

Scripture Reading

Psalm 84

How lovely are your dwellings, O God, how beautiful are holy places. In the days of my pilgrimage I yearn for them: they are the temples of your living presence. I have a desire and longing to enter my true home: My heart and flesh rejoice in the living God.

For the sparrow has found a house for herself, and the swallow a nest to lay her young. Even so are those who dwell in your house--They will always be praising you. And your spirit makes a home deep within us: Let us welcome and delight in your Presence.

Blessed are those whose strength is in you, in whose heart are your ways, who drudging through the plains of misery find in them an unexpected spring. A well from deep below the barren ground, and the pools are filled with water.

They become springs of healing for others, reservoirs of compassion to those who are bruised. Strengthened themselves they lend courage to others, and God will be there at the end of their journey.

Living God of love, blessed are those who put their trust in you.

-Adapted from Stony Paths: A Version of Psalms, Jim Cotter

Mark 10: 46-52

Jesus came to Jericho. And as he was leaving Jericho with his disciples and a great crowd, Bartimaeus, a blind beggar, the son of Timaeus, was sitting by the roadside.

And when he heard that it was Jesus of Nazareth, he began to cry out and say, "Jesus, Son of David, have mercy on me!" And many rebuked him, telling him to be silent. But he cried out all the more, "Son of David, have mercy on me!" And Jesus stopped and said, "Call him." And they called the man, saying to him, "Take heart. Get up; he is calling you."

And throwing off his cloak, he sprang up and came to Jesus. And Jesus said to him, "What do you want me to do for you?" And the blind man said to him, "Rabbi, let me see."

And Jesus said to him, “Go your way; your faith has made you well.” And immediately he recovered his sight and followed him on the way.