

“As the deer longs for streams of water, so I long for you, O God. I thirst for God, the living God. When can I go and stand before him? My heart is breaking as I remember how it used to be... Psalms 42:1-2, 4

[lectio] // PSALM 42

Two things immediately speak to me. One, this idea of longing. This longing for God's presence, his voice. This desperation to get to that place where you can spend time before and with God. This is powerful in the psalms. Two, David's (and his advisors) honesty of thought and emotion. The ability to speak and sit in the misery we feel or the disorder and chaos we see. I see, hear and feel too much. I read a story, I hear a need and I am grieved. I cannot carry these things, I am not meant to carry these things. Others share stories to feel connected to a larger world, a familiar thread of community through news. But I, I grieve and ponder. I ask questions and deeply feel the a couple's loss of a child or a single mother struggling to keep their family together or a friend who just keeps getting hit with bad news. The psalmist's wound is what used to be, I get that too. Remembering the days that God was big and life was grand. Remembering when family and community were in sync with the flow of favor and everything felt easier and beautiful. Who wouldn't want to go back to then? But everyone knows WE CANNOT. Something ominous about God is that he is always working, moving, calling us forward. It is NOT forward for him. The past, present and future are all NOW. We face memories of past and wishes for future. God is now.

[oratio]

pray as responding to the words, phrase, sentence that God has stirred within you

Dad,
I've got to be honest, I am not thrilled to go forward. I push myself and my faith because I know the fear of slipping into doing NOTHING is so real for me. I do not want to be a quitter on myself or the process of what you have called me to participate in. As my Dad, you have ALWAYS called me forward! You have always dragged me into a place of change and growth, knowing that I would not have chosen it. I am comforted by knowing you are with me, but it is still uncomfortable. I am restored by the sacred moments I spend hearing you, feeling your love and receiving just enough encouragement and confidence to edge forward a little more.

[contemplatio]

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