

Devotion, Week of July 13, 2025

Rev. Jeanne Simpson

The heat is getting to me. It's not just how I physically feel when I'm out in it, usually getting into or out of my car. It's the state of being in heat – this psychological state where I feel lethargic and uninterested in most anything outside my air conditioned house. I don't want to go anywhere or do anything. I don't want to cook. I most certainly don't want to go out and pull weeds or even water plants. I just want to sit in the recliner and watch something stupid on TV, like America's Got Talent, season xyz. I'm almost at the point of watching Bachelor in Paradise, which should tell you I seriously need a brain transplant or behavioral modification session with a therapist!

I'm sleeping a lot, I'm eating junk food, and I've almost turned my recliner into a mobile home. This usually signifies depression. And that may be part of it. Jim's off in a memory care facility, I'm having to deal with things like electrical issues or downed trees by myself, and it seems like everything that needs to be done requires a big strong person. I want to sit around and drink iced tea, not go out and wrestle a huge potted plant into place, or work in the yard. And nothing is giving me energy to get out of this colossal emotional snit I'm in. In short, I'm feeling sorry for myself.

So I just did what I should have done weeks ago. I read through the Psalms. And oh boy, did David talk to me this time. Right after Psalm 24, a beautiful hymn praising God, Psalm 25 is somewhat of a snit by David – he wants God to make sure his enemies are kept at bay, that God forgives all his sins, and that God has mercy on him because he is “alone and suffering.” David is clearly feeling sorry for himself and he wants God to fix it. The psalm sure resonated with me. That was the Psalm we read in the service this past Sunday. So I looked at the psalm for this coming Sunday. Psalm 8. Wow – what a difference. Same author – David. But the mood is completely opposite that of Psalm 25. “Lord, our Lord, how majestic is your name throughout the earth! You made your glory higher than heaven!” David is in awe of the fact that humans are not worth all the attention God pays to them, but God made them only slightly less than divine and lets them rule over his creation.

So Psalm 8 shifted my mindset away from “oh poor me” to “Wow, God! Thanks for making me in your image and loving me in spite of myself!” So that's what I'll try to remember when I get down in the dumps – God loves me anyway, even though I at times sit around with my thumb stuck in my mouth feeling sorry for myself. I hope the psalms can give you some comfort when you're down and out or frustrated or tired.

Jeanne