



TUESDAY, DECEMBER 7

PSALM 121

I lift up my eyes to the hills— from where will my help come?
My help comes from the Lord, who made heaven and earth.
He will not let your foot be moved; he who keeps you will not slumber.
He who keeps Israel will neither slumber nor sleep.
The Lord is your keeper; the Lord is your shade at your right hand.
The sun shall not strike you by day, nor the moon by night.
The Lord will keep you from all evil; he will keep your life.
The Lord will keep your going out and your coming in from this time on and forevermore.

After months, years actually, of feeling battered and out of control, we lift our weary eyes. “How long,” we ask. “How long can this pandemic continue? How long do we have to wait for any form of racial justice? How long until we can let our anxiety subside?”

If you are like me, you are feeling this in 2021, surprisingly, even more than last year. Looking up from our hastily-assembled home office desks. Looking up from yet another march for justice. Looking up from the middle of hostile crowds. Looking up from whatever our current situation is, hoping and praying that God’s love, grace and justice is eventually going to prevail over our present circumstances.

We take comfort that the writers of the Psalms are also feeling overwhelmed, battered, and drained. The psalmist needed reminders that God is still in control. And so do we. Today. Here. Now.

Today, hear the promise that God does not rest until you are safe in God’s care.

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