



Lent reflection for March 22, 2025

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Psalm 42: 1-11

*As a deer longs for flowing streams,
so my soul longs for you, O God.
My soul thirsts for God,
for the living God.
When shall I come and behold
the face of God?
My tears have been my food
day and night,
while people say to me continually,
'Where is your God?'*

*These things I remember,
as I pour out my soul:
how I went with the throng,^[a]
and led them in procession to the house of God,
with glad shouts and songs of thanksgiving,
a multitude keeping festival.
Why are you cast down, O my soul,
and why are you disquieted within me?
Hope in God; for I shall again praise him,
my help and my God.*

*My soul is cast down within me;
therefore I remember you
from the land of Jordan and of Hermon,
from Mount Mizar.
Deep calls to deep
at the thunder of your cataracts;
all your waves and your billows
have gone over me.
By day the Lord commands his steadfast love,
and at night his song is with me,
a prayer to the God of my life.
I say to God, my rock,
'Why have you forgotten me?
Why must I walk about mournfully
because the enemy oppresses me?'
As with a deadly wound in my body,
my adversaries taunt me,
while they say to me continually,
'Where is your God?'
Why are you cast down, O my soul,
and why are you disquieted within me?
Hope in God; for I shall again praise him,
my help and my God.*

Today's reflection if from Katie Meleney:

On the mark, as ever. I do not stop to reflect on scripture as much as I ought, but when I do I am inevitably struck with how the text resonates deeply within me. For so many reasons both extremely personal and intensely communal, my soul has been longing and thirsting. I have felt bereft, as though isolated from God and as though this is intentionally done by those around me, those adversaries who taunt me, those who do not know my God. I have had moments, long moments, of wondering if they could be right, where *is* my God" And if I know not the answer, what do I *do*?

A great teacher of mine was fond of saying, "there is nothing new under the sun," and as I read the verses of this psalm, I can't help but hear his voice. This acute, strange, and impressive dejection of mine, the grief I have felt from silences and inactions, presumptions, words and deeds is not new and is not mine alone. These seasons of lament are common, universal even As I read these words and begin to feel the urge to beat my breast right along with the speaker, I am halted at this line, "I say to my God, my rock, 'Why have you forgotten me?'" And I hear in my mind another verse "My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?" Jesus, too, in the time of His greatest suffering and His greatest glory felt that all was lost, even *knowing* the truth. I chuckle at my short-sightedness as I realize the truth of this passage that what is right and brings solace is to "Hope in God." But hope is not easy when one feels alone. So, I must listen for His song at night to remember that God is with me.



Katie lives in Windsor Terrace with her husband, Peter, their children, Hattie and Ted, and their 70-pound dog, Kai. The humans have been attending This Little Light services for about two years. Katie loves music, dancing, solving crosswords with her family members, and going on adventures with her children.