

A Psalm of Lament
in a Time of Pandemic
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Oh Lord, you are my God in whom I trust.
How long will you leave me in this wearisome place?

I am lost,
and do not know which way to turn,

I am distressed,
and cannot see my way clear.

Help me,
so I can be confident of your will.

The one elected as a leader
Leaves me to traipse through life haphazardly.
Conflicting instructions fling me here, then there,
as their macroscopic droplets traverse the land
saturating my induced isolation with myriad
anxieties.

Comfort, comfort My People, you commanded the
prophet.

What of us in these coronavirus consumed days?
For whose voice shall we strain our ears for word of
your Living Word?

Silent screams, bellowing sobs, echo in my ears,
muffling the still, small Voice I yearn to blare
through my soul.

Sweet scents of Spring fail to overwhelm the rancid
aromas of jobs lost,
sheltering-out-of-place, and wailers overwhelmed by
barriers
of distancing even when near.

The purposes of your People are deemed non-
essential
by those with questionable purposes.

Signs of Spring blossom around us, yet the dread
of unforeseeable ending of self-quarantine,
threatens to suffocate
the joy of each new dawning,
entombing remembrances of gatherings
just weeks old.

The conspicuous masks
we are all pressed to wear,
now mask visceral fear, schemes, lies,
and smiles.

Great Unfathomable One,
Creator of Breaking Days
and Setter of Suns,
Creator of the Cosmos and the microcellular,

You who are Healer
and Destroyer,
It is you and you alone
who can answer me.

You created us for your purpose,
You knit us together,
planted us upon this earthen ball,
Will you not now restore to us
the joy of your salvation?
Will you not vaccinate us
with your healing balm
in this 21st century Gilead?

You promised in your word
that if we called,

You would answer.

Well, we are waiting.

Just as the creation waits

in eager expectation

for the children of God

to be revealed,

so we,

your children,

long for your redemption

and manifest glory,

we,

your children

languish for justice to flow like

refreshing water

from an unpolluted
everlasting stream,

we,

your children,

plead in the divine court
for the healing of the nations,

for this nation,

now
and in all of our tomorrows.

Our hope is in you,
For we trust in your word.

Oh Lord, you are our God
in whom we trust.

How long will you leave us

in this wearisome place?

Many are lost,
and do not know which way to turn,
Many are jolted, confused,
and cannot see the way clear.

Help us,

so we can be confident
of your will.

Hear us, O God of our silent tears,

God of our weary years,

Thou who has brought us thus far on the way.

By Thy might,

Lead us into the light
of a new and better day.

May we sing the LORD's song anew,

May our voices resound

with your praises

in these peculiar times.

May our mourning be turned into gladness.

For the LORD is good

and worthy to be praised.

Because of the LORD's great love

we are not consumed,

for God's compassions never fail.

They are new every morning;

Great is your faithfulness.

Hallelujah!