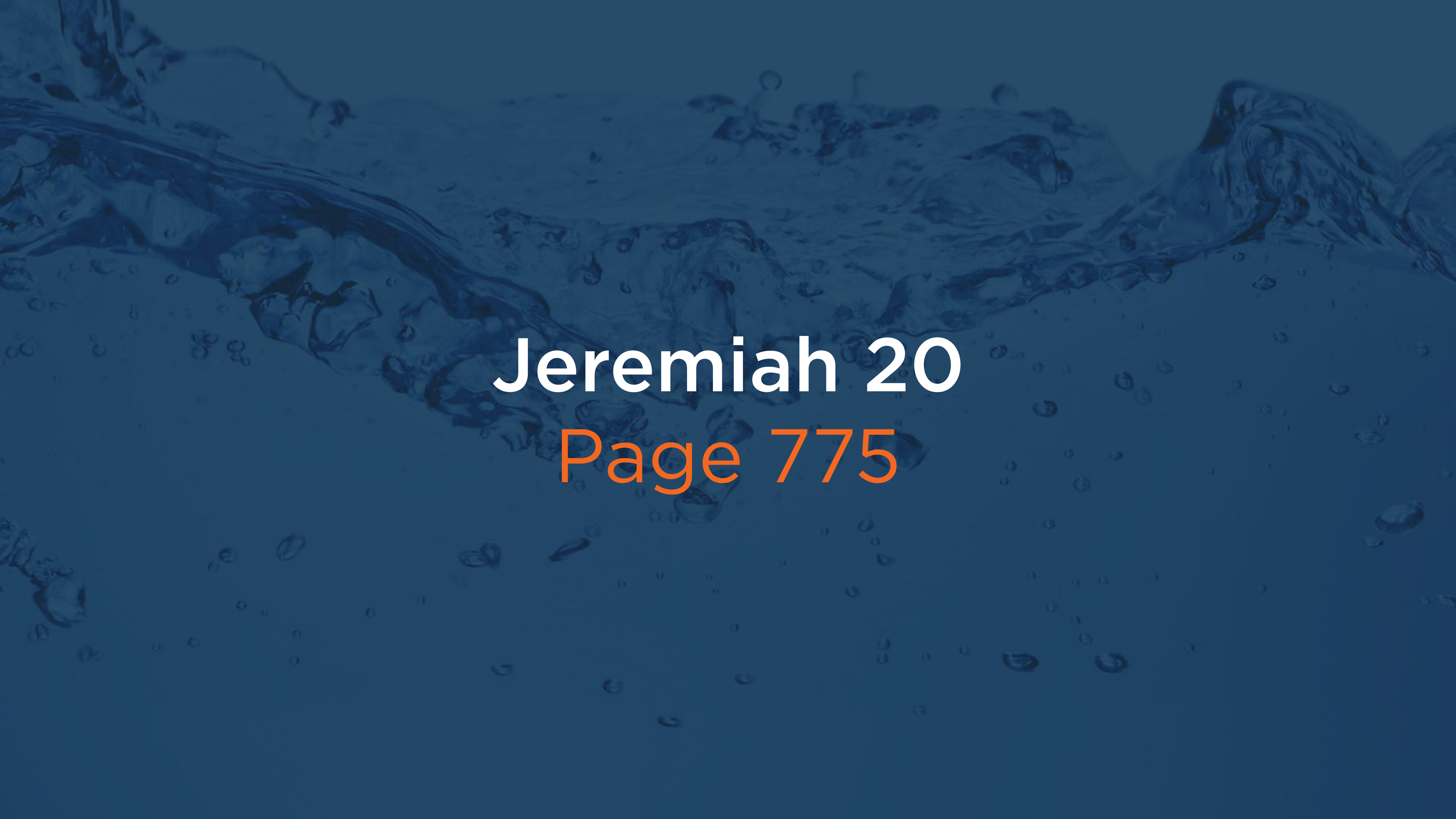




The Dark and the Dawn

STEVE NORMAN



Jeremiah 20

Page 775

The background of the image is a dynamic splash of water, rendered in a monochromatic blue color. The water is captured in mid-motion, with numerous droplets and bubbles visible, creating a sense of energy and movement. The lighting highlights the texture of the water, with some areas appearing more turbulent than others.

Feel

Fully

When the priest Pashhur son of Immer, the official in charge of the temple of the Lord, heard Jeremiah prophesying these things, he had Jeremiah the prophet beaten and put in the stocks at the Upper Gate of Benjamin at the Lord's temple. The next day, when Pashhur released him from the stocks, Jeremiah said to him, "The Lord's name for you is not Pashhur, but Terror on Every Side.

