

The Empty Tomb



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It was early Sunday morning. The sky was still dark. The birds were sleeping and silent.

But Mary was wide awake. She couldn't sleep because her heart was broken. Her best friend Jesus was dead. They had buried him on Friday.

Mary didn't know what to do. She decided to go to Jesus' tomb just to be near him. She found her way down the dark streets and through the fields to the hillside cave where Jesus had been buried.



But when Mary reached the tomb, she couldn't believe her eyes. The huge stone sealing the door had been rolled away!

"I must find Jesus' disciples and tell them," she thought. Without even looking inside, she ran to find Peter and John.

"Someone has taken Jesus from the tomb," she cried, "and I don't know where they have put him!"

Peter and John couldn't believe it. They began to run toward the tomb. Mary followed, but soon lagged far behind.





John arrived at the tomb first. He looked inside and saw the strips of linen that had been wrapped around Jesus' body. But he didn't see Jesus.

Peter came next. Peter went into the tomb and saw the linen burial cloth folded neatly. But he didn't see Jesus, either.

Now Peter and John knew that Mary was telling the truth. But this was a mystery they couldn't understand.

Thoughtfully, they left the empty tomb and slowly walked home.

Mary arrived a few moments later. She stood outside the tomb and cried and cried. Then she bent over to look inside the tomb.

Suddenly she jumped with surprise. Two angels dressed in shining white robes were sitting right where Jesus' body had been!



The angels spoke tenderly to Mary. "Woman, why are you weeping?"

"Because they have taken Jesus," Mary cried, "and I can't find him."

Then she turned sadly away.





Suddenly Mary heard another voice.

"Woman, why are you crying? Who are you looking for?"

Mary thought it must be the gardener. "Sir, if you have carried Jesus away, tell me where you have put him and I will get him."

Then Jesus quietly whispered her name. "Mary."

Immediately Mary recognized his voice. "Jesus!" she cried.

Jesus spoke gently to Mary. "Go tell my disciples that I am alive."

Mary was so happy that she began to cry, but this time her tears were tears of joy!

Mary ran swiftly to do as Jesus said. She felt the warm sunshine on her face. She heard the birds singing. It seemed as though all of creation was celebrating with her.



Mary's heart was filled with joy and love, for Jesus had risen and was alive again!

