

## The Lord Hears the Cry of the Poor

John Foley

The Lord hears the cry of the poor.  
Blessed be the Lord.

I will bless the Lord at all times.  
With praise ever in my mouth.  
Let my soul glory in the Lord,  
Who will hear the cry of the poor.

The Lord hears the cry of the poor.  
Blessed be the Lord.

Let the lowly hear and be glad:  
The Lord listens to their pleas;  
And to hearts broken, God is near,  
Who will hear the cry of the poor.

The Lord hears the cry of the poor.  
Blessed be the Lord.

Every spirit crushed, God will save;  
Will be ransom for their lives;  
Will be safe shelter for their fears,  
And will hear the cry of the poor.

The Lord hears the cry of the poor.  
Blessed be the Lord.



## Who are the poor?



Our prayer is characterized by silence ~

*Be still and know that I am God!*

In that silence we listen for a new word.  
God is present in all our lives.  
God cares for us, and  
our life experiences are a source  
of deepening knowledge of God and self.

Inspired by God's Word in the silence  
we share from our hearts.

Prayer Leader:  
Mary Beth Marquard, HM  
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## TO PONDER:

*From Living Faith by Patricia Livingston*

Stopped at a red light, I saw a man begging, holding a sign that said "Help?" He took the money I held out to him, looked at me and said, "God bless you!" Was it the tone in his voice when he mentioned God? The look on his face of both gratitude and reverence? I spontaneously responded, "Someone I love is having cancer surgery today; would you say a prayer for them?" His face just lit up. He raised his arms and began to pray out loud, requesting God's healing power for my loved one, his voice a profound expression of faith and trust. "Oh, thank you!"

Just then, I, not he, had been the poor one crying out. As he looked at me, I saw how moved he was to have been able to help my distress. Thank you, God, for responding to our cry by giving us ways to help each other.

## READING: Psalm 34 *adapted*

*from Psalms for Praying by Nan C. Merrill*

I will bless the Beloved at all times;  
a song of praise will I sing.  
My soul speaks to God continually;  
let all who suffer hear and be glad.

O, open your hearts, friends,  
that your pain and loneliness be turned to Love;  
and then, we shall rejoice in the Divine together.  
When I searched for Love,  
God answered within in my heart,  
and all my fears flew away.

Look to the great Provider,  
and your emptiness will be filled,  
your face will radiate Love.  
For when you weep, the Comforter hears  
and comes to companion you;  
your burdens are eased by Love.

Though we are beset with many fears  
that cause illness and troubles,  
God is ever ready to comfort us in our sorrows,  
to strengthen us on our soul's journey to wholeness.  
Our gracious God renews the life  
of all who surrender to Love.

Sharing...

a word...

a phrase...

a reflection...