

The Myrrh-Bearing Women

Mark 15:43-47; 16:1-8



“And entering the tomb, they saw a young man sitting on the right side, dressed in a white robe; and they were amazed.”

“Can you imagine that? To come early in the morning and to find an angel, as you enter the tomb, who tells you that Jesus is risen? Imagine that. Why did the angel wear the white robe? Why did it have to be white? ... **It is the wedding garment** “ (Roma during the reflection on Friday)

Two main themes were reflected upon on Friday: the courage that overcomes fear and the white robe of the angel. We reflected on Joseph’s courage, when he went to ask for the body of Jesus, and the courage of the myrrh-bearing women, who came early to the tomb and found the stone moved away. We also reflected on the white robe of the angel, which was amplified in the room on Friday when the gospel was read in Spanish.

The angel puts on the wedding garment of the Bridegroom, so that he may not be mistakenly thrown out from the feast, for lack of proper clothing for the wedding banquet. The tomb is not completely empty. It is emptied of death. But there are a presence and a voice. There is beauty there

waiting for us, a beauty to encounter and to listen to. Because the beauty is not silenced. The beauty incarnates the truth. We are all touched by the beauty when we witness the resurrection. Everything heals in us when we sing about the truth. Within our hearts, we sing it in new songs that comfort the search of the one who is morning. The healing of Jesus’s wounds becomes our healing, even of the wounds that are about to come. They heal in us before time, so we can witness the resurrection in dark places, so that we can make the peace of the resurrection a foundation against any type of violence.

We see it so often present in the joy of those who put on themselves the wedding garment, the garment of the church, the bride who lost the bridegroom. The bride that has cried and mourned because the Bridegroom has been taken away from her receives today the price of her own tears. We do not think often of the resurrection as the feast of wedding joy. And yet, the

white garment is for us to be clothed with. The naked and the thirsty. The purity of the vestment that takes away the shame of being hurt. It is the joy of those who cried, so today they might be comforted through the encounter with the one they love. And the peace for those who did not war against those who brought upon them violence, it is the richness of the banquet for the poor who blessed while going hungry. It is the water that quenches the thirst of those who were refused the life-giving drink, the gift of communion for those who were alienated. It is clothing for the heart who remained faithful and pure so that today, when seeing the Bridegroom, the heart will blush only for joy, the joy of the promise for those who were betrayed and marginalized because they did not forget within the heart the first love of the Bridegroom. The wedding garment is for the broken hearted because today love brings about unity within the human being and between us, the gathering of saints brought together around the white angel.

*“Dark am I, yet lovely, daughters of Jerusalem,
dark like the tents of Kedar, like the tent curtains of Solomon.
Do not stare at me because I am dark, because I am darkened by the sun.
My mother’s sons were angry with me and made me take care of the vineyards;
my own vineyard I had to neglect. Tell me, you whom I love,
where you graze your flock and where you rest your sheep at midday.
Why should I be like a veiled woman beside the flocks of your friends?” (Song of Songs 1:5-7)*

This past Saturday was a rainy day, an awful thing for those living outside. In the morning they looked defeated and without hope. We were waiting for spring and the wet and cold rain was pouring down on people on Saturday morning. In the early hours of the day, they could not even revolt much and talk. The mood was low and so was the perspective of any light or sunshine for the day or for life in general. The time spent inside was not nearly enough. Just a few hours to warm up and to dry a little, and then getting ready to depart again since the program ended at 9a.m. Out of the front door, they were going to face again the cold rain and the misery of today’s life. Johan’s voice was announcing the inevitable: it was time to go back out in the cold rain and on the streets. Or maybe to other places. Same old, same old. There was no alternative, the forecast was announcing rain for the entire day. And misery for the coming time, as somebody whispered this week from a place of knowledge. And people were condemned, and they would not resist. One by one, they were obedient to Johan’s instructions, who promised to meet them back on Tuesday morning. So much for that promise. They felt betrayed and we felt like failing them again. The love story of the poor man.

They all departed, one by one, apart from M. Completely Unexpected. He chose another door. The door of the chapel. He opened it and fell on his knees and he stayed in prayer. The beauty of the chapel embraces his prayer. It was a different room that opened within himself the reality of encounter. The room where there was no cold rain, only the blossoming cherry tree branches and the smell of incense. And other people were praying in silence. The room was being

prepared for prayer, and it was welcoming people for the day, to pray, work and draw. To eat together in the same room, open for all who desire this life. A new life that M. sees in his prayers. The new life that opens in us the doors of resurrection.

