

8th April 2023 – Holy Saturday

Why?

“As evening approached, there came a rich man from Arimathea, named Joseph, who had himself become a disciple of Jesus. Going to Pilate, he asked for Jesus’ body. Joseph took the body, wrapped it in a clean linen cloth, and placed it in his own new tomb that he had cut out of the rock. He rolled a big stone in front of the entrance to the tomb and went away.”

From Matthew 27

On Holy Saturday, in that waiting space between Good Friday and Easter Day, here’s an imagined conversation between me and Joseph of Arimathea, who offered his tomb to Jesus. I’m still asking “Why?”, and Joseph doesn’t really know. Maybe one day we’ll both have an answer ...

They don’t do it this way back home, you know.

In Arimathea, it’s not what you do.

You keep what you have for yourself, you know,
And treasure the things that are precious to you.

*So, why did you give up the tomb today,
The place they could lay you the day that you die?
Why give up what’s precious to you today?
I don’t understand it, so please tell me ‘Why?’*

I’m not sure I know for myself, you know.
It just seemed the right thing to do for the man.
He shouldn’t have died on the Cross, you know.
I still can’t believe it was part of the plan.

*But why does it matter to you today?
He’s only a man who had stepped out of line.
What’s special that makes you do this today?
What makes him deserving of your precious shrine?*

I don’t understand it myself, you know.
It just seemed the right thing to do when he died.
He’s special to me! That’s enough, you know,
For me to give up what had been set aside.

*I think I’ll stop asking you ‘Why?’ today.
It’s clear that you don’t know for sure what you’ve done.
It looks like I’m stuck with my ‘Why?’ each day,
Still waiting and hoping an answer will come.*

A prayer for today

Waiting ... and hoping ... and wondering ... and believing still. Amen