



Holy Martyrs | St. Jude | St. Gregory the Great | Sacred Heart

FROM OUR DIRECTOR OF FAITH FORMATION

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A Meditation on the Resurrection

by Augustine Maria Ilg

Go in spirit to our Lord's Sepulcher. It is early in the morning; a hallowed silence rests on all around. The Sepulcher wherein the body of Jesus reposes is securely closed by the heavy stone; it is guarded by soldiers who perhaps at the dawn of this the third day after His death recall with derision the prediction of the crucified One that He would rise again on the third day. That day has come now, but no sign of any change appears; the Sepulcher remains just the same as it was yesterday and the day before, undisturbed, unaltered. Externally all is at rest, but behind the stone, within the tomb, the repose is not unbroken.

Consider that our Lord's soul has just quitted Limbo, and accompanied by the holy patriarchs, has returned to the Sepulcher, to be reunited to the Sacred Remains deposited there. There the Body lies, wrapped in linen cloths, rigid and lifeless. What, think you, must the feelings of those devout patriarchs have been when they saw the price at which their redemption was purchased, when they gazed upon the dead Body of our Lord, when they beheld it to be one vast wound, crimsoned with blood, marked with five large, gaping wounds, on hands and feet and side! Yet while they gazed in sorrow on the mournful sight the Sacred Body of Christ presented, all was speedily to be changed, and a wondrous and joyful transition to take place.



Consider the complete transformation our Lord's Body underwent when the soul was reunited to it. All the disfigurement, all the stains and scars vanished in an instant; the defaced and mangled Body is suddenly clothed with light and shines with greater brilliance than when transfigured on Tabor. Rigid and motionless a moment before, it suddenly becomes translucent, subtle, ethereal, endowed with immortality and with celestial splendor. The sacred wounds have not however disappeared; nay, on our Lord's glorified Body they shine like stars and sparkle like precious stones, and the risen Savior will ever retain them as a perpetual memorial of the redemption He accomplished.

Consider in what manner our Lord rose from the grave. Like a lightning-flash He penetrated the rock, the earth quaked, an angel descended like a flash of light from Heaven above and rolled the stone that closed the Sepulcher to one side. The watchmen were struck with terror and became as dead men; they lay on the ground stupefied, dazzled by the brilliant light that streamed out of the Sepulcher. Unseen by men, the celestial cohorts



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hovered around the risen Christ...Rejoice with them, my soul; let your alleluia rise up to Heaven, resounding out of the depths of a heart overflowing with joy and gladness; and let this day be nothing else but one long canticle of pious, joyous praise and thanksgiving to the glory of Him Who on the third day rose again from the dead.

– Joe Moreshead