

Changed
in the
Waiting

AN ADVENT DEVOTIONAL

Copyright © 2024 by The Foundry Publishing
The Foundry Publishing®
PO Box 419527
Kansas City, MO 64141
thefoundrypublishing.com

978-0-8341-4255-8

Printed in the
United States of America

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means—for example, electronic, photocopy, recording—without the prior written permission of the publisher. The only exception is brief quotations in printed reviews.

Cover Design: Caines Design
Interior Design: Caines Design/Sharon Page

All Scripture quotations, unless indicated, are taken from THE HOLY BIBLE, NEW INTERNATIONAL VERSION®, NIV®. Copyright © 1973, 1978, 1984, 2011 by Biblica, Inc.® Used by permission. All rights reserved worldwide.

Scripture quotations marked (MSG) are from *The Message*. Copyright © 1993, 2002, 2018 by Eugene H. Peterson. Used by permission of NavPress. All rights reserved. Represented by Tyndale House Publishers, Inc.

Scripture quotations marked (NRSVUE) are from the New Revised Standard Version, Updated Edition. Copyright © 2021 National Council of Churches of Christ in the United States of America. Used by permission. All rights reserved worldwide.

Scripture quotations marked (NLT) are from the *Holy Bible*, New Living Translation, copyright © 1996, 2004, 2015. Used by permission of Tyndale House Publishers, Inc., Wheaton, Illinois 60189. All rights reserved.

The internet addresses, email addresses, and phone numbers in this book are accurate at the time of publication. They are provided as a resource. The Foundry Publishing does not endorse them or vouch for their content or permanence.

Publication information for the poem quoted in the introduction: Marilyn Chandler McEntyre, “What to Do in the Darkness.” Quoted in Holly W. Whitcomb, *Seven Spiritual Gifts of Waiting: Patience, Loss of Control, Living in the Present, Compassion, Gratitude, Humility, Trust in God* (Minneapolis: Augsburg Books, 2005), 38.

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

Contents

ON ADVENT AND WAITING
4

FIRST SUNDAY OF ADVENT: HOPE
8

SECOND SUNDAY OF ADVENT: LOVE
32

THIRD SUNDAY OF ADVENT: JOY
56

FOURTH SUNDAY OF ADVENT: PEACE
80

CHRISTMAS: ARE WE THERE YET?
104

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS
111

On Advent and Waiting

I hate waiting. And this is unfortunate because we humans spend a lot of time doing it.

We wait for our kids to get their shoes on and for the water to boil. We wait for our order to be delivered, impatiently tracking its progress each day or hour or minute of its journey. We wait for red lights to turn green, for fruit to get ripe, for spring to arrive, for labor to begin. So much of our human experience is spent waiting for things we know will eventually happen.

But there's another kind of waiting that's even worse. It's the kind of waiting that doesn't have a finish line or known outcome. This is the kind of waiting that is familiar to parents with estranged children, single adults who long to be married, or those who have suffered the injustice of wrongful conviction. This kind of waiting is heavy, sometimes suffocating. And, although the circumstances vary, it seems this kind of waiting is also built into the reality of human existence. We wait to feel at home in a new community after a big move, or at a new job after being laid off. We wait for a diagnosis, or to see if treatment will work. We wait for the fog of grief to clear, for what is wrong to be made right.

The first kind of waiting reveals our impatience and desire for control. But the second kind of waiting is accompanied by suffering and reveals the deepest longings of our souls. We long for healing, wholeness, justice, and belonging.

Time spent waiting can feel empty and purposeless, as if nothing can move forward until the waiting is over. But Advent honors our waiting with a name and a place in the progression of time. This is the season of waiting. Sometimes we may only think of Advent in terms of the first kind of waiting—we wait for December 25 to arrive, when we can final-

ly sing “Joy to the World!” and open our gifts—but Advent is actually much more about the second kind of waiting. In Advent we not only prepare to celebrate the way Jesus came to earth two thousand years ago, but we also wait for Christ to come *again*. Our deepest desires are given voice as we watch and wait for King Jesus to make all things right, once and for all.

