



psalms

The plea:

O LORD, do not rebuke me in your anger or discipline me in your wrath. Be merciful to me, LORD, for I am faint; O LORD, heal me, for my bones are in agony. My soul is in anguish. How long, O LORD, how long?

The covenant appeal:

Turn, O LORD, and deliver me; save me because of your unfailing love. No one remembers you when he is dead. Who praises you from the grave?

The lament:

I am worn out from groaning; all night long I flood my bed with weeping and drench my couch with tears. My eyes grow weak with sorrow; they fail because of all my foes.

The exclamation of joy and praise:

Away from me, all you who do evil, for the LORD has heard my weeping. The LORD has heard my cry for mercy; the LORD accepts my prayer. All my enemies will be ashamed and dismayed; they will turn back in sudden disgrace.

God, I don't know how you're going to take this. But I really need you not to make this about me growing and being a better person. I just need to see the other side of you. I need grace and mercy. I need you to fix this! I can't take it any more. Enough already, please?

Save me, not because I deserve it, but because of your relationship with me. You promised to bless me, to take care of me. How can I bring you glory if I'm dead?

I'm exhausted. I can't do this any more. I've lost the ability to fight and keep going. I'm being criticized and judged instead of encouraged and supported. I'm giving up.

God has heard me! His love has come through for me! All who blamed me and criticized me will see that God is still with me!