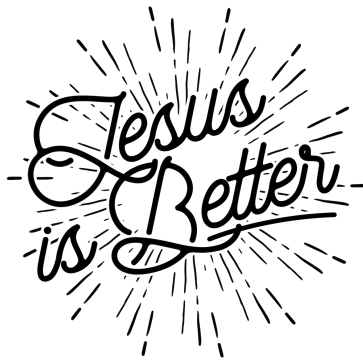


## JOY

Lord, I confess that I often feel no joy.  
The story I wanted to write for my life  
was, in some sense, ripped from my hands and torn apart.  
And now, I come before you feeling the weight  
of all that I longed for  
and all that I long for  
and I ask that you restore the joy of my salvation.  
How quickly I forget this life is not about me.  
I am not in charge and do not know best:  
my yoke is difficult, and my burden is unbearable.  
Your yoke is easy, and your burden is light,  
because your truth always sets me free  
and your story for me has not been compromised.  
With you, I do not have to bear the weight  
of my broken heart  
or my broken body  
or the broken world.  
As Lord, you bear the weight of all of these things,  
because your story, unlike mine, was not  
and never will be  
ruined by them.



## JOY

I may have lost the heritage I hoped for  
but, in Christ, I have been given another, greater heritage.  
“Your statutes are my heritage forever;  
they are the joy of my heart.”

Your enduring Words can never be taken from me,  
my dear brother named Jesus can never be taken from me,  
my secure Father can never be taken from me,  
and the family of God will surround me for all eternity.

My heritage is made of Words that never change  
that I have access to each day.

My heritage is not only rooted in the past,  
but it is rooted in a promised, glorious future,  
at the banquet table of my King.

This is the joy of my salvation!

This is the joy of my heart!

You are my joy.

My story's end is secure when it is the one you have written.

So, now, Lord, help me today  
to open and read your statutes,  
my heritage forever,  
the joy of my heart.