

+Week One + Thursday 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:ᵛ

You have treated your servant well,
Lord, according to your promise.
Teach me knowledge and good judgment
because I've put my trust in your commandments.
Before I suffered, I took the wrong way,
but now I do what you say.
You are good and you do good.
Teach me your statutes!
The arrogant cover me with their lies,
but I guard your precepts with all my heart.
Their hearts are unfeeling, like blubber,
but I rejoice in your Instruction.
My suffering was good for me,
because through it I learned your statutes.
The Instruction you've given to me is better
than thousands of pieces of gold and silver!

Psalm 79

The nations have come into your inheritance, God!
They've defiled your holy temple.
They've made Jerusalem a bunch of ruins.
They've left your servants' bodies
as food for the birds;

they've left the flesh of your faithful
to the wild animals of the earth.

They've poured out the blood of the faithful
like water all around Jerusalem,
and there's no one left to bury them.
We've become a joke to our neighbors,
nothing but objects of ridicule
and disapproval to those around us.
How long will you rage, Lord? Forever?
How long will your anger burn like fire?

Pour out your wrath on the nations
who don't know you,
on the kingdoms
that haven't called on your name.
They've devoured Jacob
and demolished his pasture.

Don't remember the iniquities of past generations;
let your compassion hurry to meet us
because we've been brought so low.

God of our salvation, help us
for the glory of your name!
Deliver us and cover our sins
for the sake of your name!

Why should the nations say,
"Where's their God now?"
Let vengeance for the spilled blood of your servants
be known among the nations before our very eyes!
Let the prisoners' groaning reach you.
With your powerful arm
spare those who are destined to die.

Pay back our neighbors seven times over,
right where it hurts,
for the insults they used on you, Lord.
We are, after all, your people
and the sheep of your very own pasture.
We will give you thanks forever;
we will proclaim your praises
from one generation to the next.

Psalm 80

Shepherd of Israel, listen!

You, the one who leads Joseph as if he were a
sheep.

You, who are enthroned upon the winged heavenly
creatures.

Show yourself before Ephraim, Benjamin, and
Manasseh!

Wake up your power!
Come to save us!

Restore us, God!

Make your face shine so that we can be saved!

Lord God of heavenly forces,

how long will you fume against your people's
prayer?

You've fed them bread made of tears;
you've given them tears to drink three times over!
You've put us at odds with our neighbors;
our enemies make fun of us.

Restore us, God of heavenly forces!

Make your face shine so that we can be saved!

You brought a vine out of Egypt.

You drove out the nations and planted it.

You cleared the ground for it;
then it planted its roots deep, filling the land.

The mountains were covered by its shade;
the mighty cedars were covered by its branches.
It sent its branches all the way to the sea;
its shoots went all the way to the Euphrates River.

So why have you now torn down its walls
so that all who come along can pluck its fruit,
so that any boar from the forest can tear it up,
so that the bugs can feed on it?

Please come back, God of heavenly forces!
Look down from heaven and perceive it!

Attend to this vine,
this root that you planted with your strong hand,
this son whom you secured as your very own.
It is burned with fire. It is chopped down.
They die at the rebuke coming from you.

Let your hand be with the one on your right side—
with the one whom you secured as your own—
then we will not turn away from you!
Revive us so that we can call on your name.

Restore us, Lord God of heavenly forces!
Make your face shine so that we can be saved!

Psalm 81

Rejoice out loud to God, our strength!

Shout for joy to Jacob's God!

Take up a song and strike the drum!

Sweet lyre along with harp!

Blow the horn on the new moon,

at the full moon, for our day of celebration!

Because this is the law for Israel;
this is a rule of Jacob's God.
He made it a decree for Joseph
when he went out against the land of Egypt,

When I heard a language I did not yet know:
"I lifted the burden off your shoulders;
your hands are free of the brick basket!
In distress you cried out, so I rescued you.

I answered you in the secret of thunder.
I tested you at the waters of Meribah.
Listen, my people, I'm warning you!
If only you would listen to me, Israel.

There must be no foreign god among you.
You must not bow down to any strange deity.
I am the Lord your God,
who brought you up from Egypt's land.
Open your mouth wide—I will fill it up!

But my people wouldn't listen to my voice.
Israel simply wasn't agreeable toward me.
So I sent them off to follow their willful hearts;
they followed their own advice.

How I wish my people would listen to me!
How I wish Israel would walk in my ways!
Then I would subdue their enemies in a second;
I would turn my hand against their foes.

