

Fall 2000

## Psalm 9/11

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### Recommended Citation

Clifford, Margaret M. D.C. (2000) "Psalm 9/11," *Vincentian Heritage Journal*: Vol. 21: Iss. 2, Article 6.  
Available at: <https://via.library.depaul.edu/vhj/vol21/iss2/6>

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## Psalm 9/11

BY

SR. MARGARET MARIE CLIFFORD, D.C.

All you cloudless, bright blue skies, praise the Lord!  
 All you sunshiny Tuesday mornings, praise the Lord!  
 All you who brush teeth, bathe, shave, shower, and get ready for the day, praise the Lord!

All you who commute, bus, taxi, drive, train, subway, and straphangers, praise the Lord!

All you newspaper sellers, coffee makers, flower peddlers, juice bar vendors, praise the Lord!

All you mundane times of going to school, to work, to sell, to buy, to live, praise the Lord!

All you time clocks, check-ins, metro cards, vendors, school bells, praise the Lord!

All you families, friends, workers, associates, bosses, fathers, mothers, wives, husbands, children, sons, supervisors, daughters, lovers, flight crews, bless the Lord!

All you on American Airlines Flight #11, United Airlines Flight #175, United Airlines Flight #93 and American Airlines Flight #77, bless the Lord!

All you in the World Trade Towers, the Pentagon, the White House, the fields of Pennsylvania, bless the Lord!

All you firemen, policemen, EMTs, rescuers, ambulance drivers, resuscitators, crane operators, volunteers, medics, Red Cross, bless the Lord!

All you working 24/7: you newsmen, you crane operators, you volunteers, you rescuers, you who are hopeful, bless the Lord!

Praise God in the digging and shouting and searching and pleading and praying and hoping!

Praise God in the rubble and steel and boulders and pits and waters and rains and dust!

Praise God in the searchings and screenings and yearnings and pleadings and hopes!

Praise God in the portraits and candles and flowers and shrines and waitings! Praise God...

All you who wait, bless God in the void, the silence, the absence, the loneliness...

All you who wait, bless God in the moments, the mornings, the evenings, the nights...

All you who wait, bless God in the darkness, the desolation, the despair, the despondency...

All you who wait . . . . bless God...

Praise God for the found, the forsaken, the forgotten, the forlorn, the futureless, the futility...

Praise God for the yesterdays of ... Mondays ... and ... Sundays ...  
and ... Saturdays ... and ... Fridays ... Thursdays ... and ...  
Wednesdays ...

Praise God for the hopeful, the hopeless, the hoping, the hope ...

Praise God for the mourning, the consolation, the consoling ...

Praise God for the now . . . . for the future . . . .

Let all that was and is and will be, praise God!

**Amen! . . . . Amen!**