M. went back into the rain. But he did not depart without being touched by the witness. He is carrying that with him. He has seen the white angel many times in the chapel, while coming out in the morning out of the darkness of addictions. He knows personally the white angel and spoke about him at times. He knows that the tomb is empty of death and there is a presence that loves him by his name. Even battling with addictions in the rain and cold, he is a witness within his heart of the beauty of resurrection.

The resurrection opens in us a new door. Christ is the door that takes us to the Father. The church knows the door. And it keeps it open through the witness of His resurrection, through prayer and breaking bread with all who are hungry. The wedding banquet. In a world of violence and fear, the church opens the door with the beauty of the white angel to a life of encounter, good news in us and forgiveness of sins, a world of service and breaking bread, singing and praying and being hospitable. Because Christ is risen! And any encounter bears the seal of the good news. The church is the door that opens on today's violence with the reality of peace in us and witness of the encounter for the sake of universal love. The witness of communion with Christ in a time of betrayal. We are the church and we partake of this witness. It makes us free of today's violence and death. Because Christ is risen and He has appeared unto us.

Community life:

The Sunday Gospel

The Sunday of The Myrrh-Bearing women.

..."And they said nothing to anyone, for they were afraid."

Why do the Myrrh Bearing women flee in fear from The Truth?

The women did not recognize the Angels of The Lord-The Lords 's Messengers..

Their humanity keeps them in the grips of fear.

They loved Christ with all their minds, heart, and strength.

They heard His Word, and How He spoke of rising after his Death on the third day.

Fear stirs up all manner of distrust, and may lead to a lack of faith.

As such, fear is another lie of the evil one, he may convince us that even our Baptism and our receiving The Holy Spirit, our repentance and a life lived in Holiness, and The Resurrection are not enough for us to be saved from death.

Jesus said that many will come proclaiming to be the Christ, but not to follow them.

So, why then, when in our whole world's history up to this day have so many people turned to strange doctrines and megalomaniac leaders?

Because they are blind.

Many are alone, lost.

But The Myrrh-Bearing women were no longer lost when they followed Christ and believed, however, when the Angels proclaimed Christ had Risen, they were being held captive by the evil one, a fear perhaps arising not from their hearts, but a kind of skewed "logic" the evil one overtook them to be afraid and keep silent about The Truth.

Fear keeps us captive by the evil one, he is gleeful when it causes people to abandon The Truth and to fear spreading the Gospel, and living the Gospel.

Christ with great love and mercy wipes out this fear, with "The promise of life and the Kingdom to come."

However, in Friday's Gospel, the women do, "Go and tell the disciples.", and even while Christ appeared on the road to two of them, they did not recognize Him.

And then Thomas only believed when he saw and touched Christ's wounds from having been crucified on The Cross. And then, as the disciples, including Thomas believed, they rejoiced.

We are not to turn away from the Promise of Salvation by our Lord and God and Saviour Jesus Christ when in our humanity we are influenced by the lies of the evil one, this fear, that, as many still vehemently protest that there never was a True Christ, and One God The Father, and The Holy Spirit who proceeds from him, are convinced of by the evil one. And thusly they turn to the lies of worldly things and idols, find good reasons in their hardened hearts for war, which in its irony only begets greater fear, and more, as many sadly, see it as justification for more war.

The disciples, when The Lord again appeared to them and bestowed upon them The Holy Spirit went to war for Christ, to spread The Truth, and many came to believe and had no more fear, even to the point where they were persecuted, tortured, and died for Christ.

If we are afraid, and feel a lacking in faith at times, let us turn over our fear to Christ, and as a soothing balm, he will embrace us and comfort us, and our fear will dissipate.

And then with trust and joy we are to instead to spread the Gospel and live the Gospel.

There is an absolute abolishment of fear when we believe in the glory of The Resurrection, always returning to Him when we are afraid, and trusting in God's covenant

by Elisha

Do not forget this week:

Resuming Psalm study on Tuesday at 7:30 pm. Please ask Miroslava for the zoom link if you do not have it already.

Bridges on Wednesday evening at 6:30 pm

Friday liturgy ay 7:00 am.

We are in need of volunteers for visiting, on Fridays, the building that opened its doors for us in order for the elderly to receive from us the good news of the resurrection. Ask Miroslava how you can say to them on Friday that "Christ is risen!"



Please listen to mission stories on ancient faith radio, share this with your friends.

<https://www.ancientfaith.com/podcasts/parables/>

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We are an apostolate of the ecumenical patriarchate "Mother Church of Christ's poor" under the Omophorion of Metropolitan Gregory of Nyssa



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