

# Daily View

*“But exhort one another every day, as long as it is called ‘today’” Hebrews 3:13*

May 4, 2020



Hawaii, 2016

## MONDAY, MONDAY

*“Why are you cast down, O my soul...?”*

I’m hardly ever in a bad mood and I try really hard not to be a whiner. If there’s any whining going on, I’d really rather listen to other people whine than whine myself.

*However, Mondays have become an exception.*

In the summer of 1966, I got a job as an usher at Anaheim’s Melodyland Theater. It wasn’t really a “job”—it was volunteer work. You took tickets and showed people to their seats and then you got to watch the concert as payment.

I was working at Melodyland on the evening of June 3, 1966

when the wildly popular group, The Mama’s and The Papa’s, were performing. Their first hit, “California Dreamin’,” came out in December, 1965 and peaked at #4 on the Billboard top 100. As a side note, Simon & Garfunkel were the warm-up act that night; they were just gaining steam due to the release of their “Sounds of Silence” single and, subsequently, their album by the same name.

In March, 1966, The Mama’s and The Papa’s released what became their only #1 hit, “Monday, Monday.” The lyrics are a bit confusing, but the theme is clear and tune and harmonies carried it to #1. There is a line or two in the song that many identify with:

Every other day, every other day  
Every other day of the week is fine, yeah.  
But whenever Monday comes - but whenever Monday comes  
You can find me crying all of the time.

I have to confess that these lines resonate with me, especially in the last two months. Mondays have become depressing. I’m not “crying

all the time,” but I do feel blue on Mondays. In normal times, Mondays are great for a preacher. After all, on Sunday I enjoy a few hours with many of my favorite people in the world, brothers and sisters in the church at Folsom. Those meetings at the top of the week put me in a good mood for the rest of the week.

I’m guessing many others, especially preachers, feel the same way. Our identity is bound up, not only with Christ, but with the local body of Christ. Not being able to meet together robs us of the important work of preaching. It also, at least for me, makes me feel like a part of me is missing — must be that “*we are members of one another*” language in Romans 12:5. I’m thankful for Zoom, but it’s not a third cousin to the real thing.

So, “*whenever Monday comes you can find me cryin’ all the time.*” I’m not actually crying, but I’m not smiling either. I woke up today (way too early) in a less than cheerful mood.\* So, what did I do?

First, I wallowed in self-pity for awhile.

Then I read Psalm 42-43, the “*As the deer*” psalm by the sons of Korah. It’s my go-to passage when I’m feeling sorry for myself. The refrain, repeated three times (42:5, 11 & 43:5), goes like this:

Why are you cast down, O my soul,  
and why are you in turmoil within me?  
Hope in God; for I shall again praise him,  
my salvation and my God.

Then, to drive the point home, I listened to a couple of minutes of Linda Ronstadt’s “*Poor, Poor Pitiful Me.*”

***Works every time.***

\*It’s possible that this past weekend was especially difficult because May 2nd was the anniversary of my mother’s death in 1997 and also happened to be the 26th anniversary of our arrival here, launching the best 26 years of our lives. That may account for some of my whining, although I’ve felt like this for the last few Mondays, too.