

## Holy Saturday



It is a long day,  
a waiting day.

Today you cannot pray Crucifixion,  
nor yet Resurrection.

There is no life, no movement and  
all is stillness, silence, death.

And the emptiness -  
it fills your heart  
and swamps your thinking.

God is dead

and the world has stopped.

Where is our Tree of hope?

the Flower of Future Glory?

The Song of Promise and

the eager Longing for Beyond?

I step into the empty cave,

the tomb of everlastingness,

and lie there, hoping -

hoping for what?

Hoping because I know

this Jesus is a man who loves,

a God who calls, and

One who IS the Resurrection.

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