

## +Week One + Friday Morning

O Lord, open my lips.  
**And my mouth shall proclaim your praise.**

You created the day and the night, O God;  
you set the sun and the moon in their places;  
you set the limits of the earth;  
you made summer and winter. (Ps.74:16,17, GNB)

### Psalm 119:3

My whole being yearns for your saving help!  
I wait for your promise.  
My eyes are worn out looking for your word.  
“When will you comfort me?” I ask,  
because I’ve become like a bottle dried up by  
smoke,  
though I haven’t forgotten your statutes.  
How much more time does your servant have?  
When will you bring my oppressors to justice?  
The arrogant have dug pits for me—  
those people who act against your Instruction.  
All your commandments are true,  
but people harass me for no reason.  
Help me!  
They’ve almost wiped me off the face of the earth!  
Meanwhile, I haven’t abandoned your precepts!  
Make me live again according to your faithful love  
so I can keep the law you’ve given!

### Psalm 51

Have mercy on me, God, according to your faithful  
love!

Wipe away my wrongdoings according to your great  
compassion!  
Wash me completely clean of my guilt;  
purify me from my sin!

Because I know my wrongdoings,  
my sin is always right in front of me.  
I’ve sinned against you—you alone.  
I’ve committed evil in your sight.  
That’s why you are justified when you render your  
verdict,  
completely correct when you issue your judgment.

Yes, I was born in guilt, in sin,  
from the moment my mother conceived me.  
And yes, you want truth in the most hidden places;  
you teach me wisdom in the most secret space.  
Purify me with hyssop and I will be clean;  
wash me and I will be whiter than snow.

Let me hear joy and celebration again;  
let the bones you crushed rejoice once more.  
Hide your face from my sins;  
wipe away all my guilty deeds!

Create a clean heart for me, God;  
put a new, faithful spirit deep inside me!  
Please don’t throw me out of your presence;  
please don’t take your holy spirit away from me.

Return the joy of your salvation to me  
and sustain me with a willing spirit.  
Then I will teach wrongdoers your ways,  
and sinners will come back to you.

Deliver me from violence, God, God of my salvation,

so that my tongue can sing of your righteousness.  
Lord, open my lips,  
and my mouth will proclaim your praise.

You don't want sacrifices.  
If I gave an entirely burned offering,  
you wouldn't be pleased.  
A broken spirit is my sacrifice, God.  
You won't despise a heart, God, that is broken and  
crushed.

Do good things for Zion by your favor.  
Rebuild Jerusalem's walls.  
Then you will again want sacrifices of righteousness—  
entirely burned offerings and complete offerings.  
Then bulls will again be sacrificed on your altar.

### **Psalm 78**

Listen, my people, to my teaching;  
tilt your ears toward the words of my mouth.  
I will open my mouth with a proverb.  
I'll declare riddles from days long gone—

Ones that we've heard and learned about,  
ones that our ancestors told us.  
We won't hide them from their descendants;  
we'll tell the next generation  
all about the praise due the Lord and his strength—  
the wondrous works God has done.

He established a law for Jacob  
and set up Instruction for Israel,  
ordering our ancestors  
to teach them to their children.  
This is so that the next generation  
and children not yet born will know these things,

And so they can rise up and tell their children  
to put their hope in God—  
never forgetting God's deeds,  
but keeping God's commandments—

And so that they won't become like their ancestors:  
a rebellious, stubborn generation,  
a generation whose heart wasn't set firm  
and whose spirit wasn't faithful to God.

The children of Ephraim, armed with bows,  
retreated on the day of battle.  
They didn't keep God's covenant;  
they refused to walk in his Instruction.

They forgot God's deeds  
as well as the wondrous works he showed them.  
But God performed wonders in their ancestors'  
presence—  
in the land of Egypt, in the field of Zoan.

God split the sea and led them through,  
making the waters stand up like a wall.  
God led them with the cloud by day;  
by the lightning all through the night.

God split rocks open in the wilderness,  
gave them plenty to drink—  
as if from the deep itself!  
God made streams flow from the rock,  
made water run like rivers.

But they continued to sin against God,  
rebellious against the Most High in the desert.  
They tested God in their hearts,

demanded food for their stomachs.

They spoke against God!

“Can God set a dinner table in the wilderness?” they asked.

“True, God struck the rock  
and water gushed and streams flowed,  
but can he give bread too?  
Can he provide meat for his people?”

When the Lord heard this, he became furious.

A fire was ignited against Jacob;  
wrath also burned against Israel  
because they had no faith in God,  
because they didn’t trust his saving power.

God gave orders to the skies above,  
opened heaven’s doors,  
and rained manna on them so they could eat.  
He gave them the very grain of heaven!

