



Lent reflection for April 3, 2025

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Psalms 69: 1-5 & 13-18

*Save me, O God,
for the waters have come up to my neck.
I sink in deep mire,
where there is no foothold;
I have come into deep waters,
and the flood sweeps over me.
I am weary with my crying;
my throat is parched.
My eyes grow dim
with waiting for my God.*

*More in number than the hairs of my head
are those who hate me without cause;
many are those who would destroy me,
my enemies who accuse me falsely.
What I did not steal
must I now restore?
O God, you know my folly;
the wrongs I have done are not hidden from you.
...*

*But as for me, my prayer is to you, O Lord.
At an acceptable time, O God,
in the abundance of your steadfast love, answer me.
With your faithful help 14 rescue me
from sinking in the mire;
let me be delivered from my enemies
and from the deep waters.
Do not let the flood sweep over me,
or the deep swallow me up,
or the Pit close its mouth over me.*

*Answer me, O Lord, for your steadfast love is good;
according to your abundant mercy, turn to me.
Do not hide your face from your servant,
for I am in distress—make haste to answer me.
Draw near to me, redeem me,
set me free because of my enemies*

Today's reflection is from Liza Darwin:

The imagery in this passage stuck with me as soon as I read it—sinking, with waters rising quickly, calling out for help, and waiting for an answer until your eyes hurt and fade. It reminds me of having nightmares about getting stuck in quicksand as a little kid. The visual is sharp and vivid, capturing the raw vulnerability of feeling deserted. It's a desperate cry for help.

Lately, I've felt overwhelmed by all the *bad* around us. Politics, wars, assaults on innocent people, and a general sense of ramped-up cruelty for what sometimes seems like cruelty's sake. I've felt a little paralyzed, trying to help, wanting to do more, but unsure of what difference I can make. I know how lucky and privileged I am compared to so many others who are sinking into their own inescapable situations. Yet it still feels like the pit is closing. Where do we go from here? What do I do?

The visual of falling into murky, bottomless mire resonates today because it's the kind of exhaustion you feel when you're desperately trying to confront big, overwhelming *bad*. When you're not sure how it will turn out. And when you sometimes feel like you're up against it alone. But the passage also reminds us that we can call out.

Though I sometimes forget, these are the times I need God's steadfast love and abundant mercy the most. Rather than letting the noise of the world consume me, I'm trying to find quiet moments where I can see the many faces of God.

Lately, this has looked like taking walks without my phone so I can listen to birds chirping and notice the buds starting to develop on trees. It's also my daughter getting to experience little things for the first time, like the other weekend when we took her on a hike and she couldn't stop looking up at the sky. Calling out to God helps me counter the bad with something good, and find peace and beauty in the world that will sustain me amidst everything else.

It's OK to feel overwhelmed. It's also OK to find the pockets of joy. This Lenten season, I'm working on feeling all of these big feelings—and sharing them with God.



Originally from Nashville, Liza Darwin lives in Kensington with her husband, Joe Mueller, and their 10-month-old daughter, Mae. She leads marketing at Brimstone, a climate technology startup. In her free time, Liza enjoys reading, playing tennis, and taking long walks around the neighborhood with their hound dog, Hopper.