

Psalm 25

(Read like a responsorial psalm)

To you, oh Lord, I lift my soul!  
Your ways, O Lord, make known to me;  
Teach me your paths,  
Guide me in your truth and teach me,  
For you are God my Savior,  
and for you I wait all the day. (R)

Remember that your compassion, O Lord,  
And your kindness are from of old.  
The sins of my youth and my frailties remember not;  
In your kindness remember me  
Because of your goodness, O Lord (R)

Look toward me, and have pity on me,  
For I am alone and afflicted.  
Relieve the troubles of my heart,  
and bring me out of my distress. (R)

Preserve my life, and rescue me;  
Let me not be put to shame, for I take refuge in you.  
Let integrity and uprightness preserve me,  
Because I wait for you, O Lord. (R)

Lamentations 3:17-26

My soul is deprived of peace.  
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.

Isaiah 49: 8-16

Thus says the Lord:

In a time of favor I answer you.

On the day of salvation I help you.

To restore the land

And allot the desolate heritages,

Saying to the prisoners: Come out!

To those in darkness: Show yourselves!

Along the ways they shall find pasture,

On every bare height shall their pastures be.

They shall not hunger or thirst,

Nor shall the scorching wind or the sun strike them;

For he who pities them leads them and guides them beside springs of water.

I will cut a road through all my 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 written your name.

Prayer:

For those who trust in God, in the pain of sorrow there is consolation, in the face of despair there is hope, in the midst of death there is life. As we mourn the death of (y)our child, we place ourselves in the hands of God and ask for strength, for healing and for love.