

And the people said to Moses, Give us some water to drink.

What do people of faith do when they are parched dry?

.....when the God we thought we knew, on whom we have leaned, appears to be far off?

### **How do we trust? To what do we cling?**

As people of faith, we have language for celebrations and praise.

We can sing out the glorious Alleluias of Easter morn, and sing praise to the Almighty One.

But what do we say when we are mired in Good Friday?

....when we – like Jesus from the cross, and the people of Israel in the middle of the desert – are weary from the journey,  
stooped with the burdens of disease and in justice,  
threatened by a loss of income and security, and anxious about the future of our nation –

--- what do we say when we are grasping for water, desperate for survival?

### **We ask Where is God? Why have you forsaken us?**

It is easy to claim allegiance to God when the sun is shining. It is easy to lean on Jesus as a shepherd searching for lost sheep,

Jesus as the one who heals us, forgives us and promises each of us new life -

**but we are in a different season now**, a time of dry desert wind and no water in sight where we are reminded of our own frail bodies as death tolls rise,

we are confronted daily by inescapable pictures of injustice and violence –

--- injustice which has a name like Trayvon Martin/ Michael Brown/ Breonna Taylor/ George Floyd.

**2020 continues to be a year spent in the Sinai** when we have been compelled to let go of the things that were

\_\_\_\_\_ and take up the back breaking work of becoming a new people,  
building a new community, and re-balancing society and the nation.

In times like these, Israel cried out “Give us some water”

Throughout the Psalms we hear ‘How long O Lord, how long?’

This is the language of lament,  
the cry of God's people who find themselves at the bottom of the well,  
using the last ounces of their resilience and watching their faith and trust  
turn to dust.

**Lament is how people without power speak the truth.** It names the evil we see  
around us, calling it out, forcing it out of hiding.

We cast aside old excuses like "that's the way we do things" or "it's all a part of  
our history" or even the last resort "there's nothing we can do about it". **The truth  
is laid bare.**

In the language of lament we call on God to right the wrongs – to destroy the evil – so  
we can once again trust that all creation is held in God's hands...today, tomorrow, and  
into eternity.

Here we stand – mired in Good Friday – with brokenness all around us – and we  
cry out!

Loud prayers that beg for the powerful love of the crucified one to call us  
out of this darkness

– to remind us that Easter is coming - when we can put away our laments  
**and break out our glorias.**

**We long for your presence O God. Give us some water. Assure us of life.**

In the meantime, what do we do? How do we get from here to there?

We take up the work of the 2<sup>nd</sup> son, hard at work in the Father's vineyard under the  
blazing sun.

We journey towards the glorias by taking up the work of justice for the oppressed,  
doing the labor of making peace and reconciling enemies.

We stand with the weak, the vulnerable, and the innocent – to protect and  
defend them.

We do the hard work of building God's kingdom and preparing Jesus' supper table for  
all of the beloved children. We feed the hungry. We clothe the naked. We shelter the  
homeless.

**And we wait, longing for light in the darkness, longing for peace in the chaos, longing for water in the desert. We wait for Christ – our light, and our hope.**

In these times, we as people of faith, use the language of the ancient psalms to beseech our God for the sake of all creation, and then following Jesus, we look into the face of suffering and we see the hand of God pulling us into life – life for every one of us, friend and enemy, sister and stranger.

We cry out. We claim the truth of the violence and oppression of our world and then we trust in the one who conquered the cross and vacated the tomb. We lift our voices together to strengthen one another for the long desert journey ahead – trusting that God is leading us through death into life.

Long ago in the desert of Sinai, the story is told of Moses striking a rock with his staff bringing pure, life-giving water gushing out.

Today we pray, Holy God, break open our hearts of stone and bring forth living water for all of creation, that we might find our life in you, and all might know peace.

Amen.