

Liturgy of the Hours
LITURGY OF THE HOURS

OFFICE OF READINGS

July 28, 2024

{ Seventeenth Sunday in Ordinary Time }



Stand and make sign of cross

God, come to my assistance.

— Lord, make haste to help me.

Glory to the Father, and to the Son,
and to the Holy Spirit:
as it was in the beginning, is now,
and will be for ever. Amen. Alleluia.

HYMN

All you nations, sing out your joy to the Lord:
Alleluia, alleluia!

Joyfully shout, all you on earth,
give praise to the glory of God;
And with a hymn, sing out his glorious praise:
Alleluia!

All you nations, sing out your joy to the Lord:
Alleluia, alleluia!

Let all the earth kneel in his sight,
extolling his marvelous fame;
Honor his name, in the highest heaven give praise:
Alleluia!

All you nations, sing out your joy to the Lord:
Alleluia, alleluia!

Come forth and see all the great works
that God has brought forth by his might;
Fall on your knees before his glorious throne:
Alleluia!

All you nations, sing out your joy to the Lord:
Alleluia, alleluia!

Glory and thanks be to the Father;
honor and praise to the Son;
And to the Spirit, source of life and love:
Alleluia!

All you nations, sing out your joy to the Lord:
Alleluia, alleluia!

Melody: All You Nations; Music: Lucien Deiss, C.S.Sp., 1965; Text: Lucien Deiss, C.S.Sp., 1965

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Sit or stand

PSALMODY

Antiphon 1

See how the cross of the Lord stands revealed as the tree of life.

Psalm 1

There are two ways a man may take

They are happy who, putting all their trust in the cross, have plunged into the water of life (from an author of the second century).

Háppy indéed is the mán *
who fóllows not the cóunsel of the wícked;
nor língers in the wáy of sínners *
nor síts in the cómpany of scórners,
but whose delíght is the lów of the Lórd *
and who pónders his lów day and níght.

Hé is like a trée that is plánted *
besíde the flówing wátters,
that yíelds its frúit in due séason †
and whose léaves shall néver fáde; *
and áll that he dóes shall próspér.

Not só are the wícked, not só! †
For théy like wínnowed cháff *
shall be dríven awáy by the wínd.
When the wícked are júdged they shall not stánd, *
nor find róom among thóse who are júst;
for the Lórd guards the wáy of the júst *
but the wáy of the wícked leads to dóom.

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, *

and to the Holy Spirit:
as it was in the beginning, is now, *
and will be for ever. Amen.

Antiphon

See how the cross of the Lord stands revealed as the tree of life.

Antiphon 2

Here is a King of my own choosing who will rule on Mount Zion.

Psalm 2

The Messiah, king and conqueror

The rulers of the earth joined forces to overthrow Jesus, your anointed Son (Acts 4:27).

Whý this túmúlt among nátions, *
among péoples this úseless múrmuring?
They arise, the kíngs of the éarth, *
princes plót against the Lórd and his Anóinted.
“Cóme let us bréak their fétters, *
cóme, let us cást off their yóke.”

He who síts in the héavens láughs; *
the Lórd is láughing them to scórn.
Thén he will spéak in his ánger, *
his ráge will stríke them with térror.
“It is Í who have sét up my kíng *
on Zíon, my hóly móuntain.”

I will annóunce the decrée of the Lórd: †
The Lórd said to me: “Yóu are my Són. *
It is Í who have begóttén you this dáy.
Ásk and I shall bequéath you the nátions, *
put the énds of the éarth in your posséssion.
With a ród of íron you will bréak them, *
shátter them like a pótter’s jár.”

Nów, O kíngs, understánd, *
take wárning, rúlers of the éarth;
sérve the Lórd with áwe *
and trémbling, páy him your hómage
lést he be ángry and you pérish; *

for súddenly his ánger will bláze.

Blessed are théy *
who put their trúst in Gód.

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, *
and to the Holy Spirit:
as it was in the beginning, is now, *
and will be for ever. Amen.

Antiphon

Here is a King of my own choosing who will rule on Mount Zion.

Antiphon 3

Lord, you are my protector; you have raised me up in glory.

Psalm 3

I am safe in the Lord's keeping

Christ fell asleep in death, but he rose from the dead, for God was his deliverer (Saint Irenaeus).

How mány are my fóes, O Lórd! *
How mány are rísing up agáinst me!
How mány are sáying abóut me: *
“There is no hélp for hím in Gód.”

But yóu, Lord, are a shíeld abóut me, *
my glóry, who líft up my héad.
I crý alóud to the Lórd. *
He ánsvers from his hólý móuntain.

I líe down to rést and I sléep. *
I wáke, for the Lórd uphólds me.
I will not féar even thóusands of péople *
who are ránge on every síde agáinst me.

Aríse, Lord; sáve me, my Gód, *
you who stríke all my fóes on the móuth,
you who bréak the téeth of the wícked! *
O Lórd of salvátion, bless your péople!

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, *
and to the Holy Spirit:

as it was in the beginning, is now, *
and will be for ever. Amen.

Antiphon

Lord, you are my protector; you have raised me up in glory.

VERSE

May the word of Christ ever fill your hearts.

— Share with one another the wisdom you receive.

Sit

READINGS

First reading

From the second letter of the apostle Paul to the Corinthians

7:2-16

Paul is encouraged by the repentance of the Corinthians

Make room for us in your hearts! We have injured no one, we have corrupted no one, we have cheated no one. I do not condemn you. I have already said that you are in our hearts, even to the sharing of death and life together. I speak to you with utter frankness and boast much about you. I am filled with consolation, and despite my many afflictions my joy knows no bounds.

