A reading from the book of Lamentations

My life is deprived of peace, I have forgotten what happiness is; My enduring hope, I said,

has perished before the LORD. The thought of my wretched homelessness

is wormwood and poison; Remembering it over and over, my soul is downcast.

But this I will call to mind; therefore I will hope:

The LORD's acts of mercy are not exhausted, his compassion is not spent;

They are renewed each morning great is your faithfulness!

The LORD is my portion, I tell myself, therefore I will hope in him.

The LORD is good to those who trust in him, to the one that seeks him;

It is good to hope in silence for the LORD's deliverance.

The Word of the Lord