



Holy Week Reflections

Holy Saturday

Matthew 27:59-60

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.

We associate the wilderness with the beginning of Lent but perhaps it also suggests the emptiness of Holy Saturday.

Walking through this time unlike any other,
our feet are heavy, moving through sand.
We keep going, heads down as we
summon the strength for the next step.

The anxiety and bewilderment,
bereavement and anger,
go on for ever, just like the wilderness.

Heaven itself seems silent as we wait:
as the villages wait, as the communities wait,
for the still small voice.



About these reflections

In January 2019, I was blessed to go on pilgrimage to the Holy Land and to see some of the places where the historical events of Holy Week probably happened. Until I visited, it had never struck me how hard that last week in the city must have been for those essentially rural people. No wonder they walked down the hill from the city and up over the Mount of Olives to the village of Bethany each evening, to be among familiar friends and in a quieter place. No wonder Jesus sought solace and His Father in a garden. Life among stone and brick is hard when trees and soil and water and space are familiar.

Elizabeth Clark (National Rural officer for the Methodist and United Reformed Churches) and I have taken some of the photographs I took on that pilgrimage and reflected on episodes from that last week. These photographs and reflections are what we offer to you now. We are all in unfamiliar territory this week. Our world is changing around us so very quickly. None of us will be quite the same after this experience. We pray that these reflections might help you navigate this challenging Holy Week.

God bless you this Easter.

Revd Claire Maxim, CEO, Arthur Rank Centre

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