

#

Is there no balm in Gilead?  
Is there no physician there?  
Why then is there no healing for the wound of my people?  
Jeremiah 8:22 (NIV)

# PSALMS OF LAMENT

FIRST PRES BERKELEY  
SUMMER INSTITUTES 2020

June 2020

First Presbyterian Church of Berkeley  
2407 Dana Street  
Berkeley CA 94704  
[www.fpckerkeley.org](http://www.fpckerkeley.org)  
(510) 848-6242

Cover Photo: Creative Commons License  
[“Jerusalem, The Wailing Wall” by Moody Man](#)

## **INTRODUCTION**

Michelle Vecchio-Lyzenga  
Minister of Christian Formation

## **PSALMS OF LAMENT**

I	Jill Boyce	3
II	Mae Chan	5
III	Jim Diggins	7
IV	Janie Elson	9
V	Tom Elson	10
VI	Karen Erickson	11
VII	Jason Gorski	12
VIII	Daly Jordan-Koch	14
IX	David SM Lee	16
X	Caroline Taylor	17
XI	Sarah Wright Young	18
XII	Christopher Young	20
XIII	Anonymous	23
XIV	Anonymous	24



# INTRODUCTION

The Psalms are Israel's prayer book. As such, they capture the breadth of God's people's dialogue with the Divine: their shouts of praise, their testimonies of thanksgiving, and, especially, their cries of lament. The Psalms of lament comprise the majority of the psalter and often follow a consistent form:

- Invocation | Address to God
- Complaint | Description of distress
- Profession | Expression of trust in God
- Petition | Request to God to bring about change
- Praise | Statement of intent to praise God for bringing change

In the psalms of lament, the Psalmist freely expresses their disappointment with the state of the world...and even God. But in expressing this in prayer, the Psalmist turns *to God, not away. This is the heart of prayer. This is the life of faith.*

In our Summer Institute communities this summer, many of us dwelt in the posture of lament and were invited to craft our own prayers of lament. Some of us wrote out our laments. Others quietly prayed them in our hearts these last several weeks...or even through tears. Here we've compiled some of our written laments into a Summer Institute "psalter" as a prayer resource to the broader First Pres community. While the language of the prayers may not be the readers' own, we hope that the words might give language to others' experience, grant them permission to bring their whole selves before God, and provide hope in a God who both listens and responds--just as the Psalms of scripture do for us.

Michelle Vecchio-Lyzenga  
Minister of Christian Formation

# PSALMS OF LAMENT



Oh God, how long is this heartache of a life to persist?  
How long do I have to keep distance, keep covered, keep realizing fear is real  
and so close?  
How long til the warmth of hugging another, a friend, a child, a grandchild, can  
make my heart sing?  
How long til I sense the weave of connection strengthening again.

You claim to be a God of steadfast love.  
Where is that love now?  
As love becomes increasingly fractured and frayed with relentless messages  
pulling people apart, where are you?  
People I know, people I claim to love, who hold different beliefs under the  
banner of Christian faith, are increasingly distanced. No longer safe to share  
pandemic or political views.

Images of the aged, the disabled, people of color, flood the news and the ICUs,  
And anonymous statistics of real people dying accumulate before us.  
Health workers become heroes and place families at home at risk begins to  
seem normal.  
And those most in need carry the unjust burden of it all...really God?  
Where is your mercy? I shout it again, WHERE is your mercy?  
I am left confused and discouraged.

Convoluting losses grow as small businesses close, boarded up, or hanging on  
by a thread at the door,  
Worried well wonder about their futures as jobs are gone, many never to  
return.  
A faint echo of strangeness looms everywhere now, as I encounter masked  
faces or walk in the street to avoid contact,  
So many more homeless asleep in the doorways startles me with many more  
to come.  
Oh God, where are you in all this chaos?

The underbelly of the Great America is exposed like never before...  
Leadership is lost and individualism is supreme. I ache for a remnant of  
common good.  
Hard to say exposure is a grace, but I say yes, and it is a truth to be reckoned  
with.  
Black brothers and sisters know well this weight of fear and truth steeped in  
inequity,  
Have carried it for so very long. They are my teachers.

