

*A dramatic account from the women who found the empty tomb*

Risen from the dead? Don't be ridiculous, woman!

That was what the disciples said when we gave them the wonderful news.

We tried to explain, to make them see, to persuade them to go and look for themselves. And they did in the end, but at first they wouldn't believe, just as we didn't believe when we arrived at the tomb to find the stone rolled away.

We'd gone to the garden very early, as soon as the dawn had begun to break, taking the spices and perfumes we'd carefully prepared before the Sabbath had begun.



We walked in silence, each of us lost in our own thoughts, still reeling from Jesus' death. We were speechless when we saw the stone moved and the tomb empty.

Two men were standing there, we were very frightened and we fell to our knees with fear. 'What had happened? Where was Jesus? Who were these people?' Questions we would have asked, had we the courage.

Then the men spoke to us, 'Why are you looking for the Living One in a tomb? He is not here, he has risen!'

And we remembered Jesus' words, words that had faded from our minds as the events of three days ago took over. 'The Son of Man must be handed over and be crucified, and three days later he will rise to life.'

We all began talking at once, 'Could it be true? Was it possible?'

We hardly dare imagine that it might be. We hurried back and found the disciples gathered together in the one room, discussing all that had happened, talking about a future without Jesus.

Once they dismissed our news as nonsense, we began to leave, but Peter, who had gone off to look for himself, returned. 'The tomb is empty,' he told the others, 'The linen wrappings are there, but Jesus is gone. This can only mean one thing,' he said, 'and I hardly dare say it, Jesus must be alive!'

'It's all true, every word he said to us is true!'