When I arrived in Macedonia I was restless and exhausted. I was under all kinds of stress—quarrels with others and fears within myself. But God, who gives heart to those who are low in spirit, gave me strength with the arrival of Titus. This he did, not only by his arrival but by the reinforcement Titus had already received from you; for he reported your longing, your grief, and your ardent concern for me, so that my joy is greater still.

If I saddened you by my letter I have no regrets. Or if I did feel some regret (because I understand that the letter caused you grief for a time), I am happy once again; not because you were saddened, but because your sadness led to repentance. You were filled with a sorrow that came from God; thus you did not suffer any loss from us. Indeed, sorrow for God's sake produces a repentance without

regrets, leading to salvation, whereas worldly sorrow brings death. Just look at the fruit of this sorrow which stems from God. What a measure of holy zeal it has brought you, not to speak of readiness to defend yourselves! What indignation, fear, and longing! What ardent desire to restore the balance of justice! In every way you have displayed your innocence in this matter. Therefore, my writing to you was not intended for the man who had given the offense or for the one offended, but to make plain in the sight of God the devotion you have for us. This done, we are comforted.

Beyond this consolation, we have rejoiced even more at the joy of Titus because his mind has been set at rest by all of you. For though I had boasted to him about you, I was not put to shame. Rather, just as everything I ever said to you was true, so my boasting to Titus has been proved equally true. His heart embraces you with an expanding love as he recalls the obedience you showed to God when you received him in fear and trembling. I rejoice because I trust you utterly.

Responsory

2 Corinthians 7:10, see 9

The sorrow God sends us produces a repentance that leads to salvation,

— but worldly sorrow brings death.

Our sorrow was used by God, and so we suffered no loss.

— But worldly sorrow brings death.

Second reading

From a homily on the second letter to the Corinthians by Saint John Chrysostom, bishop

(Hom. 14, 1-2. PG 61, 497-499)

I rejoice exceedingly in all my tribulations

Again Paul turns to speak of love, softening the harshness of his rebuke. For after convicting and reproaching them for not loving him as he had loved them, breaking away from his love and attaching themselves to troublemakers, he again takes the edge off

the reproach by saying: *Open your hearts to us*, that is, *love us*. He asks for a favor which will be no burden to them but will be more profitable to the giver than to the receiver. And he did not use the word “love” but said, more appealingly: *Open your hearts to us*.

Who, he said, has cast us out of your minds, thrust us from your hearts? How is it that you feel constraint with us? For, since he has said earlier: *You are restricted in your own affection*, he now declares himself more openly and says: *Open your heart to us*, thus once more drawing them to him. For nothing so much wins love as the knowledge that one’s lover desires most of all to be himself loved.

For I said before, he tells them, *that you are in our hearts to die together or live together*. This is love at its height, that even though in disfavor, he wishes both to die and to live with them. For you are in our hearts, not just somehow or other, but in the way I have said. It is possible to love and yet to draw back when danger threatens; but my love is not like that.

I am filled with consolation. What consolation? That which comes from you because you, being changed for the better, have consoled me by what you have done. It is natural for a lover both to complain that he is not loved in return and to fear that he may cause distress by complaining too much. Therefore, he says: *I am filled with consolation, I rejoice exceedingly*.

It is as if he said, I was much grieved on your account, but you have made it up for me in full measure and given me comfort; for you have not only removed the cause for any grief but filled me with a richer joy.

Then he shows the greatness of that joy by saying not only *I rejoice exceedingly* but also the words which follow: *in all my tribulations*. So great, he says, was the delight that you gave me that it was not even dimmed by so much tribulation, but overcame by its strength and keenness all those sorrows which had invaded my heart, and took away from me all awareness of them.

Responsory

2 Corinthians 12:12, 15

I performed among you works that prove my apostleship,

— in all patience with signs, wonders and miracles.

I will gladly spend myself and be spent for you.

— In all patience with signs, wonders and miracles.

Stand

TE DEUM

You are God: we praise you;

You are the Lord: we acclaim you;

You are the eternal Father:

All creation worships you.

To you all angels, all the powers of heaven,

Cherubim and Seraphim, sing in endless praise:

Holy, holy, holy, Lord, God of power and might,
heaven and earth are full of your glory.

The glorious company of apostles praise you.

The noble fellowship of prophets praise you.

The white-robed army of martyrs praise you.

Throughout the world the holy Church acclaim you:

Father, of majesty unbounded,
your true and only Son, worthy of all worship,
and the Holy Spirit, advocate and guide.

You, Christ, are the King of glory,
the eternal Son of the Father.

When you became man to set us free
you did not spurn the Virgin's womb.

You overcame the sting of death,
and opened the kingdom of heaven to all believers.

You are seated at God's right hand in glory.
We believe that you will come, and be our judge.

Come then, Lord, and help your people,
bought with the price of your own blood,
and bring us with your saints
to glory everlasting.

CONCLUDING PRAYER

Let us pray.

God our Father and protector,
without you nothing is holy,
nothing has value.

Guide us to everlasting life
by helping us to use wisely
the blessings you have given to the world.

We ask this through our Lord Jesus Christ, your Son,
who lives and reigns with you and the Holy Spirit,
God, for ever and ever.

— Amen.

Acclamation

Let us praise the Lord.

— And give him thanks.

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