

13 When You Don't Know Sunday Is Coming

April 03, 2026 (Good Friday)

Why We Call It "Good" Friday

Today is Good Friday.

The day we remember the crucifixion of Jesus.

The day they drove nails through His hands and feet. The day they lifted Him up on a cross to die. The day the sky went dark and the earth shook and Jesus cried out, "My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?"

It doesn't sound good at all.

It sounds horrific.

So why do we call it "good"?

Because of what it accomplished.

The payment for sin. The bridge between God and humanity. The sacrifice that makes salvation possible.

Friday was necessary for Sunday to happen.

We call it "good" not because of what we see - the suffering, the blood, the death - but because of what we can't see yet: the resurrection that's coming.

But the disciples didn't know that.

On Friday, all they saw was the end.

Maybe You're Living in Friday

Maybe you're there right now.

My wife and I are currently caring for a loved one who is at the natural end of their life. Their body is shutting down. The situation is terminal.

It's not easy.

It has created challenges for both of us and our children. It affects the whole family. And beyond.

Watching someone you love die - even when it's the natural end of a long life - feels like Friday.

Maybe you're in a similar place.

Maybe you just got a diagnosis you weren't expecting.

Maybe you lost someone you thought you'd have more time with.

Maybe your marriage fell apart. Your job disappeared. Your dreams shattered.

Maybe you're standing in the rubble of what used to be your life, wondering how you're going to survive this.

But here's the honest truth that's difficult to admit but supported by scripture:

Sometimes healing and wholeness do not come on this side of heaven.

Sometimes the Father's will is not physical healing.

Sometimes the answer to our prayers is "not here, but there."

Not now, but then.

Not on earth, but in eternity.

And that feels like Friday.

It feels like the end.

But here's what I need you to hear:

Sunday is coming.

Even when you can't see it.

Even when you don't believe it.

Even when everyone around you has lost hope.

Sunday is still coming.

The Worst Friday in History

Let's go back to that day.

The day they crucified Jesus.

The disciples had followed Him for three years. They'd watched Him heal the sick, raise the dead, feed thousands with a few loaves and fish. They'd seen Him walk on water and calm storms with His voice.

They believed He was the Messiah.

The one who would deliver Israel.

The one who would restore the kingdom.

The one who would change everything.

And then Friday came.

They arrested Him. Mocked Him. Beat Him. Drove nails through His hands and feet. Lifted Him up on a cross to die.

And the disciples watched.

Some from a distance. Some closer. But they all watched their hope die.

Jesus had told them this would happen.

Multiple times.

Matthew 16:21 says He told them He "must be killed and on the third day be raised to life."

Mark 9:31 records Him saying, "They will kill him, and after three days he will rise." Matthew 20:19 says, "On the third day he will be raised to life!"

He told them over and over.

But when Friday came, they forgot.

Or maybe they just didn't understand.

Because when you're standing in the horror of the moment, theology doesn't help much.

All they knew was: **their world had been turned upside down.**

The One they'd believed in was dead.

The hope they'd carried for three years was gone.

And they had no idea what to do next.

Saturday: The Day Nobody Talks About

We talk about Good Friday.

We celebrate Easter Sunday.

But we rarely talk about Saturday.

The day in between.

The day when Jesus was in the tomb and the disciples were in despair.

The day when everything felt hopeless.

The day when nobody - **nobody** - believed Sunday was coming.

Think about that.

These were the people who'd walked with Jesus. Who'd seen His miracles. Who'd heard His teaching.

These were the most devout followers.

And not one of them - **not one** - woke up Saturday morning and said, "Don't worry, everyone. He told us He'd rise again. Sunday's coming. Just wait."

Nobody said that.

Instead, they wallowed in misery.

They hid behind locked doors "for fear" (John 20:19, NIV).

When the women came Sunday morning and said the tomb was empty, the disciples didn't believe them. Luke 24:11 says their words "seemed to them like idle tales."

Even after the resurrection, when Jesus appeared to the two men on the road to Emmaus, they said:

"But we had hoped that he was the one to redeem Israel." (Luke 24:21, NIV)

Had hoped.

Past tense.

Their hope was dead.

Not One Person Had Faith

Let that really sink in for a moment:

The gospels do not record anyone - ANYONE - who had faith that Sunday was coming.

Not Peter. Not John. Not Mary. Not any of the disciples.

Not even His mother.

They all thought it was over.

