Opinion
Editorial



Israeli forces' flares light up the night sky in northern Gaza Strip on Oct. 31. (AP/Abed Khaled)

by NCR Editorial Staff

View Author Profile

Join the Conversation

Send your thoughts to *Letters to the Editor*. Learn more

November 1, 2023

Share on BlueskyShare on FacebookShare on TwitterEmail to a friendPrint

Each year, during Holy Week, as the church remembers the sufferings of Jesus Christ, we turn to the lamentations of the prophet Jeremiah. They give voice to the unspeakable pain and anguish we Christians feel when confronted with the crucifixion. Today, as we face the human suffering in the Holy Land, the words of Jeremiah again give voice to the grief better than any words we can muster.

> Oh, my anguish, my anguish!
> I writhe in pain.
> Oh, the agony of my heart!
> My heart pounds within me,
> I cannot keep silent.
> For I have heard the sound of the trumpet;
> I have heard the battle cry.
> Disaster follows disaster;
> the whole land lies in ruins.
> In an instant my tents are destroyed,
> my shelter in a moment.
> How long must I see the battle standard
> and hear the sound of the trumpet?
> "My people are fools;
> they do not know me.
> They are senseless children;
> they have no understanding.
> They are skilled in doing evil;
> they know not how to do good."
> I looked at the earth,
> and it was formless and empty;
> and at the heavens,
> and their light was gone.
> I looked at the mountains,
> and they were quaking;
> all the hills were swaying.
> I looked, and there were no people;
> every bird in the sky had flown away.

Advertisement

A version of this story appeared in the **Nov 10-23, 2023** print issue under the headline: A lamentation for the Holy Land.