Jeremiah 20:1-3

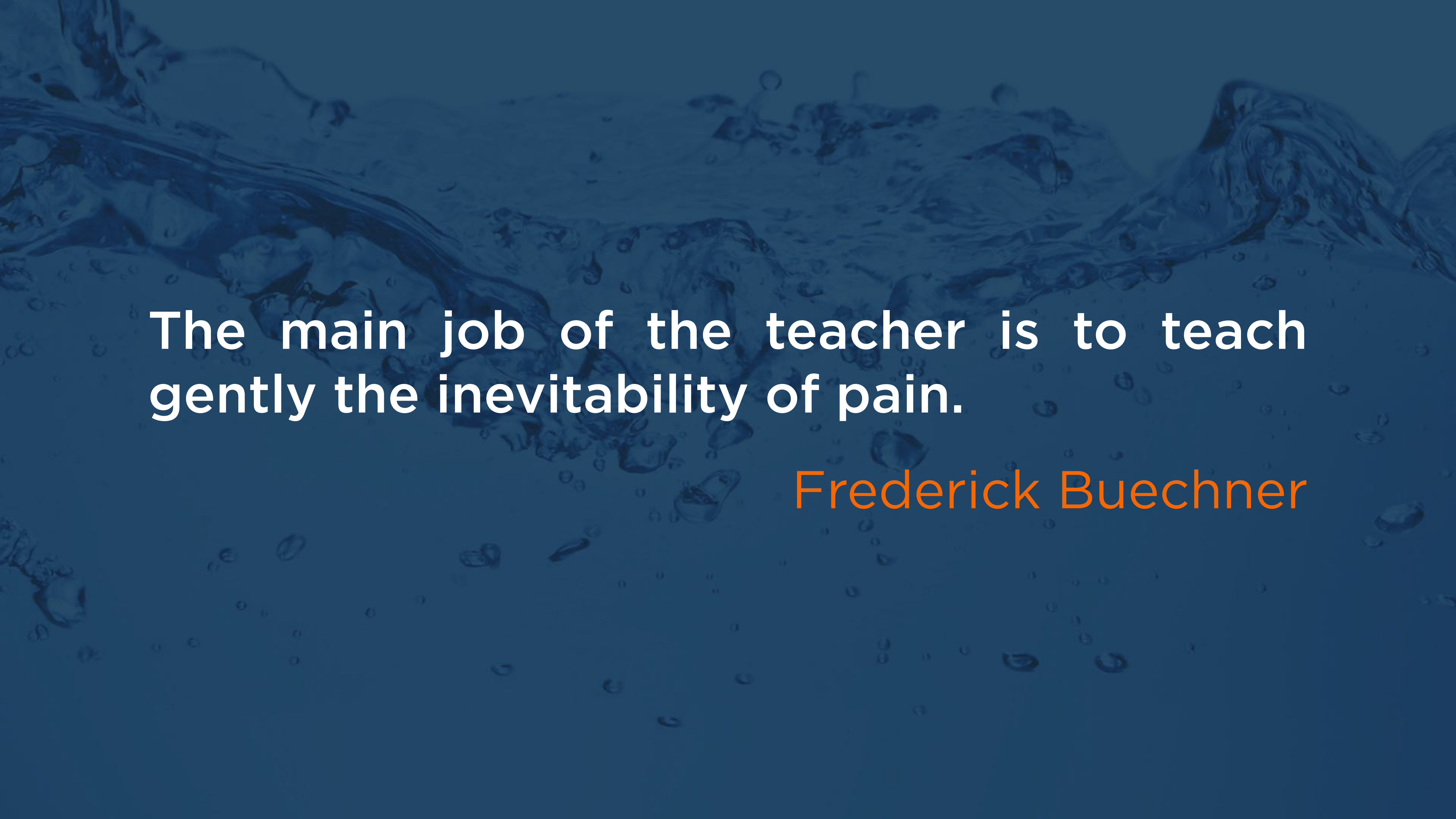
You deceived me, Lord, and I was deceived;
you overpowered me and prevailed. I am
ridiculed all day long; everyone mocks me.
Whenever I speak, I cry out proclaiming
violence and destruction. So the word of
the Lord has brought me insult and
reproach all day long. But if I say, "I will not
mention his word or speak anymore in his
name," his word is in my heart like a fire, a fire
shut up in my bones.

I am weary of holding it in; indeed, I cannot. I hear many whispering, "Terror on every side! Denounce him! Let's denounce him!" All my friends are waiting for me to slip, saying, "Perhaps he will be deceived; then we will prevail over him and take our revenge on him."

Jeremiah 20:7-10

But the Lord is with me like a mighty warrior; so my persecutors will stumble and not prevail. They will fail and be thoroughly disgraced; their dishonor will never be forgotten. Lord Almighty, you who examine the righteous and probe the heart and mind, let me see your vengeance on them, for to you I have committed my cause. Sing to the Lord! Give praise to the Lord! He rescues the life of the needy from the hands of the wicked.

Jeremiah 20:11-13

A close-up, high-speed photograph of water splashing, creating numerous bubbles and ripples. The image is overlaid with a semi-transparent dark blue filter.

The main job of the teacher is to teach
gently the inevitability of pain.

Frederick Buechner



Start Screaming

Learning to Lament

- The opening address
- The complaint
- The confession of trust
- The petition for help
- The vow of praise

*Fuller Formation Groups



Psalm 22

A dynamic background image showing a large splash of water with many bubbles and droplets, overlaid with a semi-transparent blue filter.

Address:

My God my God...

Psalm 22:1a ESV

Complaint:

Why have you forsaken me? Why are you
in so far from helping me, from the words
of my groaning?

Psalms 22:1b ESV

Confession of Trust:

Yet you are holy, enthroned on the praises of Israel. In you our ancestors trusted; they trusted, and you delivered them.

Psalms 22:3-4 ESV

Petition:

Be not far from me, for trouble is near, and
there is none to help.

Psalm 22:11 ESV

Vow of Praise:

