My soul is thirsting for the living God: when shall I see him face to face?

As the hind longs for the running waters, so my soul longs for you, O God.

A thirst is my soul for God, the living God. When shall I go and behold the face of God?

Send forth your light and your fidelity; they shall lead me on and bring me to your holy mountain, to your dwelling-place.

Then will I go in to the altar of God, the God of my gladness and joy; Then will I give you thanks upon the harp, O God, my God!

Why are you so downcast, O my soul? Why do you sigh within me? Hope in God! For I shall again be thanking him, in the presence of my savior and my God.

<u>Psalm 42 & 43</u>