

OCT 9

WEDNESDAY | ORDINARY TIME

“If I forget you, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget how to play the harp. May my tongue stick to the roof of my mouth if I fail to remember you, if I don't make Jerusalem my greatest joy.” Psalms 137:5-6 NLT

[lectio] // PSALM 137

listen to the text by reading out loud slowly and repeat up to 3x if desired

What do you do when your home is destroyed along with all the memories and memorabilia? What's it like to live in a constant state of slavery and bondage? Israel experienced that nationwide! A whole country of raw feelings and broken dreams of yesterday. No hope, no future, no joy and no peace. When you're trapped and living turns into existing - you try to hang on to the past. I wonder what got some of the folks THROUGH the concentration camps under Hitler's reign of terror? Was it reflecting on the past or hanging on a thin thread of hope in the future. The Psalmist does not hide his feelings of hatred, he writes them down for all of humanity to see. “Happy is the one who takes your babies and smashes them against the rocks!” When I see someone who has been through, lived through such unimaginable pain and suffering, I am reminded just how much hatred is left as a residue of their journey. There was much pain and much deep sorrow in Israel's seventy year (a lifetime) punishment. How does a country, a people - families come back after such an extended travesty?

[oratio]

Dad,

I know nothing about being enslaved. I know nothing about a lifetime of pain, shame and brokenness. I see my earlier fifteen years under such chaos and it does not compare. Yes, it was my childhood. Yes, it was my earliest formative years. But you collided with my misery and brought love, transformation and freedom. I know nothing about this long journey of suffering. But I know people who have to live in it everyday. They rise and collapse with one consistently- suffering. How can I bring hope? How can I be an ambassador of hope to those who suffer continually?

[contemplatio]

rest in the presence of God, allowing the words revealed to take root