

# Psalms The Message

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## Monday

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**3** <sup>1-2</sup> GOD! Look! Enemies past counting!  
Enemies sprouting like mushrooms,  
Mobs of them all around me, roaring their mockery:  
“Hah! No help for *him* from God!”

<sup>3-4</sup> But you, GOD, shield me on all sides;  
You ground my feet, you lift my head high;  
With all my might I shout up to GOD,  
His answers thunder from the holy mountain.

## Tuesday

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<sup>5-6</sup> I stretch myself out. I sleep.  
Then I'm up again—rested, tall and steady,  
Fearless before the enemy mobs  
Coming at me from all sides.

<sup>7</sup> Up, GOD! My God, help me!  
Slap their faces,  
First this cheek, then the other,  
Your fist hard in their teeth!

<sup>8</sup> Real help comes from GOD.  
Your blessing clothes your people!

## Wednesday

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**4** When I call, give me answers. God, take my side!  
Once, in a tight place, you gave me room;  
Now I'm in trouble again: grace me! hear me!

<sup>2</sup> You rabble—how long do I put up with your scorn?  
How long will you lust after lies?  
How long will you live crazed by illusion?

<sup>3</sup> Look at this: look  
Who got picked by GOD!  
He listens the split second I call to him.

## Thursday

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<sup>4-5</sup> Complain if you must, but don't lash out.  
Keep your mouth shut, and let your heart do the talk-  
ing.  
Build your case before God and wait for his verdict.

<sup>6-7</sup> Why is everyone hungry for *more*? “More, more,”  
they say.  
“More, more.”  
I have God's more-than-enough,  
More joy in one ordinary day

<sup>7-8</sup> Than they get in all their shopping sprees.  
At day's end I'm ready for sound sleep,  
For you, GOD, have put my life back together.

## Friday

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**5** <sup>1-3</sup> Listen, GOD! Please, pay attention!  
Can you make sense of these ramblings,  
my groans and cries?  
King-God, I need your help.  
Every morning  
you'll hear me at it again.  
Every morning  
I lay out the pieces of my life  
on your altar  
and watch for fire to descend.  
<sup>4-6</sup> You don't socialize with Wicked,  
or invite Evil over as your houseguest.  
Hot-Air-Boaster collapses in front of you;  
you shake your head over Mischief-Maker.  
GOD destroys Lie-Speaker;  
Blood-Thirsty and Truth-Bender disgust you.  
<sup>7-8</sup> And here I am, your invited guest—  
it's incredible!

I enter your house; here I am,  
prostrate in your inner sanctum,  
Waiting for directions  
to get me safely through enemy lines.  
<sup>9-10</sup> Every word they speak is a land mine;  
their lungs breathe out poison gas.  
Their throats are gaping graves,  
their tongues slick as mudslides.  
Pile on the guilt, God!  
Let their so-called wisdom wreck them.  
Kick them out! They've had their chance.  
<sup>11-12</sup> But you'll welcome us with open arms  
when we run for cover to you.  
Let the party last all night!  
Stand guard over our celebration.  
You are famous, GOD, for welcoming God-seekers,  
for decking us out in delight.

# Psalms The Message

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## Saturday

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6<sup>1-2</sup> Please, God, no more yelling,  
no more trips to the woodshed.  
Treat me nice for a change;  
I'm so starved for affection.

2-3 Can't you see I'm black-and-blue,  
beat up badly in bones and soul?  
GOD, how long will it take  
for you to let up?

4-5 Break in, GOD, and break up this fight;  
if you love me at all, get me out of here.  
I'm no good to you dead, am I?  
I can't sing in your choir if I'm buried in some tomb!

6-7 I'm tired of all this—so tired. My bed  
has been floating forty days and nights  
On the flood of my tears.  
My mattress is soaked, soggy with tears.  
The sockets of my eyes are black holes;  
nearly blind, I squint and grope.

8-9 Get out of here, you Devil's crew:  
at last GOD has heard my sobs.  
My requests have all been granted,  
my prayers are answered.

10 Cowards, my enemies disappear.  
Disgraced, they turn tail and run.

## Sunday

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7<sup>1-2</sup> GOD! God! I am running to you for dear life;  
the chase is wild.  
If they catch me, I'm finished:  
ripped to shreds by foes fierce as lions,  
dragged into the forest and left  
unlooked for, unremembered.

3-5 GOD, if I've done what they say—  
betrayed my friends,  
ripped off my enemies—  
If my hands are really that dirty,  
let them get me, walk all over me,  
leave me flat on my face in the dirt.

6-8 Stand up, GOD; pit your holy fury  
against my furious enemies.  
Wake up, God. My accusers have packed  
the courtroom; it's judgment time.  
Take your place on the bench, reach for your gavel,  
throw out the false charges against me.  
I'm ready, confident in your verdict:  
"Innocent."

9-11 Close the book on Evil, GOD,  
but publish your mandate for us.  
You get us ready for life:  
you probe for our soft spots,  
you knock off our rough edges.  
And I'm feeling so fit, so safe:  
made right, kept right.  
God in solemn honor does things right,  
but his nerves are sandpapered raw.

## Weekly Scripture Readings

**Week 21**  
**May 16-22**

**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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