

Salt – Light – Hope

reflections and care for those who serve in pandemic
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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.

--Matthew 27: 59-61

The world trembles into darkness of silent mystery, entombed. Through suffering she is powerless to stop, Mary waits, witnessing. We, too, accompany the witness in this liminal, in-between place, wondering in sorrow. Forsaken, for what do we wait? What old self has been crucified with Jesus? What about us belongs in the tomb?

Facing the tomb, we face the transformation of brokenness. So much grief, so much uncertainty, so many memories, so many promises, so much love.

Please pray with me:

Christ, God in human form,

your love is poured out in death.

Hold us in your embrace

as we await Easter's transfigured dawn.

Comfort us with the promise that no power on earth,

not even death itself,

can separate us from your love,
and strengthen us to be patient
for the revelation of your risen glory. Amen.