

+Week Two + Monday 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 119:9

Your laws are wonderful!
That's why I guard them.
Access to your words gives light,
giving simple folk understanding.
I open my mouth up wide, panting,
because I long for your commandments.
Come back to me and have mercy on me;
that's only right for those who love your name.
Keep my steps steady by your word;
don't let any sin rule me.
Redeem me from the people who oppress me
so I can keep your precepts.
Shine your face on your servant,
and teach me your statutes.
Rivers of tears stream from my eyes
because your Instruction isn't being kept.

Psalm 6

Please, Lord,
don't punish me when you are angry;
don't discipline me when you are furious.
Have mercy on me, Lord,
because I'm frail.
Heal me, Lord,

because my bones are shaking in terror!
My whole body is completely terrified!
But you, Lord! How long will this last?
Come back to me, Lord! Deliver me!
Save me for the sake of your faithful love!
No one is going to praise you
when they are dead.
Who gives you thanks
from the grave?
I'm worn out from groaning.
Every night, I drench my bed with tears;
I soak my couch all the way through.
My vision fails because of my grief;
it's weak because of all my distress.
Get away from me, all you evildoers,
because the Lord has heard me crying!
The Lord has listened to my request.
The Lord accepts my prayer.
All my enemies will be ashamed
and completely terrified;
they will be defeated
and ashamed instantly.

Psalm 9

I will thank you, Lord, with all my heart;
I will talk about all your wonderful acts.
I will celebrate and rejoice in you;
I will sing praises to your name, Most High.
When my enemies turn and retreat,
they fall down and die right in front of you
because you have established justice
for me and my claim,
because you rule from the throne,
establishing justice rightly.
You've denounced the nations,
destroyed the wicked.

You've erased their names for all time.
Every enemy is wiped out,
like something ruined forever.
You've torn down their cities—
even the memory of them is dead.
But the Lord rules forever!
He assumes his throne
for the sake of justice.
He will establish justice in the world rightly;
he will judge all people fairly.
The Lord is a safe place for the oppressed—
a safe place in difficult times.
Those who know your name trust you
because you have not abandoned
any who seek you, Lord.
Sing praises to the Lord, who lives in Zion!
Proclaim his mighty acts among all people!
Because the one who avenges bloodshed
remembers those who suffer;
the Lord hasn't forgotten their cries for help.
Have mercy on me, Lord!
Just look how I suffer
because of those who hate me.
But you are the one who brings me back
from the very gates of death
so I can declare all your praises,
so I can rejoice in your salvation
in the gates of Daughter Zion.
The nations have fallen
into the hole they themselves made!
Their feet are caught
in the very net they themselves hid!
The Lord is famous for the justice he has done;
it's his own doing that the wicked are trapped.
Let the wicked go straight to the grave,
the same for every nation that forgets God.

Because the poor won't be forgotten forever,
the hope of those who suffer won't be lost for all
time.

Get up, Lord! Don't let people prevail!
Let the nations be judged before you.
Strike them with fear, Lord.
Let the nations know they are only human.

Psalm 42

Just like a deer that craves streams of water,
my whole being craves you, God.
My whole being thirsts for God, for the living God.
When will I come and see God's face?
My tears have been my food both day and night,
as people constantly questioned me,
"Where's your God now?"
But I remember these things as I bare my soul:
how I made my way to the mighty one's abode,
to God's own house,
with joyous shouts and thanksgiving songs—
a huge crowd celebrating the festival!
Why, I ask myself, are you so depressed?
Why are you so upset inside?
Hope in God!
Because I will again give him thanks,
my saving presence and my God.
My whole being is depressed.
That's why I remember you
from the land of Jordan and Hermon,
from Mount Mizar.
Deep called to deep at the noise of your waterfalls;
all your massive waves surged over me.
By day the Lord commands his faithful love;
by night his song is with me—
a prayer to the God of my life.
I will say to God, my solid rock,

“Why have you forgotten me?
Why do I have to walk around,
sad, oppressed by enemies?”

With my bones crushed, my foes make fun of me,
constantly questioning me: “Where’s your God
now?”

Why, I ask myself, are you so depressed?
Why are you so upset inside?
Hope in God!
Because I will again give him thanks,
my saving presence and my God.

Psalm 7

I take refuge in you, Lord, my God.
Save me from all who chase me!
Rescue me!
Otherwise, they will rip me apart,
dragging me off with no chance of rescue.
Lord, my God, if I have done this—
if my hands have done anything wrong,
if I have repaid a friend with evil
or oppressed a foe for no reason—
then let my enemy
not only chase but catch me,
trampling my life into the ground,
laying my reputation in the dirt.
Get up, Lord; get angry!
Stand up against the fury of my foes!
Wake up, my God;
you command that justice be done!
Let the assembled peoples surround you.
Rule them from on high!
The Lord will judge the peoples.
Establish justice for me, Lord,
according to my righteousness
and according to my integrity.

Please let the evil of the wicked be over,
but set the righteous firmly in place
because you, the righteous God,
are the one who examines hearts and minds.
God is my shield;
he saves those whose heart is right.
God is a righteous judge,
a God who is angry at evil every single day.
If someone doesn’t change their ways,
God will sharpen his sword,
will bend his bow,
will string an arrow.
God has deadly weapons in store
for those who won’t change;
he gets his flaming arrows ready!
But look how the wicked hatch evil,
conceive trouble, give birth to lies!
They make a pit, dig it all out,
and then fall right into the hole that they’ve made!
The trouble they cause
will come back on their own heads;
the violence they commit
will come down on their own skulls.
But I will thank the Lord
for his righteousness;
I will sing praises
to the name of the Lord Most High.

