



# 1 Lament Out Loud

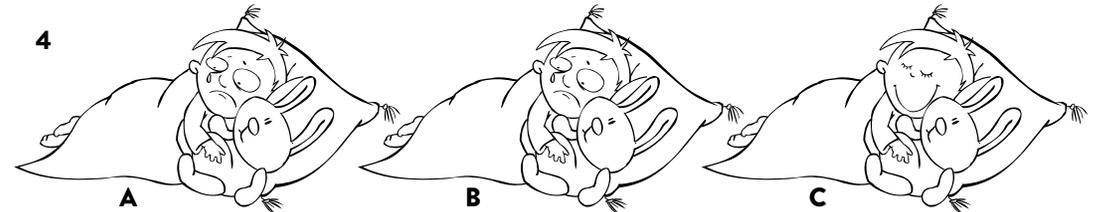
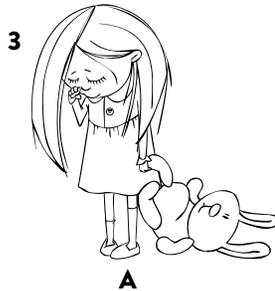
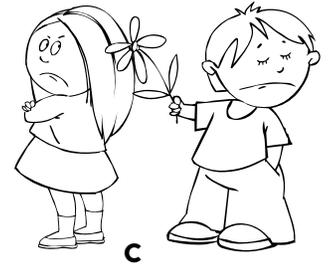
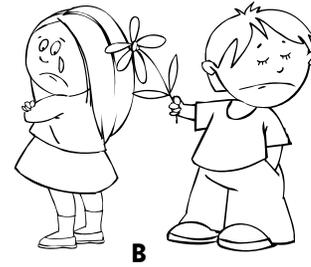
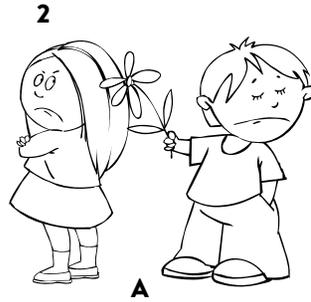
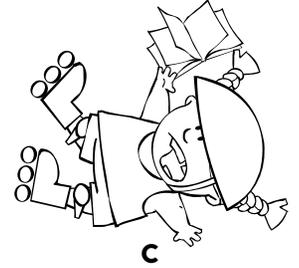
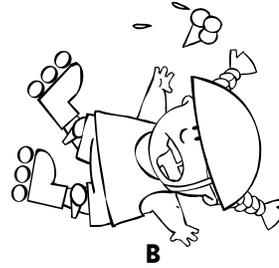
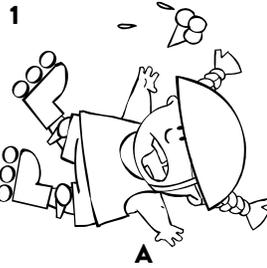
## WAYS TO PRACTICE AT HOME

As we learn to speak aloud our sorrows, we entrust God with them in hope. We learn that, rather than avoiding talking about or exploring what makes us sad, sharing our lament with God is the first step toward healing. Our sad prayers are just as important to God as our prayers of joy. Understanding lament helps us to process grief or loss.

- On a piece of paper, write or draw a picture about something that has made you sad. Ask a trusted friend or adult if you may share your paper with them, telling them about this sadness and asking them to sit with you for a moment in your sadness. Then tell God about your sadness. God wants to sit with you in your sadness too. Feel God's warmth and love surround you.
- Talk about feelings openly. Take turns finishing the sentence "I'm feeling sad today because . . ." Affirm that there will be happy and sad times and that God is with us always.
- Write an acrostic poem using the letters of the word *LAMENT* written vertically on a page. For each letter, write or draw something that has made you sad. Then turn the paper upside down and write the letters of the word *HOPE* vertically down the page. Write or draw pictures of what gives you hope, or makes you feel happy in times of sadness, even if you are writing over your sadness words or pictures. Lament and hope are mixed up together on the page and in our lives.

O God, you listen to me when I am happy and when I am sad. I thank you for loving me in all times. Amen.

Different things can make us sad. Having an accident, being bullied, having our feelings hurt, being afraid, and many more. In each group, find the picture that is different.



1C, 2B, 3A, 4C



## BIBLE STORY

Based on Psalm 137:1-6

We sat down by the rivers of Babylon, far away from home,  
and we cried when we remembered Jerusalem, our home.  
We put away our instruments because we were too sad to sing together.  
The people who enslaved us wanted us to sing and be happy.

How could we sing our songs when we were so sad and so far from home?  
God, never let me forget how beautiful Jerusalem was and all my family  
and friends there.  
Help me remember how special my home was.

