**TUESDAY APRIL 19 – OCTAVE OF EASTER [C]**

**"Woman, why are you weeping? Whom are you looking for?" She thought it was the gardener and said to him, "Sir, if you carried him away, tell me where you laid him, and I will take him."**

**The Song of Songs narrates how great God’s love for man, made by him to his image and likeness, is. But also how great Christ Jesus’s love toward every man is. This love finds its holiest fulfilment in Christ for his Father. In the Virgin Mary for her God. In every Christian soul, governed by the Holy Spirit, for Christ Jesus. This most pure love, that is in the gift of life until the death of cross, finds its supreme truth in Christ Jesus. This love is always to be fulfilled, in an uninterrupted searching. The Apostle John gives us Mary of Magdala as image and human figure of such searching with no interruption, putting her at the core of his narration of the events occurred the day after the Sabbath that is precisely the day in which Jesus has risen.**

**I have come to my garden, my sister, my bride; I gather my myrrh and my spices, I eat my honey and my sweetmeats, I drink my wine and my milk. Eat, friends; drink! Drink freely of love! I was sleeping, but my heart kept vigil; I heard my lover knocking: "Open to me, my sister, my beloved, my dove, my perfect one! For my head is wet with dew, my locks with the moisture of the night." I have taken off my robe, am I then to put it on? I have bathed my feet, am I then to soil them? My lover put his hand through the opening; my heart trembled within me, and I grew faint when he spoke. I rose to open to my lover, with my hands dripping myrrh: With my fingers dripping choice myrrh upon the fittings of the lock. I opened to my lover - but my lover had departed, gone. I sought him but I did not find him; I called to him but he did not answer me.**

**The watchmen came upon me as they made their rounds of the city; They struck me, and wounded me, and took my mantle from me, the guardians of the walls. I adjure you, daughters of Jerusalem, if you find my lover - What shall you tell him?- that I am faint with love. How does your lover differ from any other, O most beautiful among women? How does your lover differ from any other, that you adjure us so? My lover is radiant and ruddy; he stands out among thousands. His head is pure gold; his locks are palm fronds, black as the raven. His eyes are like doves beside running waters, His teeth would seem bathed in milk, and are set like jewels. His cheeks are like beds of spice with ripening aromatic herbs. His lips are red blossoms; they drip choice myrrh. His arms are rods of gold adorned with chrysolites. His body is a work of ivory covered with sapphires. His legs are columns of marble resting on golden bases. His stature is like the trees on Lebanon, imposing as the cedars. His mouth is sweetness itself; he is all delight. Such is my lover, and such my friend, O daughters of Jerusalem.” (Song of Sg 5, 1-16) The most pure truth of the eternal and divine love with which God loves man and man goes in search of the God to love is revealed with human words, of earth. It is up to us not to trivialize them and not to turn them into words of earth for earth, but, helped by the divine wisdom of the Holy Spirit they are to be conveyed on a supremely supernatural, spiritual, mysteric, mystagogical level. Thus Mary of Magdala becomes true figure, true image of how Christ is to be searched, for He is the life of our life and it is in Him that life finds its true completion and fulfilment.**

**Let us read the text of Jn 20,11-18**

**But Mary stayed outside the tomb weeping. And as she wept, she bent over into the tomb and saw two angels in white sitting there, one at the head and one at the feet where the body of Jesus had been. And they said to her, "Woman, why are you weeping?" She said to them, "They have taken my Lord, and I don't know where they laid him." When she had said this, she turned around and saw Jesus there, but did not know it was Jesus. Jesus said to her, "Woman, why are you weeping? Whom are you looking for?" She thought it was the gardener and said to him, "Sir, if you carried him away, tell me where you laid him, and I will take him." Jesus said to her, "Mary!" She turned and said to him in Hebrew, "Rabbouni," which means Teacher. Jesus said to her, "Stop holding on to me, for I have not yet ascended to the Father. But go to my brothers and tell them, 'I am going to my Father and your Father, to my God and your God.'" Mary of Magdala went and announced to the disciples, "I have seen the Lord," and what he told her.**

**The Song of Songs reveals that God’s love for man and of man with God is always a love that searches, but also a love that abandons what it found, for one is always to run and search for it again. Jesus lets himself be found by Mary, He shows up to her. However, He immediately sends her to announce to his brothers, namely to his Apostles that He has to go to his Father to take possession of his Kingdom. 'I am going to my Father and your Father, to my God and your God.' Mary obeys. She goes to the Apostles and announce to them that she has seen the Lord and all that Jesus had told her. But does the searching of Mary of Magdala end here? Not at all. Her research is without interruption. One will stop searching only when one is in the eternal kingdom, only when we see Jesus face to face and dwell in Him for eternity, in a love that will always be new, for true love is perennial, better eternal growth. When true love is not perennial growth, better eternal growth, it is not true love. Habit is not love. Love is life. May the Mother of Jesus help us love Christ the Lord without interruption.**