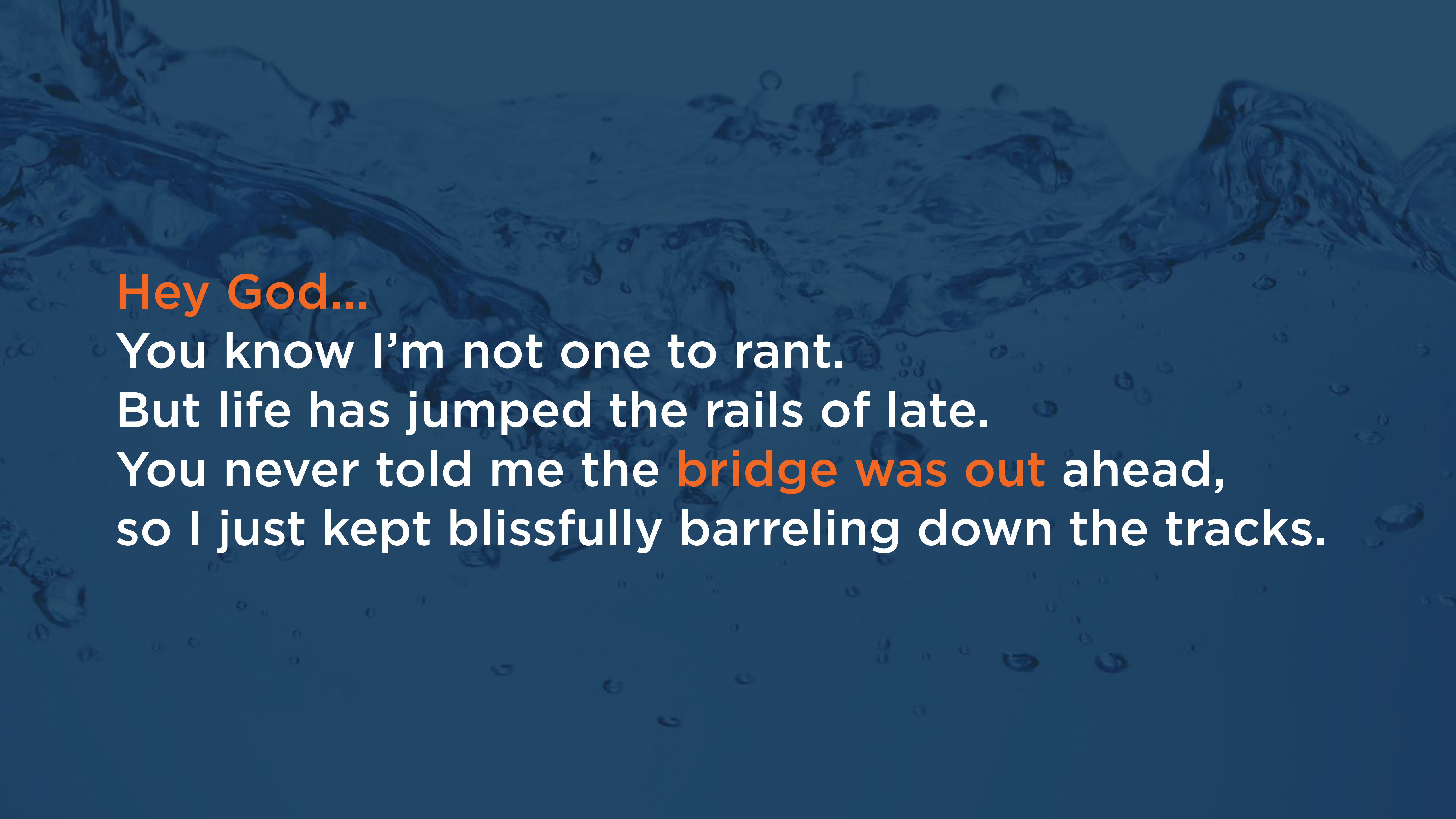
From the horns of the wild oxen you have rescued me. I will tell of your name to my brothers and sisters; in the midst of the congregation I will praise you.

Psalm 22:21a-22 ESV

Vow of Praise:

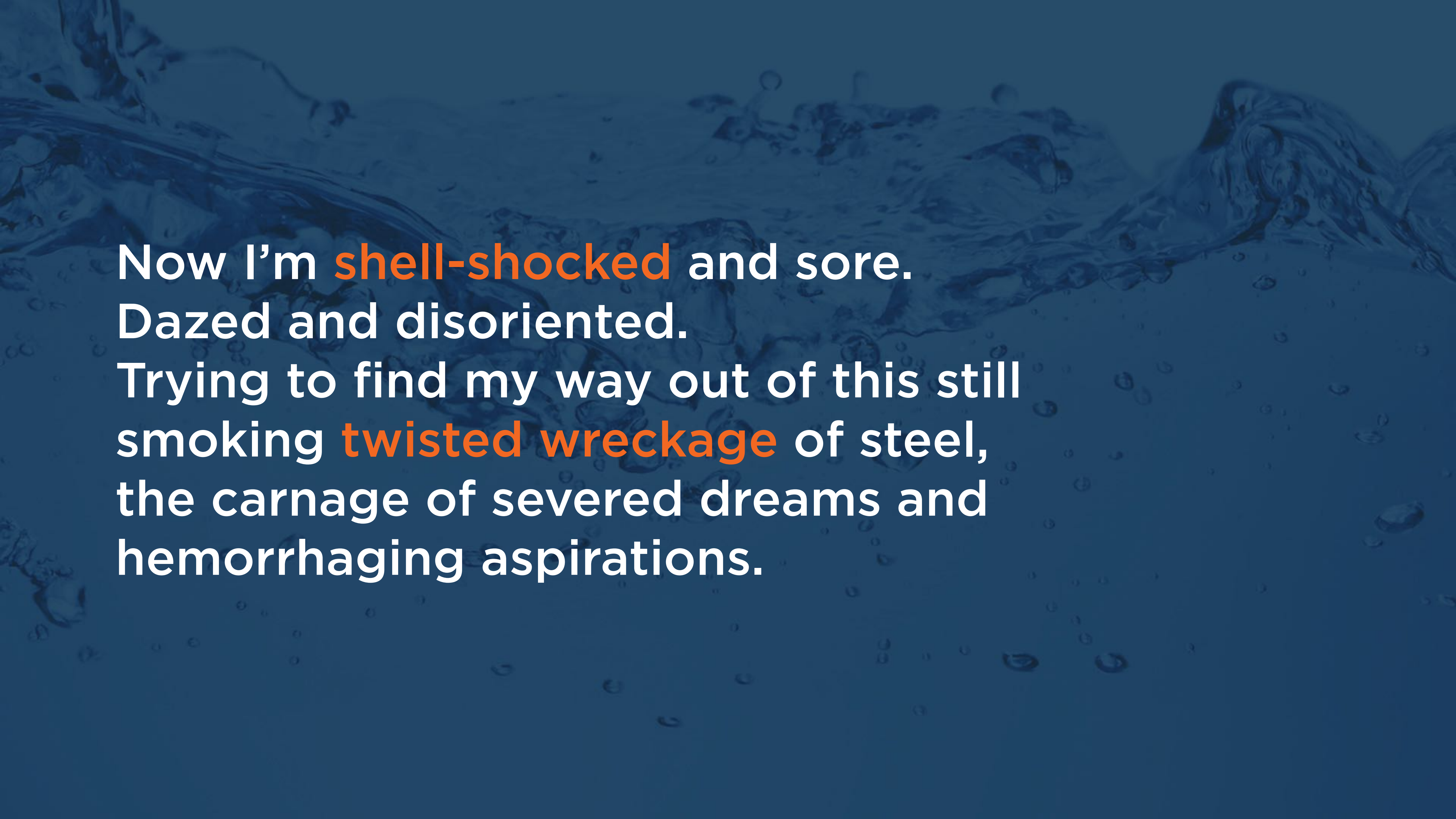
From the horns of the wild oxen you have rescued me. I will tell of your name to my brothers and sisters; in the midst of the congregation I will praise you.

