A Lament

(With an Eye on Ecclesiastes)

God of heaven and earth.
Another receives credit for my industry.
My boss overlooks me.
I am tossed aside.
Swapped for someone younger or cheaper or well-connected.

I am spread thin. I am worn and weary.
Exhausted. Spent. And ashamed.
Threadbare, I rise each morning indentured to this—forced into soul-less and soul-numbing work, to eke out a dreary living.

On my bed, I dream of work,
At night my labor haunts me.
It is all sorrow and frustration.
Meaningless. Meaningless. Everything is meaningless.

The cynic is right. “What does anyone gain from all their slog and sweat?
Why waste our days toiling?
Generations come and generations go.
The wind blows round and round.
Water evaporates only to rain and evaporate again.
Our work swirls like liquid down a drain. What can it matter?
Meaningless. Meaningless. Everything is meaningless.

Yet
you rekindle our faith.
Remind us that in you and through you all work matters.
Stir us to “Do everything in love.”
Save us. And we can give ourselves fully to your work.
Because in You, our labor is not in vain.
Amen.

**Written for the Worship for Workers Project of Fuller Seminary by Kevin Adams from Granite Springs **