In Loving Memory of

Justin Leroy Black
April 4, 1990 to April 23, 2008

My soul is bereft of peace;
I have forgotten what happiness is;
so I say, “Gone is my glory,
and all that I had hoped for from
the Lord.”
The thought of my affliction and
my homelessness
is wormwood and gall!
My soul continually thinks of it and
is bowed down within me.
But this I call to mind, and
therefore I have hope:
The steadfast love of the Lord
never ceases,
his mercies never come to an end;
they are new every morning;
great is your faithfulness.
“The Lord is my portion,”
says my soul, “therefore I will
hope in him.”
The Lord is good to those who
wait for him,
to the soul that seeks him.
It is good that one should wait
quietly for the salvation of the Lord.
The word of the Lord.

To you, O Lord, I lift up my soul.
Make me to know your ways,
O Lord;
teach me your paths.
Lead me in your truth, and
teach me,
for you are the God of my
salvation.
Relieve the troubles of my
heart,
and bring me out of my
distress.
Consider my affliction and
my trouble,
and forgive all my sins.
O guard my life, and deliver me;
do not let me be put
to shame,
for I take refuge in you.
May integrity and uprightness
preserve me,
for I wait for you.

Lectionary 796 (2)
CBW III: 16, 187

Lectionary 799
Lamentations 3.17-26