Psalm 22:21a-22 ESV

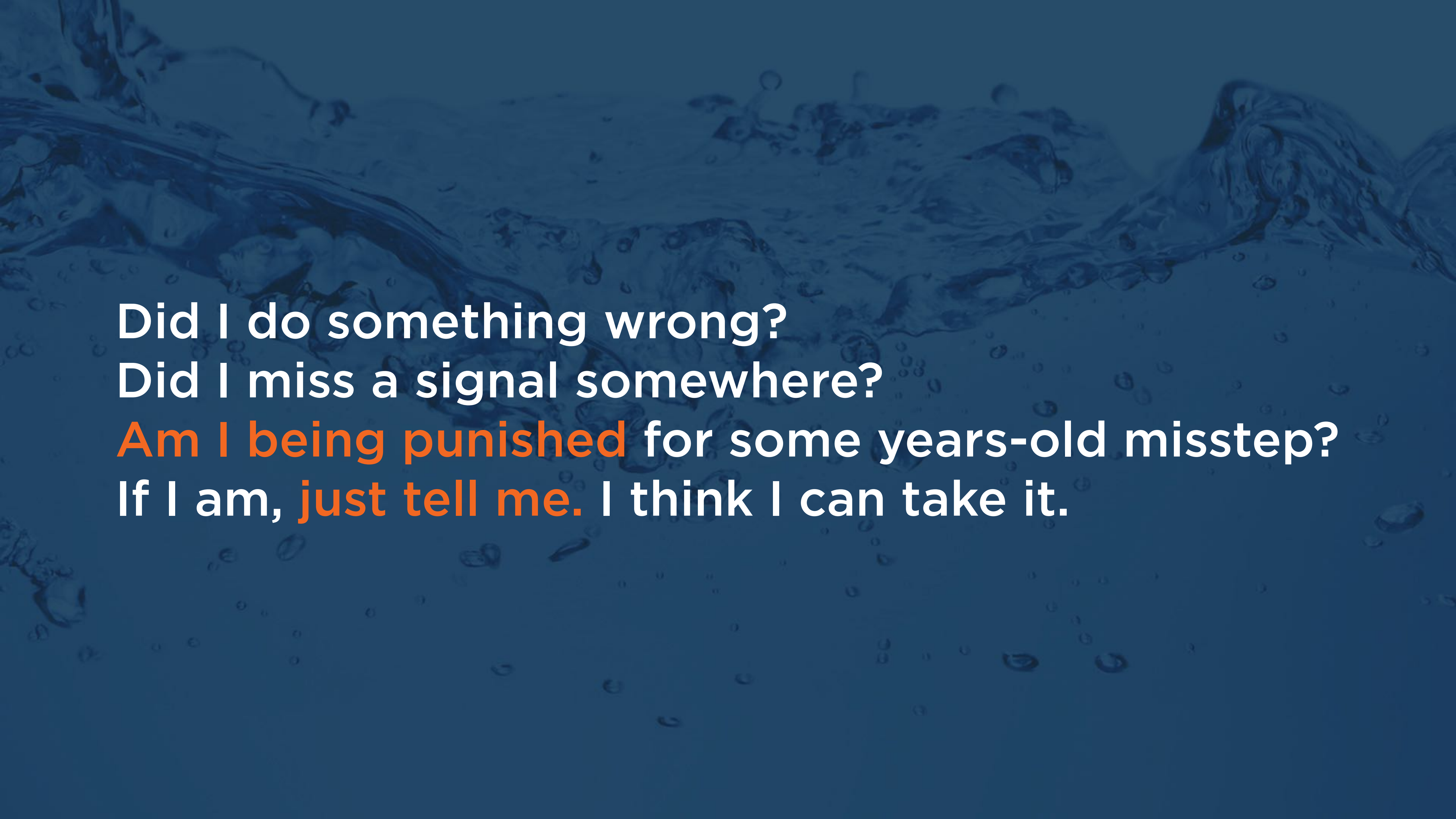


Hey God...

