

Week One + Friday Evening

O God, come to our assistance.

O Lord, hasten to help us.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son
and to the Holy Spirit.

As it was before,
is now,
and ever more.

Psalm 119:5

Your word, Lord,
stands firm in heaven forever!
Your faithfulness extends from one generation to the
next!
You set the earth firmly in place, and it is still there.
Your rules endure to this day
because everything serves you.
If your Instruction hadn't been my delight,
I would have died because of my suffering.
I will never forget your precepts
because through them you gave me life again.
I'm yours—save me
because I've pursued your precepts!
The wicked wait for me,
wanting to kill me, but I'm studying your laws.
I've seen that everything,
no matter how perfect, has a limit,
but your commandment is boundless.

Psalm 38

Please, Lord, don't punish me when you are mad;
don't discipline me when you are furious.

Your arrows have pierced me;
your fist has come down hard on me.

There's nothing in my body that isn't broken
because of your rage;
there's no health in my bones
because of my sin.

My wrongdoings are stacked higher than my head;
they are a weight that's way too heavy for me.
My wounds reek; they are all infected
because of my stupidity.
I am hunched over, completely down;
I wander around all day long, sad.

My insides are burning up;
there's nothing in my body that isn't broken.
I'm worn out, completely crushed;
I groan because of my miserable heart.

Everything I long for is laid out before you, my Lord;
my sighs aren't hidden from you.
My heart pounds; my strength abandons me.
Even the light of my eyes is gone.

My loved ones and friends keep their distance
from me in my sickness;
those who were near me now stay far away.
Those who want me dead lay traps;
those who want me harmed utter threats,
muttering lies all day long.

But I'm like someone who is deaf,
who can't hear;
like someone who can't speak,
whose mouth won't open.

I've become like a person
who doesn't hear what is being said,
whose mouth has no good comeback.

But I wait for you, Lord!
You will answer, my Lord, my God!
Because I prayed:
"Don't let them celebrate over me
or exalt themselves over me when my foot slips,"

Because I'm very close to falling,
and my pain is always with me.
Yes, I confess my wrongdoing;
I'm worried about my sin.

But my mortal enemies are so strong;
those who hate me for no reason seem countless.
Those who give, repay good with evil;
they oppose me for pursuing good.

Don't leave me all alone, Lord!
Please, my God, don't be far from me!
Come quickly and help me,
my Lord, my salvation!

Psalm 135

Praise the Lord!
Praise the Lord's name!
All you who serve the Lord, praise God!
All you who stand in the Lord's house—
who stand in the courtyards of our God's temple—

Praise the Lord, because the Lord is good!
Sing praises to God's name because it is
beautiful!
Because the Lord chose Jacob as his own,

God chose Israel as his treasured possession.

Yes, I know for certain that the Lord is great—
I know our Lord is greater than all other gods.
The Lord can do whatever he wants
in heaven or on earth,
in the seas and in every ocean depth.

God forms clouds at the far corners of the earth.
God makes lightning for the rain.
God releases the wind from its storeroom.

God struck down the Egyptians' oldest offspring—
both human and animal!
God sent signs and wonders into the very center of
Egypt—
against Pharaoh and all his servants.
God struck down many nations
and killed mighty kings:

Sihon the Amorite king,
Og the king of Bashan,
and all the Canaanite kings.
Then God handed their land over as an inheritance—
as an inheritance to Israel, his own people.

Lord, your name is forever!
Lord, your fame extends from one generation to the
next!
The Lord gives justice to his people
and has compassion on those who serve him.

The nations' idols are just silver and gold—
things made by human hands.
They have mouths, but they can't speak.
They have eyes, but they can't see.

They have ears, but they can't listen.
No, there's no breath in their lungs!
Let the people who made these idols
and all who trust in them
become just like them!

House of Israel, bless the Lord!
House of Aaron, bless the Lord!
House of Levi, bless the Lord!
You who honor the Lord, bless the Lord!
Bless the Lord from Zion—
bless the one who lives in Jerusalem!
Praise the Lord!

