

## A Reading from the Book 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 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