

## **A reading from the Book of Lamentations**

My soul is deprived of peace,  
    I have forgotten what happiness is:  
I tell myself my future is lost,  
    all that I hoped for from the Lord.  
The thought of my homeless poverty  
    is wormwood and gall;  
Remembering it over and over  
    leaves my soul downcast within me.  
But I will call this to mind,  
    as my reason to have hope:

The favors of the Lord are not exhausted,  
    his mercies are not spent;  
They are renewed each morning,  
    so great is his faithfulness.  
My portion is the Lord, says my soul;  
    therefore will I hope in him.

Good is the Lord to one who waits for him,  
    to the soul that seeks him;  
It is good to hope in silence  
    for the saving help of the Lord.

**The word of the Lord.**