

+Week One + Tuesday 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: ה

Lord, teach me what your statutes are about,
and I will guard every part of them.
Help me understand so I can guard your Instruction
and keep it with all my heart.
Lead me on the trail of your commandments
because that is what I want.
Turn my heart to your laws,
not to greedy gain.
Turn my eyes away from looking at worthless things.
Make me live by your way.
Confirm your promise to your servant—
the promise that is for all those who honor you.
Remove the insults that I dread
because your rules are good.
Look how I desire your precepts!
Make me live by your righteousness.

Psalm 74

God, why have you abandoned us forever?
Why does your anger smolder
at the sheep of your own pasture?
Remember your congregation
that you took as your own long ago,

that you redeemed to be the tribe of your own
possession—
remember Mount Zion, where you dwell.

March to the unending ruins,
to all that the enemy destroyed in the sanctuary.
Your enemies roared in your own meeting place;
they set up their own signs there!
It looked like axes raised
against a thicket of trees.

And then all its carvings
they hacked down with hatchet and pick.
They set fire to your sanctuary, burned it to the ground;
they defiled the dwelling place of your name.

They said in their hearts, We'll kill all of them together!
They burned all of God's meeting places in the land.
We don't see our own signs anymore.
No prophet is left.
And none of us know how long it will last.

How long, God, will foes insult you?
Are enemies going to abuse your name forever?
Why do you pull your hand back?
Why do you hold your strong hand close to your
chest?

Yet God has been my king from ancient days—
God, who makes salvation happen in the heart of the
earth!
You split the sea with your power.
You shattered the heads of the sea monsters on
the water.

You crushed Leviathan's heads.

You gave it to the desert dwellers for food!
You split open springs and streams;
you made strong-flowing rivers dry right up.

The day belongs to you! The night too!
You established both the moon and the sun.
You set all the boundaries of the earth in place.
Summer and winter? You made them!

So remember this, Lord:
how enemies have insulted you,
how unbelieving fools have abused your name.
Don't deliver the life of your dove to wild animals!
Don't forget the lives of your afflicted people forever!

Consider the covenant!
Because the land's dark places are full of violence.
Don't let the oppressed live in shame.
No, let the poor and needy praise your name!

God, rise up! Make your case!
Remember how unbelieving fools insult you all day
long.
Don't forget the voices of your enemies,
the racket of your adversaries that never quits.

Psalm 75

We give thanks to you, God. Yes, we give thanks!
Your name is near. Your marvelous deeds are
declared.

God says, "When I decide the time is right,
I will establish justice just so.
The earth and all its inhabitants will melt,
but I will keep its pillars steady."

I said to the arrogant,
"Don't be arrogant!"
To the wicked I said,
"Don't exalt your strength!
Don't exalt your strength so highly.
Don't speak so arrogantly against the rock."

Because what exalts someone
doesn't come from the east or west;
it's not from the south either.
Rather it is God who is the judge.
He brings this person down,
but that person he lifts up.

Indeed, there's a cup in the Lord's hand
full of foaming wine, mixed with spice.
He will pour it out,
and all of the earth's wicked people
must drink it;
they must drink every last drop!

But I will rejoice always;
I will sing praises to Jacob's God!
God says:
"I will demolish every bit of the wicked's power,
but the strength of the righteous will be lifted up."

Psalm 87

God's foundation is set on the holy mountains.
The Lord loves Zion's gates
more than all of Jacob's houses combined.
Glorious things are said about you,
the city of God!

I count Rahab and Babel among those who know me;
also Philistia and Tyre, along with Cush—

each of these was born there.
And of Zion it is said:
“Each person was born in it,

but the one who will establish it is the Most High.”
The Lord makes a record as he registers the peoples:
“Each one was born there.”
And while they dance, people sing:
“The source of my life comes from you.”

Psalm 102

Lord, hear my prayer!
Let my cry reach you!
Don't hide your face from me
in my time of trouble!

Listen to me!
Answer me quickly as I cry out!

Because my days disappear like smoke,
my bones are burned up as if in an oven;
my heart is smashed like dried-up grass.
I even forget to eat my food
because of my intense groans.
My bones are protruding from my skin.

I'm like some wild owl—
like some screech owl in the desert.
I lie awake all night.
I'm all alone like a bird on a roof.
All day long my enemies make fun of me;
those who mock me curse using my name!

I've been eating ashes instead of bread.
I've been mixing tears into my drinks
because of your anger and wrath,

because you picked me up and threw me away.
My days are like a shadow soon gone.
I'm dried up like dead grass.

But you, Lord, rule forever!
Your fame lasts from one generation to the next!

