

October 24, 2021

Mystics, Poets, Prophets, and Saints

Go With The Flow

Rev. Lori McPherson, Preaching

First Reading ~ *Psalm 90:1-2, 4-10, 12*

Mother of the mountains, you have been our refuge
from one generation to another.
Before the mountains were born,
or you writhed the land and the earth into birth,
from age to age you are God.

For a thousand years in your sight are like yesterday when it is past
and like a watch in the night.
You sweep them aside; they are an illusion;
In the morning flourishing and in the evening wilting and withering.
In the morning it is green and flourishes;
in the evening it is dried up and withered.

For we are consumed in your displeasure;
we are afraid because of your wrathful indignation.
Our iniquities you have set before you,
and our hidden sins in the light of your countenance.
When you are angry, all our days are gone;
we bring our years to an end like a sigh.

The span of our life is seventy years, perhaps in strength even eighty;
yet the sum of them is but labor and sorrow,
for they pass away quickly and we are gone.
So teach us to number our days
that we may apply our hearts to Wisdom.

Second Reading ~ *John 7:37-38*

On the last, the great day, of the festival of Booths, Jesus stood and cried out, saying,
"If anyone thirsts, come to me and drink. The one who believes in me, as the scripture
has said, 'From their belly shall flow rivers of living water.'"