

Before Easter: A Meditation for Holy Saturday

Based on Job 14

Our days are few
but overflow with trouble.
We are as frail as flowers and as
fleeting as shadows,
yet You make sure of one thing:
You open our eyes and
make us look straight into Your face.
You make sure we realize
just how much we have displeased You.

But God,
who can make something pure out of what is thoroughly unclean?
No one!

You set a strict limit on the length of our lives, and
You keep watch that none of us gets beyond our number.
Why can't You ease up on us?
We are only people hired by the hour,
anxiously, wearily watching the clock,
longing for quitting time.

Almighty God, look at us!
Even a tree has hope of coming back to life.
It can be cut down and seem totally dead
yet still revive.

But we die and just lie there.
We will never move again,
till the end of time.

We are simply, totally gone...
forever.

And what do You do?
You carefully preserve the complete record of all our wrongs
as if it were precious to You,
but you let everything else crumble away into
darkness and
meaninglessness.

O Lord God, send me down into death if You must.
But at some point,
a point that You choose,
remember me.

After all, I am the work of Your own hands.
 You made me from Yourself.
Call to me!
Call to me in this place of death,
 and I will answer You.
Call to me, Lord!
My only hope is in You.

Hymn: [Life Is Brief and Full of Trouble](#)

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