Selection A11

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