

Week Two + Friday Morning

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

The Lord's unfailing love and mercy never cease,
Fresh as the morning and sure as the sunrise.
(Lam. 3:22-23)

Psalm 100

Shout triumphantly to the Lord, all the earth!
Serve the Lord with celebration!
Come before him with shouts of joy!
Know that the Lord is God—
he made us; we belong to him.
We are his people,
the sheep of his own pasture.
Enter his gates with thanks;
enter his courtyards with praise!
Thank him! Bless his name!
Because the Lord is good,
his loyal love lasts forever;
his faithfulness lasts generation after generation.

Psalm 109

God of my praise, don't keep quiet,
because the mouths of wicked liars
have opened up against me,
talking about me with lying tongues.
Hateful words surround me;
they attack me for no reason.
Instead of returning my love, they accuse me—
but I am at prayer.
They repay me evil for good,
hatred in return for my love.

"Appoint a wicked person to be against this person,"
they say,
"an accuser to stand right next to him.
When the sentence is passed, let him be found guilty

—
let his prayer be found sinful!
Let his days be few;
let someone else assume his position.
Let his children become orphans;
let his wife turn into a widow.
Let his children wander aimlessly, begging,
driven out of their ruined homes.
Let a creditor seize everything he owns;
let strangers plunder his wealth.
Let no one extend faithful love to him;
let no one have mercy on his orphans.
Let his descendants be eliminated;
let their names be wiped out in just one generation!
Let his father's wrongdoing be remembered before the
Lord;
let his mother's sin never be wiped out.
Let them be before the Lord always,
and let God eliminate the very memory of them from
the land.
All because this person didn't remember to
demonstrate faithful love,
but chased after the poor and needy—
even the brokenhearted—with deadly intent!
Since he loved to curse,
let it come back on him!
Since he didn't care much for blessing,
let it be far away from him!
Since he wore curses like a coat,
let them seep inside him like water,
seep into his bones like oil!
Let them be like the clothes he wears,

like a belt that is always around him.”
 But let all that be the reward my accusers get from the
 Lord,
 the reward for those who speak evil against me!
 But you, Lord, my Lord!—
 act on my behalf for the sake of your name;
 deliver me because your faithful love is so good;
 because I am poor and needy,
 and my heart is broken.
 Like a lengthening shadow, I’m passing away;
 I’m shaken off, like some locust.
 My legs are weak from fasting;
 my body is skin and bones.
 I’ve become a joke to my accusers;
 when they see me, they just shake their heads.
 Help me, Lord my God!
 Save me according to your faithful love!
 And let them know that this is by your hand—
 that you have done it, Lord!
 Let them curse—but you, bless me!
 If they rise up, let them be disgraced,
 but let your servant celebrate!
 Let my accusers be dressed in shame;
 let them wear their disgrace like a coat.
 But I will give great thanks to the Lord with my mouth;
 among a great crowd I will praise God!
 Because God stands right next to the needy,
 to save them from any who would condemn them.

Psalm 59

Oh, my God, deliver me from my enemies;
 put me out of reach from those who rise up against
 me.
 Deliver me from evildoers;
 save me from the bloodthirsty.
 Look at how they lie in ambush for my life!

Powerful people are attacking me, Lord—
 but not because of any error or sin of mine.
 They run and take their stand—
 but not because of any fault of mine.
 Get up when I cry out to you!
 Look at what’s happening!
 You are the Lord God of heavenly forces,
 the God of Israel!
 Wake up and punish all the nations!
 Grant no mercy to any wicked traitor!
 They come back every evening,
 growling like dogs,
 prowling around the city.
 See what they belch out with their mouths:
 swords are between their lips!
 Who can listen to them?
 But you, Lord, laugh at them.
 You mock all the nations.
 I keep looking for you, my strength,
 because God is my stronghold.
 My loving God will come to meet me.
 God will allow me to look down on my enemies.
 Don’t kill them, or my people might forget;
 instead, by your power
 shake them up and bring them down,
 you who are our shield and my Lord.
 For the sin of their mouths,
 the words that they speak,
 let them be captured in their pride.
 For the curses and lies they repeat,
 finish them off in anger;
 finish them off until they are gone!
 Then let it be known to the ends of the earth
 that God rules over Jacob.
 They come back every evening,
 growling like dogs,

prowling around the city.
They roam about for food,
and if they don't get their fill,
they stay all night.
But me? I will sing of your strength!
In the morning I will shout out loud
about your faithful love
because you have been my stronghold,
my shelter when I was distraught.
I will sing praises to you, my strength,
because God is my stronghold,
my loving God.

