

## **Readings: Feria**

First Reading: Ne 2:1-8

In the month Nisan of the twentieth year of King Artaxerxes,  
when the wine was in my charge,  
I took some and offered it to the king.  
As I had never before been sad in his presence,  
the king asked me, "Why do you look sad?  
If you are not sick, you must be sad at heart."  
Though I was seized with great fear, I answered the king:  
"May the king live forever!  
How could I not look sad  
when the city where my ancestors are buried lies in ruins,  
and its gates have been eaten out by fire?"  
The king asked me, "What is it, then, that you wish?"  
I prayed to the God of heaven and then answered the king:  
"If it please the king,  
and if your servant is deserving of your favor,  
send me to Judah, to the city of my ancestors' graves,  
to rebuild it."  
Then the king, and the queen seated beside him,  
asked me how long my journey would take  
and when I would return.  
I set a date that was acceptable to him,  
and the king agreed that I might go.

I asked the king further: "If it please the king,  
let letters be given to me for the governors  
of West-of-Euphrates,  
that they may afford me safe-conduct until I arrive in Judah;  
also a letter for Asaph, the keeper of the royal park,  
that he may give me wood for timbering the gates  
of the temple-citadel and for the city wall  
and the house that I shall occupy."  
The king granted my requests,  
for the favoring hand of my God was upon me.

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**Responsorial Psalm: Ps 137:1-2, 3, 4-5, 6**

**R./ Let my tongue be silenced if I ever forget you!**

By the streams of Babylon  
we sat and wept

when we remembered Zion.  
On the aspens of that land  
we hung up our harps.  
R./ Let my tongue be silenced if I ever forget you!

Though there our captors asked of us  
the lyrics of our songs,  
And our despoilers urged us to be joyous:  
"Sing for us the songs of Zion!"  
R./ Let my tongue be silenced if I ever forget you!

How could we sing a song of the LORD  
in a foreign land?  
If I forget you, Jerusalem,  
may my right hand be forgotten!  
R./ Let my tongue be silenced if I ever forget you!

May my tongue cleave to my palate  
if I remember you not,  
If I place not Jerusalem  
ahead of my joy.  
R./ Let my tongue be silenced if I ever forget you!

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### **Gospel Reading: Lk 9:57-62**

As Jesus and his disciples went on their way, a man said to him, "I will follow you wherever you go." Jesus said to him, "Foxes have holes and birds of the air have nests; but the Son of Man has nowhere to lay his head."

To another Jesus said, "Follow me." But he answered, "Let me go back now, for first I want to bury my father." And Jesus said to him, "Let the dead bury their dead; as for you, leave them and proclaim the kingdom of God."

Another said to him, "I will follow you, Lord, but first let me say goodbye to my family." And Jesus said to him, "Whoever has put his hand to the plow and looks back is not fit for the kingdom of God."

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