Psalm 19

Heaven is declaring God’s glory;
the sky is proclaiming his handiwork.
One day gushes the news to the next,
and one night informs another what needs to be
known.
Of course, there’s no speech, no words—
their voices can’t be heard—

but their sound extends throughout the world;
their words reach the ends of the earth.
God has made a tent in heaven for the sun.
The sun is like a groom
coming out of his honeymoon suite;
like a warrior, it thrills at running its course.
It rises in one end of the sky;
its circuit is complete at the other.
Nothing escapes its heat.
The Lord's Instruction is perfect,
reviving one's very being.
The Lord's laws are faithful,
making naive people wise.
The Lord's regulations are right,
gladdening the heart.
The Lord's commands are pure,
giving light to the eyes.
Honoring the Lord is correct,
lasting forever.
The Lord's judgments are true.
All of these are righteous!
They are more desirable than gold—
than tons of pure gold!
They are sweeter than honey—
even dripping off the honeycomb!
No doubt about it:
your servant is enlightened by them;
there is great reward in keeping them.
But can anyone know
what they've accidentally done wrong?
Clear me of any unknown sin
and save your servant from willful sins.
Don't let them rule me.
Then I'll be completely blameless;
I'll be innocent of great wrongdoing.
Let the words of my mouth

and the meditations of my heart
be pleasing to you,
Lord, my rock and my redeemer.

Psalm 73

Truly God is good to Israel,
to those who are have a pure heart.
But me? My feet had almost stumbled;
my steps had nearly slipped
because I envied the arrogant;
I observed how the wicked are well off:
They suffer no pain;
their bodies are fit and strong.
They are never in trouble;
they aren't weighed down like other people.
That's why they wear arrogance like a necklace,
why violence covers them like clothes.
Their eyes bulge out from eating so well;
their hearts overflow with delusions.
They scoff and talk so cruel;
from their privileged positions
they plan oppression.
Their mouths dare to speak against heaven!
Their tongues roam the earth!
That's why people keep going back to them,
keep approving what they say.
And what they say is this: "How could God possibly
know!
Does the Most High know anything at all!"
Look at these wicked ones,
always relaxed, piling up the wealth!
Meanwhile, I've kept my heart pure for no good
reason;
I've washed my hands to stay innocent for nothing.
I'm weighed down all day long.
I'm punished every morning.

If I said, "I will talk about all this,"
 I would have been unfaithful to your children.
 But when I tried to understand these things,
 it just seemed like hard work
 until I entered God's sanctuary
 and understood what would happen to the wicked.
 You will definitely put them on a slippery path;
 you will make them fall into ruin!
 How quickly they are devastated,
 utterly destroyed by terrors!
 As quickly as a dream departs from someone waking
 up, my Lord,
 when you are stirred up, you make them disappear.
 When my heart was bitter,
 when I was all cut up inside,
 I was stupid and ignorant.
 I acted like nothing but an animal toward you.
 But I was still always with you!
 You held my strong hand!
 You have guided me with your advice;
 later you will receive me with glory.
 Do I have anyone else in heaven?
 There's nothing on earth I desire except you.
 My body and my heart fail,
 but God is my heart's rock and my share forever.
 Look! Those far from you die;
 you annihilate all those who are unfaithful to you.
 But me? It's good for me to be near God.
 I have taken my refuge in you, my Lord God,
 so I can talk all about your works!

Scripture Reading Ephesians 4:1-7, RNJB

"I, the prisoner in the Lord, urge you therefore
 to lead a life worthy of the vocation to which you were
 called. With all humility and gentleness, with patience,
 bearing one another in love. Take every care to

preserve the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace,
 one body, and one Spirit, just as you were called in the
 one hope of your calling, one Lord, one faith, one
 baptism, one God and Father of all, who is over all,
 through all, and in all. To each one of us was given
 grace according to the measure of Christ's giving."

Prayer of Thanksgiving and Intercession

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

We praise you, God our creator, for your
 handiwork in shaping and sustaining your
 wondrous creation.

Especially we thank you for

- the miracle of life and the wonder of living . . .
- particular blessings coming to us in this day . . .
- the resources of the earth . . .
- gifts of creative vision and skillful craft . . .
- the treasure stored in every human life. . .

We dare to pray for others, God our Savior,
 claiming your love in Jesus Christ for the whole
 world, committing ourselves to care for those
 around us in his name.

Especially we pray for

- those who work for the benefit of others . . .
- those who cannot work today . . .
- those who teach and those who learn . . .
- people who are poor . . .
- the church in Europe. . .

I lift up in prayer today:

Devin & Lauren (Hogg) Petri; Steven Hogg; Helen Hudgins; Mike & Debbie Hundley; Larry and Phoebe Irby; Jean & Toni Ippolito; Pat Johnston; Art & Diane Jorgensen; Jean Juckette; Mike & Emily Kaufold; Bill & Sandy Penrose; Eric, Amanda, Graham, Abbey, & Ellen Peterson; Will, Karyn, & Kat Peterson; Robert & Mary Petrie; Jack & Billie Piche; Randy & Janice Poindexter; Ted & Betsy Polakiewicz; Diana Pollard;

Our Father...

As you cause the sun to rise, O God,
bring the light of Christ to dawn in our souls and dispel
all darkness.

Give us grace to reflect Christ's glory;
and let his love show in our deeds,
his peace shine in our words,
and his healing in our touch,
that all may give him praise, now and forever.

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

References:

*Psalms from CEB; Prayers from BCW; Scripture from
Revised New Jerusalem Bible*