Each person ate the bread of the powerful ones;  
God sent provisions to satisfy them.  
God set the east wind moving across the skies  
and drove the south wind by his strength.

He rained meat on them as if it were dust in the air;  
he rained as many birds as the sand on the  
seashore!  
God brought the birds down in the center of their  
camp,  
all around their dwellings.

So they ate and were completely satisfied;  
God gave them exactly what they had craved.

But they didn’t stop craving—  
even with the food still in their mouths!  
So God’s anger came up against them:  
he killed the most hearty of them;  
he cut down Israel’s youth in their prime.

But in spite of all that, they kept sinning  
and had no faith in God’s wondrous works.  
So God brought their days to an end,  
like a puff of air,  
and their years in total ruin.

But whenever God killed them, they went after him!  
They would turn and earnestly search for God.  
They would remember that God was their rock,  
that the Most High was their redeemer.

But they were just flattering him with lip service.  
They were lying to him with their tongues.  
Their hearts weren’t firmly set on him;  
they weren’t faithful to his covenant.

But God, being compassionate,  
kept forgiving their sins,  
kept avoiding destruction;  
he took back his anger so many times,  
wouldn’t stir up all his wrath!

God kept remembering that they were just flesh,  
just breath that passes and doesn’t come back.  
How often they rebelled against God in the wilderness  
and distressed him in the desert!

Time and time again they tested God,  
provoking the holy one of Israel.  
They didn’t remember God’s power—

the day when he saved them from the enemy;  
how God performed his signs in Egypt,  
his marvelous works in the field of Zoan.

God turned their rivers into blood;  
they couldn't drink from their own streams.  
God sent swarms against them to eat them up,  
frogs to destroy them.  
God handed over their crops to caterpillars,  
their land's produce to locusts.

God killed their vines with hail,  
their sycamore trees with frost.  
God delivered their cattle over to disease,  
their herds to plagues.

God unleashed his burning anger against them—  
fury, indignation, distress,  
a troop of evil messengers.

God blazed a path for his wrath.  
He didn't save them from death,  
but delivered their lives over to disease.  
God struck down all of Egypt's oldest males;  
in Ham's tents, he struck their pride and joy.

God led his own people out like sheep,  
guiding them like a flock in the wilderness.  
God led them in safety—they were not afraid!  
But the sea engulfed their enemies!

God brought them to his holy territory,  
to the mountain that his own strong hand had  
acquired.  
God drove out the nations before them  
and apportioned property for them;

he settled Israel's tribes in their tents.

But they tested and defied the Most High God;  
they didn't pay attention to his warnings.  
They turned away, became faithless just like their  
ancestors;  
they twisted away like a defective bow.  
They angered God with their many shrines;  
they angered him with their idols.

God heard and became enraged;  
he rejected Israel utterly.  
God abandoned the sanctuary at Shiloh,  
the tent where he had lived with humans.

God let his power be held captive,  
let his glory go to the enemy's hand.  
God delivered his people up to the sword;  
he was enraged at his own possession.

Fire devoured his young men,  
and his young women had no wedding songs.  
God's priests were killed by the sword,  
and his widows couldn't even cry.

But then my Lord woke up—  
as if he'd been sleeping!  
Like a warrior shaking off wine,  
God beat back his foes;  
he made them an everlasting disgrace.

God rejected the tent of Joseph  
and didn't choose the tribe of Ephraim.  
Instead, he chose the tribe of Judah,  
the mountain of Zion, which he loves.  
God built his sanctuary like the highest heaven

and like the earth, which he established forever.

And God chose David, his servant,  
taking him from the sheepfolds.  
God brought him from shepherding nursing ewes  
to shepherd his people Jacob,  
to shepherd his inheritance, Israel.

David shepherded them with a heart of integrity;  
he led them with the skill of his hands.

### **Psalm 22**

My God! My God,  
why have you left me all alone?  
Why are you so far from saving me—  
so far from my anguished groans?  
My God, I cry out during the day,  
but you don't answer;  
even at nighttime I don't stop.

You are the holy one, enthroned.  
You are Israel's praise.  
Our ancestors trusted you—  
they trusted you and you rescued them;  
they cried out to you and they were saved;  
they trusted you and they weren't ashamed.

But I'm just a worm, less than human;  
insulted by one person, despised by another.  
All who see me make fun of me—  
they gape, shaking their heads:  
"He committed himself to the Lord,  
so let God rescue him;  
let God deliver him  
because God likes him so much."

But you are the one who pulled me from the womb,  
placing me safely at my mother's breasts.  
I was thrown on you from birth;  
you've been my God  
since I was in my mother's womb.  
Please don't be far from me,  
because trouble is near  
and there's no one to help.

