

A reading from the Book of Job:

Oh, would that my words were written down!

 Would that they were inscribed in a record:

That with an iron chisel and with lead

 they were cut in the rock forever!

But as for me, I know that my Vindicator lives,

 and that he will at last stand forth upon the dust;

Whom I myself shall see:

 my own eyes, not another's, shall behold him;

And from my flesh I shall see God;

 my inmost being is consumed with longing.

The Word of the Lord