

June 11, 2017

First Reading ~ *Psalm 139:13-18*

You made all the delicate, inner parts of my body
and knit me together in my mother's womb.

Thank you for making me so wonderfully complex!
Your workmanship is marvelous—how well I know it.

You watched me as I was being formed in utter seclusion,
as I was woven together in the dark of the womb.

You saw me before I was born.
Every day of my life was recorded in your book.

Every moment was laid out
before a single day had passed.

How precious are your thoughts about me, O God.
They cannot be numbered!

I can't even count them;
they outnumber the grains of sand!

And when I wake up,
you are still with me!

Second Reading ~ adapted from Dr. Maya Angelou in "Still I Rise"

You may write me down in history with your bitter, twisted lies, You may trod me in the
very dirt but still, like dust, I'll rise.

Does my sassiness upset you? Why are you beset with gloom? 'Cause I walk like I've
got oil wells pumping in my living room.

Just like moons and like suns, with the certainty of tides, Just like hopes springing high,
Still I'll rise.

Did you want to see me broken? Bowed head and lowered eyes? Shoulders falling down
like teardrops, Weakened by my soulful cries?

Does my haughtiness offend you? Don't you take it awful hard 'Cause I laugh like I've
got gold mines Diggin' in my own backyard.

You may shoot me with your words, You may cut me with your eyes, You may kill me
with your hatefulness, But still, like air, I'll rise.

Does my sexiness upset you? Does it come as a surprise that I dance like I've got
diamonds At the meeting of my thighs?

Out of the huts of history's shame I rise

Up from a past that's rooted in pain I rise.

I'm a black ocean, leaping and wide, Welling and swelling I bear in the tide.

Leaving behind nights of terror and fear I rise Into a daybreak that's wondrously clear I
rise Bringing the gifts that my ancestors gave, I am the dream and the hope of the
slave.

I rise

I rise

I rise