



**BETH**

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## A Sword Pierces My Soul

**Mary's Lament over Simeon's prophecy (Luke 2. 25-35)**

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Is this a blessing or is this a curse?  
What's Simeon saying?  
Joseph, do you hear it?  
His words are too huge for my understanding.  
Didn't he just say,  
"He is a light to reveal God to the Nations"  
and "The glory of your people Israel"?  
What is this then!

My eyes are filling with tears,  
Legs are trembling with dread.  
Hold my hand tightly, Joseph, squeeze it hard.  
A prophesy over my precious little baby...  
My own flesh and blood, born from my virgin womb.  
"All generations will call me blessed."  
Blessed, not cursed!

How can this be, a sword pierces my soul?  
Oh no, woe to me.  
What steps will these little feet take?  
What life is destined for this innocent frame?  
Fear's choking me.  
My soul is fainting.  
Into pieces every bone is breaking.  
My anguished wails are covering the land.  
Like Naomi, may I be called Mara

Oh, Gracious God, have mercy on me.  
With this sword, pierce my eyes first  
that I may not see.  
Grant me a short life,  
may I not witness such things.

See, Lord, your servant is in deep distress.  
Quivering with fear,  
Spare me, Lord, your servant.  
Yes. Your servant, favoured one,  
As you are with me.

In you, I take my refuge.  
Give my heart stillness  
like morning dew settling on quiet pasture.  
I humbly kneel once again as before.  
From the lips soaked with tears,  
“Here am I, the servant of the Lord.  
Let it be with me according to your word.”



Thistle  
by Hannie Riley