

“Why are you cast down, O my soul, and why are you disquieted within me?”

Three times, the psalmist sings this refrain in Psalm 42 and 43.

Some believe that these two psalms were originally one poem describing the despair of one who had been ripped from a home, taken into exile, and now praying to hold on to faith and hope in a strange land.

“Why are you cast down, O my soul, and why are you disquieted within me?”

“Down in the dumps” is the way Eugene Peterson translates this phrase in his contemporary English in “The Message.” Other translations use words like “distressed” or “disturbed” or “depressed.”

Disquieted is the word for us, though – for when the news comes that someone we love has died, whether it’s by phone or from a doctor in the waiting room or simply seeing the last breath, there is a moment, brief but brilliant in its intensity, that separates itself from all time.

It forces a deep breath upon us – a shock to our system, a reality rupturing experience that changes our world, praying to hold on to faith and hope in a strange land.

For in that eternal moment, we feel the echo of grief that will reverberate forever and a day - a disquieting of the soul.

But listen again to the psalmist, one phrase, “deep calls to deep” as we remember.

Yes, the days have passed; and maybe a subdued silence has settled over your life, but there’s a sorrow still dwelling in the shadows.

“Deep calls to deep” is God’s whisper to you and me: an invitation to look gently into the future and imagine that path for souls to be restored, for

honoring a life, to cherish the memory of moments of laughter and peace and life that never dies.

“Deep calls to deep” is when God’s voice of loving-kindness renews hope and rekindles joy of gentle memories that are an eternal blessing moving us from yesterday into tomorrow.

And let us be sure, there will come a day when “deep calls to deep” remembering us, as 13-year-old Mattie Stepanek wrote in his poem, “Final Thoughts”, just a few months before he died:

Have you ever wondered
If some people will cry, and cry
And sigh after you die?
Have you wondered If the people will cry and then
Try to move forward as time Fades the wounds
and Dries the tears and Gracefully blesses the soul?
I have. I have so wondered.
Have you ever wondered
If some people will live, and live
And love differently after you pass?
Have you wondered
If the people will live and then
Sift and reflect on the
Wisdom of your thoughts and the
Gentleness of your words and the
Enduring consequences of our actions?
I have. I have so, so wondered.
Have you ever wondered
If some people will wonder, and wonder
And wander in realization after reality rests?
Have you wondered
If the people will wonder and then
Peacefully ponder the undying
Essence of your echo and the
Silhouette of your legacy that
Spirits the memory after death passes?
I have. I have so, so, so Wondered.
(“Reflections of a Peacemaker, p. 205)

Yes, we want to be remembered; we need to remember, and we do remember those whom we have loved when “deep calls to deep.”

TO GOD BE THE GLORY.