

The essence of the wilderness is that one is exposed to the silence of God.

What has Jesus been doing since Easter 2020

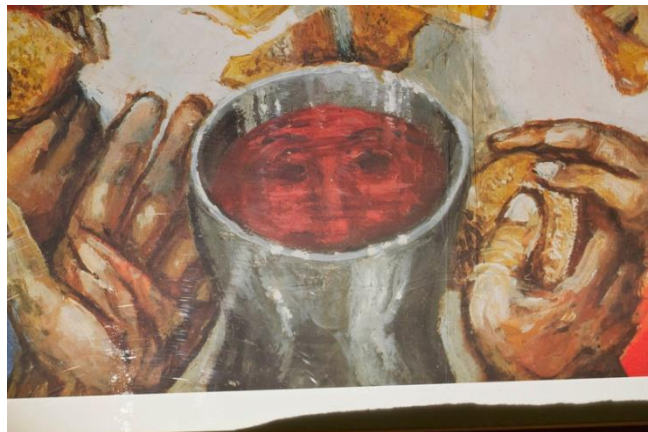
Jesus has been revealing nothing of his personal feeling or private thoughts. It is as though he is silent.

Then in an unexpected moment comes a spontaneous gesture. With it an insight into the spirit of the Saviour. We now see what he's been going in the solitude of his inner self.

Jesus laid open to the world. His head and hands arranged on the cross beam. His eyes are shut. The wood beneath him might seem like a pillow.

In the middle of his agony, a woman rushes over. She kneels by the figure of Jesus and offers him a drink. Those watching see her merciful ritual. An act to ease the torment. She is offering him myrrh, a narcotic.

He shakes his head. He will not drink from her cup. He will in no way dull his senses or ease the pain.



In the silence His spirit drinks from the cup the Father would not remove from him. Swallow by swallow. Tasting the pain.

We can trust Christ's silence. For He is suffering with us. Sensitive to every terrible thorn and cut and scornful slur. Christ endures our pain for a love lived out on the cross. Sealed in the tomb. The same love that enables lives to be transformed.



The Easter story belongs in every attempt to connect to Christ's passion. To somehow know our moments of emptiness are embraced with Christ's out stretched arms. Receiving everything. Drawing us towards peace.

O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go

O Love that wilt not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in Thee;
I give Thee back the life I owe,
That in Thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.



O light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to Thee;
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be.

O joy that sleekest me through the pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
and feel the promise is not vain,
that morn shall tearless be.

O cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from Thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
and from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

George Matheson.

We pray,

Loving God, lead us from our wilderness.
Into the garden of Gethsemane.
Bring us to stand at the foot of the cross.
In this place touch our cross-shadow and resurrection light.
Set us on new paths that belong to expectant hope.
Restore us to new life with renewed joy.
Amen.

Jackie