



17 PENTECOST

Seventeenth Sunday after Pentecost: Proper 22



Revised Common Lectionary
TRACK ONE

Sunday, October 5, 2025

COLLECT

Traditional

ALMIGHTY AND EVERLASTING GOD, who art always more ready to hear than we to pray, and art wont to give more than either we desire or deserve: Pour down upon us the abundance of thy mercy, forgiving us those things whereof our conscience is afraid, and giving us those good things which we are not worthy to ask, but through the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ thy Son our Lord; who liveth and reigneth with thee and the Holy Spirit, one God, for ever and ever. *Amen.*

Contemporary

ALMIGHTY AND EVERLASTING GOD, you are always more ready to hear than we to pray, and to give more than we either desire or deserve: Pour upon us the abundance of your mercy, forgiving us those things of which our conscience is afraid, and giving us those good things for which we are not worthy to ask, except through the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ our Savior; who lives and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit, one God, for ever and ever. *Amen.*

FIRST READING: Lamentations 1:1-6

HOW LONELY sits the city that once was full of people! How like a widow she has become, she that was great among the nations! She that was a princess among the provinces has become a vassal. She weeps bitterly in the night, with tears on her cheeks; among all her lovers she has no one to comfort her; all her friends have dealt treacherously with her, they have become her enemies. Judah has gone into exile with suffering and hard servitude; she lives now among the nations, and finds no resting place; her pursuers have all overtaken her in the midst of her distress. The roads to Zion

mourn, for no one comes to the festivals; all her gates are desolate, her priests groan; her young girls grieve, and her lot is bitter. Her foes have become the masters, her enemies prosper, because the LORD has made her suffer for the multitude of her transgressions; her children have gone away, captives before the foe. From daughter Zion has departed all her majesty. Her princes have become like stags that find no pasture; they fled without strength before the pursuer.

Refrain

Great is your faithfulness, merciful God.

Lamentations 3:19-26

The thought of my affliction and my homelessness *
is wormwood and gall!
My soul continually thinks of it *
and is bowed down within me.
But this I call to mind, *
and therefore I have hope:
The steadfast love of the LORD never ceases, *
his mercies never come to an end;
They are new every morning;
great is your faithfulness. *
"The LORD is my portion," says my soul,
"therefore I will hope in him."
The LORD is good to those who wait for him, *
to the soul that seeks him.
It is good that one should wait quietly *
for the salvation of the LORD.

Refrain

We wept when we remembered Zion.

Psalm 137 from the Book of Common Prayer

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| 1 By the waters of Babylon
we sat down and wept, *
when we remembered
you, O Zion. | 6 Let my tongue cleave to
the roof of my mouth if I
do not remember you, *
if I do not set Jerusalem
above my highest joy. |
| 2 As for our harps, we
hung them up * on the
trees in the midst of that
land. | 7 Remember the day of Je-
rusalem, O LORD, against
the people of Edom, *
who said, "Down with it!
down with it! even to the
ground!" |
| 3 For those who led us
away captive asked us for
a song, and our oppres-
sors called for mirth: *
"Sing us one of the songs
of Zion." | 8 O Daughter of Babylon,
doomed to destruction, *
happy the one who pays
you back for what you
have done to us! |
| 4 How shall we sing the
LORD's song * upon an
alien soil? | 9 Happy shall he be who
takes your little ones, *
and dashes them against
the rock! |
| 5 If I forget you, O Jerusa-
lem, * let my right hand
forget its skill. | |

SECOND READING: 2 Timothy 1:1-14

PAUL, AN APOSTLE of Christ Jesus by the will of God, for the sake of the promise of life that is in Christ Jesus, To Timothy, my beloved child: Grace, mercy, and peace from God the Father and Christ Jesus our Lord. I am grateful to God—whom I worship with a clear conscience, as my ancestors did—when I remember you constantly in my prayers night and day. Recalling your tears, I long to see you so that I may be filled with joy. I am reminded of your sincere faith, a faith that lived first in your grandmother Lois and your mother Eunice and now, I am sure, lives in you. For this reason I remind you to rekindle the gift of God that is within you through the laying on of my hands; for God did not give us a spirit

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