

Holy Saturday St. David's Episcopal Church 4/11/2020 (Sheri Blume)

I don't know about you, but this last month, has felt very much like one long Holy Saturday. We, like the disciples after Good Friday, are cut off from what is familiar; gathering in church, Eucharist, all of our usual Holy Week services. There is fear, anxiety, sickness, and even death.

With so much uncertainty, this situation that we're in now feels so large. I imagine Jesus' disciples felt the same. We're all just trying to survive. Everything feels broken, and I am powerless to fix any of it. In the midst of all this brokenness, I find comfort in John's gospel account of Jesus burial and the actions of Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus. Joseph and Nicodemus, men of privilege, secured Jesus' body, anointed it for burial, and laid him in the tomb. Without these two men, we wouldn't have the occupied tomb. They performed a necessary action. And yet, it wasn't some huge, grand gesture. He didn't raise an army and lead a revolution. Yet it was necessary and important. It was an act of kindness.

Funerals are like that. Full of small moments that take on larger significance. When my husband's grandfather died over a decade ago, the family went to the funeral home to prepare his body for the funeral. At some point, someone realized that they had the suit, and shoes, but no one had brought any socks. The funeral was an open casket and so, socks were important. Bill's dad, thinking quickly, took off his socks and gave them to the funeral home. We laughed about the whole weekend, because Bill's dad and grandfather didn't exactly get along. Even now, my husband and I chuckle about it. It was also a sweet memory. A selfless act much like Joseph and Nicodemus.

Small acts of kindness. This is our guide for the times in which we find ourselves. We can't fix everything. We can't cure COVID-19, we can't save all those dying from it. We can't save all those who have lost jobs, or homes, or security. But we can do something. Donate to a food bank. Take a moment to say a kind word to the grocery store cashier. Write a note to your mail carrier and slip it in the box. There are so many small ways we can live out Jesus' command to love our neighbor.

These small gestures are more important now as we live through this time of Holy Saturday, our empty churches like occupied tombs where Jesus' body rests. Without knowing when our quarantine will end, these small acts can carry us from one moment to the next, and when we can finally come together again, we can remember these necessary moments, and maybe even share a laugh about missing socks.