



Easter Essay

By Amelia Wu

The journey to the tomb was somber, the early morning air carrying the weight of loss and sorrow. Mary, Salome, and I walked together, our hearts heavy, our steps slow. The spices we carried were meant to anoint His body—an offering of devotion and love for the one who had changed our lives. Even in our grief, we wondered aloud, “Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulchre?” We had no answers, only a deep desire to be near Him, even now.

As the tomb came into view, something was wrong—the stone was rolled away. Panic surged through me. We hurried closer, each step faster than the last, and looked inside. He was gone. His body, the reason for our journey, was not there. All that remained were the linen cloths, folded neatly in the place where He had lain. I staggered back in confusion, my mind racing. Had someone taken Him? What had happened?

Then, out of the silence, two men appeared before us, their garments shining like lightning. Their presence was overwhelming, and we fell to our knees. One of them spoke, his voice steady yet full of wonder: “Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here, but is risen.”

His words hung in the air, impossible yet undeniable. Risen? My heart wrestled with the meaning, caught between despair and an unfamiliar flicker of hope. The three of us left the tomb together, shaken and breathless. The angelic proclamation echoed in my mind, but I couldn’t bring myself to leave entirely. I lingered in the garden, my grief keeping me rooted, even as the others went to share what we had seen. I was alone now, lost in thoughts and tears.

Through the haze of my sorrow, I noticed a man nearby. His presence startled me, and I thought Him to be the gardener. My voice broke as I pleaded with Him: “Sir, if thou have borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away.”

Then He said my name: “Mary.”

That single word brought everything into focus. It was Him. It was Jesus. Alive. The grief that had bound me for days melted away, replaced by a joy so profound I could hardly speak. I cried out, “Rabboni!” and fell before Him, overwhelmed by the sight of my risen Lord.

He spoke gently, saying, “Touch me not; for I am not yet ascended to my Father: but go to my brethren, and say unto them, I ascend unto my Father, and your Father; and to my God, and your God.”

His words carried not only comfort but a mission. I was to proclaim the truth I had seen—that He had conquered death and brought hope to all. My despair had turned to joy, my sorrow to purpose. I ran to the disciples, my voice trembling with the news that would change the world: He is risen! Life had triumphed over death, and hope was alive.

