



(from Psalm 121)

I lift my eyes to the hills -

Lord, I lift my eyes.

I see masked faces and fear.

I see frustration building in my city as uncertainties increase,
as sorrows increase,
as hopes decrease.

I lift my eyes and I see my children asking when this will end.

I lift my eyes and I see loneliness breeding.

I lift my eyes and glittering plastic-colored lights do little to appease
this darkness, these mountains.

Lord, lift my eyes to You.

Where does my help come from?

Because I need help. I am fighting Lord, to remember what is true.

To do the next right thing. To love You and love others, to be faithful.

But Lord, I need help. Because there are moments, and sometimes many moments in one day when I
wonder what in the world I am doing.

And I am beaten down with the lie that not one single thing I am doing
really makes any difference.

I need help, Lord.

My help comes from You, the Maker of heaven and earth.

You, who not only made the earth with ease,
but who made me with joy.

You, who did not leave me alone in my hopelessness and despair
but instead wrapped yourself in our own messy flesh —
lived, died, and rose again — that I might know You.

You, who faced my temptations, who even now holds
the burdens of my heart.

You, God of the universe, who actually loves this messy, imperfect human.

You, and only You are my help, my hope.

You oh Lord, are the one who keeps me.

In the sorrows of this year, You still keep me.

As the seasons change, and fall rolls into winter,
and the darkness seems to buffer only small windows of sunlight,
in this year when I never know what to expect,
You keep me.

You keep my going out and my coming in.

And although there are days when I feel as though
the earth is shaking beneath my feet,

You hold me.

You will keep my life, O Lord.
And yet I know that is not a promise to keep
this life
in this body
on this physical earth.
You do not guarantee me safety from sickness or a magical
immunity to all that the world suffers.
You keep me.

This world is not my home and all the comforts here are passing.
You are my home. Eternity is my home.
My true life is found in You —
whether this frail body
lives or dies on this earth.

I will lift my eyes to You.
I will lift my eyes.
Lord, lift my eyes to You.

Jess is passionate about biblical literacy for all ages and serves as a Gospel Worker at Grace Harbor Church in New Bedford, MA, where her husband Morgan is the lead pastor and church planter. They planted Grace Harbor Church in 2018. Jess and Morgan have four children at home, one adult daughter and one adorable grandson.