

I have Seen the Lord
An Easter Story about Mary Magdalene

Cont. from P. 3

Who'll move the stone?
 "Oh, the stone!" Mary said. She hadn't thought of that.
 As they came in sight of the tomb, she gasped. The stone had already been pushed aside. "Grave robbers!" Mary cried. "Can't they leave him alone — even in death?"
 Mary ran and ran until she found Peter and John. "They've taken the Lord's body out of the tomb," she said breathlessly. "We don't know where they've put him!"
 Peter and John took off sprinting. Mary, too tired to run any farther, trudged slowly back to the garden tomb. Where else could she go? By the time she arrived, Peter and John had come and gone. The other women had waited. Now together they peered into the dank tomb.
 Only coiled shroud-wrappings remained where the body had been. Suddenly the dim tomb was lit by the dazzling appearance of two men. Instinctively, the women shielded their eyes from the brightness and bowed in terror. One of the angels spoke: "Why do you seek the living among the dead?"
 What does he mean? Mary wondered. What is he talking about?
 "You seek Jesus of Nazareth, who was crucified. He is not here, for he has risen as he said."
 The women were dazed, even after the angels departed. "Risen?" said Salome finally. "We've got to tell the disciples what we've seen."
 At the garden's edge, Mary stopped. "Please wait," she begged. "I need to stay here just a few more minutes. She sat down by herself, trying to make sense of it all. How could Jesus be alive? She had washed the corpse herself. Wasn't it just too good to be true? Could she cling to something this wonderful only to have her hopes dashed once more?
 But if it were true, Mary thought, if it were true, then Jesus' whole life had meaning. If it were true, then he was the Messiah after all. If it were true, then the One who healed her tormented spirit had conquered death itself. If it were true....
 The sound of footsteps intruded on her thoughts. Mary glanced up. It must be the caretaker, the gardener. "Woman, why are you weeping? Whom are you looking for?"
 Didn't he know who had been buried here? "Sir, if you took away his body, please tell me where you've put him, so I can bring him back." No answer. So he didn't know....
 "Mary."
 It was Jesus! She whirled and looked up into his face. "Rabboni! Teacher!" She dropped to her knees and embraced his feet. Jesus, her Lord, was alive. Very alive. Alive forever.
 "I have seen the Lord," she told the disciples.
 They were cynical. "Sure, Mary. Why should the Lord appear to you, anyway — a woman. And one with your history?"
 Why indeed? Mary wondered later. Oh, he had appeared to his disciples later the same day. But she had been the first. Maybe to show that he really accepted her. Or maybe to prove his forgiveness was forever. Why, she was never sure. But one thing Mary did know: her Messiah lives!

Bible Games

Confused Persons : From the given statement, name persons who were confused.

1. He was confused when he realized he was freed from prison.
2. He was confused when he was told that his wife could never bear a son in her old age.
3. He was confused when he got the food he desired.
4. He was confused when he heard he had to be born a second time.
5. He was confused when God asked him to go speak to Pharaoh.
6. She was confused when she was told that she would conceive by the Holy Spirit
7. They were confused when they were told, "It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God."
8. He was confused when he saw the burning bush not consumed.
9. They were confused when Jesus was crucified.
10. She was confused when she heard Simeon's Prophecy.

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Office Hours: Tue. to Sat. 10:00am - 3:00pm

A collaborative ministry of the Carmelite Fathers and Lay Parishioners

March 30/31, 2024: The Resurrection of the Lord

PASTOR: Fr. Jerald D'Souza, OCD	ASSOCIATE PASTOR: Fr. Alexander Braganza, OCD
PERMANENT DEACON: Deacon Norman Dumais Deacon Dale Laing	Office Assistant: Rachael Ramaswamy Administrative Assistant: Fe Badajos
BOOKKEEPER: Cindy Kreutzer	HOSPITALITY: Everyone in the Parish!
WEEKDAY MASS SCHEDULE Monday to Saturday: 9:00am First Friday: 9:00am Adoration: First Friday of the Month 9:30am to Noon Baptisms: An initial appointment with one of the Priests is required before attending a session.	WEEKEND MASS SCHEDULE Saturday 4:00pm Sunday 8:30am, 10:30am, 12:30pm & 5:00pm (Igbo Mass: First Sunday of the Month at 2:00pm) Anointing of the Sick: Please call the Parish Office Reconciliation: Wednesday, Thursday & Friday: After the morning Mass Saturday: 3:00pm to 3:45pm <hr/> Society of St. Vincent De Paul: (403) 975-4318 (Food Hampers)

Please remember St. Thomas More Parish in your Will.

