Holy Saturday

Gospel text ( ):

The death of Christ

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Today silence reigns in all of creation: Jesus is dead in the tomb. There are no Celebrations in Catholic Churches: God, the Creator, really has died of his creatures. Mystery of mysteries! Before which we should prostrate ourselves in adoration and submission.

In Bethlehem, God is swaddling clothes, in The garden of Olives, God stressed, so much so as to sweat blood; in Jerusalem, God judged, scourged and crowned with thorns; and on the cross God died. To love one most loose oneself: God, the hour arrives, willingly, lost his life for us. Never has any other religion thought such a fact. There are no other "Gods" so madly in love as Jesus Christ.

—Holy Mary, mother of suffering: Forgive us. You looked after Jesus for more than thirty years. But when he falls into the hands of men, He barely survived for more than twelve hours. Now miraculously, we have him —He suffered, died and has risen from the dead— in the Eucharist. My life will be dedicated to looking after him!