

Stone outside the Tomb

It's not often that a stone as big as I am gets to travel. Even if it is only a few feet. That's why I take my job so seriously. It's a privilege for an old limestone boulder like me to be rolled in front of a tomb, to stand guard over the body of a person who once walked freely on this earth. So when the people placed me here right before sunset a couple of days ago, I stood firm: tall and proud.

When Roman soldiers showed up, I admit I was surprised. They took turns standing guard right in front of me—all night, then all day, then all night again. Where did they think I was going? It had taken several men to put me here; it's not like I could easily be pushed aside.

The soldiers on duty weren't supposed to sleep, so they leaned up against me and talked about the dead man in the tomb behind me. They said His followers might try to steal His body. Then they laughed with each other, talking about rumors that the dead man inside might come back to life. If a stone could laugh, I would have joined them. After all, I've been around since the creation of the earth and had never seen or heard of such a thing.

Until this morning, that is ...

What I remember most is the light! It was still early, and the first rays of sunshine hadn't yet begun to touch my stone-cold face. This light was coming from inside the tomb! Honestly, if the sky were filled with one hundred suns, it couldn't compare to the brilliant beam that warmly filled that dark cave where the man's body had been lovingly laid.

Unexpectedly, I began to tremble and roll. There was an earthquake, but that wasn't what moved me. It also wasn't a human hand. It was something else—something **strong**, yet gentle. I came to rest a few feet away from the mouth of the cave, feeling as light and nimble as a pebble.

Some of the guards fled screaming, leaving one behind with his mouth wide open, sitting still as a stone, looking as though he'd died of fright. What really happened this morning? I'm not sure. All I know is that now the tomb is empty—and I'm one bewildered boulder.



What makes rocks so interesting? What can we learn from them?

If you were one of the soldiers on guard that morning, what would you think? What would you tell people?

Why do you think the stone was moved?

