



Lent reflection for April 2, 2025

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Psalm 63: 1-11

*O God, you are my God, I seek you,
my soul thirsts for you;
my flesh faints for you,
as in a dry and weary land where there is no water
So I have looked upon you in the sanctuary,
beholding your power and glory.
Because your steadfast love is better than life,
my lips will praise you.
So I will bless you as long as I live;
I will lift up my hands and call on your name.
My soul is satisfied as with a rich feast,
and my mouth praises you with joyful lips
when I think of you on my bed,
and meditate on you in the watches of the night;
for you have been my help,
and in the shadow of your wings I sing for joy.
My soul clings to you;
your right hand upholds me.*

*But those who seek to destroy my life
shall go down into the depths of the earth;
they shall be given over to the power of the sword,
they shall be prey for jackals.
But the king shall rejoice in God;
all who swear by him shall exult,
for the mouths of liars will be stopped.*

Today's reflection is from Morgan McGuire:

Time? What is time? I ask myself a lot in this season of life. Maybe like me, you're doing too much. Somehow, I thought, parenting for the first time, working full time, going to grad school, and acting on a project that requires being on set for the first time with an infant would somehow all be really easy to fit into my schedule. I did. I thought that. I was so wrong. Also, that list doesn't include a mention of God or Jesus or anything church related, and it's Lent. I'm reminding myself it's Lent. Lent is why I'm writing this little reflection. Also, the list did not include doom

scrolling to keep up with empire... it probably should, but to be honest sometimes I don't even have time for that. But back to God. I read this psalm and I thought "Oh God! MY soul needs to even remember you in the moment to moment before I can even begin to thirst for you." Now, let's be real... I'm in a season where I have just started to routinely do some skin care at night and remember to put on sunscreen in the morning. I remember times when I would say I had a strong desire for God, that I thirsted for the presence of God. Some were in deep periods of pain. Some were in deep periods of Joy. Some were in times of great monotony and also in times of great busyness (maybe the hustle was not as strong as it is now, but it was there). When I look back on those times, the circumstances changed, but the constant was that I was willing to meet God. I was willing to sit in my discomfort and my complete boredom or lack of time or whatever it was and try to meet God. I used to have this practice called "reclaiming the morning." Some seasons I woke up at 4:00 am to do it. Some seasons (think 5 years) I consistently met two friends twice a week at 7:00 am to do it. Sometimes I would do this practice by myself at 9:00 am with a cup of coffee. But I would spend some time in the daily office and then I would spend some time in prayer. It was pretty simple and I found it grounding. I found that no matter what my mood was, there was something external I could hang onto. It was nice. I think I might need that again. And what this psalm reminds me is in this season with all the insanity surrounding me and as I am putting one foot in front of the other, learning all kinds of new rhythms that change every other week, I am unlikely to thirst or think of God unless I carve out some time. And maybe I can't do a whole hour like I did previously. Maybe, I can't meet with two friends (oh my gosh what a luxury that would be). But maybe, I can read a psalm in the morning before I really get going. Maybe, I can say a simple prayer that reminds me that God is here, in the midst of all my work, amid my parenting, in my family, and even that maybe God is out here and with me in all of my doom scrolling. So this Lent I will be trying to root myself in meeting God daily in hopes to thirst and maybe experience some of this. If you see me ask me how's it going and maybe we can share a moment of joy together.



Morgan lives in Prospect Park South with her husband Max, their son Mickey, and cat Little Shy Guy aka Goose. She is currently the operations director at Buff Bones® a specialized fitness company for women with bone and joint health issues. She is a 2025 MFA candidate at The Rita and Burton Goldberg MFA Playwriting Program and an actor. When not doing art, Morgan likes to take very long walks in nature and drags Max and Mickey along for funsies.