Jesus had told them. Over and over. "I will be crucified, and on the third day I will rise again."

But when Friday came, they forgot.

When Saturday came, they despaired.

When Sunday came, they didn't believe the news.

If the people who walked with Jesus, who saw His miracles, who heard His promises firsthand couldn't grasp that Sunday was coming - why are we surprised when we don't understand the Father's will either?

We beat ourselves up for doubting.

We feel ashamed when we can't see how God is going to work things out.

We think we should have more faith. Stronger faith. Better faith.

But the disciples - the ones who were **there** - didn't have that faith either.

They thought Friday was the end.

They didn't realize Sunday was coming.

The Cry from the Cross

Even Jesus felt it.

Even He experienced that moment of absolute darkness.

On the cross, He cried out:

"My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?" (Matthew 27:46, NIV)

Jesus - fully God and fully man - felt abandoned.

If He felt that, we shouldn't be surprised when we feel it too.

Friday is real.

The pain is real.

The darkness is real.

The sense of abandonment is real.

But it's not the end.

What If There's No Sunday?

Paul addressed this head-on in 1 Corinthians 15:

"And if Christ has not been raised, our preaching is useless and so is your faith. More than that, we are then found to be false witnesses about God, for we have testified about God that he raised Christ from the dead... And if Christ has not been raised, your faith is futile; you are still in your sins. Then those also who have fallen asleep in Christ are lost. If only for this life we have hope in Christ, we are of all people most to be pitied." (1 Corinthians 15:14-19, NIV)

Translation:

If there's no Sunday, we're idiots.

If Jesus didn't rise from the dead, this whole thing is a waste.

We're believing a lie. We're wasting our lives. We're to be pitied more than anyone.

But Christ HAS been raised.

The tomb is empty.

Death is defeated.

Sunday came.

And that changes **everything**.

Two Ways to Live

You have a choice in how you respond to Friday.

Option 1: Live in the shock and despair.

Build your castle higher. Shut the doors. Raise the drawbridge. Widen the moat.

Isolate yourself in your pain.

Blame God for what happened. Blame others. Blame yourself.

Create walls to protect yourself from ever being hurt like this again.

Live in disillusionment. Doubt. Fear. Hopelessness. Bitterness. Anger. Despair.

This is what the disciples did on Saturday.

They hid. They locked the doors. They gave up.

Option 2: Live with the hope that Sunday is coming.

Even when you can't see it.

Even when you don't feel it.

Even when everyone around you says it's over.

Choose to believe that **death cannot hold the God of the universe**.

The God who formed every galaxy. Every star. Every planet.

The God who created every plant. Every creature. Every human made in His image.

The God who holds together every atom and every force in creation.

That God cannot be stopped by a tomb.

Sunday Morning: The Chains Break

On Sunday morning, Jesus broke the chains of death.

Not for Himself.

For us.

We are the captives.

We're the ones held in bondage to sin and death.

We're the ones who needed setting free.

And Jesus went to the cross to do exactly that.

He didn't stay dead because He couldn't.

He stayed dead for three days because that's how long it took to complete the work.

Friday: the payment for sin.

Saturday: the waiting.

Sunday: the victory.

When the stone was rolled away, it wasn't so Jesus could get out.

It was so we could see in.

The tomb was empty.

Death was defeated.

Victory was won.

The Best Sunday

Here's the hope of Easter:

There is life beyond this life.

Not just existence.

Not just floating around as spirits, strumming harps on clouds.

Resurrection life.

Jesus didn't come back as a ghost.

He came back with a body. He ate fish. He walked. He talked. He let Thomas touch His wounds.

Resurrection means we get bodies again.

Whole bodies.

Healed bodies.

Bodies that don't get sick. Don't break down. Don't wear out.

Bodies fit for eternity.

This isn't all there is.

And that's the hope we have because of Sunday.

Maybe you just got news that your body is dying.

Terminal diagnosis. Months, not years. Or maybe like us, you're watching a loved one's body shut down at the natural end of a long life - or maybe it's too soon.

And you're wondering: **does Sunday matter when death is coming anyway?**

Here's what I want you to consider:

Your physical body is temporary.

It always was.

From the moment you were born, your body began the process of aging. Breaking down. Wearing out.

That's just the reality of living in a fallen world.

But your soul?

That's eternal.

And Sunday proves that death is not the end of you.

It's just the end of this version of you.

The resurrection body is coming.