Those who hate the Lord would grovel before me,
and their doom would last forever!
But I would feed you with the finest wheat.

I would satisfy you with honey from the rock."

Psalm 90

Lord, you have been our help,
generation after generation.
Before the mountains were born,
before you birthed the earth and the inhabited world
—from forever in the past
to forever in the future, you are God.

You return people to dust,
saying, "Go back, humans,"
because in your perspective a thousand years
are like yesterday past,
like a short period during the night watch.

You sweep humans away like a dream,
like grass that is renewed in the morning.
True, in the morning it thrives, renewed,
but come evening it withers, all dried up.

Yes, we are wasting away because of your wrath;
we are paralyzed with fear on account of your rage.
You put our sins right in front of you,
set our hidden faults in the light from your face.

Yes, all our days slip away because of your fury;
we finish up our years with a whimper.
We live at best to be seventy years old,
maybe eighty, if we're strong.
But their duration brings hard work and trouble
because they go by so quickly.
And then we fly off.

Who can comprehend the power of your anger?

The honor that is due you corresponds to your wrath.

Teach us to number our days
so we can have a wise heart.

Come back to us, Lord!

Please, quick!

Have some compassion for your servants!

Fill us full every morning with your faithful love
so we can rejoice and celebrate our whole life long.

Make us happy for the same amount of time that you afflicted us—

for the same number of years that we saw only trouble.

Let your acts be seen by your servants;

let your glory be seen by their children.

Let the kindness of the Lord our God be over us.

Make the work of our hands last.

Make the work of our hands last!

Psalm 56

God, have mercy on me because I'm being trampled.

All day long the enemy oppresses me.

My attackers trample me all day long
because I have so many enemies.

Exalted one, whenever I'm afraid,

I put my trust in you—

in God, whose word I praise.

I trust in God; I won't be afraid.

What can mere flesh do to me?

All day long they frustrate my pursuits;

all their thoughts are evil against me.

They get together and set an ambush—

they are watching my steps,
hoping for my death.

Don't rescue them for any reason!

In wrath bring down the people, God!

You yourself have kept track of my misery.

Put my tears into your bottle—

aren't they on your scroll already?

Then my enemies will retreat when I cry out.

I know this because God is mine.

God: whose word I praise.

The Lord: whose word I praise.

I trust in God; I won't be afraid.

What can anyone do to me?

I will fulfill my promises to you, God.

I will present thanksgiving offerings to you

because you have saved my life from death,

saved my feet from stumbling

so that I can walk before God in the light of life.

Scripture Reading

Micah 6:6-8

“With what shall I come before the Lord

bow to the most high God?

Shall I come before Him with burnt offerings,
with yearling calves?

Is the Lord pleased with thousands of rams,
myriads of streams of oil?

Shall I give Him my firstborn for my trespass,
the fruit of my loins for my offense?

It was told to you, man, what is good

and what the Lord demands of you—

only doing justice and loving kindness

and walking humbly with your God.”

Prayers of Thanksgiving and Intercession

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

Loving God, as the rising sun chases away the night, so you have scattered the power of death in the rising of Jesus Christ, and you bring us all blessings in him. Especially we thank you for

- the community of faith in our church . . .
- those with whom we work or share common concerns . . .
- the diversity of your children . . .
- indications of your love at work in the world . . .
- those who work for reconciliation. . . .

Mighty God, with the dawn of your love you reveal your victory over all that would destroy or harm, and you brighten the lives of all who need you. Especially we pray for

- families suffering separation . . .
- people different from ourselves . . .
- those isolated by sickness or sorrow . . .
- the victims of violence or warfare . . .
- the church in the Pacific region. . . .

I lift up in prayer this morning:

Arlene Strehlau, Rose Stolarcek; Kerrienne, Jeremy, Jacob & James Stout; Don & Sandra Steigerwald, Andy & Nancy Staley; Judy Smolk; Earl & Judy Smith; Todd, Jennifer, Midori & Soren Smith; Erv & Sherry Skovgaard & Maddie; Bill & Diana Sharp; Marianna

Sharp; Charlie Sharp; Sue Senna; Wayne Darland; Robin Davis; Lou and Ros Dill; Dennis & Marilyn Doolan; Robert & Diana Delaney; Margaret Dick...

Our Father...

O God,
you are the well-spring of life.
Pour into our hearts the living water of your grace,
that we may be refreshed to live this day in joy,
confident of your presence
and empowered by your peace,
in Jesus Christ our Lord.
Amen.

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

References:

*Psalms from CEB; Prayers from BCW
Micah translation by Robert Alter*