Message from the Pastor—Rev. Fr. Jerald D'Souza, OCD



The Lord is risen indeed! Alleluia! Alleluia!
 'Alleluia' is one expression that we hear so often during Easter. And when we hear a Catholic shouting out 'Alleluia' we think, they have become a Pentecostals. What does 'alleluia' mean? It simply means, 'Praise the Lord!' But this praise is also filled with thanksgiving, joy and triumph. Several psalms begin and end with this expression. This is one of those expressions that has come to be used in Christian tradition in its original Hebrew expression, like 'Amen' and 'Hosanna'. 'Alleluia' is an apt expression in the context of what we celebrate during Easter – it is simply to praise the lord for his triumph over death.
 The celebration of Resurrection is the first feast that early Christians ever celebrated. In fact, it was such a powerful event that they celebrated it every Sunday. Yes, even today... Sunday is the day of the Lord, the day of Resurrection. Belief in the Resurrection is central to Christian life. It is the event and experience of Easter that confirms our belief in Jesus as the Son of God, as it confirmed the belief of the apostles. St Paul tells us, "If Christ has not been raised, then our preaching is in vain and your faith is in vain" (1Cor 15:14).
 Easter, however, is not only concerned with recalling the resurrection of Jesus or its impact on the first disciples, but also with the meaning of this event for our own lives and for our faith. The celebration of Easter (and the days of Holy Week leading up to it) are a call for us to change – and perhaps change radically – as Jesus' own disciples changed.
 The sign that we are truly sharing in the risen life of Jesus is that our lives and our behavior undergo a constant development. We not only believe, we not only proclaim, but we do what we believe and what we proclaim. Let the risen Lord become real to us. May we experience the outpouring of his spirit during this season! And this is the foundation of our Christian faith.
 The Lord is risen indeed! Alleluia! Alleluia!

The Pastor, Associate Pastor and staff wish you all a very happy Easter.

**April 7, 2024 is
Divine Mercy Sunday**



*Eternal Father,
I offer You the Body and Blood,
Soul & Divinity of Your
Dearly beloved Son,
Our Lord, Jesus Christ,
In atonement for our sins
And those of the Whole World.*

Draw us Forth

Draw us forth,
God of all creation.

Draw us forward
And away from limited certainty
Into the immense world of your love.

Give us the capacity to -
Even for a moment-
Taste the richness of the feast you give us.

Give us the peace
to live with uncertainty,
With questions,
With doubts.

Help us the experience the resurrection anew
With open wonder
And an increasing ability
To see you in the people of Easter.

Weekly Mass Intentions: April 1 to April 7

Mon	1	9:00am	Lloyd & Joyce Casebeer (RIP) Joyce Casebeer (RIP) Emolyn Cruz (RIP)
Tue	2	9:00am	Metuh Family (INT) Joyce Casebeer (RIP) Michael Gund (INT) Rosario Almerio (INT)
Wed	3	9:00am	Joyce Casebeer (RIP) Marcos & Purificacion Magpantay (RIP)
Thu	4	9:00am	Joseph Maria Nguyen (RIP) Emolyn Cruz (RIP) Carmen Panorel (INT)
Fri	5	9:00am	Poor Souls in Purgatory RIP Nguyen Family Thanksgiving (INT)
Sat	6	9:00am	Joseph Anna Tran ((RIP) Erlinda Celestra (RIP)
Sun	7	8:30am 10:30am 12:30pm 5:00pm	Fanny Deleon (INT) Rocel Carabeo (RIP) Arthur Gweco (RIP) Marcos Magpantay Sr (RIP) For the People (INT)

Together in Action
The TIA 2024 is \$49,139.00
Collection up to March 24, 2024 is \$11,293.50
All Surplus will go to funding the Parish Furnace.

**PARISH OFFICE IS CLOSED FROM
FRIDAY, MARCH 29 TILL
MONDAY, APRIL 1, 2024
PARISH OFFICE WILL RESUME ON
TUESDAY, APRIL 2, 2024**

DID YOU KNOW?
The word 'Easter' comes from Old English, meaning simply the 'East'. The sun which rises in the East, bringing light, warmth and hope, is a symbol for Christians of the rising Christ, who is the true light of world.



1. Peter 2. Zechariah 3. Isaac 4. Nicodemus 5. Moses
6. Mary 7. Disciples 8. Moses 9. Apostles 10. Mary

ANSWERS

**I have Seen the Lord
An Easter Story about Mary Magdalene**

Source: joyfulheart.com

Mary Magdalene watched numbly. The good and gentle man who hung on the center cross had been her friend. She'd thought he was the Messiah. Now, what could she believe? He was dying. The thief crucified next to Jesus turned to him. Mary strained to hear as the man murmured, "Jesus, remember me when you come into your kingdom." Jesus' words to the condemned man echoed clearly across the hilltop: "Today you will be with me in Paradise." A chill tingled down Mary's spine. Even at death, Jesus kept on forgiving. Her thoughts surged back to the first time she had met him.