Whole. Healed. Eternal.

Paul wrote:

"Where, O death, is your victory? Where, O death, is your sting? The sting of death is sin, and the power of sin is the law. But thanks be to God! He gives us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." (1 Corinthians 15:55-57, NIV)

Death has no sting.

Not because it doesn't hurt.

It does.

But because it doesn't win.

The writer of Hebrews tells us why:

"Since the children have flesh and blood, he too shared in their humanity so that by his death he might break the power of him who holds the power of death—that is, the devil—and free those who all their lives were held in slavery by their fear of death." (Hebrews 2:14-15, NIV)

Jesus broke the power of death.

He freed us from the fear of it.

We do not have to be afraid of death.

Not because it's not real.

Not because it doesn't hurt.

But because it doesn't have the final word.

Your body may die.

But you?

You will live.

The Best Sunday Ever

I cannot think of anything more glorious and hopeful than to rest in the knowledge that when I die - that is not the end.

Oh no.

It is just the beginning.

We cannot begin to fathom eternity.

We try. We use words like "forever" and "always" and "never-ending."

But we don't really grasp it.

Because everything we know has an end.

Jobs end. Relationships end. Seasons end. Lives end.

But eternity doesn't.

Because of Sunday, we don't have to wonder anymore.

We know without a doubt.

Death is not the end.

The grave is not the final word.

Friday doesn't get to win.

So Where Are You Living?

Are you living your life with the shock that all your expectations and hopes were just dashed?

Maybe by a diagnosis.

Maybe by news that has taken you to a place similar to where the followers of Jesus were before Sunday.

A place of disillusionment.

Doubt.

Fear.

Hopelessness.

Despair.

Anger.

Bitterness.

Or are you living with the hope that Sunday is coming?

One way of thinking leads you right back into your castle.

Shutting doors.

Building walls.

Creating greater isolation because of the wrongs that have been committed against you - either by others or by God.

The other way of thinking leads you to hope.

To trust.

To the belief that even if healing and wholeness don't come on this side of heaven, they're coming on the other side.

And the other side is far greater glory than we can ever experience here.

It wasn't really over

The followers of Jesus thought it was over.

They didn't understand.

They didn't have faith.

They didn't encourage each other to hold on because something far greater was coming.

Jesus was crucified and buried.

That was the end in their minds.

What now?

But Sunday was coming.

And they had no idea what was about to happen.

The stone rolled away.

The tomb empty.

The grave clothes folded.

Angels declaring: **"He is not here. He has risen."**

And everything changed.

Their despair turned to joy.

Their fear turned to boldness.

Their hiding turned to proclamation.

All because Sunday came.

Choose Jesus. Choose Life.

So I encourage you to choose Jesus and choose life.

Even if it's the Father's will to take you home sooner than you hoped.

Even if the diagnosis is terminal.

Even if the body is shutting down.

That's okay.

Because on the other side is far greater glory than we can ever experience here.

You don't have to live in Friday's despair.

You don't have to stay locked in Saturday's darkness.

Sunday is coming.

It came 2,000 years ago when Jesus walked out of that tomb.

And it's coming for you.

Maybe not today.

Maybe not this year.

But it's coming.

And when it does, all the pain, all the suffering, all the waiting, all the unanswered questions - they'll make sense.

Or maybe they won't need to.

Because you'll be home.

Whole.

Healed.

With Him.

Forever.

Sunday Is Coming

Today is Good Friday.

We remember the cross.

We remember the suffering.

We remember the darkness.

But we don't stay there.

Because in two days, we'll celebrate the empty tomb.

In two days, we'll proclaim: **He is risen!**

In two days, we'll sing songs of victory.

But even today - on Friday - we have hope.

Not because Friday is easy.

But because Sunday is coming.

For the disciples 2,000 years ago.

For you.

For me.

Today.

For everyone who chooses to believe.

Sunday is coming.

If you're struggling:

- Christian Faith-Based Resources: <https://mentalhealthhotline.org/christian-faith-resources/> or call 1-866-903-3787 (24/7)
- Crisis Text Line: Text HOME to 741741
- National Suicide Prevention Lifeline: 988 (call or text)

You matter. Your life matters. And Sunday is coming. Please stay.

William James Meyer is the author of "Do You Live in a Castle? Breaking Free from the Walls That Hold You Hostage." He writes from a Christian perspective as someone who's learning to trust that Sunday is coming even when Friday feels endless.

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