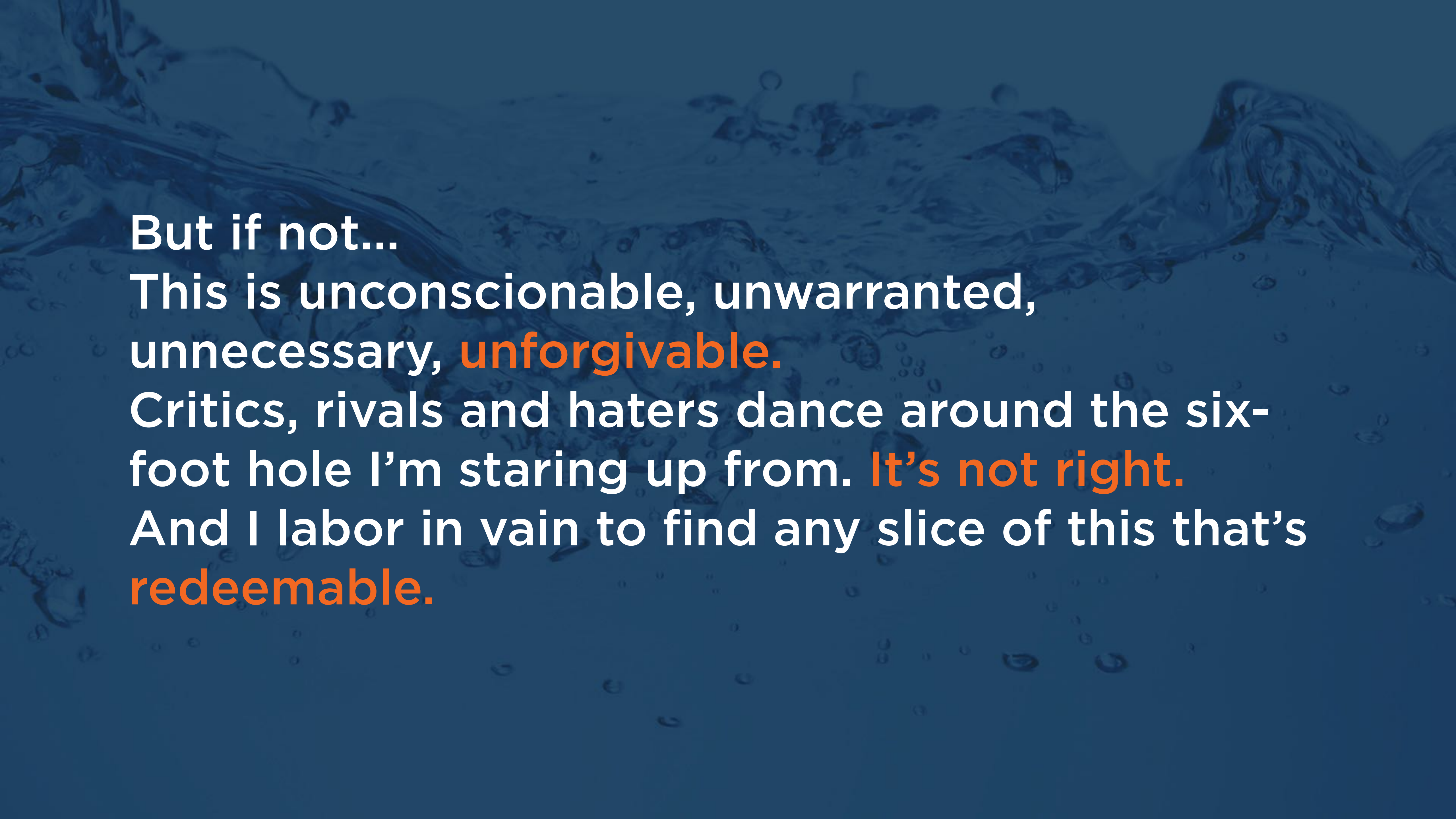
You know I'm not one to rant.
But life has jumped the rails of late.
You never told me the **bridge was out** ahead,
so I just kept blissfully barreling down the tracks.



Now I'm **shell-shocked** and sore.
Dazed and disoriented.
Trying to find my way out of this still
smoking **twisted wreckage** of steel,
the carnage of severed dreams and
hemorrhaging aspirations.



Did I do something wrong?
Did I miss a signal somewhere?
Am I being punished for some years-old misstep?
If I am, **just tell me.** I think I can take it.



But if not...

This is unconscionable, unwarranted,
unnecessary, **unforgivable**.

Critics, rivals and haters dance around the six-
foot hole I'm staring up from. **It's not right.**

And I labor in vain to find any slice of this that's
redeemable.

Do you have a plan?

Was there any forethought you put into this?

Did you have an off-day?

Did I fall off your radar or did you just forget to show up?

I kept screaming out to Dispatch for some form of backup.

All I'm getting is radio silence from you.

It's getting lonely out here.

And yet...

And yet...

