Tuesday, December 1



Photo by Edward Goode

Psalm 79

O God, the nations have come into your inheritance; they have defiled your holy temple; they have laid Jerusalem in ruins. They have given the bodies of your servants to the birds of the air for food, the flesh of your faithful to the wild animals of the earth. They have poured out their blood like water all around Jerusalem, and there was no one to bury them. We have become a taunt to our neighbors, mocked and derided by those around us.

How long, O LORD? Will you be angry forever? Will your jealous wrath burn like fire? Pour out your anger on the nations that do not know you, and on the kingdoms that do not call on your name. For they have devoured Jacob and laid waste his habitation.

Do not remember against us the iniquities of our ancestors; let your compassion come speedily to meet us, for we are brought very low. Help us, O God of our salvation, for the glory of your name; deliver us, and forgive our sins, for your name's sake. Why should the nations say, ***"Where is their God?"***

Let the avenging of the outpoured blood of your servants be known among the nations before our eyes. Let the groans of the prisoners come before you; according to your great power preserve those doomed to die. Return sevenfold into the bosom of our neighbors the taunts with which they taunted you, O Lord! Then we your people, the flock of your pasture, will give thanks to you forever; from generation to generation we will recount your praise.

Reflection — O Love

David Long-Higgins

O Love,
Help me dare the depths
Of every December darkness
Holding Holy promises
Yet to be revealed to me
But nurtured by You
In a pregnancy of possibility
Otherwise unimaginable.

Grant me grace and strength
To trust the place of unknowing
Where Your Spirit forms
Ever-new creations
In movements subtle and slow.

Yes, deepen me here
In the place of unknowing
Entered only through faith's
Door of trust and submission
To Your eternal evolution
Mostly unseen except in glimpses
Awakening awe and wonder
In turns ever-surprising
That reveal Your Holy desire.

Gift me with a courage
That grows my heart larger
With Your Holy love
Using as You always have
The most unlikely people
In the least likely of places
Like babes waiting to be born
In Babylon and Bethlehem.

Grant me grace and strength
to trust the place of unknowing
where your spirit forms
ever-new creations