Advent is the first season of the Christian calendar, beginning the new year for the global church. We begin another cycle of time by orienting ourselves to the reality that we are a people *in waiting*. By definition, this means we are a people of expectation and hope—but also of longing and sadness. Perhaps most importantly, it means that we are not people who can *make happen* the things for which we wait. Although we may concede it reluctantly, waiting makes us admit we are not the ones controlling the story we find ourselves in. Even though we may initially resist this truth, it is actually really good news for us because what we need is so much greater than what we can make happen on our own.

When we submit to this reality, our time spent waiting can shape us—if we let it. If we assume that waiting is empty time to be filled with distractions to keep us occupied, we close ourselves off to its transformative possibilities. Change comes as we allow ourselves to sit in the darkness of our waiting and trust that there is more happening than what we can make happen.

The words of poet Marilyn Chandler McEntyre offer some welcome wisdom here.

What to Do in the Darkness

Go slowly

Consent to it

But don't wallow in it

Know it as a place of germination

And growth

Remember the light

Take an outstretched hand if you find one

Exercise unused senses

Find the path by walking in it

Practice trust

Watch for dawn

When we do these things, we find that waiting is not empty time at all. It is full of God's presence, full of our own deepest desires, and full of opportunity to be changed in the waiting. In this space, the fruit of the Spirit may take root and blossom in us. When we stop trying to fill every moment with our own activity and agenda, we grow in awareness and receptivity of *God's* agenda and *God's* activity.

And what is this good work of God's activity and God's agenda? Amazingly, I find that the virtues of the kingdom I am waiting for take shape *in me*. We take on the characteristics of what we love, and the things we love are those for which we are willing to wait. As we name our deepest longings in our waiting, we are shaped more into the kingdom and the King we are waiting for. The virtues of hope, love, joy, and peace are the hallmarks of God's work in all of history and in our very hearts. Advent is marked by these virtues, and in practicing the waiting of Advent, we become marked by them as well. So, although I still hate waiting, I am coming to trust that the Spirit uses time spent waiting to do something good in me.

Even still, we must acknowledge that everyone enters Advent differently. In the decade or more that I've been keeping time with the Christian calendar, I've learned a beautiful and surprising truth. For some of us, the seasons (Advent, Christmas, Epiphany, Lent, Eastertide, and Ordinary Time) help us engage with a reality that would otherwise be easy to ignore. But for others, a particular season names our current experience—perhaps one that has been going on for a long time already.

For some, the invitation to voice our deepest longings while we wait may feel like a jarring disorientation. If this is you, know that being uncomfortable doesn't mean you're doing it wrong; instead, it probably means you're doing it exactly right. Others are well practiced in voicing their longings because they've already been living in a state of waiting for a while. If this is you, I pray this journey through Advent gives you permission to name where you are and that it is sacred.

Whether you have been here for a while or are just arriving, my prayer is that you receive what you need this Advent.

The writings offered in these pages are taken from experiences of waiting throughout Scripture, including Lectionary readings for each Sunday of Advent. Reflect throughout each week on what you read, using the questions at the end of each day as a way to journal individually or prompt discussion with family members, housemates, or small group members.

Traditionally the four weeks of Advent are marked by the themes of hope, love, joy, and peace—the promises we hold onto as we wait. But these are not just things to observe from afar; they are the very gifts the Spirit seeks to grow in us as we wait. With this in mind, I offer an invitation to engage with four week-long practices as a way to receive and nurture these gifts. But it's important to remember that these are indeed *practices*, not *performances*. The goal is to become more aware of God's presence and activity in our lives, not ace an assignment. I invite you into a posture of curiosity and receptivity as you engage with the readings, practices, and questions for each week. It's okay if it's unfamiliar or challenging, or if some days click better than others. We trust that the Spirit knows what the Spirit is about, even if we do not.

May we indeed be changed in our waiting.

