



Praying the Psalms

A prayer based on Psalm 65

By Sheila Lutz

O Great God of Peace,

How often has
Your unfathomable
Peace mended
my broken life?
Yet, You have used
my brokenness
to serve You.
I rejoice in all
You do, O my Lord.

of the heart returns. I remember how I've cried and how I felt as my energy drained and my bones turn to rubber. I know I put up walls to keep others out and protect myself from their strife — until You once again showed me that You alone are my Fortress, that You alone are my Strength, and that You alone are my Healer and my Peace.

You've seen it all, Lord — all the broken pieces of my life — my shame, my affliction in body and soul, and my

attackers. Lord, let me be quick to forgive and slow to remember those pains. I trust in You, O LORD, my God. Your face shines on my life, and I feel the warmth of Your great love. I know You will answer me when I call. Whatever my path, my life is in Your hands.

Thank You for giving me the abundant life of faith in You. Blessed be You, O LORD, for You preserve me and all Your children so that we can be strong and take courage as we wait for You to answer, to guide, and to open our arms and hearts as You shower us with Your blessings and Your peace. Into Your hands I commit my spirit; You have redeemed me, O LORD, faithful God. Amen. Q

When I remember all my eyes have seen, it seems as though I should have lived a life of sorrows, sighs, and tears. In times of my illness or that of one whom I care for, You have heard the cries for healing, sometimes answering speedily, sometimes waiting and letting us learn to trust more, and sometimes giving the heavenly healing only You can give. The memories of shame over my sin have been washed away by Your steadfast love and tender mercy. In all these times,

Your precious peace floods over me. I remember how You pulled me through, how You lifted me up, and how I grew to walk alongside You, as You walked beside me.

Others have had many hardships with physical health, job security, certain stages of life, or detrimental life choices. Why is it Lord, that, for me, those times seem quicker to heal than the times of lies or persecution?

My hardest times were those when others lied about me, when they seemed to want to belittle me with cruel words and actions, and when, because of those lies, I felt abandoned — even by those in my church. When I remember the times of hurt, the old pounding