There's nothing darker or more hopeless than a tomb.

When Jesus was laid to rest it was the end of his movement. His nearest had deserted. His dearest were desolate. And he had gone where none can escape: to Hades, to death.

We've been through dark times lately. Bushfires, plague, floods. On the international scene: invasion, economic turmoil, politics.

Is there any light at the end of such tunnels? the disciples asked two thousand years ago. Jesus' death seemed so final. It left them feeling numb, alone, fearful. Unsure about the future. Scared the darkness would endure.

Yet three days later there was a spring in their step and their hearts were bright again. Not just resuscitation, not just extension of useby date, they were talking 'resurrection', new life. What had changed?

Everything had changed. The stone covering was rolled away to reveal the empty tomb. But not quite empty: it was filled with light,

brighter than headlights, stage-lights, sunlight. Jesus Christ, risen from the dead, the light of the world, no darkness could overcome.

A light that says, amidst our darkest anxieties, there is refuge and comfort: Jesus the light of faith.

A light that says that after suffering comes redemption: Jesus the light of hope.

A light that says that after redemption there is glory: Jesus the light of love.

We shine that light of faith, hope and love into the darkest places today. Christ is truly risen. Alleluia!