

Holy Saturday

Poor Holy Saturday,
hung out to dry between
Good Friday's drama
and Easter's miracle.
Not much going for it,
this empty day bereft of tradition,
just an in between time.
A day of waiting around,
a day of thinking we knew.

Welcome home.

This is the day we live most of our life in,
the wide space between tragedy and recovery,
the emptiness between the pain and the healing.

We don't always know we're waiting
for something not in our hands,
that has already happened,
unknowingly included in a procession
toward someone who's already here.
Only later, not on this day, do we know
we're not waiting for a future;
we're watching God unfold.

That is enough.

That is why this day,
drab and ordinary,
is holy.

