
WORD MADE FLESH

Sowing in Tears*

Baruch 5:1-9; Psalm 126; Philippians 1:3-6,8-11; Luke 3:1-6

The Psalmist, my namesake David, whom I cherish, sings in hope of our captivity, our tears midst the struggle of having lost our own world and having falling into bondage. He gives voice to our hearts cry, our despair.

The Psalmist sings of "Those who went sowing in tears."

He sings of himself and of us being carried off, captives to a foreign land. He sings of the deepest loss we can feel. He sings of those peculiar and tragic time when we - faithful as we have light to be and, often, in the midst of life's fruit bearing years - awaken to find the world removed from us, our loved one's having fled. In the Psalmist's cry we hear our own. We were so sure and confident. We thought, like David, King and poet and beloved of God, that we too had done it all right: nurtured, taught, gave of our-selves, loved without condition. And then, from no-where it seems, we awake to find ourselves in a world we do not recognize, a strange and depleted world. It is no longer in a world of joy, a world of love and communion where we are known by name and where we know the one's we love. It is the land of fear, the land of doubt, the land of weeping.

"Those who went sowing in tears...."

And the Psalmist sings out of his hope born of the bondage, the exile, and despair, born of the journey through them all:

"They went away, went away weeping,
carrying the seed;
they come back, come back singing,
carrying their sheaves."

As we move into this season of Advent, we hear, in the distance, the voice crying in the wilderness of our own heart:

"Prepare a way for the Lord,
make his paths straight.
Every valley will be filled in,
every mountain and hill be laid low,
winding ways will be straightened
and rough roads made smooth.
And all shall see the salvation of God."

With John the Forerunner, preaching his baptism of repentance for the forgiveness of sins, and with the Psalmist, we pray to have the confidence to weep, with our sisters and brothers, the life bearing seeds and come someday into the harvest of joy and see our salvation. We pray this day for that hope, a grace given by God, through which we may greet the future as the restoration of our homeland.

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*Originally published in *The Western Catholic Reporter*, 4 December 1994