Galilee: She had grown up in the village of Magdala, seven miles south of Capernaum, along the sea of Galilee. She was wealthy, her family's fortune made in the local wool-dyeing industry. Yet she was unhappy. Mary was no stranger to the oppression and torment of the demonic. Often driven to compulsive, destructive acts, she despised herself, hated her deeds, but couldn't seem to stop. Her fragile life finally fell apart. Disgusted and impatient with Mary's erratic behavior, her husband had sent her back home to her father. Mary's money did relieve her from household chores, however. She roamed the lakeshore as she pleased. When a village lad told her of the Nazarene teaching in the fields north of Capernaum, she was off to investigate. This man radiated such good news. The kingdom of God was right here, he said. He talked of forgiveness, of cleansing, of wholeness. The sick and maimed were healed when he touched them. God seemed to be all around. Even the tormented like Mary were being set free. At Jesus' command demons would come out screaming, yet lives were liberated, transformed.

The strange drawing Mary felt warred with a nameless terror within her. Could she trust him? Mary had to force herself to join the group that crowded around Jesus. Her turn came at last. She looked up in panic. He looked down in love. Then his eyes narrowed and seemed to pierce right into her soul, his words hard: "Come out of her, you foul demons, and let her go!" Her body stiffened, her chest tightened. She thought she would burst. She wanted to scream. Perhaps she did. Then it was over. Her muscles began to relax. She saw his gentle smile. "Mary, you're forgiven," he said, "and you're free." She was free, too. She felt so clean, so light. She wanted to dance, to sing. She jumped up and started hugging all the startled women who stood nearby. She almost skipped home that night. Even her father marveled. His little Mary, so long tormented, was finally happy. She spent her days with the multitudes around Jesus, using her money to purchase food for Jesus and his disciples. Her compassion and hope overflowed, especially to the women and children who came for help. Sometimes she would introduce these desperate ones to the Lord. An aching cry from the cross jerked her back to the present. Her Lord was dying.

Death: Mary listened through her tears. The voice that once proclaimed God's kingdom on the hillsides of Galilee now shouted hoarsely, "It is finished!" His head dropped to his chest. Thunder clouds which had been gathering ominously all afternoon now cracked. Lightning flashed across the gruesome hilltop. Jesus' body hung limp; the others writhed. Around her she could hear the sobbing of Jesus' mourners. She took one long last look, then buried her face and wept. Whack! An ear-splitting scream from one of the thieves pierced the eerie darkness. A soldier had shattered his legs with a club to make sure he died before Sabbath began at sundown. They came to Jesus. Oh, no, dear God, spare him, she prayed. He's already dead. The centurion knew, she could see, but to make sure, he motioned to a soldier to thrust his spear into the Teacher's chest. Bloody water gushed out, then slowed to dribble for a time. Surely he was dead.

Burial: A soldier began to loosen the nail that fixed Jesus' feet to the cross. Two others on ladders unlashed the crossbeam from the upright and carefully lowered it — Jesus' body still attached — to their compatriots below. A couple minutes more were needed to pull the spikes from splintered holes in the crosspiece where countless other hands had bled. Now Mary recognized Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus, two new disciples, carrying a stretcher onto which they lifted the body. Mary steadied the litter until they came to Joseph's nearby tomb. In the courtyard outside the sepulcher, Mary carefully washed the pale body, removing every trace of dried blood from his mutilated back. Night was falling. Nicodemus and Joseph worked quickly now, binding the body with long strips of linen, enfolding what few spices they had with them as they wrapped. Finally, they tenderly lay the body on a limestone niche in the new tomb. Mary watched while they heaved the massive stone into place across the opening to the tomb. It was dark when they turned to leave.

Alive: The Sabbath seemed to drag on endlessly. Despite the pain the thought evoked, Mary determined to go back Sunday morning to finish anointing the Master's body with spices. She owed him that. Saturday's sun finally dipped below the mountains; Sabbath was over. She hurried to the spice merchant's shop and pounded on the door until he came downstairs and let her in. Spices for a burial, she insisted. No, she couldn't wait till morning. Sleep that night came in brief snatches. Long before sunup, Mary was dressed to meet two other women she'd asked to help her. Gray dawn streaked the sky as they set out. Hurrying along, Salome whispered,