

# Prayer Corner 34

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Music created by Lee Bekir

## My Risen Lord



These are from several days of meditations when I was doing the Ignatian Exercises\* a few years ago. Lee Bekir has composed a song that follows each mediation.

### Day 1

Before my prayer time, as I worked on the puzzle—a jigsaw puzzle of a painting of Christ—I cried, thinking of Christ being taken down from the cross. My thoughts kept going to my son Peter and back to Christ, but I was able to think about Christ's last few

minutes and his body without life in it. It was harder to think about that for Peter, too painful.

I wished to be the woman who held Christ's arm so gently as they took him down. As I placed the pieces near his hand and his foot, I felt like the artist who was painting this and wondered if the artist felt the same way: grief and tears as he painted the hands and feet with scars.

Read **Luke 23:50-56**

In the following meditations, I am imagining being Mary Magdalene, or Mary, mother of Jesus, or myself conversing with Jesus.

Mary and I (Magdalene) with the other women, who had been watching and weeping, and Joseph Arimathea gently lowered Jesus's body to the ground. He was so thin, his face peaceful but his body his muscles were so frail. Oh, my Lord my teacher my shepherd oh, how hard it is to see you with no life, no light from your face shining on us as you would speak of things heavenly, of things we didn't always understand. Dare I hope that some things I heard from you will happen?

We will go and gather spices and ointments to anoint your body after the Sabbath. I want so much to touch you, but are you there? Where are you?

**[Where Are You Lord?](https://youtu.be/el3U9QRGee4)**

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\*See Prayer Corner post #5 or #25 for an explanation of Ignatian Exercises.

## Day 2

Read **John 20: 11-18**

Mary Magdalene: Lord, I saw you taken down from the cross and carried to the tomb. The Sabbath is over, and I come with spices and ointment for your body. But you are not here!

He said that he would rise on the third day, but I wasn't sure what that meant. That he isn't here is impossible, unless someone took him. I dare not hope, but I do, that he is not dead. I don't know, I don't know. Lord, where are you? Oh, Father in heaven make it so. I cannot grieve anymore, or I might die or wish I could. I have such a tiny bit of hope in my heart. I am afraid to let it grow, but it's there like a little flame and I'm holding my breath, so it doesn't go out.

Where is he, my Lord, my shepherd, my teacher? I don't know what to do. I have all these spices and ointment and where is he? Peter and John ran away because they were afraid of being arrested and crucified. I'm not afraid, so far they haven't crucified women. But why would they take Jesus away? Why wouldn't they let us anoint him? I need to do this. Oh!

Do you know where they have moved his body?

Jesus: Mary!

Mary : Rabbouni!

(As she ran to tell the other disciples): I've seen him! I've heard his voice my shepherd's voice! He looks so different, like an angel or what I imagine an angel to look like, since I've never seen one. All those times he told us that he would die and live again, but we didn't believe him. And I have seen him, he is here! But ascending to the father? He's leaving again?

Oh, it doesn't matter. I am so happy. All those awful things that happened are done with. He has returned!

**[I've Seen Him](https://youtu.be/FqfVs3186XU)**

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## Day 3

### Mother Mary and Jesus

Mary is in the Upper Room preparing a meal for the disciples.

Mary: I hope I have enough bread and cheese, someone else is bringing wine. I don't know who will be here, most of them I suppose. They will want to talk about what's happened, that the tomb is empty. I can't stay, I'd rather be by myself because I have such hope in my heart, and I know Jesus's disciples will be very sad.

Then seeing Jesus,

Jesus! Oh, my Lord, my son. You have come back!

Jesus: Mother! I have said so many times. But I think only you believed me. You always knew me better than anyone else did. I'm meeting the others here, but I cannot stay long. I'm glad to see you.

Mary: My heart is so full I can barely speak. You look... glorious, healed, healthy.

I am so sorry you suffered so much, I thought I would die myself from sorrow. I don't understand all of it, why it had to be that way, but I will think about it.

If you're not staying, where will you be going? I would love to visit with you for a while, but I guess you have other places to be?

Jesus: Yes. My time here is over. I must go to be with my heavenly Father. But you know that I will always be with you; you can speak with me anytime in prayer.

We had many good years together on this Earth. And I thank you for your faith in me, when others doubted and rejected me. Mother, you are special to me, and I know you will miss me. Stay here while I visit with the others.

I will be telling them of things to come, of a Comforter, who will take my place after I'm gone. This Holy Spirit will speak to you in my place. Don't grieve for me, Mother, I will be with you always.

I have made all things new and one day you will be new with me.

## [You Always Knew](https://youtu.be/AWps3jIPW3Y)

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### **Day 4**

At 5 o'clock I woke up, took my pill, and I knew I couldn't sleep anymore. I had been praying. I began to understand that Jesus' Resurrection was not bursting out of the tomb, flying around waving flags of victory as in all the Medieval and Renaissance paintings.

A flash of light and thunder. Jesus woke up. His body was warm. An angel helped him sit up. Another angel removed his cloth and folded it. They helped him walk out of the tomb and clothed him. He walked around feeling the soft breeze, listening to the early morning birds singing. Then the women came, and the angels talked to them.

O Divine Redeemer, receive me though I'm unworthy. I've been struggling these days to find joy in your Resurrection. I don't know why. Mostly I think it's the circumstances of my life right now, so many tasks and the anniversary of Peter's death.

So, I thank you Lord that as I read these scriptures, I could rejoice and remember how this story in years past would bring me joy. I would be overwhelmed by knowing that thousands of years before you came to Earth, prophets were writing about you and all these events that happened (see Isa 53: 4-6; Acts 13: 32-33.) Jesus alive on Earth, then crucified, but now **Lord Christ**, risen. Thanks be to God.

It seems I learn everything the hard way, the long way. Thank you, Lord, that it happens at all.

I worship you; I adore you, my Risen Lord.

## [Early Light](https://youtu.be/lkzz4mDq4UQ)

<https://youtu.be/lkzz4mDq4UQ>