Mary was sad.

Mary was so sad.

On Friday she’d seen her best friend die.

He had been so kind, so brave, so good and so honest

 That Mary had thought nothing bad would ever happen to him.

Mary had thought he was going to be the king.

Mary had thought he would be around forever.

 And now he was dead

 And she would never see him again.

Mary and her friends, Joanna and Mary, had all watched Jesus die.

 They’d watched as the soldiers had taken him off the cross

 They’d watched as Joseph had Jesus’ body wrapped and taken to the tomb.

They’d followed them through the graveyard

and watched as Jesus body was laid in the tomb.

They’d watched as a big stone was rolled over the entrance

Like a door that would never be opened again.

They’d watched as the stone was sealed

 And soldiers stood guard to watch it.

Then it was night, and it was time to go home.

All Saturday they waited.

Saturday was a special day

 A day to rest,

 A day to spend with God.

But all Mary and her friends could think was:

 “What do we do now?”

 “What do we do without Jesus?”

Before the sun came up on Sunday morning

 Mary and her friends were awake

 They were going back to Jesus’ tomb.

They wanted to put oils and spices on the body to make it smell nice

 They wanted to say goodbye to their friend.

As they walked, the said to each other:

 “How will we move the stone? It’s too big and heavy for us.”

 “What will we do about the soldiers? It’s their job to keep people away”

 “How will we get inside the tomb to put the spices on his body?”

But as they got to Jesus’ tomb

 The sun was coming up

 And the soldiers were gone

 And the stone had been rolled away.

When they looked inside the tomb;

 Jesus’ body was gone!

Where could it be?

The cloth they’d wrapped his body in was still there but Jesus was gone!

Two men came and stood next to them

 Two very bright and very shiny men

 “Why are you looking for Jesus here?” They asked

 “You don’t find a living man in a tomb.”

Could it be true?

Could Jesus have come back to life?

They went and told Jesus’ other friends –

Mary stayed by the tomb.

She was sad.

She was so sad.

Now she wouldn’t even get to say goodbye.

“Why are you crying?” said a voice behind her

 “Someone has taken Jesus’ body and I don’t know where it is” said Mary

“Mary.” said a voice behind her

 It was Jesus!

 Alive!

 Standing right there!

 Not dead at all!

Now Mary knew it had all been true

 Jesus would make a place where nothing bad would ever happen again

 Jesus was God’s true king

 Jesus would be with God’s people forever

 Because he was alive!