

IT MAY BE “NDUTU SATURDAY” TODAY, BUT ... “SUNDAY” DEY CAM!!

Good **FRIDAY** deserves all the attention it gets as the day our Lord Jesus paid the price for our sins and, as far as Easter **SUNDAY** is concerned, if it weren't for Christ's resurrection, then, as Paul says, our faith would be in vain:

And if Christ has not been raised, our preaching is useless and so is your faith. (1 Corinthians 15:4)

That takes care of **FRIDAY** and **SUNDAY**, so how for **SATURDAY** nah??!! In fact, come to think of it, I know people named “**FRIDAY**” and “**SUNDAY**” but me ah neva ever hear of a “**SATURDAY**” oh! I do not know the reason for this “aversion” to Saturday but if we put a “Holy/Passion Week” spin to it, then maybe we would not be surprised!

To start with, absolutely **NOTHING** was “Good” about that very first Good Friday oh! A good, innocent man was condemned after a sham of a trial, tortured unbearably, humiliated and crucified, having been handed over to his oppressors by one of his own followers! Clearly and understandably then, that “terrible” Friday only came to be labeled “**GOOD**” in hindsight, when it was understood that the **AGONY** Christ went through on that day was for our good.

Now, let's look at “the day in between” – **SATURDAY**. First thing to note is that most – if not all that I am about to say is going to be “put 2 and 2 together **CONJECTURE**”, because the Bible itself – again understandably, doesn't offer much. Saturday for Jews was the Sabbath Day, so traditionally, as well as from a religious stand point, all activity ceased in observance of the Holy Day. Consequently, even though Compassionate Joseph of Arimathea had begged for, obtained and buried Jesus in his own tomb on **FRIDAY**, it was a hurry-hurry affair, which is why it was only on **SUNDAY** Morning that those dear, bold women headed to Jesus' tomb to anoint/embalm his body, not having had the chance or time to do so before Sun down on Friday when the Sabbath began.

On the strength of what is meticulously recorded in all 4 gospels about Jesus' 3 year ministry in general and about the grim, gory and gloomy events that transpired on Holy Thursday and Good Friday in particular, I will go ahead and paint what I consider a **REALISTIC** picture of the state of affairs in “The Jesus Camp” on **NDUTU SATURDAY**:

- **JUDAS**, their companion and treasurer for 3 years – who had just eaten from the same pan with them on Thursday night, has hung himself after betraying their Lord and Master! (Mbahluck!)

- **PETER** is playing over the events of the last 2 days in his mind, and trying to blot out the burned-into-his-brain image of the now dead Jesus' eyes, as HE, (Jesus), turned and **LOOKED** at him. Remember; they did not just have a Master-Follower relationship oh! They were **FRIENDS**! Just re-read this bit of scripture, and put yourself in Peter's place:

*60 Peter replied, “Man, I don't know what you're talking about!” Just as he was speaking, the rooster crowed. 61 **The Lord turned and looked straight at Peter.** Then Peter remembered the word the Lord had spoken to him: “Before the rooster crows today, you will disown me three times.” 62 **And he went outside and wept bitterly.** (Wah!)*

- THE DISCIPLES AS A GROUP have lost not just their MASTER but their sleep-chop-preach togethah COMPANION – and in such a brutal and tragic way, when just less than a week prior, they had all been dancing into town with him, waving palm branches and shouting “Hosanna”; Talk about an emotional roller coaster of an ANTI Climax!! Remember, this is a man they had abandoned their careers – fishing, tax collecting, etc. and Families to follow!! To think that he had BEGGED them – Peter, James & John especially, to stay awake and pray with Him and they had failed to comply, must have been eating them up inside. And then, we have to add FEAR to the equation. Jesus has been arrested, tried, condemned and killed for a doctrine that they had espoused and helped spread, so it stood to reason that they would likely be next. (Hmm!) (By the way, isn't it that fear that made Peter deny kwata-kwata that he even knew Jesus when a mere servant girl identified him as one of Jesus' followers?)

- MARY – already a widow at this time, has just watched her first son suffer and die at age 33, in the most humiliating, painful, grueling and heartbreaking of ways! She must have been hearing the sound of those nails being hammered into his flesh, hearing his painful & strained groans, hearing Him beg for water, and remember her inability to help this man who once was an infant she had birthed and nursed! (Ah té!)

If we take a minute and put ourselves in the shoes of these men and women, we would be hard pressed to find too many situations in our own lives that quite measure up in terms of emotional distress, pain and heartache. Understandably, there is little ANYONE could have said to them on that SATURDAY, that would have consoled them, just as there is very little – if anything at all, that anyone can tell us THE DAY AFTER WE HAVE BURIED A LOVED ONE (which is when all the preparation-for-burial “busy body” is over and harsh reality has set in), that would quite help, - especially when, like in Jesus' case, the death comes as a shock, is bloody and brutal, the person passes away in their prime, and is survived by their parent(s). De condition achi extremely critical that Saturday, BUT THEN, ALONG CAME SUNDAY!!! JESUS did overcome death and rise triumphantly and victoriously!!!

DEATH, SEPERATION, FEAR, REMORSE, BITTERNESS, & GUILT are no joke, and are definitely NOT easy to cope or deal with, especially when we are “in the throes”, literally writhing with the pain, and beaten down - even crippled by it. May God give us the GRACE to remember that our Sorrow only lasts for a while, because JOY will come in the morning. For many of us, the “noise of battle” is deafening right now; May God give us the GRACE to believe and trust that tomorrow's “VICTORS' SONG” will be louder and sweeter.

So, as we sing the “O COME AND MOURN WITH ME AWHILE” hymn, in commemoration of Our Lord's Sacrificial death, may we not forget that HOPE-INSPIRING and COMFORTING word that the hymn's author, Frederick William Faber, wisely and truthfully included at the end of the phrase, namely: “**AWHILE**”!! It sure qualifies and tempers what our suffering, sorrow and mourning as Christians is like: It is TEMPORARY; TRANSIENT; IT TOO WILL PASS!!

So be strong and of good courage in the midst of your “NDUTU SATURDAY”, irrespective of what shape or form it has packaged itself and landed at your doorstep; **TIE HEART DASSOH; “SUNDAY” DEY FOR ROAD DEY CAM!!**

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