Monday, November 30



Photo by David Long-Higgins

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.

Micah 4:1-5

In days to come the mountain of the LORD'S house shall be established as the highest of the mountains, and shall be raised up above the hills. Peoples shall stream to it, and many nations shall come and say: "Come, let us go up to the mountain of the LORD, to the house of the God of Jacob; that he may teach us his ways and that we may walk in his paths."

For out of Zion shall go forth instruction, and the word of the LORD from Jerusalem. He shall judge between many peoples, and shall arbitrate between strong nations far away; ***they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more; but they shall all sit under their own vines and under their own fig trees,and no one shall make them afraid***; for the mouth of the LORD of hosts has spoken.

For all the peoples walk, each in the name of its god, but we will walk in the name of the LORD our God forever and ever.

How long, O Lord?

Reflection — A List of Questions

Edward Goode

A child asks… "How long…"
…until Christmas?
…until my birthday?
…until the last day of school?
…until my dad comes home?
…until my mom will be here?
…until my parents stop fighting?
…until my sister gets better?
…until the pain is over?
…until the bombs stop dropping?
…until I have hope again?
…until…?

We all ask…"How long until Micah's promise comes to pass?"
…until swords are turned into plowshares?
…until spears become pruning hooks?
…until nations no longer unleash weapons upon one another?
…until they no longer war against each other?

God, we know you're listening. We await the answers.