Psalm 88

Lord, God of my salvation,
by day I cry out,
even at night, before you—
let my prayer reach you!
Turn your ear to my outcry
because my whole being is filled with distress;
my life is at the very brink of hell.

I am considered as one of those plummeting into the
pit.

I am like those who are beyond help,
drifting among the dead,
lying in the grave, like dead bodies—
those you don't remember anymore,
those who are cut off from your power.

You placed me down in the deepest pit,
in places dark and deep.
Your anger smothers me;
you subdue me with it, wave after wave.

You've made my friends distant.
You've made me disgusting to them.

I can't escape. I'm trapped!
My eyes are tired of looking at my suffering.
I've been calling out to you every day, Lord—
I've had my hands outstretched to you!

Do you work wonders for the dead?
Do ghosts rise up and give you thanks?
Is your faithful love proclaimed in the grave,
your faithfulness in the underworld?
Are your wonders known in the land of darkness,
your righteousness in the land of oblivion?

But I cry out to you, Lord!
My prayer meets you first thing in the morning!
Why do you reject my very being, Lord?
Why do you hide your face from me?

Since I was young I've been afflicted, I've been dying.
I've endured your terrors. I'm lifeless.
Your fiery anger has overwhelmed me;
your terrors have destroyed me.

They surround me all day long like water;
they engulf me completely.
You've made my loved ones and companions distant.
My only friend is darkness.

Psalm 140

Rescue me from evil people, Lord!
Guard me from violent people
who plot evil things in their hearts,
who pick fights every single day!
They sharpen their tongues like a snake's;

spider poison is on their lips.

Protect me from the power of the wicked, Lord!

Guard me from violent people
who plot to trip me up!

Arrogant people have laid a trap for me with ropes.

They've spread out a net alongside the road.
They've set snares for me.

I tell the Lord, "You are my God!

Listen to my request for mercy, Lord!"

My Lord God, my strong saving help—
you've protected my head on the day of battle.

Lord, don't give the wicked what they want!

Don't allow their plans to succeed,
or they'll exalt themselves even more!

Let the heads of the people surrounding me

be covered with the trouble their own lips caused!

Let burning coals fall on them!

Let them fall into deep pits and never get out again!

Let no slanderer be safe in the land.

Let calamity hunt down violent people—and quickly!

I know that the Lord will take up the case of the poor
and will do what is right for the needy.

Yes, the righteous will give thanks to your name,
and those who do right will live in your presence.

Scripture Reading

Galatians 5:13-14, CEB

"You were called to freedom, brothers and sisters; only don't let this freedom be an opportunity to indulge your selfish impulses, but serve each other through love. All the Law has been fulfilled in a single statement: *Love your neighbor as yourself.*"

Prayers of Thanksgiving and Intercession

To you, O Lord, I lift my soul.

O God, in you I trust.

Merciful God, we praise you that you give strength for every weakness, forgiveness for our failures, and new beginnings in Jesus Christ. Especially we thank you for

—the guidance of your spirit through this day...

—signs of new life and hope...

—people who have helped us...

—those who struggle for justice...

—expressions of love unexpected or undeserved...

Mighty God, you know all needs before we speak our prayers, yet you welcome our concerns for others in Christ Jesus. Especially we pray for

—those who keep watch over the sick and dying...

—those who weep with the grieving...

—those who are without faith and cannot accept your love...

—those who are lonely, distressed or weak...

—Reformed, Presbyterian, and Lutheran churches...

We include those from the "Serving our Country," and "Shut ins" portion of our Friday Prayer Chain...

Our Father...

Abide with us, O Lord,

for evening comes and day is almost over.

Abide with us,

for the days are hastening on

and we hasten with them.

Abide with us and with all your faithful people,
until the daystar rises and the morning light appears,
and we shall abide with you forever.
Amen.

*May the Lord bless us,
grant us a peaceful night,
and a perfect rest.
Amen.*

References:

Psalms and Galatians reading from CEB
Prayers from BCW