

Lamentations 3: 17-26

A Reading from the Book of Lamentations

My life is deprived of peace,
I have forgotten what happiness is;
my enduring hope, I said,
has perished before the LORD.

The thought of my wretched homelessness
is wormwood and poison;
remembering it over and over,
my soul is downcast.

But this I will call to mind;
therefore I will hope:
the LORD's acts of mercy are not exhausted,
his compassion is not spent;
they are renewed each morning—
great is your faithfulness!

The LORD is my portion, I tell myself,
therefore I will hope in him.

The LORD is good to those who trust in him,
to the one that seeks him;
it is good to hope in silence
for the LORD's deliverance.

The Word of the Lord