Office of Readings

Saturday, November 22, 2070

Saint Cecilia, Virgin and Martyr

OPENING

O God, come to my assistance.

Lord, make haste to help me.

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit:
as it was in the beginning, is now, and will be forever. Amen.

INVITATORY

Ant. Come, let us adore the Lord and bow down before him.

Come, let us exult in the Lord; let us shout with joy to God our salvation.

Let us come before his face with praise and exult in him with psalms.

For the Lord is a great God and a great king above all gods.

For the Lord does not cast off his people; for in his hand are all the ends of the earth.

And the heights of the mountains belong to him.

For the sea is his, and he made it; and his hands formed the dry land.

Come, let us adore and fall down before God; let us weep before the Lord who made us.

For he is the Lord our God; and we are the people of his pasture and the sheep of his hand.

Today, if you will hear his voice, harden not your hearts.

As in the provocation, according to the day of temptation in the wilderness,

where your fathers tempted me; they tried me and saw my works.

For forty years I was close to this generation, and I said: "They always err in heart."

And these people have not known my ways, so I swore in my wrath that they will not enter into my rest.

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit: as it was in the beginning, is now, and will be forever. Amen.

Ant. Come, let us adore the Lord and bow down before him.

HYMN

O Splendor of God's Glory Bright

O Splendor of God's glory bright,
O thou that bringest light from light,
O Light of light, light's living spring,
O Day, all days illumining!

O thou true Sun, on us thy glance
let fall in royal radiance;
the Spirit's sanctifying beam
upon our earthly senses stream.

The Father, too, our prayers implore,
Father of glory evermore;
the Father of all grace and might,
to banish sin from our delight.

All laud to God the Father be;
all praise, eternal Son, to thee;
all glory, as is ever meet,
to God the holy Paraclete.

Psalm 40 *Prayer in Sickness*

> *Ant. Blessed is the man who considers the poor.*

Blessed is he who considers the poor and the needy; the Lord will rescue him in an evil day.

May the Lord preserve him and give him life, and make him blessed upon the earth, and may he not deliver him to the will of his enemies.

May the Lord bring him help on the bed of his sorrow; you have turned all his couch in his infirmity.

I said: "O Lord, have mercy on me; heal my soul, for I have sinned against you."

My enemies have spoken evil against me: "When will he die and his name perish?"

And if he entered to see me, he spoke with vanity; his heart gathered together iniquity to itself.

He went out and spoke in the same way.

All my enemies whispered against me; they devised evils for me.

They have imposed on me a wicked word: "When he sleeps, will he rise no more?"

For even the man of my peace, in whom I trusted, who ate my bread, has greatly supplanted me.

But you, O Lord, have mercy on me and raise me up, and I will repay them.

By this I know that you have willed me: because my enemy will not rejoice over me.

But as for me, you have upheld me through my innocence, and you have confirmed me in your sight forever.

Blessed is the Lord, the God of Israel, from eternity to eternity. So be it. So be it.

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit: as it was in the beginning, is now, and will be forever. Amen.

> *Ant. Blessed is the man who considers the poor.*

Psalm 41 *Longing for God's House*

> *Ant. As the deer longs for streams of water, so my soul longs for you, O God.*

As the deer longs for fountains of water, so my soul longs for you, O God.

My soul has thirsted for God, the living fountain; when will I come and appear before the face of God?

My tears have been my bread day and night, while they say to me daily, "Where is your God?"

These things I remembered, and I poured out my soul in me; for I will pass into the place of the wonderful tabernacle, even to the house of God,

amid the voice of joy and praise, the sound of one feasting.

Why are you sad, O my soul? And why do you trouble me?

Hope in God, for I will still confess to him: the salvation of my countenance and my God.

My soul has been troubled within myself; therefore I will remember you from the land of Jordan and Hermon, from the little hill.

Deep calls to deep at the sound of your floodgates.

All your heights and your waves have passed over me.

In the daytime the Lord has commanded his mercy, and in the night his canticle.

With me is a prayer to the God of my life.

I will say to God: "You are my supporter. Why have you forgotten me? And why do I go about in sadness, while the enemy afflicts me?"

While my bones are being broken, my enemies who trouble me have reproached me.

While they say to me daily: "Where is your God?"

Why are you sad, O my soul? And why do you trouble me?

Hope in God, for I will still give praise to him: the salvation of my countenance and my God.

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit: as it was in the beginning, is now, and will be forever. Amen.

> *Ant. As the deer longs for streams of water, so my soul longs for you, O God.*

Psalm 42 *Send Forth Your Light*

> *Ant. Send forth your light and your fidelity; they shall lead me.*

Judge me, O God, and separate my cause from the nation that is not holy; deliver me from the unjust and deceitful man.

For you are my strength, O God; why have you rejected me? And why do I go about in sadness, while the enemy afflicts me?

Send forth your light and your truth; they have led me and brought me to your holy mountain and into your tabernacles.

And I will go to the altar of God, to God who gladdens my youth.

I will praise you on the harp, O God, my God.

Why are you sad, O my soul? And why do you trouble me?

Hope in God, for I will still give praise to him: the salvation of my countenance and my God.

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit: as it was in the beginning, is now, and will be forever. Amen.

> *Ant. Send forth your light and your fidelity; they shall lead me.*

FIRST READING: SCRIPTURE

DEUTERONOMY 32:2-3

May my teaching drop like the rain, my speech condense like the dew; like gentle rain on grass, like showers on new growth. For I will proclaim the name of the Lord; ascribe greatness to our God!

RESPONSORY

V. Christ, Son of the living God, have mercy on us.
R. Christ, Son of the living God, have mercy on us.
V. You who rose from the dead,
R. have mercy on us.

SECOND READING: PATRISTIC OR HAGIOGRAPHIC

Meister Eckhart

Sermon on the Poor in Spirit

True Poverty of Spirit

> The poor in spirit are those who have given up all, who hold to nothing, who seek nothing — not God, not eternity, not beatitude, not satisfaction — nothing at all. Such a person is free of self and of all things. The

> poverty the Lord praises is not outward poverty alone; it is poverty of spirit, poverty of the will. As long as a person wills to have something, even though it be the most excellent thing, that person is not truly poor. For the poor in spirit are those who have not even the will to fulfill God's will; those who stand before God with empty hands, with nothing to offer but their emptiness. And God, who is pure gift, fills that emptiness with himself. So the true poor in spirit are the richest of all, not because they have much, but because they have God — or rather, because God has them fully, having found in them a clear space for himself. This is the freedom of the children of God: to need nothing, to grasp at nothing, to be satisfied with God alone.

CONCLUDING PRAYER

O Lord, the psalmist says your law is sweeter than honey. Give us a taste for your word, that we may hunger for it and be nourished by it; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

DISMISSAL

Let us praise the Lord.
And give him thanks.