

## Abandonment 2

Let us remember      **We are in the holy presence of God.**

### I

Out of the depths I call to you, LORD; Lord, hear my cry!  
May your ears be attentive to my cry for mercy.  
If you, LORD, keep account of sins, Lord, who can stand?  
But with you is forgiveness and mercy.

### II

I wait for the LORD, my soul waits and I hope for his word.  
My soul looks for the Lord more than sentinels for daybreak.  
More than sentinels for daybreak, let Israel hope in the LORD,  
For with the LORD is mercy, with him is plenteous redemption,  
And he will redeem Israel from all its sins.

### Reader 1: Mark 15:34

And at three o'clock Jesus cried out in a loud voice, "*Eloi, Eloi, lema sabachthani?*" which is translated, "My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?"

### Reader 2: From The Other Side of Chaos - Margaret Silf

The last child has flown the nest, and you realize just how much you love her, miss her. You long for your son to come back to visit, yet fear that he might not.

You were someone in your job, a respected colleague. Now you are at home with a screaming child, and you feel that you don't have a place in the "real world" any more. You are recently retired, and suddenly you have become invisible. No one asks your opinion any more. You feel unvalued, unwanted, unnecessary.

You wake up in the small hours and wonder whether, after all, you should have stayed in that crumbling relationship, hung on to your independence, remained childless and pursued your career instead, let the career go and had a child instead.

Or you never even fall asleep, because your heart is churning and yearning for the partner who has died, for the home that the bankers repossessed, for the place where you knew the neighbors and spoke the same language.

These make you ache, in every joint and muscle and in every brain cell, and in every fiber of your heart. We may feel as though all our old certainties are being stripped away. Our lives may feel dislocated and frighteningly insecure. We may find ourselves wondering, "Where is God in all of this? Where is there any solid ground? How can I navigate these rapids?"

### Reader 3: Isaiah 49: 13 - 16

Sing out, heavens, and rejoice, earth, break forth into song, you mountains. For the LORD comforts his people and shows mercy to his afflicted.

But Zion said, "The LORD has forsaken me; my Lord has forgotten me." Can a mother forget her infant, be without tenderness for the child of her womb? Even should she forget, I will never forget you. See, upon the palms of my hands I have engraved you; your walls are ever before me.

### Needs of the Community:

Response: We prayer to the Lord      **Lord, hear our prayer.**

St. John Baptist de La Salle      **Pray for us.**  
Live Jesus in our hearts      **Forever.**