It’s Saturday

It’s Saturday.
The tomb is sealed.
The guards are in position.
The sheep are scattered.
The light is gone.

There is nothing more than silence on the other end. These are the times when we look back and replay all our errors and missed opportunities. The words we should have said… The swords we should or should not have drawn. The flood of memories that we created. The feasts we should have savored at the time but were consumed by petty thoughts and motives that, on Saturday, seem so obtuse.

On Saturday we don’t have answers. On Saturday we feel lost and duped. On Saturday we wonder if the loaves and fish were some sort of slight of hand and that lepers were not lepers after all.

But most of all, on Saturday, we just miss him. We wish we could see him laughing, telling stories, loving us unconditionally. On Saturday we pull out his clothes just for a last scent of the Divine.

On Saturday, we don’t want to be around people that remind us of Him. On Saturday we long for one more embrace, one more story, even one more rebuke. Saturday– the day of emptiness, anger, and questions.

It’s Saturday.

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