



EASTER 2022

My dear Sisters and Brothers in the Lord \_

How wonderful it is that we are once again sharing life together in our sacred space. After such a topsy-turvy few years, we hope and pray that this “new normal” will allow us to gather as family and share the wonderful good news of resurrection – Jesus is risen and we are Easter men and women and children! Alleluia!

For me, this time of renewal and rebirth is always filled with joy, for not only is the sun shining more intensely and I can actually see the lawn once again, but I get to spend a fair bit of time with my favourite Saint, Mary of Magdala. I think I have been attracted to her for a long time because she was always an outsider—a woman of business in a man’s world; a confidant to Jesus in spite of her gender; a provider of goods and resources for the community gathered around Jesus. And yet, she was an outsider. Just think of how she was treated after the resurrection when she came back to where the disciples and others were hiding and announced the wondrous news of resurrection: –she was not believed and it was felt necessary to get one in authority (Peter) to check her story out instead of simply celebrating with her the gift of new life in the Risen Christ.

I think the story of Mary is a wonderful affirmation that God has a very special place in his heart for the outsiders, the people who live in the shadows of the rich and powerful. Most of the parables which Jesus spins find their heroes and heroines in the lives of ordinary folk, and not with those who live in the houses of power. The Lord showed his “preferential option for the poor” by announcing his birth to a bunch a shepherds and his resurrection to a group of women, neither group occupying the upper levels of their social world.

I want to share a reflection about Mary written after visiting The Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem where tradition says she met the Risen One...

A day like any other...that’s all it was...  
merchants moved goods into the streets  
to capture elusive coin from those who rose at cock crow;  
soldiers searched the alleyways  
for those still celebrating Sabbath’s end;  
old men and boys huddled together in the Temple  
to chant Shema and Kiddush to the rising sun while  
wives and daughters laid food upon the table.  
A day like any other ...that’s all it was...  
She moved like a whisper, eyes cast down, intent upon her journey  
from locked doors to locked tomb;

Passing by Golgotha rock, she stole a glance at what was left-  
three poles of wood casting shadows in the blood  
of yesterday's executions.

A day like any other ... that's all it was...  
From dead wood to living branch she fled and wondered who would roll away the stone  
which lay before his grave and her heart.  
She wanted only to be with him, to weep and mourn his death,  
to remember those days when joy was born and hope shared;  
when the blind saw and the crippled danced and the voiceless sang  
and branches of palm shouted their Alleluias as he passed.  
A day like any other...that's all it was...

and yet

it had been changed by the sound of hammers and crosses swaying in an angry wind;  
a mother's tears and the silent witness of absent friends...  
She came for him, to dress him for that final walk with his father  
whom he claimed was Love.  
Where was that love that should have saved his life...her love?  
A day like any other...that's all it was...  
Terror stole upon her and she fled, intent upon escaping the mystery  
of a rolled stone and an empty tomb that shouted defiance against the world  
and declared the futility of all that quest for power and honour and riches  
and influence and status and ...and...and...  
Into the arms of the gardener she fell, and wondered where they had taken him  
and why?

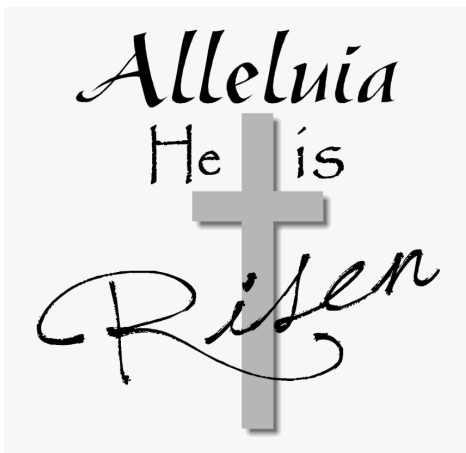
He said her name, "Mary"  
a name he should, could not have known  
a name allowed only in the intimacy of shared bread and tears:  
and in the rhythm of her name...she knew.  
A day like any other...that's all it was...

or

was it?

May your Easter be blessed with joy, hope and love. As you gather with loved ones, hold onto one another and share the kiss of God's Shalom and be thankful for all the blessings that are yours in the name of the Risen One who loves you.

*Fr. Michael Fleming*



*Holy Week Services at Holy Trinity*

*Palm Sunday, April 10 10:30 AM  
Maundy Thursday, April 14 7:30 PM  
Good Friday, April 15 10:00 AM  
Easter Sunday, April 17 10:30 AM*

*Please Join Us*

[www.holytrinitymetcalfe.com](http://www.holytrinitymetcalfe.com)  
8140 Victoria St., P.O. Box 84,  
Metcalfe, ON., K0A 2P0