

A reading from the Book of Lamentations

My soul is deprived of peace,
 I have forgotten what happiness is;
I tell myself my future is lost,
 all that I hoped for from the Lord.

The thought of my homeless poverty
 is wormwood and gall;
Remembering it over and over,
 leaves my soul downcast within me.
But I will call this to mind,
 as my reason to have hope:

The favors of the Lord are not exhausted,
 his mercies are not spent;
They are renewed each morning,
 so great is his faithfulness.
My portion is the Lord says my soul;
 therefore will I hope in him.

Good is the Lord to one who waits for him,
 to the soul that seeks him;
It is good to hope in silence
 for the saving help of the Lord.

The word of the Lord.