



MEDITATIONS FOR LENT by Father Robbie Low

FOURTH WEEK OF LENT – MONDAY Psalm 29

'You have turned my mourning into dancing...'

Let me be clear at the outset, I am not (pace King David) a fan of liturgical dance. My brief and painful experiences of this form of spirituality links it inevitably with the painful efforts of menopausal women, an embarrassing series of yearning movements and too much chiffon.

Somewhere, I sense, there will be a Chiffon Defence League activist writing to the local constabulary to report a 'hate crime'. So, while we are on the subject, I am equally allergic to neo-elderly porcine priests mincing down the aisle in lace from the nipples and offering the holy mysteries with all the grace of a metronome. There, that should have offended enough folk before we begin.

As I was saying, I don't like liturgical dance BUT I love a good party which is, after all, the proper place to 'shake a leg'.

The Psalmist today paints an extraordinary picture of joy. God has turned his mourning into dancing. From the depths of sorrow to the sheer uninhibited expression of pure joy. He is rejoicing in an unlikely victory over massive and hostile forces. He links with the passage from Isaiah (65 v 17-21) set for today which looks to the great ambition of peace, security and prosperity in the land. These are things that, for my entire lifetime, we spoilt children of the West have taken for granted. We do not inhabit a kingdom set historically between aggressive, brutal, competing empires as the Psalmist did. We have lived on a precious inheritance of freedom and, often ample but always sufficiency. So it's hard for us to get excited about what we have been privileged to take for granted. But we should!!!

Spiritual exercise: When no-one else is around put a favourite LP on your turntable and embarrass yourself for five minutes 'whooping it up' in thanksgiving to God for what He has given you. Then, when you have recovered go and write a cheque to Aid to the Church in Need for their work with those brothers and sisters in less fortunate lands.