

## Monday Quotes



### Grain

“My life goes on in endless song/Amid earth’s lamentations,/ I hear the real, though far-off hymn/ That hails a new creation./ Through all the tumult and the strife/ I hear its music ringing,/ It sounds an echo in my soul./ How can I keep from singing?”

—Robert Lowry (With One Voice Hymnal)

Submitted by Deacon David Behling, Chippewa Falls, WI

### Field

15 O Lord, you know; remember me and visit me, and bring down retribution for me on my persecutors. In your forbearance do not take me away; know that on your account I suffer insult. <sup>16</sup> Your words were found, and I ate them, and your words became to me a joy and the delight of my heart; for I am called by your name, O Lord, God of hosts. <sup>17</sup> I did not sit in the company of merrymakers, nor did I rejoice; under the weight of your hand I sat alone, for you had filled me with indignation. <sup>18</sup> Why is my pain unceasing, my wound incurable, refusing to be healed? Truly, you are to me like a deceitful brook, like waters that fail. <sup>19</sup> Therefore thus says the Lord: If you turn back, I will take you back, and you shall stand before me...<sup>21</sup> I will deliver you out of the hand of the wicked, and redeem you from the grasp of the ruthless. Jeremiah 15:15-19 & 21

### Thoughts by Deacon David Behling, Hunger Justice Advocate NW Synod of Wisconsin

In the midst of so much pain and suffering right now -- a deadly virus, unemployment, bankruptcy, separation -- there have also been smaller griefs, smaller losses for many families, including ours. Our beloved cat, Maurice, died in my arms on March 17th, right as the epidemic forced all of us to change everything we do. He had been with us nearly 18 years. And this past Sunday morning, as we looked out into the wildflower garden Karen created this spring and summer, we saw what the deer had done since the evening before. After so much work, several plants with broken-off stalks and nothing else. And these were flowering plants that were supposed to be deer repellent!

Small losses. Insignificant when we look at the scale of suffering in our world right now. I try to focus on where the good in our society can be found, focus on the helpers. But, even the small losses of a cat and some flowers still hurt.

How long, we cry out to God. How long, O Lord, will this land suffer? The Bible includes many examples of cries of frustration and anguish to God, hundreds of them. And those laments are part of our faith in God, part of what we need to do right now. There’s no use pretending we are not in pain. Crying out to God means we are talking to God as we travel through this difficult valley, that we are asking God to walk right beside us. Maybe it makes me weird, but I find peace in those cries of lamentation and sorrow. I feel that God listens, even in this valley of suffering. And when I finally stop talking, worn out by my complaints, I am able to hear God’s song of love lifting my spirits, giving me the courage I need to cope.

The song quoted in the Grain is one I find myself humming and even singing to myself in the times that trouble me the most, the times when I need to remind myself that God’s love is right there helping me get through it. The music is in the WOV hymnal, #781, if you want to sing it, too. Happy Monday!

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Many Blessings upon you,

Deacon David Behling