Like so many of my Black teachers, I choose to turn towards you, God.  
I seek to remain faithful in the midst of this oppression of pandemic,  
economic loss, upheaval, injustice...  
God, you have offered me signs of faithfulness and steadfastness in the past,  
and I cling to this now. I choose to trust that you, God, are in this mess.  
I trust you, God, are calling me....  
To be like a tree planted by water sending out its roots by the stream.  
To offer some goodness to others in reconciliation and truth,  
Working to right the wrongs of injustice and offer your hand of mercy to  
another  
Seeking Shalom beyond understanding.

Jill Boyce

## II

You have shown me, Lord, You are a good and loving God.  
You said: Do not worry about your life.  
Look! The lilies of the field are given all they need to grow.  
Let the children come to me. The Kingdom of Heaven belongs to such as  
these.

Then why, O Lord--

Why are our babies struck down in their youth,  
Charged with jogging, sleeping, holding a toy gun, wanting to live  
While Black?

With a knee on his neck, George Floyd cried out to his mama. Don't you  
hear it?

George Floyd is calling out to all of us.

Why are we robbed of our daughters and sons?

It is not right for a mama to outlive her child.

What protection can we offer our babies when they leave the house?  
Tell them the truth: "It does not matter if you are good, if you smile, if  
you say 'yes, sir.'

If you keep your hands on the dashboard, and never ever wear a black  
hoodie.

*Baby, the people who are supposed to protect us  
are only protecting some of us."*

About COVID-19 they're saying, "None of us are safe until all of us are  
safe."

About police killing the innocent,  
knowing they themselves will suffer little or no consequence,  
we must also say, "None of us are safe until all of us are safe."

God, the wicked get away with murder  
*How long will you let this go on?*  
They brag and boast  
and crow about their crimes!

They walk all over your people, God,  
exploit and abuse your precious people.  
*How long will you let this go on?*

They take out anyone who gets in their way;  
if they can't use them, they kill them.  
They think, "God isn't looking,  
Jacob's God is out to lunch." (Psalm 94:3-7 MSG)  
*How long will you let this go on?*

God, put an end to evil;  
avenging God, show your colors!  
Judge of the earth, take your stand;  
throw the book at the arrogant. (Psalm 94:1-2 MSG)

Comfort us mamas,  
wipe away our tears with justice  
for our daughters. Justice for our sons.  
So we may once again rejoice.  
On this earth, *now Lord,*  
As it is in heaven. Amen

Mae Chan

### III Future on Hold

Oh Lord, how I long for the future,  
It's been placed on temporary hold.  
So the past and the present are recycling,  
And it has gotten painfully old.

Oh Lord, how I long for the future,  
To be free of re-living the past  
To escape reruns of the memories  
And create new ones which hopefully will last.

Oh Lord, how I long for the future,  
When we finally get rid of this bug.  
To be able to feel the warmth,  
Of giving someone a really big hug.

Oh Lord, how I long for the future,  
And change my new-normal routine.  
Breaking out of my sequestered shelter,  
To see others, and also be seen.

Oh Lord, how I long for the future,  
And join together with others to sing.  
Classic pieces as well as the old songs,  
To hear and feel the chords as they ring.

Oh Lord, how I long for the future,  
To travel again with my darling spouse.  
No, not on some far off adventure,  
Just anywhere, to get out of the house.

Oh Lord, how I long for the future,  
Because I always like to plan.  
But with so much that's uncertain,  
I dream of the day when I can.

Oh Lord, how I long for the future,  
Actively join march, and to protest.  
To show support for racial justice,  
When my voice can join all the rest.

Oh Lord, how I long for the future,  
To look forward to something again.  
Do things that for now are off limits,  
I can hardly wait until then.

Oh Lord, how I long for the future,  
To do even the simplest task.  
Like go to the store, or eat a meal,  
Without having to wear a mask.

Oh Lord, how I long for the future,  
When hopefully our country can unite.  
And that after the November election,  
There'd be no fighting between left and right.

Oh Lord, how I long for the future,  
As my patience is worn to the bone.  
Waiting in anticipation for the time,  
When futures are no longer postponed.

Jim Diggins

## IV

### Dear God - What Time is it?

Dear God –what time is it?

A time to mourn or throw stones?

A time to search or give up as lost?

A time for war or a time for peace?

I only know it is not the time for me to silence my heart of

Good intentions

Yearnings to do the work of understanding

Soul searching.

