

Monday, 5 November 2012

Psalm 22:6-8

But I am a worm and not a man, scorned by mankind and despised by the people. All who see me mock me; they make mouths at me; they wag their heads; "He trusts in the LORD; let him deliver him; let him rescue him, for he delights in him!"

Yes, Lord, the world thinks I am foolish to trust in You for all my protection and sustenance but they are wrong. The world without You, lacks the hope and surety that in all things, You are working for my good. Trials and tribulations abound, but Your Shalom sustains me, Your love covers me and I know that I will be brought into that glorious light where all the saints will be gathered to praise You.

Tuesday, 6 November 2012

Psalm 22:9-11

Yet you are he who took me from the womb; you made me trust you at my mother's breasts. On you was I cast from my birth, and from my mother's womb you have been my God. Be not far from me, for trouble is near, and there is none to help.

Lord, I have a fear that this affair in the prison is not finished, that there are other shoes to drop. Yet the knowing that You are near, that You have always been near, always demonstrating that You had a plan for me even though I refused to acknowledge it, is now the sustaining power in my innermost being. You have ordered my day and all within it for my good and Your honor. May You be glorified in my life.

Wednesday, 7 November 2012

Psalm 22:12-13

Many bulls encompass me; strong bulls of Bashan surround me; they open wide their mouths at me, like a ravening and roaring lion.

Lord, back into the prison today; will it be another day of surprise and attack by the forces of the Evil One? As we

start another initiative to open the Kingdom of Heaven to the eyes of man, will there be another attempt by the Devil to hide the Good News? Guide us, Lord, that we are true and faithful to our calling.

Thursday, 8 November 2012

Psalm 22:14-18

I am poured out like water, and all my bones are out of joint; my heart is like wax; it is melted within my breast; my strength is dried up like a potsherd, and my tongue sticks to my jaws; you lay me in the dust of death. For dogs encompass me; a company of evildoers encircles me; they have pierced my hands and feet--I can count all my bones-- they stare and gloat over me; they divide my garments among them, and for my clothing they cast lots.

Lord, here it is, Holy Saturday, a day of Sabbath in Jerusalem 2000 years ago, Your body has been laid in the tomb, that triumphant cry, "It is finished" has resounded throughout all eternity, all creation awaits the proof to be on display the following morning. Your humiliation, rejection by man and God, the lifting of the burden of man's sin onto Your bruised and beaten shoulders is complete. **It is finished.**

Friday, 9 November 2012

Psalm 22:19-20

But you, O LORD, do not be far off! O you my help, come quickly to my aid! (20) Deliver my soul from the sword, my precious life from the power of the dog!

Yes, Lord, You are not far off, You are always at my side, standing between me and the Evil One, but I forget, I seek my own solution and am determined to be my own sword and buckler. Help me, Lord, to seek You first, to always release my fears to you rather than my own weak and ineffectual attempts to be my defense.

Saturday, 10 November 2012

Psalm 22:21-24

Save me from the mouth of the lion! You have rescued me from the horns of the wild oxen! (22) I will tell of your name to my brothers; in the midst of the congregation I will praise you: (23) You who fear the LORD, praise him! All you offspring of Jacob, glorify him, and stand in awe of him, all you offspring of Israel! (24) For he has not despised or abhorred the affliction of the afflicted, and he has not hidden his face from him, but has heard, when he cried to him.

How can I not tell others of Your grace and mercy? Of Your love and compassion? Of Your overwhelming kindness and comfort? Of Your righteousness and holiness? Of Your peace and justice? Of Your love for me that knows no bounds? You are the Awesome One, the Alpha and Omega, the Lamb of God, the Risen One. my Savior, my Redeemer, my Lord and my Master. To You, I owe all.

Lord's Day, 11 November 2012
Psalm 119:87

They have almost made an end of me on earth, but I have not forsaken your precepts.

Your precepts, Your word, Your testimony, Your law, Your commandments, like honey on my lips, as joy and peace in my heart, as the knowledge that all is in Your hands and all is well. O, Lord, that I never lose sight and grow discouraged for You are always with me, Your precepts sustain me; they are at the forefront of my mind and ever on my lips. May Your praise spill from my mouth in torrents of thanksgiving.

VOICES TOGETHER

Daily Meditations from the Psalms



November 5-11, 2012

Voices Together is extracted from my daily meditations and is shared in the hope that others will be encouraged to turn to the Psalms as a rich source of guidance for prayer and meditation.

It is published daily on the website of the Fellowship of Ailbe, www.ailbe.org; along with material by other writers to encourage and assist in our walks as disciples of Jesus Christ.

These messages can also be received as daily emails by sending a request to:

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