

# Good Friday Reflection

We sit, some of us weeping.

We sit, heads bowed.

We sit, hearts heavy.

Last night Jesus met us in his body and blood — a shared feast to remember.

Today there is no feast.

Today, Jesus meets us on the cross, and we are immersed in the sounds of his suffering and death.

They pierce our hearts and souls.

Soon we will hear the sound of the stone rolling to shut the tomb. And then...

And then, silence

And waiting...

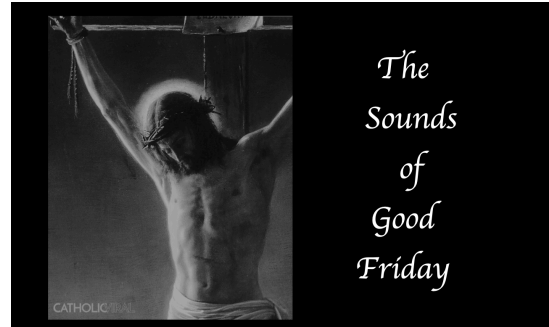
We yearn for Sunday,  
where Jesus will meet us with new life and hope.  
And in the midst of all of this, we have hope,  
because we know how the story ends.

But let's not rush to Sunday.

Not yet.

Jesus will also meet us tomorrow.

Holy Saturday.



A day of uncertainty

A day of grief

A day of hopelessness and helplessness

A day of silence

Where is God?

Is God weeping too?

Within the church's traditions, Holy Saturday is seen as a time of vigil, of waiting.

Our creeds also tell us it was the day when Jesus descended into hell and emerged triumphant.

It is a day that passes, unresolved in itself.

A day between tragedy and a miracle.

A day beyond our comprehension — how do we understand what we confess in our creeds?

What do we picture is happening?

How does Jesus meet us in these places?

We all have Holy Saturdays in our lives — that place between pain and healing, trauma and recovery:

A cancer diagnosis

Death and grief

Loss – of hopes and dreams

Failure

Broken relationships

Deep depression and despair.

The times when we have no words

We are numb, in shock.

Our world as we know it has changed  
All around us has gone silent.

God seems to be missing in action.

And there are the times when we cry out — My God, my God — why have you abandoned me?  
Just as Jesus did.

And  
Jesus does not abandon us.  
Jesus meets us in the silence,  
In our watching and waiting,  
In our pain and despair,  
In our abandonment and rejection.  
He doesn't say 'look on the bright side' or 'cheer up'.

Instead he sits beside us, in the uncomfortable silence of helplessness  
Weeping as we weep.  
He knows the depths  
He knows our pain  
He willingly took it on when he became one of us.

Our seemingly silent companion is with us always.  
Now he is our companion on the road  
Our companion in grief and sorrow  
Our companion in uncertainty

Who waits with us for the dawn.

*Video of the service including the above address: <https://youtu.be/Mi6WdA5I8mU>*