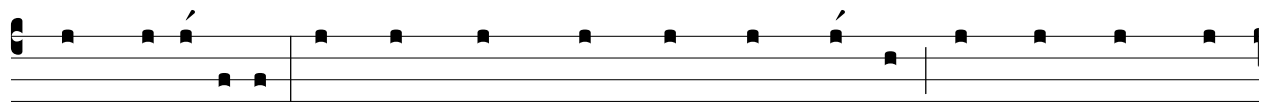


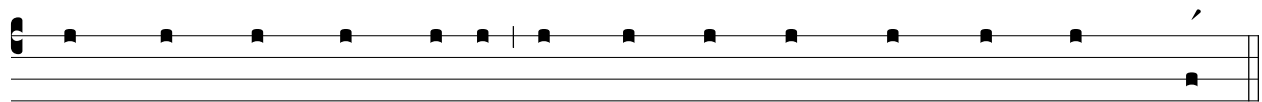
First Reading for the First Sunday of Advent, Year B (NRSV)
Isaiah 63:16b-17, 19b;64:2-7

You, O Lord, are our Fát-her; 'Our Redeemer from of old' is
your náme. Why, O Lord, do you make us stray from your
ways and harden our heart, so that we do not féar you?
Turn back for the sake of your sérv-ants, for the sake of the
tribes that are your hér-it-age. O that you would tear open the
heavens and come dówn, so that the mountains would quake at
your prés-ence. When you did awesome deeds that we did not
ex-péct, you came down, the mountains quaked at your prés-ence.

From ages past no one has heard, no ear has perceived, no
eye has seen a-ny God besides yóu, who works for those who
wáit for him. You meet those gladly who do ríght, those who
remember you in your wáys. But you were angry, and we sinned;
because you hid yoursélf we trans-gréssed. We have all become
like one who is un-cléan, and all our righteous deeds are like
a filthy clóth. We all fade like a léaf, and our i-niquities, like
the wind, take us a-wáy. There is no one who calls on your
name, or attempts to take hólđ of you; for you have hidden
your face from us, and have delivered us in-to the hand of



our in-íq-ui-ty. Yet, O Lord, you are our Fá-ther; we are the clay,



and you are our potter; we are all the work of your hánd.