

# Holy Saturday

16.04.2022  
By Janet Foggie

## Introduction

O Jerusalem, beloved Jerusalem, what can I say  
How can I comfort you? No one has ever suffered like this  
Your disaster is boundless as the ocean;  
there is no possible hope

No possible hope,  
For he is dead, dead and in the grave  
He WAS our hope,  
He was to be our Messiah  
Our saviour  
How can it all have gone so wrong?  
O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, within a tomb  
lies dead the hope of the world.  
There in a borrowed grave we laid him  
when the soldiers were finished  
their mocking and their pain.  
Now, God of eternity  
we must turn to you  
Only you can think how to save us  
For we are undone.

Listen to us,  
merciful God  
Listen to our plea

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## Text

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.

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## Response

There is no comment on the text today: it is a day of quiet contemplation, a time between things, a day of silence. Allow for yourself that space for your own response, your inner thinking, your moment between crucifixion and resurrection.

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## Prayer

"O make me thine for ever  
And, should I fainting be,  
Lord, let me never never  
Outlive my love to thee"

God of things outlived, we come this day to the edge of the garden, the entrance of the tomb, we come in silence and reverence, holding our lost moments, lost causes, lost loves as herbs of embalment in our hands, to wrap you in, to let go, to leave here at the grave of all things.

"Be near me, Lord, when dying;  
O show thy cross to me;  
and, my last need supplying,"

God of goodness and grace we come like women to the tomb, bearing all our woes and sorrows, we come with our prayers for those names, and those thoughts for others, we have expressed and those we have not. We ask that you will hear our prayers, which we have cast before you:

[SILENCE]

"Come, Lord, and set me free;  
These eyes, new faith receiving,  
from thee shall never move;"

Keep us grounded in you, firm in our path of discipleship. May we know the strength and security of having a faith embedded in your eternal love.

[SILENCE]

“For they who die believing  
Die safely through thy love.”

[SILENCE]

AMEN

Words from “O Sacred head, sore wounded” by Paul Gerhardt as found at Scottish  
Psalter and Church Hymnary 3rd Edition, number 253

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Season: Lent

Themes: