

Readings for June 9, 2024

Psalm 139:1-6, 13-18

O God, you have searched me and known me. You know when I sit down and when I rise up; you discern my thoughts from far away. You search out my path and my lying down, and are acquainted with all my ways. Even before a word is on my tongue, O God, you know it completely.

You hem me in, behind and before, and lay your hand upon me. Such connection is too wonderful for me; it is so vast that I cannot fully understand it. For it was you who formed my inward parts; you knit me together in my mother's womb.

I praise you, for I am amazingly and wonderfully made. Wonderful are your works; that I know very well. My frame was not hidden from you, when I was being made in secret, intricately woven in the depths of the earth. Your eyes beheld my substance. In your book were written all the days that were formed for me, when none of them as yet existed.

How weighty to me are your thoughts, O God! How vast is the sum of them! I try to count them—they are more than the sand; I come to the end—I am still with you.

Another Sacred Text

Black Liturgies by Cole Arthur Riley

I confess that at times I allow my insecurities and unmet desires to become my deepest motivators.... Heal whatever formed me to believe that the only people worth wanting are the ones who don't want me back. Show me the beauty of true reciprocity.... Expand my imagination for fulfillment, flourishing, and belonging, that when I am not chosen by whom I desire, I would glimpse what love is already tangible to me.... In all seasons, may I recall my own agency; that I have just as much voice and power to be an active participant in pursuing love. I can choose, and there is beauty in that.