

Our Sabbath Scripture Stories



F A M I L I E S R E C L A I M I N G S U N D A Y

Read aloud: Acts 10:34a, 37-43
1 Corinthians 5:6b-8 (or Colossians 3:1-4)

Gospel: John 20:1-9 (or Mark 16:1-7)

Holy Saturday had dawned clear and sunny and with a beautiful blue sky. For Lucy Pauline, it was a glorious day. Lent was finally over, and she could eat M&M's again. She had been anticipating the fun of this day for the many long weeks of Lent.

"Mom, can I start getting out the Easter decorations?" she asked as soon as she got to the kitchen. "Have you boiled the eggs for coloring yet? Where is the Easter tree? Did you have time to iron my new dress for tomorrow? Do you have the Golden Egg ready?"

"Wow, hold on!" replied Therese Pauline who was the target of all of these questions. She was up to her elbows and eyelashes in flour as she hurried to make the traditional hot cross buns that the family would enjoy for breakfast on Easter Sunday morning.

"First of all, come here so I can give you a big hug. What a special weekend! Tomorrow, we celebrate the Resurrection of the Lord."

"I know, Mom ... I am soooo excited! I love today 'cause we can finally decorate for Easter and color the Easter eggs," replied Lucy with excitement. "And I will get to wear my new dress tomorrow! And I hope I find the Golden Egg tomorrow!"

Lucy's enthusiasm was contagious, and Mrs. Pauline could not help but smile as she listened to her daughter. But she also felt a little nudge in her spirit.

"Lucy, why don't you get out eggs to boil. You will find three dozen in the 'fridge. Careful now. Don't break any," she began. "Lucy, do you remember why we color eggs to celebrate Easter?"

"Gee, Mom, I'm not sure. It must have to do with life and spring," replied Lucy.

"That's right," replied Mrs. Pauline. "Eggs represent life. From this lifeless egg, a baby bird can be born, under the right circumstances, of course. And, just as

Jesus was lifeless after his death on the cross on Good Friday, He has come back to life. Not only did He come back to life 2,000 years ago, but He is still alive in a very real physical way.”

Lucy could tell her mother believed this with all her heart. She sensed there might be a story coming. “Tell me more, Mom,” she encouraged.

“This does make me remember one special moment when I had a fresh realization that this was true. Oh, sure, I had been born and raised a Catholic, so I had celebrated Easter for years, and I had always heard that Jesus had been raised from the dead. But somehow, since I had never seen Him, I must have figured that something had happened to Him in the meantime. One night, I was driving home from work really late. I can even remember where I was: on the freeway, very close to Saint Mary’s Basilica in Minneapolis. I was thinking about the Lord and, all of a sudden, I had this very strong realization that He was still alive. That even though I had never seen Him, I knew that Jesus is alive and that because He is God, He could be very present in my life, too. It was such a strong realization that I have never forgotten that moment. It was like a blinding bolt of lightning ... of truth.”

Lucy was quiet. Finally, she spoke. “Gee, Mom, you *really* do believe this. I wish my faith was that strong.”

“Faith is a gift from God, Lucy. If you pray and ask God for more faith, He will give it to you. And then you can believe and know with all of your heart that Jesus really did rise from the dead, and that He is still alive. Because He is still alive, He can be active and involved in our lives.”

Mother and daughter went on happily working and preparing for the Easter celebration. Mrs. Pauline knew that Lucy’s faith was growing stronger. Today, she had a deeper understanding, thanks to her mom who had shared an important moment in her own life.

