

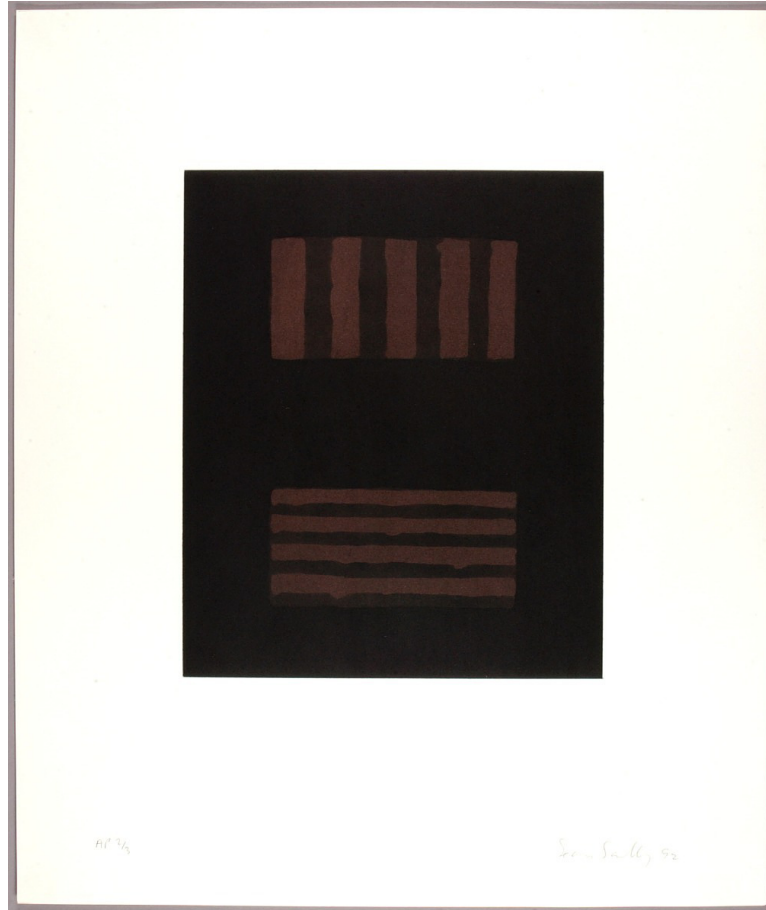


Words for the Way

An online Lent Course for the Diocese of Aberdeen and Orkney

Die

Saturday 8 April – Holy Saturday



Sean Scully, *Untitled* (print # 3), from the portfolio *Heart of Darkness*, 1992, etching, aquatint, spit bite and sugarlift on paper, image: 12 1/4 × 10 1/4 in. (31.1 × 26.0 cm) sheet: 21 3/4 × 18 1/2 in. (55.2 × 47.0 cm), Smithsonian American Art Museum, Gift of the artist, 2001.79.36.7, © 1992, Sean Scully

Matthew 27:57-66

When it was evening, there came a rich man from Arimathea, named Joseph, who was also a disciple of Jesus. He went to Pilate and asked for the body of Jesus; then Pilate ordered it to be given to him. So Joseph took the body and wrapped it in a clean linen cloth and laid it in his own new tomb, which he had hewn in the rock. He then rolled a great stone to the door of the tomb and went away. Mary Magdalene and the other Mary were there, sitting opposite the tomb. The next day, that is, after the day of Preparation, the chief priests and the Pharisees gathered before Pilate and said, "Sir, we remember what that impostor said while he was still alive, 'After three days I will rise again.' Therefore command the tomb to be made secure until the third day; otherwise his disciples may go and steal him away, and tell the people, 'He has been raised from the dead,' and the last deception would be worse than the first." Pilate said to them, "You have a guard of soldiers; go, make it as secure as you can." So they went with the guard and made the tomb secure by sealing the stone.

Today is Holy Saturday, a day of betwixt and in between. The day after Good Friday and before Easter Sunday, a day where Jesus has died, and his body lays in the tomb. We know what comes next but the first disciples did not, this is a day where it can feel empty, uncertain knowing that the light will come but not quite yet.

The Collect for Holy Saturday

O God, creator of heaven and earth, as the crucified body of your dear Son was laid in the tomb and rested on this holy Sabbath, so may we await with him the coming of the third day and rise with him to newness of life; who now lives and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit, one God, now and for ever. Amen.

Holy Saturday by Elizabeth Rooney

A curiously empty day,
As if the world's life
Had gone underground.
The April sun
Warming dry grass
Makes pale spring promises
But nothing comes to pass.

Anger
Relaxes into despair
As we remember our helplessness,
Remember him hanging there.
We have purchased the spices
But they must wait for tomorrow.
We shall keep today
For emptiness
And sorrow.

To Listen

Tenebrae Responses for Holy Saturday: Sepulto Domino by Tomás Luis da Victoria, one version is by The Sixteen

Lamentationes Ieremiae Prophetiae by Alonso Lobo, one version is by The Choir of King's College London

These and other music mentioned in these reflections can be found in a playlist at <https://open.spotify.com/playlist/72omFXFljUHKiHcvk9OYv4?si=c33294da79674b98>



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The word for each day is taken from Trevor Hudson's *40 words for 40 days Pauses for Lent*.