



Dear Friends,

Congratulations to Mr Ralph Kershler for his creative Lenten initiative.

Each recess at St Leo's College students re-enact one of the Stations of the Cross in the school playground. The students, one dressed as Jesus and others as the figures on the Way of The Cross, remain as a frozen statue throughout recess. It has proved to be a powerful and moving experience for the high school students and their staff. A number of younger students who have approached Mr Kershler and asked: "Could I be Jesus next year Sir?" That's the question we all want to hear. Mr Kershler has won David Ranson's latest publication, *The Pascal Paradox*.

'The Lord has Risen it is true, everybody sing Alleluia.'

Why is it that we find it difficult to recognise that the Lord has Risen? Why is there often a period of 'blindness' when we have to look again and again?

I am drawn and caught by that moment in John's Gospel when Mary of Magdala sits outside the tomb weeping because her Lord has been taken and she doesn't know where to find him. Mary begins to have a conversation with Jesus but she doesn't recognise him. Why doesn't she know him? And then he calls her name 'Mary!'. She instantly responds, "Rabbuni!, which means Master." I love this moment – when she finally hears her named called her only response is surrender. It is complete.

It is the transition from weeping in desolation,
anxiously looking,
listening,
hearing our name
and then instant surrender to The Risen Christ.

I find myself in this process again and again. It is reassuring to reflect on the different accounts of the day of the Resurrection. Each one alludes to this blindness. The women and the disciples do not recognise Jesus. There comes a moment when a name, an action or a phrase pierces through the unknowing and they 'get it'. Anxiety can blind us. Sometimes it is simply in the letting go that we let God in: The situation did not change, the perception of those involved shifted. We are in good company as we search and seek and listen and hope to recognise The Risen Christ in our daily lives.

In last month's edition I said I would report on my Lenten detachment or 'holy indifference'. I enjoyed giving it a go. It didn't always work, but I tried to put a distance between myself and the pressing concerns of those around me and make a decision about how I might respond. There were times when I decided to sit and pray or drive and pray or cook and pray or listen to the conflicting requests and pray. The time it really worked for me was when I was having a discussion with my husband about a tough issue and decided right there in the middle of it all to

pray for detachment. It worked. I could see the issue separate from us. We were good people trying to make sense and manage a difficult situation. That was a blessing. I was not compelled to be Martha. Someone did mention to me that the challenge was not simply to detach but to detach with love.

Happy Easter.

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