I lifted my eyes to the mountains. From there my help will come. The women rushed to your tomb. The carried oils and incense in honor of your burial, to transform us who have returned to the earth due to sin into life.
Glory to the Father and to the Son

and to the Holy Spirit.

Instead of oil, receive our pristine faith and supplications

with the women of the morning,

who heard the greeting of life

through Eve's ears.
Now and always and unto the ages of ages. Amen.

They gave the good news to the apostles:

"The One who raises us has risen. He has destroyed hell and he has bound the enemy with unbreakable chains."