

Set my Feet upon a Rock
Psalm 40:1-3

Timothy L. Carson
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*I waited patiently for the Lord
who inclined to me and heard my cry.
God drew me up from the desolate pit, out of the miry bog,
and set my feet upon a rock, making my steps secure.
God put a new song in my mouth, a song of praise to our
God. Many will see and fear, and put their trust in the Lord.*

We are the ones, Lord, neither patient nor willing
to wait for what might be,
who spend so many of our days grasping
at passing fragments and pieces
spinning in the whirlwind
of random events, moments, images, people.

You set our feet upon a rock.
Do you set our feet upon a rock?
Will our feet stand upon a rock?

Who can catalogue all the disappointments,
our little indignities, the endless ways we missed the
mark?

Who can list every cause for despair, our broken
nerve, the times we just gave up?

Who can possibly recall all the storms that tipped
us, the way suffering walked up to our front door
and introduced itself with a grim smile?

Who can tell the stories of the buffeting wind
that rained down water, or bullets, or mud or fire?

You set our feet upon a rock.
Do you set our feet upon a rock?
Will our feet stand upon a rock?

When we utter these hopes out of worn hearts,
when we stop, finally, and cease our grasping, our
thrashing in the quicksand, is there really a rock that
is more than a rock, that holds us up for today and
tomorrow?

And will you awaken us out of drowsy sleep, this
amnesia that forgets blessings, mercies, hopes and
confidence? Will you awaken us out of complacency
and ease, and how will you shake us awake?

You set our feet upon a rock.
Do you set our feet upon a rock?
Will our feet stand upon a rock?

Is it true that the first shall be last, and losing is really finding, and the end is the beginning?
If you love the world that much, so much that you bleed all over it with sacred blood, does the world ever care, or change, or become new?
And if you lure us into an uneasy journey right into the broken places, what will become of us?

You set our feet upon a rock.
Do you set our feet upon a rock?
Will our feet stand upon a rock?

Does a sound travel out into space forever, and our sounds do that kind of traveling, and do they strike a place of hearing, other than our own, a hearing that cares? And if you are really the ground of everything, the source, the becoming, the fulfillment, timeless, unending, infinite, how can we touch, know, feel, connect?

You set our feet upon a rock.
Do you set our feet upon a rock?
Will our feet stand upon a rock?

Though we are not the center of everything, we are the center of us, and these lonely islands are floating in this ocean of life that reaches in every direction. How can we join, be a part, hold the cord that connects everything to everything? How do we belong? And belong to what and to whom? Do the others who long for you also long for us?

You set our feet upon a rock.
Do you set our feet upon a rock?
Will our feet stand upon a rock?

(MUSIC BEGINS, SPEAKING FOR 45 SECONDS)

We gather, we sing, we pray, we preach, we hear, we give, we commune, but are you in all of that, and do we expect you to really show up, or is the drama of this place only that and no more, brush strokes on canvas without paint, movement without a reason? Do you fill us, and will you come if we beckon, and how will you create through us, ever mysterious presence?

You set our feet upon a rock.
Do you set our feet upon a rock?
Will our feet stand upon a rock?

**(MUSIC CONTINUES THROUGH ENTIRE
PAINT/DANCE SEQUENCE)**

**MUSIC FADES OUT – SPEAKER, DANCER,
PAINTER FROZEN IN PLACE**

**AFTER PAINT/DANCE SEQUENCE (MUSIC STILL
CONTINUING):**

Grounded ...

Like gravity pulling us toward earth
lest we spin into space.

Grounded ...

Like one stone upon the other,
each part taking its place within the whole.

Grounded ...

Like order out of chaos
and creation out of the raw materials.

Grounded ...

Like hearts at rest, our feet resting
on firm foundation, secure, centered.

Grounded ...

As those trusting enough
to wait, listening, a new song rising
from the depths of expectant souls
so secure that even stones may fly.