My will to pursue

To take one step forward

To listen to the voices rising up in pain and condemnation

In the written word

From the street

From the podium

Is as thin water running down the sink.

I am a hypocrite: sounding one way, superficial gestures, and my core remains the same.

Take the whimperings of my soul, the public pronouncements of new commitments

And bring me to my knees.

Don't let me up until I understand and grieve.

I'm looking for enlightenment and redemption.

Don't leave me alone to flounder.

Because your love outruns me every time.

Because your breath out lasts my own.

Because your reoccurring forgiveness is not tired.

I give you what I have

- Faith without certainty

- Eyes without clear sight

- Love without perfection

Dear God – I trust you know the time.

Janie Elson

## V

O Lord God,  
I have known your mercy,  
I have seen your goodness.  
Am I now to believe these were merely human made privileges,  
    established by sinful practice and legislation?  
Am I now to shed my thanks for opportunities  
    because they created disadvantage for others  
    and left people of color often sidelined by denial of opportunity?  
It is difficult to confess what I do not feel I created,  
    yet I knowingly and unknowingly participated in this privilege  
    and I confess I enjoyed the benefits  
    and I confess I didn't see the destruction these privileges caused.  
Forgive me for blindness and complicity for my participation in the advantages  
    and disadvantages of racist practices.

So, Lord God,  
    free me from complicity,  
    let me not shut my eyes to the harm of racism,  
    hold me accountable for lack of participation in justice,  
    and guide me to means of rectifying injustice,  
    and send me to uncomfortable places of reconciliation.  
    Establish your vision for a just and equitable world through my actions,  
    and give me the joy of a world born anew in equality and unity.

O Lord, I trust you,  
    I trust in you to give energy and strength,  
    I trust you to open vistas of opportunity and advantage for all,  
    And to provide thoughtfulness and wisdom to guide my actions.

O Lord, I trust you  
    to use me for your kingdom's work and to use our church for your  
    establishment of a hopeful new world.

Tom Elson

## VI

Why, O Lord?

Why do some have so much and some so little? Why is there so much income inequity, with white people having millions, billions, trillions, and Black people dollars, aid, and poverty. Are we not all God's children, beloved in Thy sight?

How long, O Lord? Will white people have a superior attitude, a false love? Enjoying our place above, being one up? Being the dispensers of assistance, never the receivers. To holding Black people in esteem, yet a bit lesser.

Selah

Hear our complaint, O Lord. We confess to being afraid of having to look at this inequity and pain; it is easier to look away.

The systems of racism are so deep and strong; how will we ever break them? Those in power will not give it up easily.

Selah

But you, O Lord, see it all and long for justice. You, O righter of wrongs, can make this right. Restore the fortunes of Black people until they exceed that of all others. For all of the hurt and pain they have experienced, provide double the joy and healing.

Bring about income equity, to this nation and the world. Let the haves have less and the have nots have more. Let us have less, less power, less money, less esteem, and Black women, men, and children have more.

Turn our privilege into sacrifice.

Selah

O Lord, maker of heaven and earth, we know we can rely on You to bring these things to pass. You are a trustworthy God, one who parted the Red Sea and provided manna in the desert. You and you alone are God; there is no other.

You will make our paths straight and all of our paths level. We will always remember your goodness to us.

Karen Erickson

## VII

How long, oh Lord, will you tolerate white supremacy?

In its most obvious forms

In its every-day subtle lurking

Will you continue to let your children be

side-lined,

locked-out, and

locked-up

by their white brothers and sisters?

For how long?

You are patient,

but your patience has gone too far.

In tolerance, your sons and daughters are artificially

separate and unequal,

unknowing and unloving

of one another.

How long will you allow us to continue on like this -

business as usual, the oppressors and the oppressed?

Not forever - you promise us - not forever.

You did not

let your people remain slaves of Pharaoh forever.

You will not

let your children be enslaved by whiteness forever.

Act swiftly, oh Lord -

turn this wrong to right.

Change our hearts with your singular ability.

And where hearts are hardened,

take stronger measure.

Strengthen those of us who can "wait no longer"

to be active,

non-idle,

participants

in your kingdom work.

In your tireless eternity,  
you will reconcile us one to the other,  
you will tread on the lion and the cobra.  
Praise God, the time will come!

Jason Gorski

## VIII

Oh LORD, people are hungry, they have little food, they don't know where their next meal will come from.