Psalm 69

Save me, God,
because the waters have reached my neck!
I have sunk into deep mud.
My feet can't touch the bottom!
I have entered deep water;
the flood has swept me up.
I am tired of crying.
My throat is hoarse.
My eyes are exhausted with waiting for my God.
More numerous than the hairs on my head
are those who hate me for no reason.
My treacherous enemies,
those who would destroy me, are countless.
Must I now give back
what I didn't steal in the first place?
God, you know my foolishness;
my wrongdoings aren't hidden from you.
Lord God of heavenly forces!—
don't let those who hope in you
be put to shame because of me.
God of Israel!—
don't let those who seek you

be disgraced because of me.
I am insulted because of you.
Shame covers my face.
I have become a stranger to my own brothers,
an immigrant to my mother's children.
Because passion for your house has consumed me,
the insults of those who insult you have fallen on me!
I wept while I fasted—
even for that I was insulted.
When I wore funeral clothes,
people made fun of me.
Those who sit at the city gate muttered things about
me;
drunkards made up rude songs.
But me? My prayer reaches you, Lord,
at just the right time.
God, in your great and faithful love,
answer me with your certain salvation!
Save me from the mud!
Don't let me drown!
Let me be saved from those who hate me
and from these watery depths!
Don't let me be swept away by the floodwaters!
Don't let the abyss swallow me up!
Don't let the pit close its mouth over me!
Answer me, Lord, for your faithful love is good!
Turn to me in your great compassion!
Don't hide your face from me, your servant,
because I'm in deep trouble.
Answer me quickly!
Come close to me!
Redeem me!
Save me because of my enemies!
You know full well the insults I've received;
you know my shame and my disgrace.
All my adversaries are right there in front of you.

Insults have broken my heart.
I'm sick about it.
I hoped for sympathy,
but there wasn't any;
I hoped for comforters,
but couldn't find any.
They gave me poison for food.
To quench my thirst they gave me vinegar to drink.
Let the table before them become a trap,
their offerings a snare.
Let their eyes grow too dim to see;
make their insides tremble constantly.
Pour out your anger on them—
let your burning fury catch them.
Let their camp be devastated;
let no one dwell in their tents.
Because they go after those you've already struck;
they talk about the pain of those you've already
pierced.
Pile guilt on top of their guilt!
Don't let them come into your righteousness!
Let them be wiped out of the scroll of life!
Let them not be recorded along with the righteous!
And me? I'm afflicted.
I'm full of pain.
Let your salvation keep me safe, God!
I will praise God's name with song;
I will magnify him with thanks
because that is more pleasing to the Lord than an
ox,
more pleasing than a young bull with full horns and
hooves.
Let the afflicted see it and be glad!
You who seek God—
let your hearts beat strong again
because the Lord listens to the needy

and doesn't despise his captives.
Let heaven and earth praise God,
the oceans too, and all that moves within them!
God will most certainly save Zion
and will rebuild Judah's cities
so that God's servants can live there and possess it.
The offspring of God's servants will inherit Zion,
and those who love God's name will dwell there.

Psalms 35

Lord, argue with those who argue with me;
fight with those who fight against me!
Grab a shield and armor;
stand up and help me!
Use your spear and ax
against those who are out to get me!
Say to me: "I'm your salvation!"
Let those who want me dead
be humiliated and put to shame.
Let those who intend to hurt me
be thoroughly frustrated and disgraced.
Let them be like dust on the wind—
and let the Lord's messenger be the one who does
the blowing!
Let their path be dark and slippery—
and let the Lord's messenger be the one who does
the chasing!
Because they hid their net for me for no reason,
they dug a pit for me for no reason.
Let disaster come to them when they don't suspect it.
Let the net they hid catch them instead!
Let them fall into it—to their disaster!
But I will rejoice in the Lord;
I will celebrate his salvation.
All my bones will say, "Lord, who could compare to
you?"

