

Praying the Psalms

A PRAYER BASED ON READING PSALM 107

BY SHEILA LUTZ



h Lord, I give You all my thanks, for You have shown me Your goodness and Your steadfast love. Your Word is true. I know Your love endures forever. You have purchased me with Your blood and redeemed me; therefore, I will tell of Your blessings and Your Good News.

You brought me out of troubled times, out of my desert places. When I wander in my foolishness or my sins, You carry me, set my feet on a new path, bring my heart back to You, and raise me up. When others hurt me, You love me. When my friends betray my trust, You show me that You are my true Friend. When critics condemn me, You honor me. When others seek to steal my joy, my health, my energy, and even my life, You make me whole.

Some of my wounds and failings are clearly visible, so others see my scars, but some are only known to You. Those times when I was so alone with nowhere to turn and no place to feel wanted or needed, when my life was like dust that has been scattered to the four winds, I was like one without a heart ... without a soul ... not whole. I was fainting — lifeless on Your earth. Yet ... still ... You loved me. You heard my cry, fed me and gave me drink from Your well, and satisfied my soul. Thank You for taking those hurts and sins, my dust, and turning them into beautiful scars for You.

As I seek Your face, even when I wander in a desert, I know You can take those dusty, tired, bruised, and worn feet of mine and turn them into beautiful feet — to bear Your Good News. By Your power and Your blessings, You take the wastelands of my life and turn them into gardens, granting me growth and fruit and seed for another harvest. Like the yearly seasons of sowing and planting and reaping, Your crops will continue to give me growth. Thank you.

Thank You Lord, for the trying times; by them You have taught me patience. Thank You, Lord, for the hurts of others; by them You have taught me how to be a friend. Thank You, Lord, for the wanderings; by them You have taught me how to follow You alone.

Thank You, Lord, for the deserts; by them I have learned to stay in the gardens. Thank You, Lord, for my ugliness and the scarring of my life; by taking them to Yourself, You have given me beautiful scars that testify of Your goodness and Your love and Your redemption.

For these and all blessings, I thank You, my wise and gracious Father, that I may know You aright, that I may have eyes to see Your blessings in all times of life, and that I may walk upright in Your wisdom. I will praise You evermore that You call my scars beautiful and that Your love for me is true and merciful, joyous and steadfast. Amen.