



## THAT BRIGHT SUNDAY MORNING

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*On that day, the resurrected Lord burst the bonds of death. He ascended from the grave and appeared gloriously triumphant as the Savior of all mankind.*

We know what the Resurrection is—the reuniting of the spirit and body in its perfect form. . . .

Can you imagine that? Life at our prime? Never sick, never in pain, never burdened by the ills that so often beset us in mortality?

The Resurrection is at the core of our beliefs as Christians. . . .

. . . When the Savior rose from the tomb, . . . He did something no one else could do. He broke the bonds of death, not only for Himself but for all who have ever lived—the just and the unjust. . . .

. . . He made that gift available to all. And with that sublime act, He softened the devastating, consuming sorrow that gnaws at the souls of those who have lost precious loved ones.

I think of how dark that Friday was when Christ was lifted up on the cross. . . .

. . . The earth shook and grew dark. . . .

Those evil men who sought His life rejoiced. . . .

On that day the veil of the temple was rent in twain.

Mary Magdalene and Mary, the mother of Jesus, were both overcome with grief. . . . The superb man they had loved and honored hung lifeless upon the cross. . . .

. . . The Apostles were devastated. Jesus, their Savior—the man who had walked on water and raised the dead—was Himself at the mercy of wicked men. . . .

It was a Friday filled with devastating, consuming sorrow. . . .

I think that of all the days since the beginning of this world's history, that Friday was the darkest.

[But] the despair did not linger because on Sunday, the resurrected Lord burst the bonds of death. He ascended from the grave and appeared gloriously triumphant as the Savior of all mankind.

And in an instant the eyes that had been filled with ever-flowing tears dried. The lips that had whispered prayers of distress and grief now filled the air with wondrous praise, for Jesus the Christ, the Son of the living God, stood before them as . . . proof that death is merely the beginning of a new and wondrous existence.

Each of us will have our own Fridays—those days when the universe itself seems shattered and the



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shards of our world lie littered about us in pieces. . . .

But I testify to you in the name of the One who conquered death—Sunday will come. In the darkness of our sorrow, Sunday will come.

. . . No matter our grief, Sunday will come. In this life or the next, Sunday will come.

I testify to you that the Resurrection is not a fable. We have the personal

testimonies of those who saw Him. Thousands in the Old and New Worlds witnessed the risen Savior. They felt the wounds in His hands, feet, and side. . . .

After the Resurrection, the disciples became renewed. They traveled throughout the world . . . boldly proclaiming Jesus the Christ, the resurrected Son of the living God.

Many of them . . . died as martyrs,

the testimony of the risen Christ on their lips as they perished.

The Resurrection transformed the lives of those who witnessed it. Should it not transform ours?

We will all rise from the grave. . . .

Because of the life and eternal sacrifice of the Savior of the world, we will be reunited with those we have cherished.

. . . On that day we will rejoice that the Messiah overcame all that we could live forever.

Because of the sacred ordinances we receive in holy temples, our departure from this brief mortality cannot long separate relationships that have been fastened together with cords made of eternal ties.

It is my solemn testimony that death is not the end of existence. . . .

May we understand and live in thanksgiving for the priceless gifts that come to us as sons and daughters of a loving Heavenly Father and for the promise of that bright day when we shall all rise triumphant from the grave.

. . . No matter how dark our Friday, Sunday will come. ■

*From an October 2006 general conference address.*