

**Read:** John 20.11 Now Mary stood outside the tomb crying. As she wept, she bent over to look into the tomb <sup>12</sup> and saw two angels in white, seated where Jesus' body had been, one at the head and the other at the foot.

<sup>13</sup> They asked her, "Woman, why are you crying?"

"They have taken my Lord away," she said, "and I don't know where they have put him." <sup>14</sup> At this, she turned around and saw Jesus standing there, but she did not realize that it was Jesus.

<sup>15</sup> He asked her, "Woman, why are you crying? Who is it you are looking for?"

Thinking he was the gardener, she said, "Sir, if you have carried him away, tell me where you have put him, and I will get him."

<sup>16</sup> Jesus said to her, "Mary."

She turned toward him and cried out in Aramaic, "Rabboni!" (which means "Teacher").

<sup>17</sup> Jesus said, "Do not hold on to me, for I have not yet ascended to the Father. Go instead to my brothers and tell them, 'I am ascending to my Father and your Father, to my God and your God.'"

<sup>18</sup> Mary Magdalene went to the disciples with the news: "I have seen the Lord!" And she told them that he had said these things to her.

### **Reflect:**

I had a hospital appointment recently, and after looking at my hands the consultant asked what I used to do for a living. Our hands often reflect our lifestyle and occupation, particularly of course if our job is manual in some form rather than intellectual. Do yours?

Mary thought the risen Jesus was the gardener; what do a gardener's hands look like? And what do Jesus' hands look like? Scarred by nails, they are constant reminders of his work of salvation. Why is it, do you think, that the risen Jesus still bore the scars of his crucifixion rather than being restored to an unscarred form?

### **Pray:**

She thought he was the gardener.  
And so he was, but love is blind,  
and so she quickly changed her mind.  
But look again, and see his hands -  
Do they not speak of toil?  
They've grappled with the stony soil,  
they've planted countless seeds,  
they've pruned the spiteful, thorny bush,  
they've felt the nettles' sting.  
These hands are dirty, wounded hands,  
marked by long hours and years of work,  
and every prick and every scar  
bears witness to a gardener's love -  
he has redeemed the land!