—*Michaele LaVigne*

FIRST SUNDAY OF ADVENT

Hope

DECEMBER 1, 2024

SCRIPTURE

PSALM 25:1-10

*In you, LORD my God,
I put my trust.
I trust in you;
do not let me be put to shame,
nor let my enemies triumph over me.
No one who hopes in you
will ever be put to shame,
but shame will come on those
who are treacherous without cause.*

*Show me your ways, LORD,
teach me your paths.
Guide me in your truth and teach me,
for you are God my Savior,
and my hope is in you all day long.*

—PSALM 25:1-5

Sometimes hope gets mislabeled “naivete,” or “wishful thinking.” But the truest demonstrations of hope tell us nothing could be further from the truth. Hope is not blind, nor does it view the world with rose-colored glasses. Hope lives in the real world and sees things as they actually are, while still holding out for how things *should* be. Hope does not demand cheer, optimism, or constant positivity.

All throughout Scripture, we find that *lament* is the language of those who wait in hope. Psalms, Lamentations, and the Prophets are full of honest, gut-wrenching prayers like this: “My soul is in deep anguish. How long, LORD, how long? I am worn out from my groaning. All night long I flood my bed with weeping and drench my couch with tears” (Psalm 6:3, 6).

This may not sound hopeful, exactly. But if hope is to endure through disappointment, grief, and suffering, it must be given space to be honest.

With the voices of Scripture as our witness, hope is not diminished by the voicing of lament—it is actually strengthened. There is a paradox here that is difficult to explain. We are invited to explore and experience its truth instead.

During this first week of Advent, we will give ourselves to the practice of lament as we are strengthened in hope. Lament is messy. It is raw and emotional. These may not be the kinds of words you would normally use in your prayers or to describe your life. But if we are to be changed in our waiting, we must choose to be fully present, even when life is messy. When we have the courage to enter these deep waters, we find we are in very good company.



**QUESTIONS FOR REFLECTION,
DISCUSSION, AND PRAYER**

How do you define hope for yourself?

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

When have you witnessed someone else’s lament, and what has been your response to it?

.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....

How comfortable are you with voicing your own pain and disappointment?

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

MONDAY

I Wait for the Lord

SCRIPTURE

PSALM 130

*I wait for the LORD, my whole being waits,
and in his word I put my hope.*

*I wait for the LORD
more than watchmen wait for the morning,
more than watchmen wait for the morning.*

*Israel, put your hope in the LORD,
for with the LORD is unfailing love
and with him is full redemption.*

*He himself will redeem Israel
from all their sins.*

—PSALM 130:5-8



Because you can't really hope for something you already have, hope and waiting go hand in hand. Acknowledging that waiting is hard gives us permission to say that hope is often hard too.

I have a friend whose last five years have been spent walking with her teenage son through a debilitating chronic illness, while also caring for

three other children, two of whom have separate disability diagnoses, and most recently her mom, who has brain cancer. She knows something about being up all night with the watchmen, longing for change to come with the sunrise. She is my resident expert in hope.

Her definition of hope is made up of three equal parts: one-third is acknowledging that things are not how you wish they were; one-third is deciding not to resign yourself to how things are now; and one-third is recognizing you're not actually in charge of the outcome. As I have been privileged to witness her journey, I have seen that hope is a struggle. More than an emotion, it is a commitment to live in the tension of waiting while caring deeply about the outcome. It takes effort to stay engaged rather than check out, give up, or distract yourself from your painful reality while you wait for it to change.

While our English word does little to help us grasp these complexities of hope, the Hebrew words *qavah* and *yahal* provide better insight. These words found throughout the psalms are at times translated as “hope” and other times as “wait.” In Psalm 130, *qavah* is used twice and is translated above as “wait.” *Yahal* is also used twice and is translated as “hope.” In yesterday’s scripture, though, some versions translate *yahal* as “hope” while others use “wait.” This seeming fluidity is because the concept of hoping and waiting are two sides of the same coin in Hebrew thought.

