

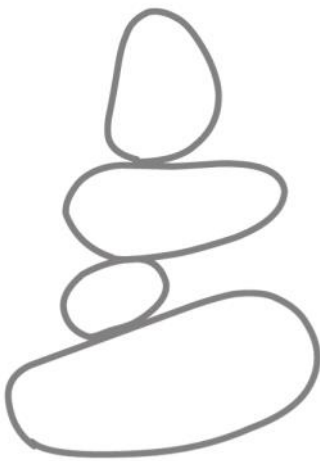
A SERVICE OF LAMENT

(AND HOPE)

Monday, January 15 at 7pm

/ **la·ment** /lə'ment/

v. to express sorrow, mourning,
or regret aloud; to regret strongly



prelude

welcome + invitation to lament

listen

Eulogy for the Martyred Children
//Martin Luther King Jr.

song

It I Well With My Soul
//Horatio Spafford

When peace like a river, attendeth my way,
When sorrows like sea billows roll;
Whatever my lot, Thou hast taught me to say
It is well, it is well, with my soul.

**It is well, (it is well),
With my soul, (with my soul)
It is well, it is well, with my soul.**

Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come,
Let this blest assurance control,
That Christ hath regarded my helpless estate,
And hath shed His own blood for my soul.

My sin, oh, the bliss of this glorious thought!
My sin, not in part but the whole,
Is nailed to His cross, and I bear it no more,
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!

And Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight,
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll;
The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall descend,
Even so, it is well with my soul.

scripture

Matthew 24:3-8

//NRSV

When he was sitting on the Mount of Olives, the disciples came to him privately, saying, "Tell us, when will this be, and what will be the sign of your coming and of the end of the age?" Jesus answered them, "Beware that no one leads you astray. For many will come in my name, saying, 'I am the Messiah!' and they will lead many astray. And you will hear of wars and rumors of wars; see that you are not alarmed; for this must take place, but the end is not yet. For nation will rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom, and there will be famines and earthquakes in various places: all this is but the beginning of the birth pangs.

meditation

Wars and Conflict

//Doug Bunnell

response

ripping cloth

poem

Cry With Us

//Yohanna Katanacho

This is a season of weeping and mourning, but it is not void of hope.

Our tears are the bridge between brutality and humanity;
our tears are the salty gates for seeing a different reality;
our tears are facing soulless nations and a parched mentality;
our tears are the dam preventing rivers of animosity.

For the sake of the mourning men, cry with us to reflect your amity.

For the sake of the poor children, cry with us demanding sanity.

For the sake of lamenting mothers, refuse violence and stupidity.

Love your enemies and cry with them is the advice of divinity.

Bless those who curse is the path to genuine spirituality.

Pour tears of mercy; compassion is true piety.

Pray with tears, for the sake of spreading equity.

Followers of Jesus: crying is now our responsibility.

But don't cry for your friends only;

but also for your Enemy.

personal lament

scripture

Job 3:1-11

//NRSV

After this Job opened his mouth and cursed the day of his birth.

Job said:

"Let the day perish in which I was born,

and the night that said,

'A man-child is conceived.'

Let that day be darkness!

May God above not seek it,

or light shine on it.

Let gloom and deep darkness claim it.

Let clouds settle upon it;

let the blackness of the day terrify it.

That night—let thick darkness seize it!

let it not rejoice among the days of the year;

let it not come into the number of the months.

Yes, let that night be barren;

let no joyful cry be heard in it.

Let those curse it who curse the Sea,

those who are skilled to rouse up Leviathan.

Let the stars of its dawn be dark;

let it hope for light, but have none;

may it not see the eyelids of the morning—

because it did not shut the doors of my mother's womb,

and hide trouble from my eyes.

"Why did I not die at birth,

come forth from the womb and expire?

response

making a cairn

song

At the Foot of the Cross
//Kathryn Scott

At the foot of the cross
Where grace and suffering meet
You have shown me Your love
Through the judgment You received
And You've won my heart
Yes, You've won my heart

**Now I can
Trade these ashes in for beauty
And wear forgiveness like a crown
Coming to kiss the feet of mercy
I lay every burden down
At the foot of the cross**

At the foot of the cross
Where I am made complete
You have given me life
Through the death You bore for me
And You've won my heart
Yes, You've won my heart

searching for hope

//Doug Bunnell

song

The Breastplate of St. Patrick
//Dan Wheeler, Wendell Kimbrough

When my work takes me places I don't want to go
Christ before me
And my heart aches with sorrow as I hit the road
Christ be with me

When the care of my family takes all that I have
Christ within me
When I'm worn and exhausted, ashamed that I'm mad
Christ defend me

**I rise up today in a strength that is not my own
I'm held by the promise of God that I'm never alone**

When I'm tossed to the side and I want to give up
Christ beside me
When I'm worked to the bone but it's never enough
Christ be near me

When I work hard but someone else gets the reward
God's eyes see me I ask for promotion and they shut the door
God's ears hear me

When I climb the first steps toward a long held dream
Christ above me
And I leap out in faith and I hope to find wings
Christ beneath me

response

tying of cloth

listen

Why Jesus Called Man a Fool
//Martin Luther King, Jr.

benediction

//Doug Bunnell



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