



Selah: Stop, Look, Listen – April 8, 2023

The Lord be with you.

Today is Holy Saturday.

I know that Hallmark does not make greeting cards for Holy Saturday, and that Holy Saturday is not on most people's calendars, but it is the wisdom of Christians through the centuries to mark this day and to call this day holy as a day to pause, to pay attention, and to wait for what God is going to do.

Why just imagine yourself on that first Holy Saturday. Imagine yourself in the shoes of one of Jesus disciples on that Saturday, that day after the sheer horror, the despair, the end of dreams on Good Friday. Imagine yourself as Simon Peter, who had denied Jesus. Imagine yourself on that Saturday. Imagine yourself as any one of the other disciples who had watched and fled in fear, or imagine yourself as a Mary Magdalene who watched Jesus mangled body laid in a tone and Roman soldiers posted as guards. Can you feel the despair, the grief, the bitter disappointment, that is Holy Saturday, and all of the uncertainty about what is coming and that is Holy Saturday. Holy Saturday is that space between that space between death and resurrection, that space between despair and Joy between not knowing and celebration as we wait for God. Holy Saturday is the day after the end of life, and the day before the end of death. And it seems to me that life can be filled with Holy Saturday days after we experience loss, days we feel grief, days, we just don't know what is going to happen. Days, we feel the pain in our lives and the lives of others, and we wait... We wait to see what God is going to do.

Jesus explained the meaning of its death in John Chapter 12-24, where Jesus says, Very truly, I tell you, unless a grain of wheat falls into the Earth and dies, it remains just a single grain. But if it dies, it bears much fruit. You see, all of the shame, the humiliation, the suffering of Good Friday, Jesus says it was like a grain of wheat falling into the ground, buried, crumbling, coming apart, so that on Holy Saturday, as we feel that, it's all over, it's the end, but then Easter Sunday comes and there is new life, and not just new life, but much fruit. Every stock of wheat stands in a grave and out of that grave, their bursts forth life.



water from rock

And so I wonder about you on this Holy Saturday. On this day, stuck between the cross and the empty tomb, what loss are you living with? What are you grieving? What uncertainty about the future is there in your life? I find those helpful questions to take up on Holy Saturday while we wait for God, and we wait for resurrection. I think of the poster that says, Just as a caterpillar thought its life had ended, he became a butterfly. Here are some scriptures that I'm reflecting on this Holy Saturday as I wait to see what God is going to do.

Here is Jeremiah in Lamentations 3:25 and 26, 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.

Here's the psalmist in Psalm 62, Verses 5 through 7, for God alone my soul, wait in silence. For my hope is from him. He alone is my rock and my salvation, my fortress, I shall not be shaken. On God rests my deliverance and my honor. My mighty rock, my refuge is in God.

And here's one more, David in Psalm 37, Verses 13 and 14. As David is a man who knew quite a lot about living with loss and uncertainty, David says, I believe that I shall see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living, wait for the Lord, be strong and let your heart take courage. Wait for the Lord.

I've really appreciated being able to share with you these meditations on Holy Week. I hope and pray for you a very blessed Easter and celebration of our Lord's resurrection. And I look forward to talking with you in the Easter season.

Christ our God, your love is poured out in death for our sakes. Hold us and your embrace as we wait for Easter's Dawn comfort us with the promise that no power on Earth not even death itself can separate us from your love and strengthen us to wait until you are revealed to us at all you're a risen glory, Amen.

I am Tim Smith a fellow traveler, thanks for listening until next time.