

September 22, 2019

Love Laments



Ancient Reading ~ Jeremiah 8:18-9:1

Joy abandons me.
There is no cure for my grief.
My heart is sick.
Hear the cry of distress of my people
from a distant land:
“Is YHWH not in Zion?
Is its ruler not there anymore?”

And YHWH replies,
“Why do they provoke me
with their carved images,
with their useless foreign gods?”

The harvest is past, summer is ended
and we are not saved.
I am devastated, for my people are devastated.
I morn. Terror grips me.
Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no physician there?
Why then has the health of my people not been attended to?
O that my head were a spring of water
and my eyes a fountain of tears,
so that I might weep day and night
for the slain of my people!

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Contemporary Reading ~ *adapted from Mary Oliver*

There is a thing in me that dreamed of trees
A quiet house, some green and modest acres
 A little way from every troubling town,
 A little way from factories, schools, laments.
I would have time, I thought, and time to spare,
 With only streams and birds for company,
 To build out of my life a few wild stanzas.
And then it came to me, that so was death,
 A little way away from everywhere...

I would that it were not so, but so it is.
Who ever made music of a mild day?