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# psalm 139

*r e v i s i t e d*  
for my neighborhood

by Rebecca Joy Sumner  
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Where can we go from your Spirit? Where can we flee from your presence?

If I go to (your neighborhood/town):

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you are there.

If I go up to the heavens, you are there with me and with my neighbors.

Where in your neighborhood is a wonderful, envious place to be?

(eg: If I go to Grand Park on a leisurely Sunday when the cherry blossoms are in full bloom floating down like warm snow as the sun sets over Puget Sound)

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And what is a tall place in your neighborhood?

(eg: If I scale the new highrise apartment buildings bringing new neighbors in)

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If I make my bed in the depths, you are there with me and with my neighbors.

Where in your neighborhood is a dark, hard, gritty, difficult place to be?

(eg: If I go to the jail at midnight when prisoners from two counties are being released)

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And where in your neighborhood is a physically low place?

(eg: If I climbed down into the ravine at Forgotten Creek)

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If I rise on the wings of the dawn, you are there with me and with my neighbors.

What is on the east side of your neighborhood that you might go to hide in/at?

(eg: If I go east of Broadway and hide myself behind the QFC where neighbors feed addiction and think they have fled your presence)

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If I settle on the far side of the sea, even there I will find you are already present and waiting to guide and hold me fast.

(What is on the west side of your neighborhood that you might go to hide in/at?)

(eg: If I go down the steep hill, over Marine View Drive, over the railroad tracks to the vast and wasteland Kimberly Clark left sterile and empty when they closed down shop and laid off neighbors).

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If I say, "Surely the darkness will hide (your neighborhood/city):

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and the light become night around us," Even the darkness will not be dark to you; the night will shine like the day, for darkness is as light to you.

For you created (your neighborhood/city):

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you knit each of my neighbors together in their mothers' wombs.

I praise you because each of my neighbors are fearfully and wonderfully made;  
Who are the people one might easily think are fearfully and wonderfully made in your neighborhood? Who are the favored people? Who holds power and sway?

(eg: The mayor, a prominent business owner, a home-owners association, renowned local artists...)

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And, who are the people on your neighborhood one might have a harder time thinking of as fearfully and wonderfully made? Who may be marginalized or disempowered by power systems)

(eg: Children in foster care, single moms experiencing poverty, people without houses, people suffering with addiction, people who have been laid off recently etc.).

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Not one of my neighbors was or is hidden from you when they were made in the secret place, when they were woven together in the depths of the earth.

Your neighborhood/city:

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was not hidden from you When it was made both in the open and secret back alley places From the moment this land took form to today. How precious to me are your thoughts of (your neighborhood):

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How vast is the sum of them!

Were I to count them, they would outnumber the grains of sand.



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