You rescue the weak from those who overpower them;
 you rescue the weak and the needy from those who plunder them.”
 Violent witnesses stand up.
 They question me about things I know nothing about.
 They pay me back evil for good,
 leaving me stricken with grief.
 But when they were sick, I wore clothes for grieving,
 and I kept a strict fast.
 When my prayer came back unanswered,
 I would wander around like I was grieving a friend or a brother.
 I was weighed down, sad, like I was a mother in mourning.
 But when I stumbled, they celebrated and gathered together—
 they gathered together against me!
 Strangers I didn't know tore me to pieces and wouldn't quit.
 They ridiculed me over and over again,
 like godless people would do,
 grinding their teeth at me.
 How long, my Lord, will you watch this happen?
 Rescue me from their attacks;
 rescue my precious life from these predatory lions!
 Then I will thank you in the great assembly;
 I will praise you in a huge crowd of people.
 Don't let those who are my enemies
 without cause celebrate over me;
 don't let those who hate me for no reason
 wink at my demise.
 They don't speak the truth;
 instead, they plot false accusations
 against innocent people in the land.

They speak out against me,
 saying, “Yes! Oh, yes! We've seen it with our own eyes!”
 But you've seen it too, Lord.
 Don't keep quiet about it.
 Please don't be far from me, my Lord.
 Wake up! Get up and do justice for me;
 argue my case, my Lord and my God!
 Establish justice for me
 according to your righteousness, Lord, my God.
 Don't let them celebrate over me.
 Don't let them say to themselves,
 Yes! Exactly what we wanted!
 Don't let them say, “We ate him up!”
 Let all those who celebrate my misfortune be disgraced and put to shame!
 Let those who exalt themselves over me
 be dressed up in shame and dishonor!
 But let those who want things to be set right for me
 shout for joy and celebrate!
 Let them constantly say, “The Lord is great—
 God wants his servant to be at peace.”
 Then my tongue will talk
 all about your righteousness;
 it will talk
 about your praise all day long.

Psalm 26

Establish justice for me, Lord,
 because I have walked with integrity.
 I've trusted the Lord without wavering.
 Examine me, Lord; put me to the test!
 Purify my mind and my heart.
 Because your faithful love is right in front of me—
 I walk in your truth!
 I don't spend time with people up to no good;

I don't keep company with liars.
I detest the company of evildoers,
and I don't sit with wicked people.
I wash my hands—they are innocent!
I walk all around your altar, Lord,
proclaiming out loud my thanks,
declaring all your wonderful deeds!
I love the beauty of your house, Lord;
I love the place where your glory resides.
Don't gather me up with the sinners,
taking my life along with violent people
in whose hands are evil schemes,
whose strong hands are full of bribes.
But me? I walk with integrity.
Save me! Have mercy on me!
My feet now stand on level ground.
I will bless the Lord in the great congregation.

Psalm 133

Look at how good and pleasing it is
when families live together as one!
It is like expensive oil poured over the head,
running down onto the beard—
Aaron's beard!—
which extended over the collar of his robes.
It is like the dew on Mount Hermon
streaming down onto the mountains of Zion,
because it is there that the Lord has commanded the
blessing:
everlasting life.

Scripture Reading

Lam 3:19-24, ALTER

“Recall my affliction and my wandering—
wormwood and poison.
My very life does recall
and bends down upon me.

Thus I answer to my heart,
therefore I yet hope:
The Lord's kindness has not ended,
for His mercies are not exhausted.
They are renewed every morning.
Great is Your faithfulness.
'My portion is the Lord,' I said.
therefore I yet hope for Him.”

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. . . .

I lift up in prayer:

Chad, Angie, Raegan & MacKenzie Nolte; Jim Koenig;
Kevin McClelland; Mike McClelland; Stan & Carolyn
McClelland; The McCormack Family; John & Sandra
McIntosh; Peter & Dawn McLean; Ed & Elizabeth
McNair; Jim & Ethel McNeil; Patti Mier....

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.*

References:

Psalms from CEB; Prayer from BCW;
Scripture reading from Robert Alter, "The Hebrew
Bible"