



Lent reflection for March 13, 2025

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Psalm 22: 1-8

*My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?
Why are you so far from helping me, from the words of my groaning?
O my God, I cry by day, but you do not answer;
and by night, but find no rest.*

*Yet you are holy,
enthroned on the praises of Israel.
In you our ancestors trusted;
they trusted, and you delivered them.
To you they cried, and were saved;
in you they trusted, and were not put to shame.
But I am a worm, and not human;
scorned by others, and despised by the people.
All who see me mock at me;
they make mouths at me, they shake their heads;
'Commit your cause to the Lord; let him deliver—
let him rescue the one in whom he delights!'*

Today's Reflection is from Meredith Roberts:

This passage brings me great comfort. How comforting that we can follow a familiar thread throughout history, a reflection of our present day struggles existing throughout time. We lament through the ages, and often regarding the same topics. Though our challenges evolve and crises change, we lament to the Lord.

I find myself frequently thinking about my own ancestors these days. Curious what they would say about the current events of the day, what similarities they would see between their lives and my own. All my grandparents were born during the great depression in the American south. Both of my grandfathers went on to become baptist ministers, centering their lives around the teachings of the bible and leaving a legacy of lifelong biblical stewardship for me to admire.

I am grateful for this legacy and example of how to serve the Lord. It is upon this foundation that I have had the privilege to chase my own dreams and build a life for myself. It is upon this foundation that I try to center myself during challenging and unprecedented times, which most of my life have seemed to be regarded as. It is with this foundation that I have become very confused and angry. Confused by the hypocrisy that runs rampant in American Christianity at large, confused by my family members embracing hateful rhetoric, angry that a holy text is now cherry picked and manipulated to fit the narrative of the day.

I work in midtown Manhattan, not exactly the most peaceful or calming environment. I try to get out of the office around lunch to walk a bit and on one of these walks I discovered The Church of Our Savior, a gorgeous Catholic church on Park Ave. I have taken to walking here and sitting in the church for 15-20 min to sit in silence, praying and meditating on all that consumes my

mind. This small act has helped me see that even for the briefest moment, sitting in God's presence is all I need. I find great comfort in these moments, much like reading this Psalm, being reminded that to be scorned, mocked, and despised for following God's way is an honor. If we commit ourselves to the Lord we need not worry, need not be concerned with the narratives being spun, but we must stay focused on the work that lies ahead.



Meredith lives in Prospect Lefferts with with her husband, Carl, and their rescue greyhound, Smokey. She works in fashion design and has a small business making custom clothing & accessories. She started attending Holy Apostles in 2020 just before the pandemic and has appreciated the community they foster.