

## A reading from the book of Lamentations

My soul is deprived of peace,  
I have forgotten what happiness is;  
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.