

Wednesday, August 9, 2017 - Day 220 – Isaiah 13-15, Psalm 30, II Thessalonians 2

Labor Pains

Today I am reminded of my trip to Israel and my visit to the “Wailing Wall”. They call it the “Wailing Wall” perhaps because of the centuries of endless tears including my own. Actually, they say it’s the sound that is heard when you visit. It is the sound from the prayers of the Jewish people and pilgrims from everywhere. Located in Jerusalem, it’s real name is the Western Wall, what’s left of a retaining wall built by King Herod in 19 B.C. Traditionally, prayers are written on a piece of paper and stuffed into the cracks of the wall. Every few days a caretaker collects all the prayers and buries them on the Mount of Olives in a 2000-year-old cemetery. I still remember the day I left my carefully folded-up piece of paper destined to become one of the eternal prayers entrenched in a hard labor of weeping to be carried by the spirit of every believer waiting to come into its morning joy. As I prayed, amid what seemed like destruction and devastation in my life, I realized that I was left only with my praise for God’s love, mercy and grace. That’s the morning joy – to allow the wall to bear the weight of the devastation within us and walk away comforted as a believer still praising God! We must always give thanks and put our faith in God, for we know that once the new birth comes do we not forget the labor pains?

But the Lord will have compassion on Jacob and will again choose Israel... Isaiah 14:1

By The Rev. Deirdre Whitfield