You will stand up—
you'll have compassion on Zion
because it is time to have mercy on her—
the time set for that has now come!
Your servants cherish Zion's stones;
they show mercy even to her dirt.

The nations will honor the Lord's name;
all the earth's rulers will honor your glory
because the Lord will rebuild Zion;
he will be seen there in his glory.
God will turn to the prayer of the impoverished;
he won't despise their prayers.

Let this be written down for the next generation
so that people not yet created will praise the Lord:
The Lord looked down from his holy summit,
surveyed the earth from heaven,
to hear the prisoners' groans,
to set free those condemned to death,

that the Lord's name may be declared in Zion
and his praise declared in Jerusalem,
when all people are gathered together—
all kingdoms—to serve the Lord.

God broke my strength in midstride,
cutting my days short.

I said, "My God, don't take me away in the prime of life
—your years go on from one generation to the next!

You laid the earth's foundations long ago;
the skies are your handiwork.
These things will pass away, but you will last.
All of these things will wear out like clothing;
you change them like clothes, and they pass on.
But you are the one!
Your years never end!

Let your servants' children live safe;
let your servants' descendants live secure in your
presence."

Psalm 14

Fools say in their hearts, There is no God.
They are corrupt and do evil things;
not one of them does anything good.

The Lord looks down from heaven on humans
to see if anyone is wise,
to see if anyone seeks God,

but all of them have turned bad.
Everyone is corrupt.
No one does good—
not even one person!

Are they dumb, all these evildoers,
devouring my people
like they are eating bread
but never calling on the Lord?

Count on it: they will be in utter panic
because God is with the righteous generation.

You evildoers may humiliate
the plans of those who suffer,
but the Lord is their refuge.

Let Israel's salvation come out of Zion!
When the Lord changes
his people's circumstances for the better,
Jacob will rejoice;
Israel will celebrate!

Psalm 54

God! Save me by your name;
defend me by your might!
God! Hear my prayer;
listen to the words of my mouth!

The proud have come up against me;
violent people want me dead.
They pay no attention to God.

But look here: God is my helper;
my Lord sustains my life.
He will bring disaster on my opponents.
By your faithfulness, God, destroy them!

I will sacrifice to you freely;
I will give thanks to your name, Lord,
because it's so good,
and because God has delivered me
from every distress.
My eyes have seen my enemies' defeat.

Scripture Reading

1 Kings 8:27-30

“Will God really dwell on earth? Even the heavens to their uttermost reaches cannot contain You, how much less this House that I have built! Yet turn, O Lord my God, to the prayer and supplication of Your servant, and hear the cry and prayer which Your servant offers before You this day. May Your eyes be open day and night toward this House, toward the place of which You have said, ‘my name shall abide there’; may You heed the prayers which Your servant will offer toward this place. And when You hear the supplications which Your servant and Your people Israel offer toward this place, give heed to Your heavenly abode—give heed and pardon.”

Prayer 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 rejoice this morning in the gift of life, which we have received by your grace, and the new life you give in Jesus Christ. Especially we thank you for:

- the love of our families . . .
- the affection of our friends . . .
- strength and abilities to serve your purpose today . . .
- this community in which we live . . .
- opportunities to give as we have received. . . .

God of grace, we offer our prayers for the needs of others and commit ourselves to serve them

even as we have been served in Jesus Christ. Especially we pray for:

- those closest to us, families, friends, neighbors . . .
- refugees and homeless men, women and children . . .
- the outcast and persecuted . . .
- those from whom we are estranged . . .
- the church in Africa. . . .

Today we lift up in prayer our fellow members and friends of FPCB, especially:

Jim, Jennifer, Emma & Matthew Carroll and their family; Ken & Beverly Cartee; Brenda Carter; Claude & Marthann Carter; Mac Chandler; Tom & Dorothy Walkinshaw; Dean & Barb Warner; Jordan & Heather Warner; Ken & Janet Watts; Liza Wobensmith; Mark, Morgan, Violet, & Iris Vargo; Doug & Jenny Vartanian; David & Georgia Veitch; Harry & Robbie Vildibill; Scott, Holly, Hayden, Hudson, Harrison & Hensley Vining; Darrell, Rae, Evan, Dillon Vinson...

Our Father...

Eternal God,
your touch makes this world holy.
Open our eyes to see your hand at work
in the splendor of creation,
and in the beauty of human life.
Help us to cherish the gifts that surround us,
to share your blessings
with our sisters and brothers,
and to experience the joy of life

in your presence.
We ask this through 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 Book of Common Worship
Kings reading from Tanakh, Jewish Publications
Society