

PART IV

# Broken Cisterns

**“13 “My people have committed two sins: They have forsaken me, the spring of living water, and have dug their own cisterns, broken cisterns that cannot hold water. 14 Is Israel a servant, a slave by birth? Why then has he become plunder? 15 Lions have roared; they have growled at him. They have laid waste his land; his towns are burned and deserted.”**

**- Jeremiah 2:13-15**

27 They walk up to a tree and say, 'My father!' They pick up a stone and say, 'My mother! You bore me!' All I ever see of them is their backsides. They never look me in the face.”

- Jeremiah 2:27

8 ...they didn't obey. They paid no attention to me. They did whatever they wanted to do, whenever they wanted to do it... praying to the gods you've been sacrificing to all these years...

You've got as many gods as you have villages, Judah! And you've got enough altars for sacrifices to that impotent sex god Baal to put one on every street corner in Jerusalem!”

- Jeremiah 11 MSGv



“1 So here's what I want you to do,  
God helping you: Take your everyday,  
ordinary life - your sleeping, eating,  
going-to-work, and walking-around  
life - and place it before God as an  
offering. Embracing what God does  
for you is the best thing you can do  
for him.”

- Romans 12:1 MSGv

trumpets of praise,  
ashes of repentance,  
tears of lament

- Nicholas Wolterstorff

## GRIEF IN THE BODY

Stress

Sin

Separation

Sorrow

**“As long as you keep secrets and suppress information, you are fundamentally at war with yourself...The critical issue is allowing yourself to know what you know. That takes an enormous amount of courage.”**

**Bessel A. van der Kolk, The Body Keeps the Score: Brain, Mind, and Body in the Healing of Trauma**

9 Let his children become orphans; let his wife turn into a widow. 10 Let his children wander aimlessly, begging, driven out of their ruined homes. 11 Let a creditor seize everything he owns; let strangers plunder his wealth. 12 Let no one extend faithful love to him; let no one have mercy on his orphans.

**1 Alongside Babylon's rivers we sat on the banks;  
we cried and cried, remembering the good old  
days in Zion...**

**8 And you, Babylonians - ravagers! A reward to  
whoever gets back at you for all you've done to us;**

1 Alongside Babylon's rivers we sat on the banks;  
we cried and cried, remembering the good old  
days in Zion...

8 And you, Babylonians - ravagers! A reward to  
whoever gets back at you for all you've done to us;

9 Yes, a reward to the one who grabs your babies  
and **smashes their heads on the rocks!**

PSALM 3 MSG

1 God! Look! Enemies past  
counting! Enemies sprouting like  
mushrooms.

2 Mobs of them all around me,  
roaring their mockery: "Hah! No  
help for him from God!"

3 But you, God, shield me on all  
sides; You ground my feet, you lift  
my head high;

4 With all my might I shout up to  
God, His answers thunder from the  
holy mountain.

5 I stretch myself out. I sleep. Then  
I'm up again - rested, tall and  
steady.

6 Fearless before the enemy mobs  
Coming at me from all sides.

7 Up, God! My God, help me! Slap  
their faces, First this cheek, then the  
other, Your fist hard in their teeth!

8 Real help comes from God. Your  
blessing clothes your people!

AMEN!

One noticed  
they're often like weeds,  
randomly sprouting easily  
harve. Please cut the weeds out

Lord!  
Did [redacted] join them, did  
[redacted], did [redacted], did  
[redacted]? If so, I'm pretty  
hurt Lord. How could they not  
talk to me, to us, first? Why  
do leaders like [redacted] have such  
captive audiences? Why?  
But I'm an idiot, careless, in  
a sea of cultural failure.

