

## Once We Sang & Danced

### PAIN

Our captivities  
are not always obvious,  
not always visible to others.  
Some of us may be captive to pride,  
some, to fear,  
some, to bitterness.  
Some are enslaved by a tragic misunderstanding of the world,  
or a tragic misunderstanding of God.  
Some are truly enslaved by other people –  
in loveless relationships,  
in savage brutality,  
in cold neglect.  
Whether an inner captivity  
or a physical oppression,  
captivity is real among us,  
as is the longing for freedom.  
Where is God in all this?  
Where is the LORD in sere times  
in bound times  
in captive times?  
And so the question of one psalm,  
the question of one uprooted, homesick people:  
“How can we sing the LORD’s song in a foreign land?”  
Is answered by another psalm:  
“Where can I go from your spirit?  
Or where can I flee from your presence?”  
There is no land foreign to God.  
Even by the waters of Babylon, God is there.  
Even in the farthest depths of the sea, God is there.  
Even in the lives of the most desperately enchained, God is.  
Even in the parched times of despair, God is.

