

Friends,

Lamentations 3: 16 - 27

*"He has made my teeth grind on gravel, and made me cower in ashes; <sup>17</sup> my soul is bereft of peace; I have forgotten what happiness is; <sup>18</sup> so I say, "My endurance has perished; so has my hope from the Lord." <sup>19</sup> Remember my affliction and my wanderings, the wormwood and the gall! <sup>20</sup> My soul continually remembers it and is bowed down within me. <sup>21</sup> But this I call to mind, and therefore I have hope: <sup>22</sup> The steadfast love of the Lord never ceases; his mercies never come to an end; <sup>23</sup> they are new every morning; great is your faithfulness. <sup>24</sup> "The Lord is my portion," says my soul, "therefore I will hope in him." <sup>25</sup> The Lord is good to those who wait for him, to the soul who seeks him. <sup>26</sup> It is good that one should wait quietly for the salvation of the Lord. <sup>27</sup> It is good for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth."*

### Mercy Begins

In the early light of day, as the sun ascends over the treetops  
The warm glow permeates through the soft white curtains as they dance in the breeze  
The dewdrops glisten on the petals on the rosebushes outside of the window  
And a bluebird glides through the air with ease; he sings his morning song from the willow tree  
And the old toad hops across the lily pads as pretty as you please  
Old Toad doesn't know me or the pain I feel as I watch him hop around  
The bluebird doesn't understand the fear I hear drumming in my mind or that my heart is tight and squeezed  
Her tune reminds me of a day before my tragedy was profound  
The melody of the peaceful song lulls me to a sweeter and easier time  
I wonder if the dewdrops hear my tears plopping on my pillow  
As my heart breaks and I grieve this change that takes me from the sublime  
I wonder if I will have peace again or this pain is all I will know?  
A pearly white rock glows in the midst of gray and black stones  
A reminder of the Rock who is pure, strong, and lasting among all of these  
I go to the Rock in these early morning hours to lay down this burden I carry  
And new mercies begin in the comfort of the Holy Spirit, as I bow to my knees

There is certainly a time to lament. A time to pour out your sorrow, pain, fear, anger, confusion, and grief. These emotions are all real and come when we expect them and when we do not expect them at all. I love that Lamentations 3 normalizes these emotions as we read "my soul is bereft of peace." I also love that Lamentations 3 reminds us that "His mercies never come to an end." Pour out your soul to God. Be real. You are real. Be patient with yourself. Be patient with others. Give mercy. Give yourself mercy. Give hugs. Allow hugs. Give a listening ear. Allow someone to listen. Sit quietly and allow the Comforter who is the Holy Spirit, to do his job and comfort you. Allow his new mercies.

May you feel comfort and mercy,

*Chaplain Kim Crawford-Meeks*

Kim Crawford-Meeks

**NEXT FOOD DELIVERY DATE: OCTOBER 20, 2018**

*And do not forget to do good and to share with others, for with such sacrifices God is pleased.  
Hebrews 13:16*

# WELCOME TO THE FLIPSIDE



## FOOD FOR THOUGHT

**“We do not have to be perfect to get healthier!”**

- Betsy Frazer

“If you have any questions about nutrition, please contact me via the email address provided below.”

**Betsy Frazer, RN, BS**  
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