



***SIGHT,
SOUND AND
SILENCE: STILL LENT***

***Devotion for Friday,
March 22, 2019***

Lament Psalm Thirty-two

By Ann Weems

O God, explain to me
the cruelty of your world!

Make sense of those
who make no sense!

Tell me why the innocent die,
and evil people live
to kill again!

Tell me why the faithful
are shunned,
and the self-righteous
point their fingers!

Tell me why the wounded
are wounded,
and sorrow falls
on the shoulder of sorrow!

Tell me why the abused
are abused,
and the victims
victimized!

Tell me why the rains
come to the drowning,
and aftershocks
follow earthquakes.

O God, is this any way
to run a world?

O Merciful One, let us rest
between tragedies!

Speak to us
for we are your people.
Speak to us of hope
for the hopeless
and love for the unloved
and homes for the homeless
and dignity for the dying
and respect for the disdained.

Speak to us, O God,
of the Resurrected One!
Speak to us of hope,
for in spite of
the tidal wave of tears,
we remember your story
of new life!

Tell the world again,
O God of creation!
Tell us that winter will fade,
and spring will wash us new,
and the world will green again,
and we will be new creations
in the garden of our God.
Free us from these tentacles
of sorrow,
and we will fall on our faces
and worship you,
O God of goodness,
O God of a new green world!

~Ann Weems, *Psalms of Lament*

Westminster John Knox Press, 1995

2 Corinthians 4:5-12

For we do not proclaim ourselves; we proclaim Jesus Christ as Lord and ourselves as your slaves for Jesus' sake. For it is the God who said, "Let light shine out of darkness," who has shone in our hearts to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.

But we have this treasure in clay jars, so that it may be made clear that this extraordinary power belongs to God and does not come from us. We are afflicted in every way, but not crushed; perplexed, but not driven to despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; struck down, but not destroyed; always carrying in the body the death of Jesus, so that the life of Jesus may also be made visible in our bodies. For while we live, we are always being given up to death for Jesus' sake, so that the life of Jesus may be made visible in our mortal flesh. So death is at work in us, but life in you.

Prayer:

O Lord, with mindfulness and humility,
we continue to travel along our Lenten journey,
to take steps with you toward the cross.
It is a path we would rather avoid,
through a wilderness fraught with obstacles and temptations,
often of our own making.
It is a journey which produces uncertainty and doubt and fear.
It is a season of introspection which may
bring to light more of ourselves
than we would care to reveal or acknowledge.
So we marked ourselves with the emblem
of our mortality and sinfulness, holding fast to the hope
that out of dust you create life,
out of suffering you bring redemption,
out of death you call forth life.
And we seek your presence,
welcomed not as strangers or guests,
but embraced as your beloved children,
filled with the abundance of your goodness and mercy.
We walk this road with you as our guide
and with our brothers and sisters as companions,
clothed in your promises and nourished by your grace.
Give us, we pray, strength and courage enough for this day,
and hope for all our days to come,
through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

~Elizabeth Edwards