

## QUARANTINE REFLECTION 11 - Holy Saturday

In the silence of Saturday there is HOPE in the darkness. - Kay Arthur

I gave up trying to go back to sleep this morning and decided to scroll through tv channels, I rapidly gave up on that.

As I lay back down I was aware of the moon shining bright in the sky, slowly disappearing as night became day. The only noise: the eager chatter from my feathered friends as they too woke from their slumber.

I'm never really sure how I, as a Christian, ought to deal with this day, a day of waiting with anticipation for the joy of Easter Morning. I do tend to reflect on those people who I have loved and have died and especially my Mum who was by modern day standards quite young when she died.

I got the phone call from my uncle to inform us that she had died, and I remember at that point not feeling, wanting to, but being unable to feel - perhaps because I just didn't want it to be true. As the day went on and as a family we prepared for the long drive to Scotland (funerals happen fairly quickly there) I remember feeling anger, lots and lots of anger. Why? why did she die? why did God not wait for me to get there to say my own goodbyes? why was the world waking up when a huge part of mine had just gone?. Why were people shopping and travelling? and why were there still people who were obviously older than my mum still walking about? Lots and lots of Whys, but with no real answers.

So while I watched the moon disappear this morning I began to wonder about the loved ones of Jesus on the morning after he had been laid in the borrowed tomb once being taken down from the cross. John's gospel (19: 40-42) tells us that Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus wrapped Jesus' body with spices and linen and placed him in the tomb, this was quite rushed and some rites and traditions wouldn't have happened as the start of the Jewish Sabbath was fast approaching. The loved ones would have gone to their homes or to where they had been staying whilst in the city. How many of those were feeling like the events that they had just witnessed less than 24 hours ago had really happened? how many of them found it difficult to feel anything? how many broke the sabbath rules of doing nothing and kept themselves busy indoors just to stop themselves from thinking?

In the midst of what is happening in the world there will be people who are coping with death, but death in an unprecedented way. The emotions that people will be feeling will understandably be sorrow, but I expect will be wrapped in anger and guilt, because these deaths are so very different from what we are used to.

It seems likely that as the days move on that we will, by the time this crisis is over, know or know of someone who will have been fatally affected by this horrible virus.

We have lost control over how we grieve and say our goodbyes and I think perhaps feel a lot like the friends of family of Jesus may well have felt 2000 years or so ago. The unjust, untimely and far too premature ending of time here on earth will have been as painful and as traumatic for them as for the family and friends of those who have, and will die, from the coronavirus.

We know for all those people there will be no resurrection like there was for Jesus but we, I believe, can take comfort from the assurance that our loved ones are in his presence in Heaven.

"Do not let your hearts be troubled. Trust in God, trust also in me. In my Father's house are many rooms; if it were not so, I would have told you. I AM GOING THERE TO PREPARE A PLACE FOR YOU. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come back and take you to be with me that you also may be where I am." - John 14: 1-3

**1 Peter 4:8**

**Above all, maintain  
constant love for  
one another, for  
love covers a  
multitude of sins.**

