;
it was only just beginning.