

## Commentary to the Third Sunday of Easter (B)



We contemplate the birds of the air and the lilies of the field but the sweet feeling we experience will soon be enveloped by sadness and reminds us of the fate that unites us to these beautiful creatures. Even man is “like a flower which blooms and withers” (Job 14:2) and his days are like grass (Ps 103:15). The grain of wheat dies to be reborn and the tree “if cut down it will sprout again, its new shoots will still appear” (Job 14:7). What will be the culmination of a dramatic duel between life and death in which the man is involved?

No doubt: the last word is up to death. In billions of years, life will be extinguished in the universe.

So, will our passage on this earth have meaning or will it be a meteor that will leave no trace? Are we to face a total mockery of all things? We feel like prisoners, chained in a world destined for death from which there is no escape.

This is the great unsolved riddle to which people have always desperately tried to give an answer.

The light of Easter dissolved forever the darkness and the shadow of death: this world is not a tomb, but the womb in which to grow and prepare for life without limits, without boundaries. Creation will result in a new heaven and a new earth (2 P 3:13).

To internalize the message, we repeat:

**“God will look at our hands and our feet to see the wounds of love.”**