



Questions:

1. How might the discordance of free jazz be a metaphor for our ability to function in the madness?
2. Is it possible to be abandoned by God? Why or why not?
3. Is it possible to find multiple meanings, even Christian meanings, in this ancient Jewish psalm?
4. Can you find additional alternate meanings by taking an allegorical approach to Psalm 137?
5. Can giving voice to anger in prayer be a way to counter our desire for violence?
6. Why does it make sense to trust our most precious hatreds to God?

EPISODE TITLE: "Psalm 137"

Can We Talk?, Episode 4

Featured Guest: Jason Byassee

Jason Byassee is a fellow in theology and leadership at Leadership Education at Duke Divinity and senior pastor of Boone United Methodist Church in the Western North Carolina Conference. He worked at Duke Divinity School from 2008-2011, writing and teaching about theology and leadership and editing the Call & Response blog at Faith & Leadership for much of that time. He serves as a contributing editor to Christian Century, where he was an assistant editor from 2004-2008. He is author of *The Gifts of the Small Church* (Abingdon, 2010), *Reading Augustine: A Guide to Confessions* (Cascade, 2006), *An Introduction to the Sayings of the Desert Fathers* (Cascade, 2007) and *Praise Seeking Understanding: Reading the Psalms with Augustine* (Eerdmans, 2007). He has a master of divinity and doctorate from Duke University.

Pneuma Divina Scripture: Psalm 137

- ¹ By the rivers of Babylon—
there we sat down and there we wept
when we remembered Zion.
- ² On the willows there
we hung up our harps.
- ³ For there our captors
asked us for songs,
and our tormentors asked for mirth, saying,
'Sing us one of the songs of Zion!'
- ⁴ How could we sing the Lord's song
in a foreign land?
- ⁵ If I forget you, O Jerusalem,
let my right hand wither!
- ⁶ Let my tongue cling to the roof of my mouth,
if I do not remember you,
if I do not set Jerusalem
above my highest joy.
- ⁷ Remember, O Lord, against the Edomites
the day of Jerusalem's fall,
how they said, 'Tear it down! Tear it down!
Down to its foundations!'
- ⁸ O daughter Babylon, you devastator!
Happy shall they be who pay you back
what you have done to us!
- ⁹ Happy shall they be who take your little ones
and dash them against the rock!

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