

Wrestling In Sorrow

Bible Reading:
Psalm 13

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1 *How long, O LORD?*

Will you forget me forever?

How long will you hide your face from me?

Why, God?

When our need is so desperate,

why does it seem that you tum away from us?

The darkness is so deep; as a starless midnight

We know you exist.

But it feels like our cries bounce off a closed door

Slammed in our face,

and a sound of bolting and double bolting on the inside.

Have you turned your back on us?

left us in darkness?

Long enough, Lord!

you've ignored us long enough.

We've looked at the back of your head

long enough. Long enough.

We seek Your face

Turn Your face toward us, and show us your glory.

"God -- are you still there?"

"God, we're talking to you. We're trying to get through to you.

Can you hear us?"

2 *How long must I wrestle with my thoughts*

and every day have sorrow in my heart?

How long will my enemy triumph over me?

"How Long.... How Long... How Long.... How Long...."

Arrogant enemies

looking down their noses.

How long wil You allow smug, hidden forces

to gloat over

twisted girders

shattered glass

concrete dust

and mangled bodies?

We know that faith does not exempt us from sorrow

or shield us from evil -

we know that;

BUT!!!!

The images still haunt us

The earth is wet with the blood of the innocent

Why this? Why now? Why?

We try to make sense out of the horror of this week
and no sense seems to come.

In fact, all we come up with is silence.
Some say silence is golden,
but when the silence seems to come from you, God,
it is anything but golden.
To put it bluntly, it feels like life is about to end.

*3 Look on me and answer, O LORD my God.
Give light to my eyes, or I will sleep in death;
4 my enemy will say, "I have overcome him,"
and my foes will rejoice when I fall.*

Take a good look at us, Yahweh, our God;
We want to look life in the eye,
So no enemy can get the best of us
or laugh when we fall on our face.

We want that

- BUT -

We're bankrupt, Lord, with no reserves.
We cannot do anything anymore.
We're barely limping along, and can see no way out.

We feel dead inside -
walking dead,
no energy,
no drive,
no action.
just a damp, cold existence.

We're barely limping along, and can see no way out.

*5 But I trust in your unfailing love;
my heart rejoices in your salvation.
6 I will sing to the LORD,
for he has been good to me.*

We are going to trust...
We've got to trust, there's no other way.
That's where joy can be found.
If we ever sing again,
it will only be because of Your holy goodness.

You are the true light.
You are life eternal.
You are the treasure without name
Reality beyond words
Raiser of the fallen

Resurrection of the dead
All-powerful
Moving
You alone are our consolation.

Come, for we need your love
more than the flower needs the dew, or grass the rain

God,
God eternal
God of Jesus
God who has said "Yes" to us
in Christ's life, His love, His suffering, His death

God of the cross,
crucified God,
sharing our pain
bearing our sin

If it were not, O God, for you
for you our lover, our judge, our hope
You our friend -
we would indeed be lost.

But because you have granted us Christ
you have given hope for us all
you have provided joy at the end of travail

Fill our lives with His grace.
Weld our souls to the steel of His soul.
Help us to see your love at work in darkest places,
and to recognize your glory in tiny victories.

So look, Lord..... right at us!
Drive the darkness of our souls away
before the beams of Your brightness.

For only then, we you hear and when you answer
When you come to be - fully - with us
Only then shall our longing be satisfied
And our peace be made perfect.