

## **Commentary on the Gospel for Wed, May 7th 2014**

Given that I write a reflection about once every six weeks, I usually only have one during the Easter season. This is an especially joyous season. At Easter Mass, my son and I have developed a “tradition” of a discreet “fist bump” when the disciples arrive at the tomb to find the stone rolled away and the burial garments rolled up in the corner.

The victory is ours once again.

Today’s Gospel is among the most joyous. As a child I used to wonder about the disciples. Jesus would speak to them and say essentially, “I’m going to rise from the dead” and the Gospel reading would end with something to the effect of that; the disciples didn’t get it. I used to think: “Were they dense? How could they not get it? He’s telling them exactly what’s going to happen.”

But they weren’t dense. Today’s Gospel recounts the joyful, wondrous and miraculous nature of Jesus’ triumph over death. I’m not sure I would have gotten it until it happened. But then it happened. (Virtual) fist bump.

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