Qavah is a verb meaning “to wait,” and it is used to form the noun *tiqvah*, which means “hope.” *Qavah* is also connected with concepts of tension, twisting, stretching, endurance, and strength. There is relationship implied here—the word itself bears witness to ancient wisdom. Waiting in uncertainty creates a tension that stretches the one who is willing to hold on, and that can produce an ever-strengthening endurance.

Yahal also carries the meaning of waiting and expectation. In both instances, waiting leads to hope only in reference to the one for whom we wait. Without the knowledge that the one on whom we wait can be trusted, the waiting is not hopeful at all. Waiting on *God* allows us to hope. But trust and hope do not displace the painful tension of waiting.

We are given evidence throughout Scripture that hope can coexist with anger, pain, and disappointment. The prophets and psalmists certainly did not pretend to be happy about the waiting they were doing. Their

words of anguish and hope twisted together can give us the courage to voice our own. Jesus himself used the psalms to voice his lament!

Many of us have believed there is no room for sadness if we trust in God, but this is not the message of Scripture. Because waiting is so hard, and because our God can be trusted, we can voice our lament and our hope all in one breath.



QUESTIONS FOR REFLECTION, DISCUSSION, AND PRAYER

How have you experienced the struggle of waiting and hope?

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

As you think about your community, your nation, and our world, where do you see that struggle now?

.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....

What other scriptures, songs, or poems might provide appropriate language for lament and hope in waiting?

.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....

TUESDAY

They Will Be Comforted

SCRIPTURE

MATTHEW 5:1-12

*Blessed are the poor in spirit,
for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
Blessed are those who mourn,
for they will be comforted.*

—MATTHEW 5:3-4



In my experience there are few things more painful or disempowering than smiley platitudes in the midst of a long season of waiting. I've been through several of these seasons myself, but the most painful to date were the years of infertility and miscarriages before my first child was born. Month after month, optimism became more difficult, and the cheery words of others did less and less to encourage me.

It became increasingly difficult to put on a happy face, but I resisted my own grief and sought numerous ways to distract or numb myself: keeping busy and overcommitted, binge-watching British period dramas, giving myself as little time in silence as possible. But this avoidance only resulted in exhaustion and emotional detachment in all areas of my life. Finally I caved one day in my kitchen and had it all out with God. No

longer able to keep the pain at bay, I voiced an angry, weepy lament of my current situation: how I longed to be a mother, how unfair it felt that I wasn't, how I didn't think I could keep waiting, even how guilty I felt for expressing all this negativity. (I was a pastor, after all! Shouldn't I be better at this hope thing?)

I didn't really know what to expect, but something remarkable happened in the moments that followed. I had a feeling of stillness and peace I had not known in a long, long time. I sensed God's presence not as a distant reality but as a very close friend. And while I was not given answers or sent an angel announcing my pregnancy, I was given a deep and abiding sense of God's compassion and goodness—which gave me hope. I had hope that I was seen and had not been forgotten. I had hope that God longed to give me good things because God loves me. I had hope that God was present and active in my life, even if I didn't know what God was doing.

In that moment I was not assured that I would become a mother. Although I begged for that promise, I didn't receive it. Instead, I was assured that God is good and faithful. Because of that, I could have hope for my future *even if* I did not become a mother in the way I wanted. I sank to the bottom of my reality and found that my true source of hope was not an eventual fulfillment of my desire to have a child but a God who does all things well.

What I experienced that day in my kitchen happened many more times over my roller-coaster ride of a journey to motherhood. Every time I had the courage to name my disappointment and express my suffering through lament, my hope was strengthened. Perhaps you've experienced this kind of mystifying hope in the midst of lament as well.

I've never actually been in a free-falling elevator, but I imagine this process to be like what being in a free-falling elevator might be like, everything in us resisting the impact at the bottom. All along the way we scramble to find something that will hold, grasping at quick fixes to suspend the fall momentarily before it resumes its descent with seemingly faster speed. The farther we fall, the more we realize none of our own solutions is enough to match the magnitude of the need.