Others eat off the fat of the Land

Your children, O GOD, open empty cupboards searching for crumbs.

Their parents lost work, no fault of their own, SO fast, like lightning striking.

Others were able to pivot and work, gainfully, from Home, Sheltering-in-Place.

Do not forget these hungry, fearful families, GOD!

We enter grocery stores and Trader Joe's blind to this reality.

"Food Deserts" exist in our cities. Why do they continue in 2020? Why do we allow this to continue? We talk about food as economics "scarcity"; "supply and demand"? It's clear: Children and Parents are hungry!

Scarcity hits SO hard right now. How do we get food to the people that need it?

There is a desperation that seems to have no end and no bottom.

Help, O GOD!

In your mercy, guide us to let go of our past judgments, opinions, and wrong answers.

Help us be efficient.

Let the money for food get into the hands of families. Let the way open up to transport people to the food and help them return safely home.

Make a way for food to get to households. Let there be jobs with secure employment and solid income for each household. Let needed support become evident to struggling households.

We throw ourselves into your arms.

Rescue us  
Rescue families

I trust in your bounty, GOD. Let your generosity flow.  
Let your love break in and show us a way; bellies are hurting with hunger.

Daly Jordan-Koch

## IX

### 8:46 of Life Forsaken

Oh Lord! We...we create divides deeply rooted by self;  
Always so wide-apart caused by self.  
Yahweh of the enslaved, oppression/injustice are human creations by self.  
With our iniquities we pluck and cull through races, through ages, all by self.

When our images are same, created in you, my Lord;  
Free-will we have, given not earned.  
Our actions brings sufferings, selections of choice, systemic hate, all by self.

Our seed began from one image of love, my Lord.  
Ashamed, becoming impersonal without agape, impenetrable by self.  
How long, how long, 400 years more when 8:46 is enough for breathlessness;  
By self.

Oh Lord, allow us to un-damage, by leaning instead to hate evil and wrongs.  
You came and touched us with flesh, leaving us with Beatitudes to live in your  
World.  
Assuring us with blessings; drying tears and waiting, waiting, waiting no more.

David SM Lee

## X

Lord, creator of *all* things, you have upended your world with a tiny virus. You have used it to show us the deep inequities in healthcare and economic opportunities and our lack of compassion for each other.

Lord, forgive us our hubris as we have denied the realities of this disease and insisted on our own ways, ignoring the advice of experts.

Guide our leaders and help them to feel their responsibility for others when they feel the need for bravado instead. Protect us from their whims. Heal us as we reach deep into our history and the wounds of racism in this country and reckon with how to bring hope and healing in such a divided time. Show us how to reflect your mercy and help us to release our fear of each other.

The needs are great here and around the world. As I sit in my comfortable home, help me to hear the cries I need to hear. Help me to be generous in response to your great provision and love. Help me to show grace to others. Lord, on you alone I rest my hope. My rock, my redeemer. Redeemer of the world, have mercy on us and use this time to bring us together and to find greater peace.

Amen.

Caroline Taylor

## XI

God of creation, dear, perfect, loving Father in Heaven,  
Precious Jesus, beloved Brother, risen and righteous King,  
Guiding and comforting Holy Spirit,

I feel so lost! I don't know what to think anymore. So many voices coming at me, saying different things, all saying they come from you. The world seems to be falling apart, chaos and turmoil everywhere. Some say these are the signs of your imminent return. Shouldn't that make me rejoice? So why am I so fearful? Won't that mean an end to all this violence, disease, and death? Then again, how much more will we have to suffer until then?

They say we should prepare, but how? They all say we should pray and seek you; at least we agree on that, but then, the agreement seems to end. Some say, "Stand with the president to protect our nation." Others say the president is the downfall of our nation. On both sides, they say they're following you. If I stand for social justice, some say I've fallen into a progressive trap of the devil. If I do nothing, others say I am complicit in an evil system of oppression. If I try to defend various points of view, then I don't stand for anything? What does it look like to stand with you? Please tell me! Everyone is prophesying! Which prophets are yours?

Wow, you've sat here listening to me scream and cry like this, and you're still here. I guess you're patient, and you really care. Wow, how your love is endless! I just hope to love you and our family with that same love. I will choose to be patient with you and trust that you will reveal your will in the right time, not too soon and not too late. In the meantime, just help me not to run away from facing the tough issues because you know that's all I want to do these days.

