

Day 46– Holy Saturday

Scripture for Prayer

Stilling: Take a few minutes to become still.

God is Present: God is with you. Ask God to inspire your imagination.

Ask for what you desire. What gift, what grace do you want right now?

Read the passage through.

Identify with a character: Choose one of the people in the story and imagine the scene from their point of view.

Set the Scene: Fill in the details to make the story real for you. Imagine the scenery, the weather, the people. Be aware of how you feel.

Luke 23:50-56 (NRSVA)

Now there was a good and righteous man named Joseph, who, though a member of the council, had not agreed to their plan and action. He came from the Jewish town of Arimathea, and he was waiting expectantly for the kingdom of God. This man went to Pilate and asked for the body of Jesus. Then he took it down, wrapped it in a linen cloth, and laid it in a rock-hewn tomb where no one had ever been laid.

It was the day of Preparation, and the Sabbath was beginning. The women who had come with him from Galilee followed, and they saw the tomb and how his body was laid. Then they returned, and prepared spices and ointments. On the Sabbath they rested according to the commandment.

Conversation: When you come towards the end of your time of prayer, talk to Jesus about what has come up for you.

Or considering the subject matter of today's prayer, you may want to talk with one of the Marys, the beloved disciple, or another of Jesus' followers. Imagine how they might reply.

Prayer: End with a formal prayer, such as the Lord's Prayer/Our Father

Review of Prayer

Notice how you reacted and felt.

Is this saying anything about you, about the way you see others or God?

Did anything surprise you?

Is there anything you need to pray about in future?

Today's Meditation

Pietà

They lifted him down
From the arms of the cross,
And caught his body as it crumpled to earth.
'Make way', said the rich man,
'I've crossed a few palms;
He'll lodge in my tomb, newly hewn.'
But she who had only a womb to offer
Ferreted her way from the back of the crowd,
Through the worthy citizens drifting away,
To cuddle the criminal fruit of her womb
As she cuddled him once in a Bethlehem night.

What lives in your womb, O Mother of failure,
As you crouch in the dust under the Gallows Tree?
Mingle the blood and the water, too,
Make clay with the crimson crumbs of the earth.
And you who've housed creation's maker,
Give birth to a new creation,
Where the powerless and the abandoned poor
Find a kingdom home, which you fashioned with
loved.

Failure is the crucible of love;
It is in the very dross
Of human wretchedness
That the seeds of love and love's fidelity,
Are sown, take root, and come to burst the
frightened earth
Of 'I' and 'you' and 'we',
Because only when there's no reason,
No cause, no debt, no call upon duty
Is love what love is.

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