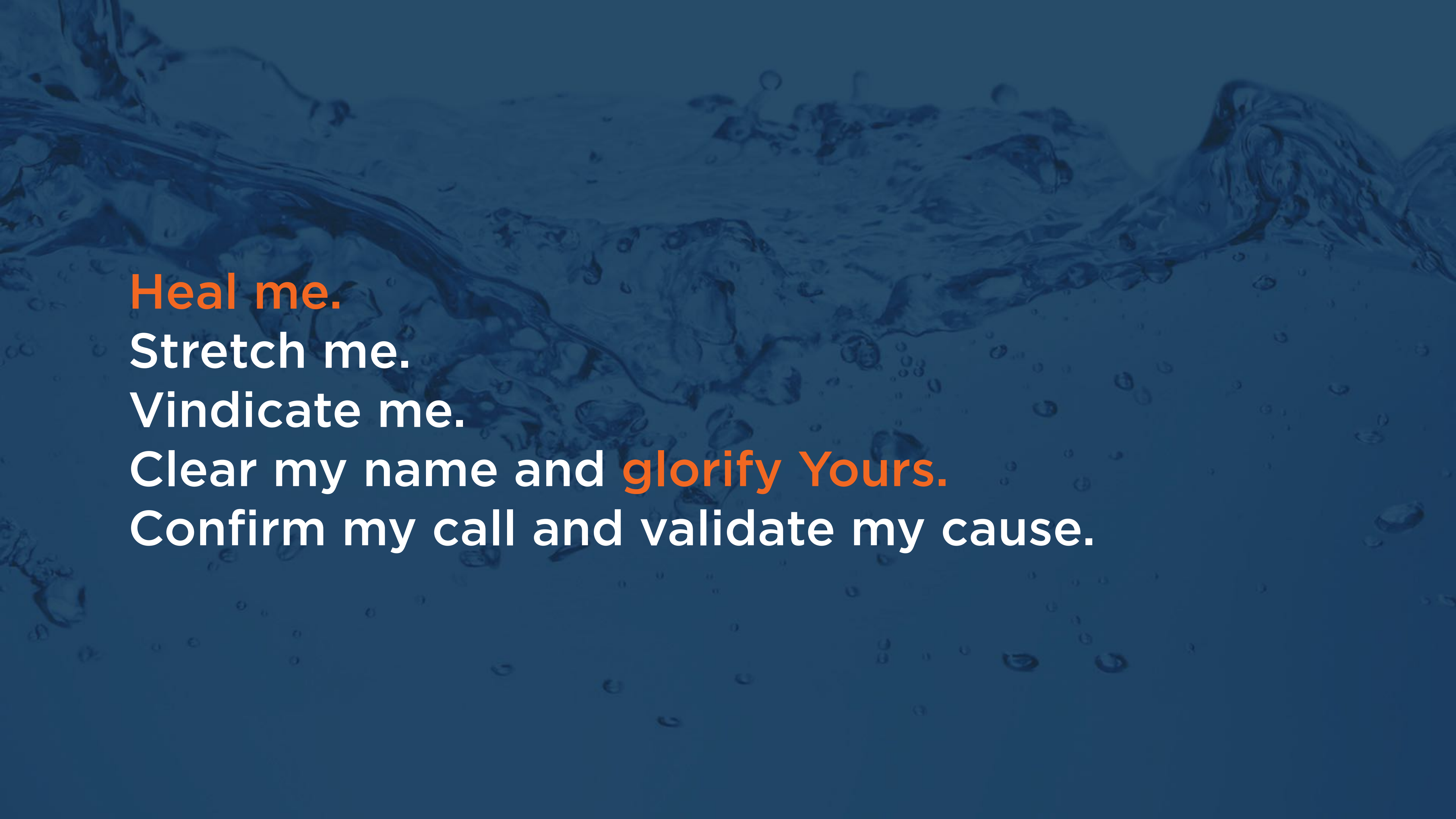
And yet... somewhere behind the veil a
Redeemer lives. **My Redeemer.**

Somewhere in this fog You stand. And You
stand **with me, near me, for me.**

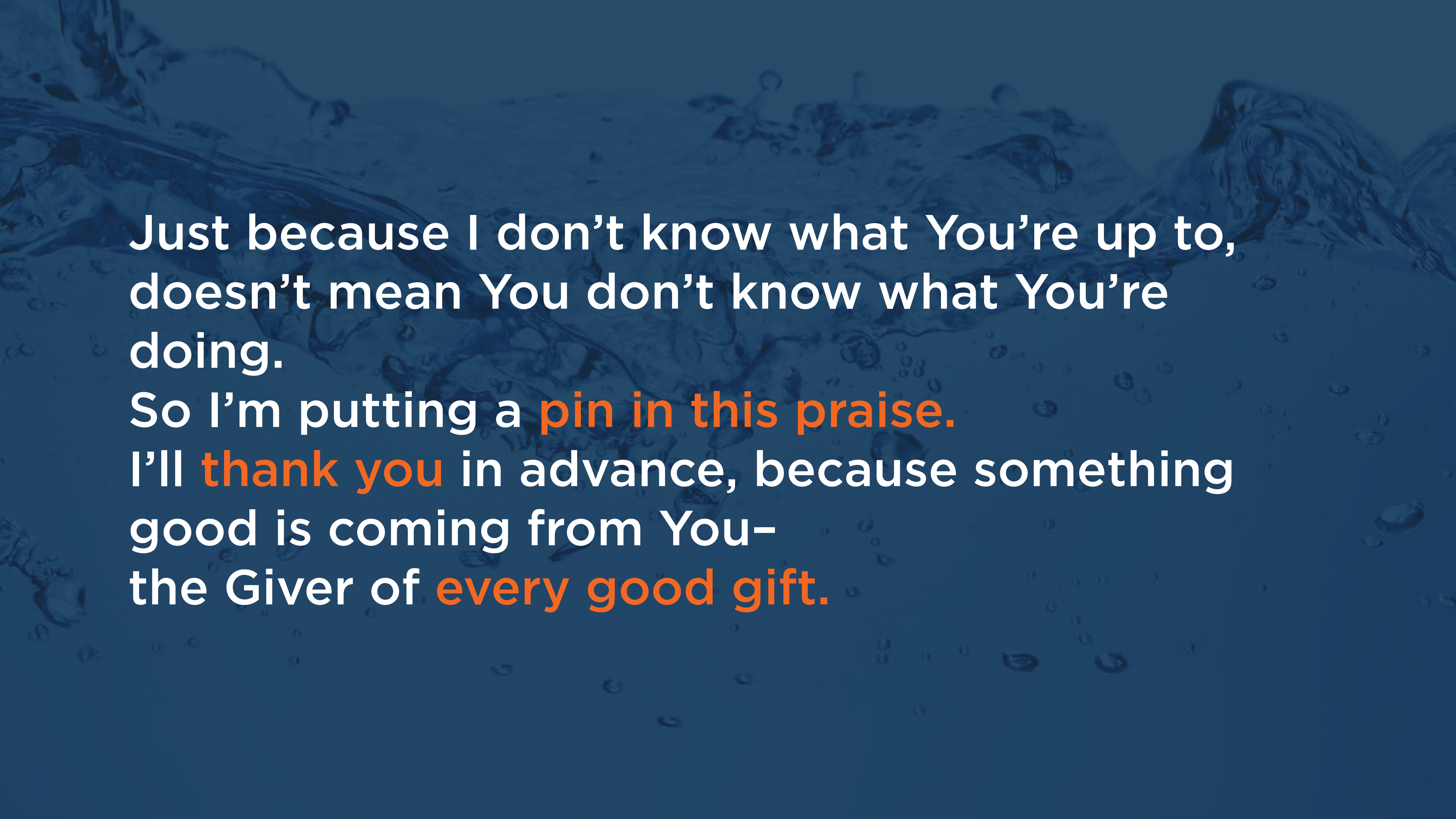
There's **not a season of sadness** You haven't
extracted good from.

