

Psalms The Message

Monday

16 ¹⁻² Keep me safe, O God,
I've run for dear life to you.
I say to GOD, "Be my Lord!"
Without you, nothing makes sense.
³ And these God-chosen lives all around—
what splendid friends they make!
⁴ Don't just go shopping for a god.
Gods are not for sale.
I swear I'll never treat god-names
like brand-names.
⁵⁻⁶ My choice is you, GOD, first and only.
And now I find I'm *your* choice!
You set me up with a house and yard.
And then you made me your heir!

Tuesday

⁷⁻⁸ The wise counsel GOD gives when I'm awake
is confirmed by my sleeping heart.
Day and night I'll stick with GOD;
I've got a good thing going and I'm not letting go.
⁹⁻¹⁰ I'm happy from the inside out,
and from the outside in, I'm firmly formed.
You canceled my ticket to hell—
that's not my destination!
¹¹ Now you've got my feet on the life path,
all radiant from the shining of your face.
Ever since you took my hand,
I'm on the right way.

Wednesday

17 ¹⁻² Listen while I build my case, GOD,
the most honest prayer you'll ever hear.
Show the world I'm innocent—
in your heart you know I am.
³ Go ahead, examine me from inside out,
surprise me in the middle of the night—
You'll find I'm just what I say I am.
My words don't run loose.
⁴⁻⁵ I'm not trying to get my way
in the world's way.
I'm trying to get *your* way,
your *Word's* way.
I'm staying on your trail;
I'm putting one foot
In front of the other.
I'm not giving up.

Thursday

⁶⁻⁷ I call to you, God, because I'm sure of an answer.
So—answer! bend your ear! listen sharp!
Paint grace-graffiti on the fences;
take in your frightened children who
Are running from the neighborhood bullies
straight to you.
⁸⁻⁹ Keep your eye on me;
hide me under your cool wing feathers
From the wicked who are out to get me,
from mortal enemies closing in.
¹⁰⁻¹⁴ Their hearts are hard as nails,
their mouths blast hot air.
They are after me, nipping my heels,
determined to bring me down,
Lions ready to rip me apart,
young lions poised to pounce.

Friday

Up, GOD: beard them! break them!
By your sword, free me from their clutches;
Barehanded, GOD, break these mortals,
these flat-earth people who can't think beyond today.

I'd like to see their bellies
swollen with famine food,
The weeds they've sown
harvested and baked into famine bread,
With second helpings for their children
and crusts for their babies to chew on.

¹⁵ And me? I plan on looking
you full in the face. When I get up,
I'll see your full stature
and live heaven on earth.

Psalms The Message

Saturday

18 ¹⁻² I love you, GOD—
you make me strong.
GOD is bedrock under my feet,
the castle in which I live,
my rescuing knight.
My God—the high crag
where I run for dear life,
hiding behind the boulders,
safe in the granite hideout.
³ I sing to GOD, the Praise-Lofty,
and find myself safe and saved.
⁴⁻⁵ The hangman's noose was tight at my throat;
devil waters rushed over me.
Hell's ropes cinched me tight;
death traps barred every exit.
⁶ A hostile world! I call to GOD,
I cry to God to help me.
From his palace he hears my call;
my cry brings me right into his presence—
a private audience!
⁷⁻¹⁵ Earth wobbles and lurches;
huge mountains shake like leaves,
Quake like aspen leaves
because of his rage.
His nostrils flare, bellowing smoke;
his mouth spits fire.
Tongues of fire dart in and out;
he lowers the sky.
He steps down;
under his feet an abyss opens up.
He's riding a winged creature,
swift on wind-wings.
Now he's wrapped himself
in a trenchcoat of black-cloud darkness.

Sunday

But his cloud-brightness bursts through,
spraying hailstones and fireballs.
Then GOD thundered out of heaven;
the High God gave a great shout,
spraying hailstones and fireballs.
God shoots his arrows—pandemonium!
He hurls his lightnings—a rout!
The secret sources of ocean are exposed,
the hidden depths of earth lie uncovered
The moment you roar in protest,
let loose your hurricane anger.
¹⁶⁻¹⁹ But me he caught—reached all the way
from sky to sea; he pulled me out
Of that ocean of hate, that enemy chaos,
the void in which I was drowning.
They hit me when I was down,
but GOD stuck by me.
He stood me up on a wide-open field;
I stood there saved—surprised to be loved!
²⁰⁻²⁴ GOD made my life complete
when I placed all the pieces before him.
When I got my act together,
he gave me a fresh start.
Now I'm alert to GOD's ways;
I don't take God for granted.
Every day I review the ways he works;
I try not to miss a trick.
I feel put back together,
and I'm watching my step.
GOD rewrote the text of my life
when I opened the book of my heart to his eyes.

Weekly Scripture Readings

Week 24
June 6-12

Sanctifying grace draws us toward the gift of Christian perfection, which Wesley described as a heart habitually filled with the love of God and neighbor, and as having the mind of Christ and walking as he walked.

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