



Lent reflection for March 8, 2025

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Psalm 6: 1-10

*O Lord, do not rebuke me in your anger,
or discipline me in your wrath.*

*Be gracious to me, O Lord, for I am languishing;
O Lord, heal me, for my bones are shaking with terror.*

*My soul also is struck with terror,
while you, O Lord—how long?*

*Turn, O Lord, save my life;
deliver me for the sake of your steadfast love.*

*For in death there is no remembrance of you;
in Sheol who can give you praise?*

*I am weary with my moaning;
every night I flood my bed with tears;
I drench my couch with my weeping.*

*My eyes waste away because of grief;
they grow weak because of all my foes.*

*Depart from me, all you workers of evil,
for the Lord has heard the sound of my weeping.*

*The Lord has heard my supplication;
the Lord accepts my prayer.*

*All my enemies shall be ashamed and struck with terror;
they shall turn back, and in a moment be put to shame.*

Today's Reflection is from Luke Saghir:

Reading this passage brought me back to the journey I went on during coronavirus. I was lost, desperate, and my hope for any sort of bright future felt more and more unrealistic by the day. Much like David I was begging for some sort of relief to this panic I was experiencing, praying for stillness in my bones, rather than the shake of terror. I was in the midst of highschool at the time, and as I saw my peers succeeding, I could not stop falling further into darkness. I was looking for any sort of explanation for my situation. Maybe it was the fact that I had been a bad friend, son, or brother. Maybe it was the fact that I was simply born this way and I was destined to fail from the start. Maybe I was secretly way smarter than everyone else and didn't even need school. Regardless of how I tried to explain the situation to myself, nothing felt satisfactory. At the end of the day no matter what story I told I still was unable to get myself to leave the house, let alone leave my bed. I wanted to succeed. There is nothing I wouldn't have done to be able to have a so-called normal highschool experience, but for some reason I could not find what that thing was - the rope to get me out of the hole. Every step I tried to take forward would fail, leading to a further backslide and a further loss of hope. I was exhausted. I could not eat, I could not sleep. I felt as though I was running out the clock to a certain doom, though I was not sure exactly what that doom was - what could be worse than this? Eventually, I completely hit rock bottom. This meant I could only go up. I slowly started making my way to school again, reopening myself to the world I once held so much resentment towards. Though I ended up having to do an extra semester of highschool, that semester - my final one - was the best I had ever done in school. I look back on those times and think how they made me into who I am today. Furthermore, I wonder what role god played in my life during this time. I had some trouble writing this reflection. I discussed this with my father, and presented the belief that God led me out of the darkness. Personally I am under the impression that though God was by my side throughout it all, he stayed back a bit, wanting me to pull myself out of the darkness, allowing me to learn these lessons and gain perspective. While I may never fully understand God's role in those dark times, I know he was by my side. I know that I would not be the man I am today without what I went through, and I thank god for granting me the opportunity to experience the good and the bad, as there would not be one without the other.



Luke Saghir is a 19 year old from Brooklyn, New York on his way to college. His first visit to Holy Apostles was when he was 11, bringing his cat Rocky and dog Leroy to be blessed on Saint Francis Day.