



## Lent reflection for April 9, 2025

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### Psalm 102: 1-13

*Hear my prayer, O Lord;  
let my cry come to you.  
Do not hide your face from me  
on the day of my distress.  
Incline your ear to me;  
answer me speedily on the day when I call.  
For my days pass away like smoke,  
and my bones burn like a furnace.  
My heart is stricken and withered like grass;  
I am too wasted to eat my bread.  
Because of my loud groaning  
my bones cling to my skin.  
I am like an owl of the wilderness,  
like a little owl of the waste places.  
I lie awake;  
I am like a lonely bird on the housetop.  
All day long my enemies taunt me;  
those who deride me use my name for a curse.  
For I eat ashes like bread,  
and mingle tears with my drink,  
because of your indignation and anger;  
for you have lifted me up and thrown me aside.  
My days are like an evening shadow;  
I wither away like grass.  
But you, O Lord, are enthroned for ever;  
your name endures to all generations.  
You will rise up and have compassion on Zion,  
for it is time to favour it;  
the appointed time has come.*

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### Today's reflection is from Julia Gannon:

2025 has only just begun, but already I feel as though we've experienced a lifetime. Everything feels so heavy. From the antics of our nation's leaders leaving me baffled and furious at every turn to the lingering bitter winds of Winter when we all crave Spring. On a personal level, 2025 has been fraught with constant changes and drama—

from my rent check being stolen right out of a post box on Flatbush to both of my parents needing back surgery in the same month! My roommate tells me I'm going through a season of "Murphy's Law" a concept meaning "Anything that can go wrong will go wrong". Well I don't mean to besmirch the name of Murphy, but he can kindly get lost!

This psalm author seems to also be going through a season of Murphy's Law as well, and is lamenting the status of their life. As I was reading the passage I honestly said aloud "ooof, I feel you", but the ending gave me a much needed wake up call—

"But you, O Lord, are enthroned for ever;  
your name endures to all generations."

It's easy to count the number of bad things that have happened in this season, but God and his love will endure forever. I may be going through a rough season, but God doesn't have seasons. God is forever and evergreen. And the lovely thing about seasons is that they change. Like the promise of the arrival of Spring peaking through the clouds, I know a change is coming and so long as I keep my heart focused on God's eternal promise of peace, I know things will be ok. I'm ready for Spring so I can metaphorically and physically turn a new leaf.

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Julia Gannon is a musical theatre writer and web designer living in Flatbush with her precious dachshund, Cricket. She has been attending Holy Apostles since 2019, and loves singing with her besties in the choir!