

EASTER TRIDUUM 2025

There's a kind of familiar, comforting chronology to the Triduum.

- The gathering around a table in celebration with Jesus who cares for everyone ensuring they're fed in kind and in spirit. Showing them how to live. A gathering though, with portend of betrayal and tragedy.
- Crucifixion. The hubbub of the crowd. Leaders swayed by the throng. Unconscionable suffering. Moments of unbridled compassion. Fear. Denial. Acceptance. Crucifixion.
- Resurrection. New life. Tragedy, evil, trauma do not have the last word after all. Hope prevails. Life is good.

Familiar. We know the story.

Comforting. It ends well.

The chronology is deceiving though. Because it's not always like that in the reality of our everyday lives. 1.2.3. Episode over. And onwards we go to the next one.

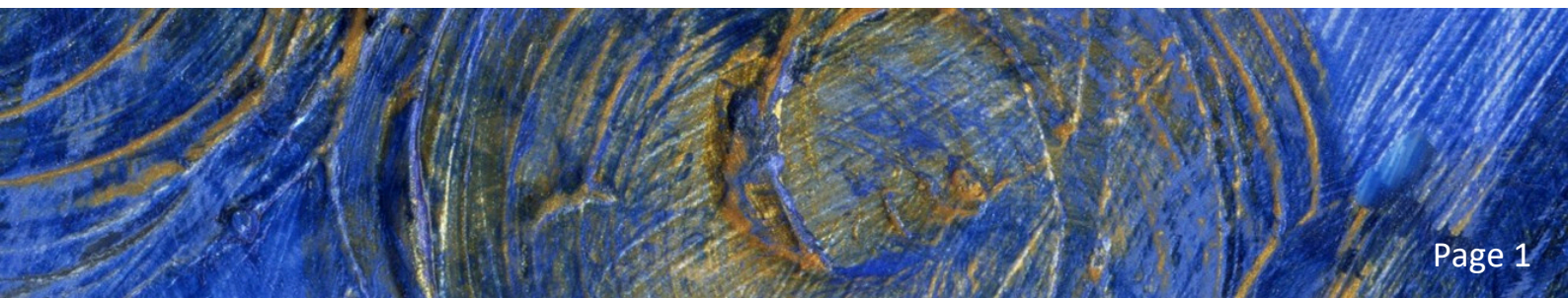
Truth is we mostly live the whole story all at once. And often in multiple simultaneous iterations.

In the midst of celebration, we can feel a niggle of pain or anxiety because our experience of life tells us that it won't always be like this. Still, we party on, strengthened by shared bonds that propel us into readiness for whatever unfolds. We are inspired to live life anew.

In the midst of a world that bombards us with slogans, attention grabbing headlines, quick solutions to real and imagined problems, where truth is suppressed into overly simplified instant fixes, we can be swayed. Swayed to think and act in ways that deny life. Swayed to step aside, to share empathy and compassion.

In the midst of grief, we can experience deep gratitude for what was. Through our tears we can feel loss and we can feel nearness, almost as if we are touching eternity. We can be inspired to live life anew.

We live the Triduum all at once.



Richard Rohr quotes Rosemerry Wahtola Trommer in the epigraph to his latest book, *The Tears of Things**:

I want a word that means
okay and not okay,
more than that: a word that means
devastated and stunned with joy.
I want a word that says
I feel it all at once.

As we live the wholeness of the Triduum we come to glimpse the mystery, the wonder, the meaning, the hope of Easter.

the churning of opposite feelings
weaves through us like an insistent breeze
leads us wordlessly deeper into ourselves,
blesses us with paradox
so we might walk more openly
into this world so rife with devastation,
this world so rife with joy.

*Rosemerry Wahtola Trommer, "For When People Ask," in *All the Honey: Poems* (n.p.: Samara Press, 2023), 39. In Richard Rohr, *The Tears of Things: Prophetic Wisdom for an Age of Outrage* (Convergent, 2025).

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