Heal this land in your good and just way. If that means proving us all wrong, so be it. Only your will is perfect. Remind me and the rest of your family of that, and humble us before you. Show us your mercy in our failings, loving Father, faithful Brother, glorious King.

Despite my fears, I sit here now at peace, aware of the healing found in your presence. I will rejoice at witnessing unity among your people. I know that perfect goodness and joy are found in you alone, Lord, and I only want to praise you always. I know you hold me in your heart and that your children are your everything; I pray that I would keep you in my heart and never cease to worship you as my everything. Amen.

Sarah Wright Young

## XII

### 楊

How long Lord! How long must your people wander in the wilderness of our design before we turn back to you?

How long must Black and Brown parents endure the injustice and the brutality of those sworn to serve and protect? How much will innocent blood be shed before you turn your face to us and say enough? George Floyd, Treyvon Martin, Stephane Clark, Breanna Taylor, Rayshard Brooks, Sean Monterrosa and more. Some of these victims were just kids when they were killed. Some of these victims were visiting family and inside the private property when they were killed. And some of these victims were simply at the wrong place at the wrong time when they were killed.

Oh Lord, as a Chinese American, my culture taught me to be wary of Black people growing up. I acknowledge that Chinese people, in general, see whiteness as something to strive for and emulate. I admit that within my culture, we view paler skin as signs of wealth and comfortable living and therefore strive to achieve those goals. Oh God, it often feels like Chinese people are not part of the nations racial divide. It often feels like we can sit back and watch the two sides tear each other apart. But Lord, we Chinese people do contribute to the problem.

In choosing to side with white America, we forget our heritage. We forget the struggles of our parents, grandparents and ancestors who came to this country looking for a better life. We ignore injustices like the Chinese Exclusion act of 1882 perpetrated against our people by white America. As a wider group, Asian Americans choose to ignore or forget that Japanese Americans were sent to internment camps during World War II just for looking the way that they do or having the names that they have. These Americans were imprisoned because white America feared that Japanese Americans might defect to Japan and betray the country, they called home.

Lord, we Chinese Americans will never know what it is like to have a 400-year history of enslavement like our African American brothers and sisters. We Chinese Americans will never know what it is like to be forced from our land at rifle point like the Native Americans were by European settlers. We may never know what it is like to escape war-torn nations, or what it is like to work in the fields picking fruit or cotton for little to no pay. But, at least some of us have an idea what it's like to lose our names and identities when we arrive on these shores. Some of us know what it is like to be greeted with stares and shouts of "Go back to your country," by those who do not want us here.

Creator of the universe, you say in the book of Genesis that humankind sprang from one source. Through this Adam, all people were made in your image. Through this Adam, all nations spread out and covered the earth. Lord, the apostle Paul tells us that we are all part of one body. We are all parts of the body of Christ and the body of humanity.

Help us Lord to see that despite cosmetic differences, we are the same as the next person. Help us understand that no matter if we are African, Asian, European, or Middle Eastern, we still reflect your glorious image. Help us who are not Black or white to stand with our Black neighbors, our brothers, and sisters in Christ, and say and affirm that Black lives do matter. Oh Lord, please help Chinese Christians realise that not all immigrant groups are as fortunate as they are. Not all immigrant groups are as fortunate as the Irish, the Italians, or the Germans who also immigrated to this country. Help the Chinese and Asian communities to remember the pain of exclusion and vow that no one else should have to go through that same pain.

Oh God, thank you for being the author of life. You created the heavens, the earth and everything that is on the earth. Through Adam and Eve, Noah and his son's, Abraham, Isaac, Israel, Moses, David and Jesus you have redeemed and restored human connection to you. Through the willing sacrifice of Jesus of Nazareth, you have taken away the reproach of Ham and his descendants, brought low and redeemed your people Israel, and allowed the whole world to know your great name.

Oh Lord, we are but clay in your hands. Oh divine Potter, our lives are yours to shape and mold in the patterns that you see fit. Shape us oh Lord, mold us into the church that you desire. Form us oh Lord into the followers of Christ that you know we can be. Oh God, help us realise that our impurities and imperfections are meant to service the needs of others and promote cooperation and dependence, not to serve as an indictment against ourselves or those around us.