Many bulls surround me;  
mighty bulls from Bashan encircle me.  
They open their mouths at me  
like a lion ripping and roaring!

I'm poured out like water.  
All my bones have fallen apart.  
My heart is like wax;  
it melts inside me.

My strength is dried up  
like a piece of broken pottery.  
My tongue sticks to the roof of my mouth;  
you've set me down in the dirt of death.  
Dogs surround me;  
a pack of evil people circle me like a lion—  
oh, my poor hands and feet!

I can count all my bones!  
Meanwhile, they just stare at me, watching me.  
They divvy up my garments among themselves;  
they cast lots for my clothes.

But you, Lord! Don't be far away!  
You are my strength!  
Come quick and help me!  
Deliver me from the sword.

Deliver my life from the power of the dog.  
Save me from the mouth of the lion.  
From the horns of the wild oxen  
you have answered me!

I will declare your name to my brothers and sisters;  
I will praise you in the very center of the  
congregation!

All of you who revere the Lord—praise him!  
All of you who are Jacob’s descendants—honor him!  
All of you who are all Israel’s offspring—  
stand in awe of him!

Because he didn’t despise or detest  
the suffering of the one who suffered—  
he didn’t hide his face from me.  
No, he listened when I cried out to him for help.

I offer praise in the great congregation  
because of you;  
I will fulfill my promises  
in the presence of those who honor God.  
Let all those who are suffering eat and be full!  
Let all who seek the Lord praise him!  
I pray your hearts live forever!

Every part of the earth  
will remember and come back to the Lord;  
every family among all the nations will worship you.  
Because the right to rule belongs to the Lord,  
he rules all nations.  
Indeed, all the earth’s powerful  
will worship him;  
all who are descending to the dust  
will kneel before him;

My being also lives for him.  
Future descendants will serve him;  
generations to come will be told about my Lord.  
They will proclaim God’s righteousness  
to those not yet born,  
telling them what God has done.

### Scripture Reading

Isa 53:1-6, JPS

“Who can believe what we have heard?  
Upon whom has the arm of the LORD been revealed?  
For he has grown, by His favor, like a tree crown,  
Like a tree trunk out of arid ground.  
He had no form or beauty, that we should look at him:  
No charm, that we should find him pleasing.  
He was despised, shunned by men,  
A man of suffering, familiar with disease.  
As one who hid his face from us,  
He was despised, we held him of no account.  
Yet it was our sickness that he was bearing,  
Our suffering he endured.  
We accounted him plagued,  
Smitten and afflicted by God;  
But he was wounded because of our sins,  
Crushed because of our iniquities.  
He bore the chastisement that made us whole,  
And by his bruises we were healed.  
We all went astray like sheep,  
Each going his own way;  
And the LORD visited upon him  
The guilt of all of us.”

### Prayers of Thanksgiving and Intercession

Satisfy us with your love in the morning,  
**and we will live this day in joy and praise.**

Eternal God, we praise you for your mighty love given in Christ's sacrifice on the cross, and the new life we have received by his resurrection.

Especially we thank you for:

- the presence of Christ in our weakness and suffering . . .
- the ministry of Word and Sacrament . . .
- all who work to help and heal . . .
- sacrifices made for our benefit . . .
- opportunities for our generous giving. . . .

God of grace, let our concern for others reflect Christ's self-giving love, not only in our prayers, but also in our practice. Especially we pray for:

- those subjected to tyranny and oppression . . .
- wounded and injured people . . .
- those who face death . . .
- those who may be our enemies . . .
- the church in Latin America. . . .

Today I remember in prayer:

Allison Elrod, Peter & Jean Emery; Gil & Marianne Evans; Mary Fearn; Ben & Carmen Felts; Amy Fleming; Sara Foster, Tony and Charlie Sweatt; Betty Freant; Greg & Nancy Rube; Chuck & Betty Ruby; Norma Rush, Larry Rush; Cindy Russell, Marshall & Sabrina Gaines; Tom & Diane Russell, Mark & Myla Scheid; Herbert Schwartz; Jon & Karla Scobie; Perry & Diane Searcy...

**Our Father...**

Eternal God,  
you call us to ventures  
of which we cannot see the ending, by paths as  
yet untrodden,  
through perils unknown.  
Give us faith to go out with courage, not knowing  
where we go,  
but only that your hand is leading us and your  
love supporting us; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

*May the Lord bless us,  
protect us from all  
evil and bring us to everlasting life. Amen.*

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**References:**

Psalms from CEB  
Prayer from BCW  
Scripture reading from Tanakh, Jewish Publication  
Society