



PRAYING the  
**PSALMS**  
by Sheila Lutz  
BASED ON PSALM 95

Oh come, let us  
sing to the LORD; let  
us make a  
joyful noise to  
the rock of  
our salvation!  
Let us come into  
his presence with  
thanksgiving;  
let us make a  
joyful noise to  
him with songs  
of praise!  
For the LORD  
is a great God.

Psalms 95: 1–3

O Lord of all creation,

My soul sings in praise! Thank You for the beauty You created in this world. It touches my heart with joy.

You are a great God! I see Your brush work in the bright colors of the fields, the subtle hues of the mountains, and the greens and blues of Your waters. I hear the music of the flutes in Your songbirds, of the trumpets in Your elephants, and the drums when Your animals run and play. I hear lyrics in the beauty of Your Word, the laughter of Your children, and the sighs of the sorrowing. I see You dance in the gentle breezes and the mighty winds, the flowing streams, and the floating clouds.

You knit together the mountains and valleys, the seas and shores, and the hearts of men. Your quilt is a beautiful patchwork of farmers' fields, interlocking lakes, and the blessings and gifts You bestow on Your children. You shaped the earth into sloping hills, sharp mountain peaks, and level plains. Your poetry and prose flow in the shared lives of all Your wonderful creation. You are the Master Artist and Your world is majestic. Thank You for showering Your children with the masterpieces that come from Your hands.

You are generous and giving! You share with us, Your children, as You bless each of us with our own special combination of gifts from You.

You give painters a rainbow of colors with which they can create new images. The songs of praise rise from the hearts and voices of singers, and sweet music comes from the fingers and souls of those who play for You. Dancers ebb and flow to the sound of that music.

Quilters and knitters create garments of beauty and of use for those in Your kingdom. Potters knead and mold and form works of beauty from a lump. Authors take the language of the ordinary and turn it into an extraordinary story or poem. All this beauty is a gift from You.

I kneel before You, my Lord, in praise, wonder, and adoration. Thank You for the smile that You have put within me that radiates out to my face when I see the beauty of Your world. Thank You for letting me see the gifts flow through the hands and hearts and mouths and minds and faces of Your children who share their blessings.

All I enjoy is a gift from You. All I create is for Your glory. My hands move with Your touch. My voice is filled with words of thanks. My soul sings to You, Jesus, the Rock of my salvation! Amen. **Q**