Help your people realise that all lives are sacred. Help your people see the image of God reflected at them in the lives of Black people, Latinos, Asians, Muslims, LGBTQ people, officers of the law, members of the military, the super wealthy who know not what to do with all their accumulated wealth, the poorest of the poor who live paycheck to paycheck, hand to mouth and struggle to make ends meet, politicians on both sides of the aisle and those who may hold a different point of view from them. Like mothers, unborn children, the elderly and the disabled, these lives matter to God and should matter to his people.

We can sit here today debating the merits of who is right. Do all lives matter, or do Black lives matter? But, as a Chinese American, as an immigrant born to an immigrant mother, as neither Black nor white, and most importantly, as a follower of Jesus Christ and the Lord Yahweh, God Almighty, I implore you to see dear reader: I implore you to realise that if Black lives do not matter, if Black lives are not as important, then how can all lives matter? By leaving out certain groups of people, one is sending a clear message that only certain lives matter. But, I can say with confidence that God believes all lives matter. If not, then Jesus' sacrifice on the cross and resurrection is in vain.

Christopher Young

楊智強

## XIII

Help me Lord to know I see racial injustices and have not spoken up or help change police interactions within the African American community. White police officers cannot be afraid of Black people because of the color of their skin. New training needs to take place to assist police officers by communicating verbally to a potential violation of the law / crime and not to point their guns to shoot to kill anyone. Police officers cannot kill if they are afraid and need to think about their own families. If a dangerous situation occurs disarming someone by shooting a limb (leg) only if necessary. Mental health services for everyone is needed and should be available to everyone without a stigma.

I abound myself to get to know my neighbor who doesn't look like me. Everyone should look into personality, soul and realize we all want a safe environment, safe neighborhoods to live in, education and medical care. I am going to volunteer my time to help people by knowing God will guide me thru scripture.

Psalms 46:10-11 Be still and know that I am God: I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth. The Lord of hosts is with us: the God of Jacob is our refuge. Selah. God has prepared my spirit to be unselfish with my time by showing up and not just talking. I pray that all people will be judged by the content of their character and not the color of their skin - Martin Luther King

Anonymous

## XIV

God of Compassion and Forgiveness, God of Justice, hear my prayer.  
Overwhelm me with love and forgiveness. Look down upon me with mercy.  
Grant mercy to a torn and sin-sick land.

My guilt is large, my anger rises up, my soul is laid bare, my next steps are unknown.

I weep and lament and say “how long.” I have been overwhelmed with grief, tears flow from my eyes unceasingly, my heart is heavy with sorrow.

The pandemic and isolation have laid me low. Sins long tolerated are now laid bare; my loved ones are despised by the church and people of God because of their sexual identity; my Black nephew raises his voice because of attacks on his fellow brothers and sisters by the police; my spouse without self-examination states racist remarks while proclaiming Christianity; my own feelings of complicity in the past create a feeling of inadequacy now to make a difference. God, you have laid this earth low, people dying by the 100's of 1,000's. Injustice reigns in our systemic policies, lying mouths spread deceit and corruption. The people have been brought to their knees by not acknowledging their own part in systemic policies that perpetuate racism in our homes, in our churches, in our communities, in our states and in our nation. Policies are made which are a violence and affront to God. Black people, and other people of color are discriminated against by White people, White policies, White systems that have existed from the foundation of this nation. And the White churches are not only complicit but create these very same policies using perceived interpretations of scripture to exclude, condemn, and perpetuate the policies. Oh God raise me up, raise your people up to condemn the violence wrought upon the poor, the disenfranchised, the cast down, the brothers and sisters of color who endure the violence.

God, your counsel is wise, therefore will I trust you. You have created this world and you will bring forth your justice. You have surrounded me with love and grace and will reach out and heal me, the church, the people and the land.

God, open our eyes to injustice, our hearts to compassion, our minds to needed changes, our churches to confession of racism, our bodies to heal from sickness, and our graves to give back their dead. Rise up, oh Lord, and perform your wonders in the hearts and minds of all peoples. In valleys, your truth is made known and rivers of life are discovered.

Therefore, will I praise you; your wisdom is beyond all understanding, your faithfulness endures through all generations. Though nations are brought low, you endure, and I will yet praise you.

Anonymous