

The Voice in the Temple

by Katie Cook

This is the year that King Uzziah died.
There is brokenness and death all around us.
There is violence and injustice and hunger.
We have hatred in our hearts,
And we dwell in the midst of a people with hateful hearts.
We fear that our dreams and hopes are dying.
We believed that we were supposed to dream along with God,
But we wonder sometimes if it's worth all the pain.
We see evidence that the work is not in vain,
And we cling in the midst of our fatigue to those glimpses of truth,
We cherish those rumors of glory.



This is the year that King Uzziah died,
And we have come to the temple to weep.
We wait now to hear that word
that will keep us going.
We wait to taste of the holiness of God,
The vision, high and lifted up.
We wait to hear that voice that we love so much.
Somewhere in the middle of our weeping
we hear a question:
“Who will go out into a world such as this,
Where people suffer and die
And infant hopes are dashed against the rocks?”
And we search our hearts.
Are we ready for this task?
Are we worthy to go where God sends us?
Can we do this?
We feel too young. We feel too old.
We tend to stammer. We tend to fall down.
We each feel unfit in different ways.
But we have heard a voice, a beloved voice,
In the temple, where we went to weep.

continued

This is the year that King Uzziah died,
And we have heard a voice in the temple.
May God give us grace,
May God give us courage,
May God keep us on the journey,
For we must go and tell the people what the voice has told us.

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Art is by Rebecca Ward.

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