Then, just when it seems that despair might have the last word, when all our human engineering has failed, we touch bottom. But, much to our relief, it's not the traumatic crash landing we expected. Instead, we find ourselves on nothing other than that solid ground we've been singing about all these years: *On Christ the Solid Rock I stand; all other ground is sinking sand!*

Lament reorients us to know the truth and hold unswervingly to the hope we profess that the One who promised *is* faithful (see Hebrews 10:23)! Perhaps this paradoxical hope paradox is the blessing Jesus promised to those who know the language of mourning and lament.



QUESTIONS FOR REFLECTION, DISCUSSION, AND PRAYER

When have you attempted to resist your own feelings of grief or disappointment? Why do you think humans do this?

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

When have you experienced the strengthening of your hope in the middle of lament?

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

What lament do you need to voice now in order for your hope to be strengthened?

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

WEDNESDAY

Those Who Mourn

SCRIPTURE

ROMANS 12:9-21

Be joyful in hope, patient in affliction, faithful in prayer.

Share with the Lord's people who are in need.

Practice hospitality.

Rejoice with those who rejoice;

mourn with those who mourn.

—ROMANS 12:12-13, 15



The journey of waiting, hoping, and lamenting is not merely an individual enterprise. As people who embody the hope and love of Christ, we are united with all Christians praying, rejoicing, and mourning together. But if we can't make space for our own lament, we will struggle to join in the lament of others. And when we are unable to mourn with those who mourn, we risk doing harm to the body of Christ and the witness of the church.

Admittedly, U.S. Christians are not so good at practicing collective lament. Our music, our bestselling books, and our most popular sermon series reveal we are much more comfortable focusing on happy things. But if we have ears to hear, there are cries of lament going up all around

us. Are we paying attention? Do we hear the cries of our brothers and sisters of color lamenting the ongoing destruction caused by racism in our nation? Do we hear the wailing of parents whose children have been lost to the steady uptick of gun violence? Can we listen to the pain a family carries due to their loved one's mental illness? Have we heard the lament of the single mom desperately trying to keep her family together?

Many of us struggle to enter the deep grief of others because we have no idea how to fix the problems that cause the grief. But when we study Lamentations and the psalms of lament, we realize those who practice lament are not looking for quick fixes or immediate answers. It is completely counterintuitive in our high-achieving, results-driven culture, but lament is not focused on *fixing* the problem; it is focused on correctly *naming* the problem. In lament we confess to the truth, fully agreeing with God and one another about the way things are: no masks, no hiding, no whitewashing over the ugly spots.

The very same coin holds the other side of the truth: when we agree with God on all that is *wrong*, we are invited to join God in seeing, waiting on, and working toward what is *right*. In our waiting, we become more convinced than ever that we do need saving—not only as individuals but also as the whole collective of creation and humanity. And we are equally convinced that there is only One who can do it. Our collective pain will not be assuaged by anything less than God's way of justice, peace, healing, and freedom. Our lament becomes a prayer of words and deeds: *May your kingdom come and your will be done on earth as it is in heaven!*

Sometimes mourning with those who mourn does look like showing up to the hospital and weeping alongside someone. I have received the healing power of this gift, and I hope you have too. Other times it means listening to a person whose life experiences are totally different from your own, while acknowledging that their pain and grief are worth your attention. It might look like watching the news through the lens of love and praying with or at least for the individuals whose pain makes the headlines. Sometimes it looks like going out of your way to sit with the newly divorced woman at church instead of letting her sit alone.

In joining the weeping lament of others, we give witness to a grand and glorious hope that is far greater than merely putting on a happy face.

When we choose to weep with someone whose pain doesn't have to affect our lives, we showcase the light and love of Christ that are present with us even in the darkest places. When we show up in another's painful season of waiting, their struggle becomes ours, and ours become theirs, and the hope of Christ is strengthened in us both.



QUESTIONS FOR REFLECTION, DISCUSSION, AND PRAYER

When has someone mourned with you when you were mourning?

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

Who is lamenting around you—whether locally, nationally, or globally?

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

How is God inviting you to join in the lament of others right now?

