

Holy Saturday

There are no readings for today. There are no sacraments today. The Churches are quiet. For many of us in lock down this has become a daily experience. The absence and loss experienced by the disciples after the events of Good Friday have, in part, become our own not just today but throughout the time of this crisis. We need to use this as a time to enter more deeply into the mystery of Christ and the radicality of his love for us. The Jewish people, in the Book of Lamentations, speak in a period of loss and despair not just of their grief but also of their confidence in God's love that never fails. Let us all place our confidence in this love that knows no end even in darkness and uncertainty:

He has made my teeth grind
on gravel,
and made me cower in ashes;
my soul is bereft of peace;
I have forgotten what happiness is;
so I say, "Gone is my glory,
and all that I had hoped for in the LORD"
The thoughts of my affliction and
my homelessness
is wormwood and gall!
My soul continually thinks of it
and is bowed down within me.
But this I call to mind,
and therefore I have hope.

The steadfast love of the LORD
never ceases,
his mercies never come to
an end;
they are new every morning;
great is your faithfulness.
"The LORD is my portion," says
my soul,
"therefore I will hope in him."

The LORD is good to those who
wait for him,
to the soul that seeks him.
It is good that one should wait
quietly
for the salvation of the LORD.

It is good for one to bear
the yoke in youth,
to sit alone in silence
when the Lord has imposed it,
to put one's mouth to the dust
(there may yet be hope),
to give one's cheek to the smiter,
and to be filled with insults.

For the Lord will not
reject forever.
Although he causes grief, he will
have compassion
according to the abundance of
his steadfast love;
for he does not willingly afflict
or grieve anyone. (Lam 3:16-33)

