

The Quiet Stillness of Holy Saturday

By Rick McKinney, 2026

The wind had ceased its blowing. The rain had ceased its pouring.

The angels had ceased their singing. The lambs had ceased their baying.

The pilgrims had ceased their traveling. The cattle had ceased their mewing.

The disciples had ceased their running. The dogs had ceased their barking.

The women had ceased their weeping. The birds had ceased their warbling.

The Sandedrin had ceased its scheming. The crickets had ceased their chirping.

The tomb guards had ceased their griping. The brook had ceased its gurgling.

All was quiet. And it was as if all angels and all people and all creatures and all nature had been hushed and all were watching and all were waiting for the dawn of that new day.