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

THURSDAY


Like a Hen

SCRIPTURE

LUKE 13:31-35

Jerusalem, Jerusalem, killer of prophets, abuser of the messengers of God! How often I've longed to gather your children, gather your children like a hen, her brood safe under her wings—but you refused and turned away!

—LUKE 13:34 (MSG)



We might not be accustomed to thinking of God as lamenting, but Jesus teaches us that God can and does lament. Near the end of his ministry, Jesus picks up a familiar refrain of lament voiced by generations of Israel's prophets. Hosea, Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Ezekiel are among those who were taught to sing the lament song of God's own heart:

How long, oh my people?! How long will you run from me when I call you? (see Hosea 11:2).

How long will you deny the severity of your wounds and claim "peace" when there is no peace? (see Jeremiah 8:11).

If only you would let me lead you, if only you would let me care for you as a shepherd cares for the sheep (see Ezekiel 34:11).

If only you would be my people and let me be your God—no longer would there be violence in your land, and I would provide you with everlasting light (see Isaiah 60).

The sad history of Israel is the result of these words falling on deaf ears. The prophets lamented the reality that the people of Israel could not or did not want to see. Instead they preferred the messages of false prophets who promised prosperity and peace—no repentance necessary. It is an unfortunate and deadly trend that has continued to plague the people of God: we silence and kill the very messengers who bring the message we need the most.

That is why Jesus laments. He cries out as a parent in pain, watching beloved children choose destruction. Jesus laments for a people who are so confident they know what is right for themselves that they refuse the embrace of their loving parent. These words of Jesus in today's scripture are troubling and painful. But woven within this lament of a desire yet to be fulfilled is the beauty of that desire itself.

Mother hens gather their chicks under their wings as a protective measure against threats, using their own bodies to shield their young. This image is full of tenderness, fierceness, and self-sacrificing love—and it's the best way Jesus knows to describe the longing of his own heart. Jesus reveals that God's greatest desire is to be like a Good Mother to us, surrounding us with wings of protection, nurture, and love.

This image is such an extravagant picture of love that it can feel hard to believe, even harder to accept. Perhaps that's why God has been waiting so long, ready to gather us if only we allow it. This is a God who knows what it is like to suffer the pain of waiting. God has waited for all of human history for God's children to let themselves be loved!

What if God didn't have to wait anymore? What if we *did* let Jesus gather us? How would things be if God's hope were realized, and how do we get there? It seems we would have to start by admitting there is real danger and turmoil surrounding us and that we do, in fact, need the protective shelter God offers us. It would require coming to God with our honesty—our hopes, fears, needs, longings, laments, and all—instead of trying to pretend that we're doing fine all on our own. We would have to commit to stop stiff-arming the One who loves us and learn how to

surrender. In short, I think it looks like giving God room and time to show us what God's love feels like.

If God were to really get the desires of God's own heart, it would not be an individual experience. As we allow ourselves to be gathered, we join a whole host of others being gathered up too. We would be all squished up together in the group hug of God's heart, where we find ourselves part of a much larger family than we ever could have imagined! Then the rest of our lives could be lived from this place of belonging, security, and love.

According to Jesus, *God's* hope is that we know how dearly loved we are and that we let that love change everything. And *our* hope is found in this God whose love is greater than we can comprehend, whose love does indeed change everything. Thanks be to God.



QUESTIONS FOR REFLECTION, DISCUSSION, AND PRAYER

What stirs in you as you think of God waiting, hoping, and lamenting?

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

What places can you identify within yourself that resist being gathered under God's wings?

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

How do you want to respond to Jesus's lament?

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

FRIDAY

Rest & Reflect

Look back at the readings from this week. Which scripture, idea, or story stands out to you as most meaningful or most challenging? Take time to revisit it and listen for the Spirit's invitation to go deeper.



What have you learned about yourself and/or about God as you've practiced lament this week?

A series of horizontal dotted lines for writing.

How has hope taken shape within you this week?

.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....

What practices or ideas from this week do you want to take with you as regular practices for your life?

.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....
.....