## A reading from the Book of Lamentations

3:17-26

I have forgotten what happiness is;
I 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.