

# Psalms The Message

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## **Monday**

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7<sup>11-13</sup> Nobody gets by with anything.

God is already in action—

Sword honed on his whetstone,  
bow strung, arrow on the string,

Lethal weapons in hand,  
each arrow a flaming missile.

14 Look at that guy!

He had sex with sin,  
he's pregnant with evil.

Oh, look! He's having  
the baby—a Lie-Baby!

15-16 See that man shoveling day after day,  
digging, then concealing, his man-trap  
down that lonely stretch of road?

Go back and look again—you'll see him in it headfirst,  
legs waving in the breeze.

That's what happens:  
mischievous backfires;  
violence boomerangs.

17 I'm thanking God, who makes things right.  
I'm singing the fame of heaven-high God.

## **Tuesday**

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8 God, brilliant Lord,  
yours is a household name.

2 Nursing infants gurgle choruses about you;  
toddlers shout the songs

That drown out enemy talk,  
and silence atheist babble.

## **Wednesday**

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3-4 I look up at your macro-skies, dark and enormous,

your handmade sky-jewelry,

Moon and stars mounted in their settings.

Then I look at my micro-self and wonder,

Why do you bother with us?

Why take a second look our way?

5-8 Yet we've so narrowly missed being gods,  
bright with Eden's dawn light.

You put us in charge of your handcrafted world,  
repeated to us your Genesis-charge,

Made us lords of sheep and cattle,  
even animals out in the wild,

Birds flying and fish swimming,  
whales singing in the ocean deeps.

9 God, brilliant Lord,  
your name echoes around the world.

## **Thursday**

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9 1-2 I'm thanking you, God, from a full heart,  
I'm writing the book on your wonders.

I'm whistling, laughing, and jumping for joy;

I'm singing your song, High God.

3-4 The day my enemies turned tail and ran,  
they stumbled on you and fell on their faces.

You took over and set everything right;  
when I needed you, you were there, taking charge.

5-6 You blow the whistle on godless nations;  
you throw dirty players out of the game,  
wipe their names right off the roster.

Enemies disappear from the sidelines,  
their reputation trashed,  
their names erased from the halls of fame.

## **Friday**

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7-8 God holds the high center,  
he sees and sets the world's mess right.

He decides what is right for us earthlings,  
gives people their just deserts.

9-10 God's a safe-house for the battered,  
a sanctuary during bad times.

The moment you arrive, you relax;  
you're never sorry you knocked.

11-12 Sing your songs to Zion-dwelling God,  
tell his stories to everyone you meet:

How he tracks down killers  
yet keeps his eye on us,  
registers every whimper and moan.

13-14 Be kind to me, God;  
I've been kicked around long enough.

Once you've pulled me back  
from the gates of death,

I'll write the book on Hallelujahs;  
on the corner of Main and First  
I'll hold a street meeting;

I'll be the song leader; we'll fill the air  
with salvation songs.

15-16 They're trapped, those godless countries,  
in the very snares they set,

Their feet all tangled  
in the net they spread.

They have no excuse;  
the way God works is well-known.

The cunning machinery made by the wicked  
has maimed their own hands.

# Psalm The Message

## Saturday

17-20 The wicked bought a one-way ticket to hell.  
No longer will the poor be nameless—no more humiliation for the humble.  
Up, God! Aren't you fed up with their empty strutting? Expose these grand pretensions! Shake them up, God! Show them how silly they look.

**10** <sup>1-2</sup> God, are you avoiding me? Where are you when I need you? Full of hot air, the wicked are hot on the trail of the poor. Trip them up, tangle them up in their fine-tuned plots.

<sup>3-4</sup> The wicked are windbags, the swindlers have foul breath. The wicked snub God, their noses stuck high in the air. Their graffiti are scrawled on the walls: "Catch us if you can!" "God is dead."

<sup>5-6</sup> They care nothing for what you think; if you get in their way, they blow you off. They live (they think) a charmed life: "We can't go wrong. This is our lucky year!"

<sup>7-8</sup> They carry a mouthful of hexes, their tongues spit venom like adders. They hide behind ordinary people, then pounce on their victims.

## Sunday

<sup>9</sup> They mark the luckless, then wait like a hunter in a blind; When the poor wretch wanders too close, they stab him in the back.

<sup>10-11</sup> The hapless fool is kicked to the ground, the unlucky victim is brutally axed. He thinks God has dumped him, he's sure that God is indifferent to his plight.

<sup>12-13</sup> Time to get up, God—get moving. The luckless think they're Godforsaken. They wonder why the wicked scorn God and get away with it, Why the wicked are so cocksure they'll never come up for audit.

<sup>14</sup> But you know all about it—the contempt, the abuse. I dare to believe that the luckless will get lucky someday in you. You won't let them down: orphans won't be orphans forever.

<sup>15-16</sup> Break the wicked right arms, break all the evil left arms. Search and destroy every sign of crime. God's grace and order wins; godlessness loses.

<sup>17-18</sup> The victim's faint pulse picks up; the hearts of the hopeless pump red blood as you put your ear to their lips. Orphans get parents, the homeless get homes. The reign of terror is over, the rule of the gang lords is ended.

## Weekly Scripture Readings

**Week 22**

**May 23-29**

**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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