So even if it's only a whimper, I'll say it again.

And maybe against my own fractured
perspective, **I trust You.**



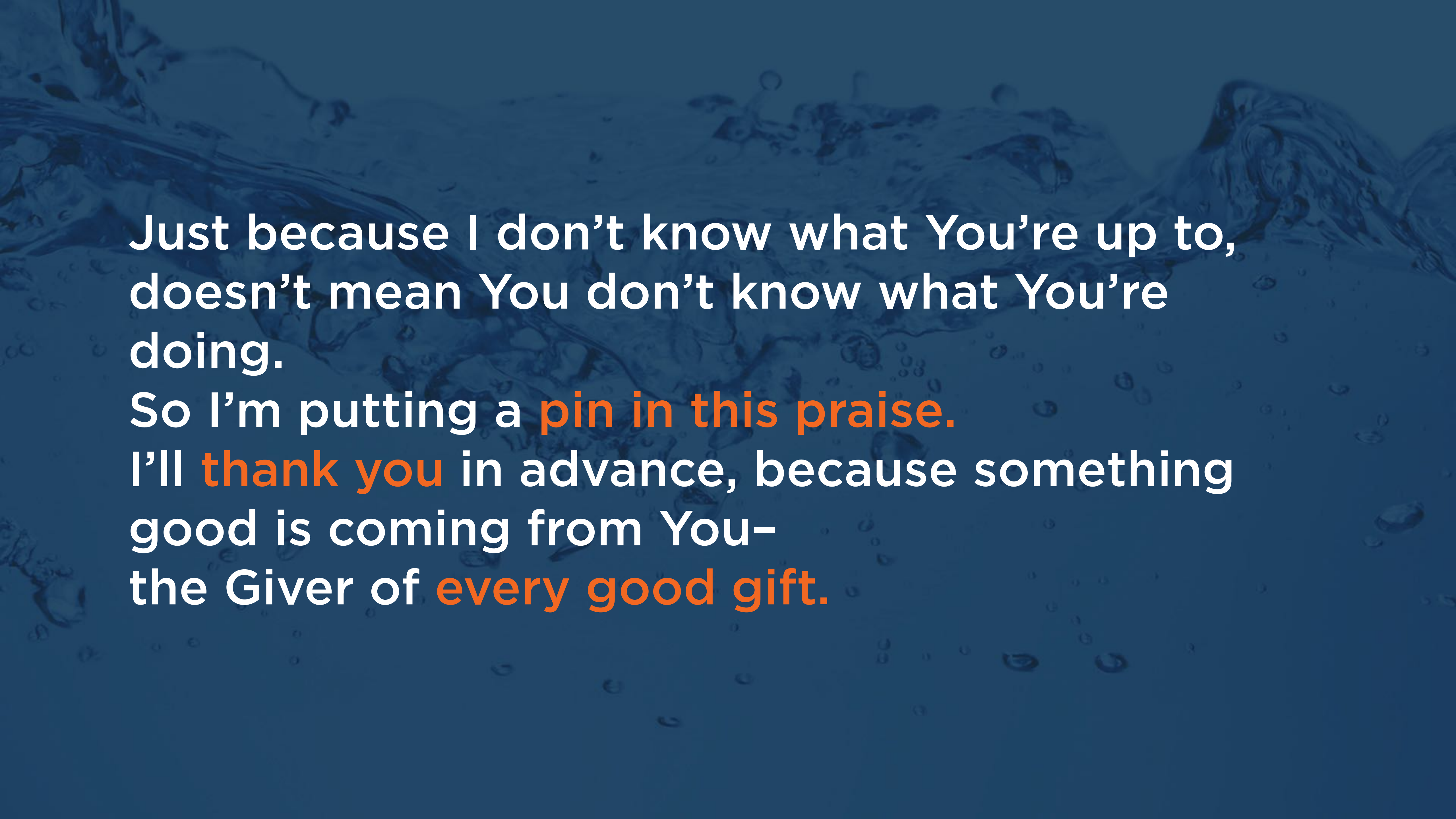
Heal me.
Stretch me.
Vindicate me.
Clear my name and glorify Yours.
Confirm my call and validate my cause.

A dark blue background with a dynamic water splash effect, featuring white and light blue droplets and ripples. The text is overlaid on this background.

Just because I don't know what You're up to,
doesn't mean You don't know what You're
doing.

So I'm putting a **pin in this praise.**

I'll **thank you** in advance, because something
good is coming from You—
the Giver of **every good gift.**



Just because I don't know what You're up to,
doesn't mean You don't know what You're
doing.

