

HOPE

Pridetide 3

June 21, 2020

First Reading

~ adapted from Eugene Peterson in *“Run With The Horses: The Quest for Life at its Best”*

The Psalms show you how to relate to God as you pray your doubt, fears and anger. They show you how to respond to God in praise. Here you find the best place to explore who you are and what God means to you.

Second Reading

~ adapted from Rev. Elder Nancy Wilson in
“Outing the Bible: Queer Folk, God, Jesus, and the Christian Scriptures”

For Queer folk, this is especially crucial. We want not only to disarm the Bible bashers but to find a way to turn their swords (Bible stories and passages used against us) into plowshares (tools for growth and nourishment).

We hear story after story of Queer folk walking into church bookstores for the first time, finding it difficult to believe that they are actually there. They are prepared with our advice on what translation to buy. Touching and holding a book that they have always believed was a source of pain and condemnation, they dare to open the book, hoping and hungry. Joy emerges as they begin to appreciate its complexity, and as they mine the treasures and negotiate the minefields.

Third Reading ~ Psalm 42

As a deer longs for flowing streams,
so my soul longs for you, O God.
My soul thirsts for God, for the living God.
When shall I come and see God face to face?
My tears have been my only food day and night,
while people say to me continually,
“Where is your God?”

These things I remember, as I pour out my soul like water-
how I would go with the crowds,
and lead them in into God’s house,
with glad shouts and songs of thanksgiving,
a multitude keeping festival, celebrating.

*"Why are you so dispirited?" I ask myself.
"Why so churned up inside?
Hope in God!"
I know I'll praise God once again,
for you are my Deliverance;
You are my God."*

This is why my heart despairs:
I remember other days with you,
in the land of Jordan, on Mount Hermon,
and the Hill of Mizar.
Deep calls to deep in the thunder of your waterfalls;
your waves and torrents break over me, overwhelming me.
Every day, YHWH, you ordain your love toward me
and at night your song is with me.
In my prayers to the God of my life,
I say to God, my rock, "Why have you forgotten me?
Why must I walk around mourning,
oppressed by an unseen enemy?"
As with a deadly wound in my body,
my adversaries taunt me,
while they say to me continually,
"Where is your God?"

*"Why are you so dispirited?" I ask myself.
"Why so churned up inside?
Hope in God!"
I know I'll praise God once again,
for you are my Deliverance;
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