

Reflections for Holy Saturday

Read [Matthew 27: 57-66](#). Think and pray about what you have read using the images below.

The cross



“...suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, died and was buried;”

O sacred head, sore wounded,
defied and put to scorn;
O kingly head, surrounded
with mocking crown of thorn:
what sorrow mars thy grandeur?
Can death thy bloom deflower?
O countenance whose splendour
the hosts of heaven adore.

Paul Gerhardt tr. Robert Bridges

Many people consider the Saturday following Good Friday to be a "blank space" in the calendar of Holy Week, but take some time to consider the meaning of the sentence in our Creed:

“He descended to the dead”

and this prayer from Common Worship:

*In the depths of our isolation
we cry to you, Lord God:
give light to our darkness
and bring us out of the prison of our despair;
through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.*

The Harrowing of Hell



Isaiah 63.1-3a,7-9

- 1 Who is this that comes from Edom,
coming from Bozrah, his garments stained
crimson?
- 2 Who is this in glorious apparel,
marching in the greatness of his strength?
- 3 It is I, who announce that right has won the day,
it is I,' says the Lord, 'for I am mighty to save.'
- 4 Why are your robes all red, O Lord,
and your garments like theirs who tread the
winepress?
- 5 I have trodden the winepress alone,
and from the peoples no one was with me.'



- 6 I will recount the gracious deeds of the Lord,
the praises of the Most High;
7 All that God has done for us in his mercy,
by his many acts of love.
8 For God said, 'Surely, they are my people,
my children who will not deal falsely,'
and he became their Saviour in all their distress.
9 So God redeemed them by his love and pity;
he lifted them up and carried them
through all the days of old.

A Stone on the Shore by the Sea of Galilee



On the third day he rose again...

Love's redeeming work is done;
fought the fight, the battle won:
lo, our Sun's eclipse is o'er,
lo he sets in blood no more.

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ has burst the gates of hell;
death in vain forbids his rise;
Christ has opened paradise.

Lives again our glorious King:
where, O death is now thy sting?
dying once, he all doth save;
where thy victory, O grave?

Soar we now where Christ has led,
following our exalted Head;
made like him, like him we rise:
ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

Charles Wesley

Blessed are you, Lord God of all creation,
to you be glory and praise for ever.
Your steadfast love extends to the heavens
and your faithfulness never ceases.
Illuminate our hearts with your wisdom
and strengthen our lives with your word,
for you are the fountain of life;
in your light we see true light. Amen.