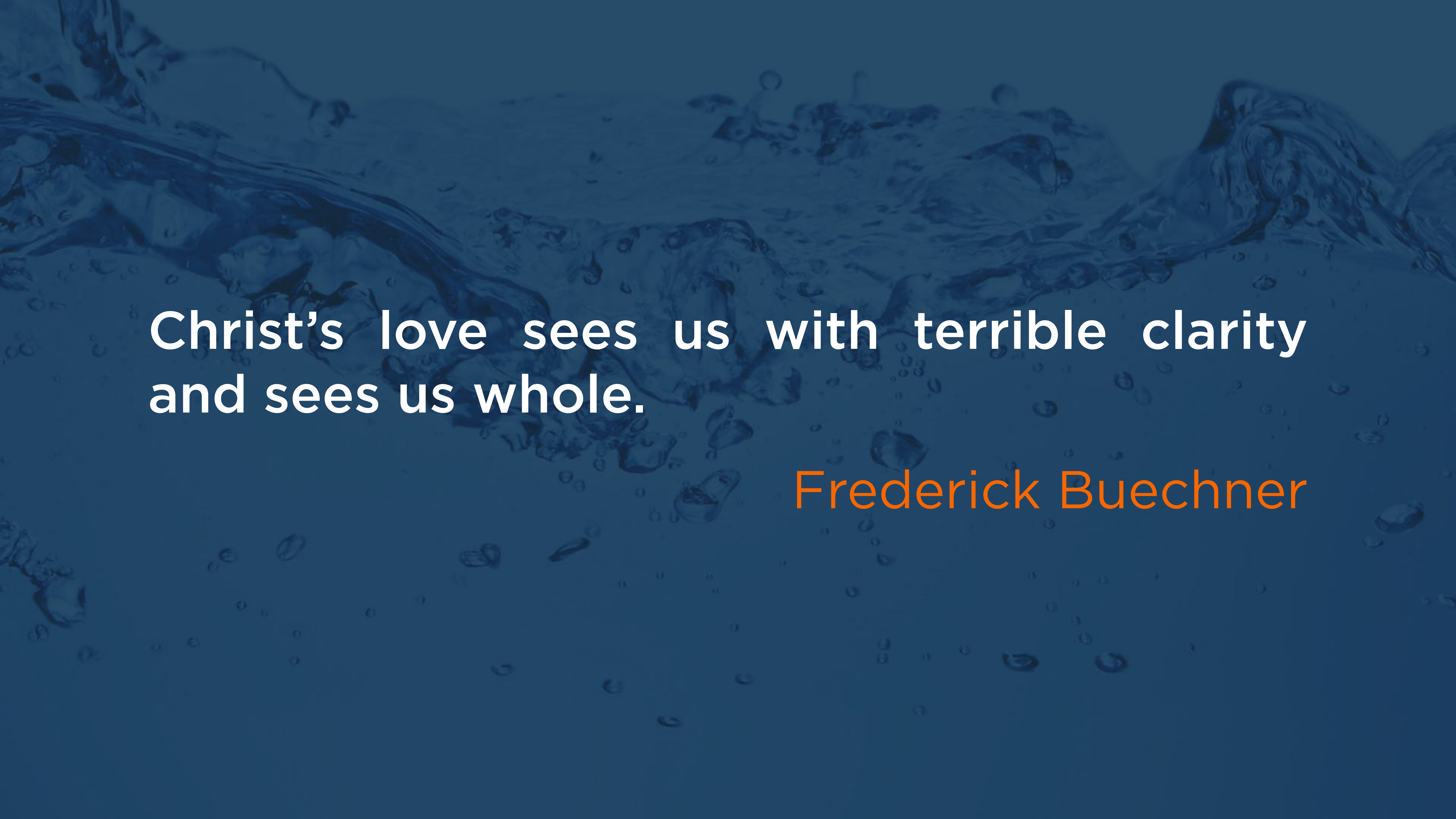
So I'm putting a **pin in this praise.**

I'll **thank you** in advance, because something
good is coming from You—
the Giver of **every good gift.**

Cursed be the day I was born! May the day my mother bore me not be blessed! Cursed be the man who brought my father the news, who made him very glad, saying, “A child is born to you—a son!” May that man be like the towns the Lord overthrew without pity.

May he hear wailing in the morning, a battle cry at noon. For he did not kill me in the womb, with my mother as my grave, her womb enlarged forever. Why did I ever come out of the womb to see trouble and sorrow and to end my days in shame?

Jeremiah 20:14-18

A close-up photograph of water splashing, with numerous bubbles and droplets visible. The image is overlaid with a semi-transparent dark blue filter.

Christ's love sees us with terrible clarity
and sees us whole.

Frederick Buechner

The background of the image is a dark blue, semi-transparent overlay on a photograph of water splashing. The water is captured in motion, with numerous droplets and ripples visible, creating a dynamic and textured effect. The overall color palette is dominated by various shades of blue, from deep navy to lighter, frothy whites where the water is splashing.

Keep
Clinging

Oh, that my words were recorded, that they were written on a scroll, that they were inscribed with an iron tool on lead, or engraved in rock forever! I know that my redeemer lives, and that in the end he will stand on the earth. And after my skin has been destroyed, yet in my flesh I will see God; I myself will see him with my own eyes—I, and not another. How my heart yearns within me!

Job 19:23-27

The Spirit of the Sovereign Lord is on me, because the Lord has anointed me to proclaim good news to the poor. He has sent me to bind up the brokenhearted, to proclaim freedom for the captives and release from darkness for the prisoners, to proclaim the year of the Lord's favor and the day of vengeance of our God, to comfort all who mourn,

and provide for those who grieve in Zion—to bestow on them a crown of beauty instead of ashes, the oil of joy instead of mourning, and a garment of praise instead of a spirit of despair. They will be called oaks of righteousness a planting of the Lord for the display of his splendor.

Isaiah 61:1-3



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