

“Please, God, rescue me! Come quickly, Lord, and help me.” Psalms 70:1 NLT

[lectio] // PSALM 70:1-5

listen to the text by reading out loud slowly and repeat up to 3x if desired

[meditatio]

Oh God, I desperately needed this verse! I love every single word. Additionally, I pray this prayer with the Psalmist, “But as for me, I am poor and needy; please hurry to my aid, O God. You are my helper and my savior; O Lord, do not delay.” Psalms 70:5 NLT I am poor in Spirit. I hold out hope that God will hear and answer me. I hold out hope that something in my story will make sense. I hold out hope that I am not done, useless and ineffective at such a young age. I believe this current suffering has much deeper and broader implications. Like I am a forerunner to ministers and leaders who find that the culture has shifted and found it necessary to rid themselves of those approaching 60. I hear whispers of this from friends who are in their 50’s and 60’s and wrestling with purpose beyond pastoring, beyond the church. A struggle to find relevance when they should be at the apex of life. Previous generations passed through this phase with ease and moved into their 70’s only to face similar circumstances. What is happening? Who stole my legacy? I find myself reinventing my life as fast as I can, but the culture current is so strong, so fast. I am investing myself in folks who are 30+ years younger! However, I am not an educator, so I can’t just suckle up to my university for help.

[oratio]

pray as responding to the words, phrase, sentence that God has stirred within you

Dad,
I feel so lost. You have blessed us. Your favor is on our family and I DO NOT take that for granted. I am beyond grateful for your sustaining hand in our lives. However, you know the human heart is driven to purpose. You designed us to search for meaning and purpose in you and in our reason to live out life in this planet. I was on a purposeful path. I pushed myself and tried to stay hungry and curious. That path, as the path before it, came to a dead end. Just a small trail that ended into a vast forest with no visible means to go further. I stand at the end of this path, staring at the forest and wonder, “where do I go now?” I’m all for adventure and eager to continue walking, even exploring, but I can’t see anyway to go further. I have setup camp and I’m waiting at the end of this trail until I hear from you. I cannot go back, I do not know where the last juncture took place.

[contemplatio]

rest in the presence of God, allowing the words revealed to take root