

## **Scripture Reading; Psalms 30:5**

*For his anger endureth but a moment; in his favour is life: weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.*

Early each morning, I go for a walk. Sometimes it's raining, cold, or windy. Sometimes there's still a beautiful luminous moon or the first golden sliver of sunlight, a pink sky, or tumbling clouds. One morning I was treated to a coyote in the road and still waiting to see what I would do. Often a fox trots across my path; usually, I hear an owl and, almost always, birdsong. The first yellow blossom of jasmine, the sweet elusive scent of spring, a balmy breeze - all are possibilities. And whatever I encounter is God's gift of beauty, hope, and a new beginning.

The Psalm speaks of weeping in the night. Most often, I have not been crying in the night, but there are many times when I've been sad, disappointed, frustrated, and overwhelmed. And regardless of what those emotions might be, there is the promise I find in God's "Good Morning." A new opportunity to serve and please God, rejoice in the blessings of this modern-day and find my joy.

Prayer: Dear Lord, help us to see and hear your bountiful gifts and, despite the turmoil of the world, to cherish the hope that comes with newness and to share the joy of each new day.

~Submitted by Mimi Elder for the Eighteenth Reading of Lent