I'm "nervous"



PSALM 6

1 LORD, do not rebuke me in your anger  
or discipline me in your wrath.

2 Have mercy on me, LORD, for I am  
faint; heal me, LORD, for my bones are in  
agony.

3 My soul is in deep anguish. How long,  
LORD, how long?

4 Turn, LORD, and deliver me; save me  
because of your unfailing love.

5 Among the dead no one proclaims your  
name. Who praises you from the grave?

6 I am worn out from my groaning. All  
night long I flood my bed with weeping  
and drench my couch with tears.

7 My eyes grow weak with sorrow; they  
fail because of all my foes.

8 Away from me, all you who do evil, for  
the LORD has heard my weeping.

9 The LORD has heard my cry for mercy;  
the LORD accepts my prayer.

10 All my enemies will be overwhelmed  
with shame and anguish; they will turn  
back and suddenly be put to shame.

I'm tired Lord, I  
get to set the agenda? Why do the losers  
the ones with no "fruit" in their  
lives call the shots. [redacted] is a  
sour puss, rot with self righteousness,  
an idiot, [redacted] is an undeveloped  
"teen", stuck as a bitter anxious  
high school girl. Like "mean girls"  
they run amok causing pain and  
distress. Shut the mouths of the  
accuser Lord, shut it hard and  
come to my defense Lord.





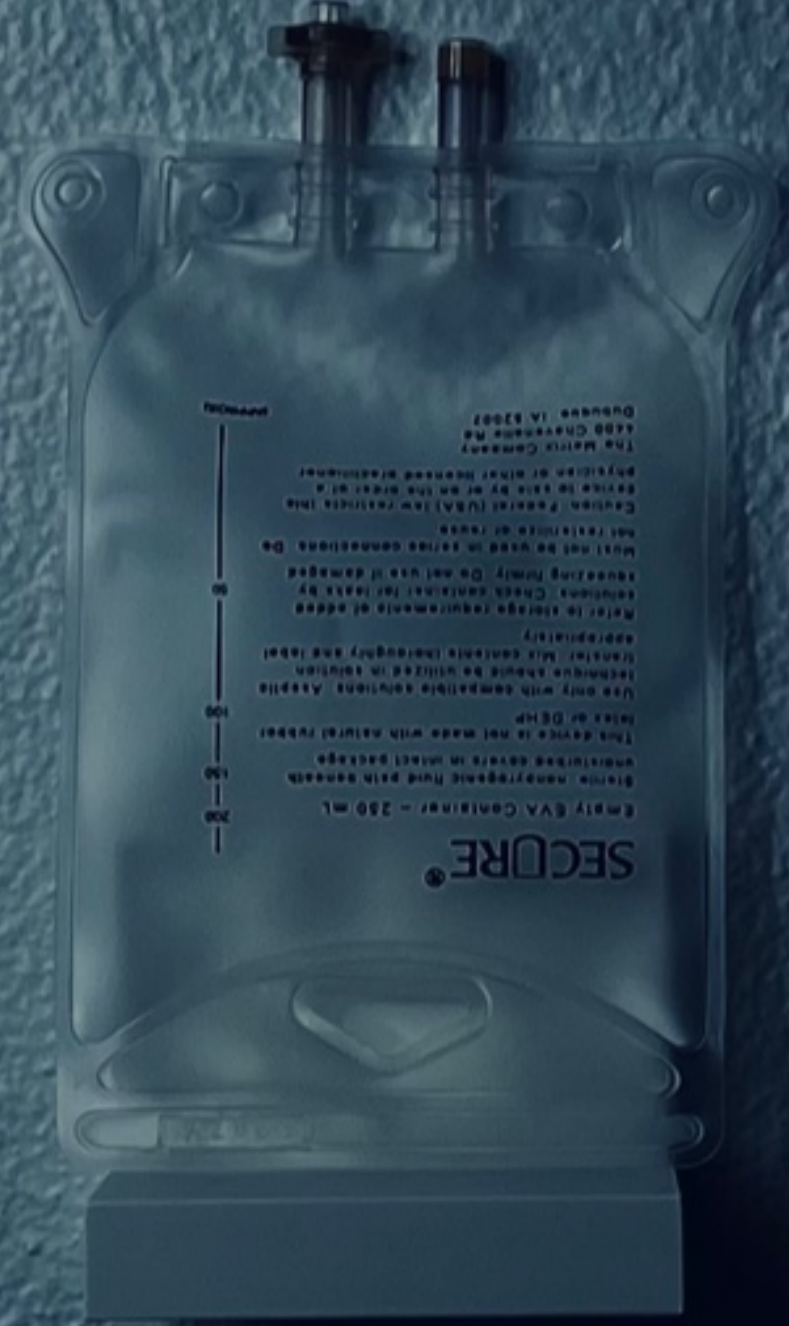














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