

“For my days disappear like smoke, and my bones burn like red-hot coals. My heart is sick, withered like grass, and I have lost my appetite. Because of my groaning, I am reduced to skin and bones.”  
Psalms 102:3-5 NLT

## lectio // Psalm 102:1-17

David and his emotionally honest prayers! He begins the passage by asking God to listen, “Lord, hear my prayer! Listen to my plea!” A couple of stanzas of asking. Then in 3-11, David just lays it all out there. Some might say, “this is so negative,” isn’t it confessing negativity and isn’t that unhealthy? I’d say it’s just the opposite. When I am forced to only pray honest “positive confession” prayers I am also forced to stuff negative feelings and emotions down where they cause havoc in my soul. Those feelings are real. I am scared. I feel like 🤢. I don’t know what to do. Is your God so small, so unconcerned that he can’t handle real human pain, suffering and doubt? He knows it’s there, why not tell him about it - NAME IT. I’m not an expert psych, but 3-5 sounds like David is depressed! Yet, after he asks God to listen, he then pops out these wonderfully descriptive feelings (I lie awake, lonely as a solitary bird on the roof). But in verse 11 he turns to who God is, not who he is, what he feels or what is happening around him. His prayer THEN becomes an honest declaration of God, “But you, O Lord, will sit on your throne forever. Your fame will endure to every generation,” and it explodes off the page! David is bold to ask, unashamed to be honest and intelligent enough to focus on THE TRUTH. Truth, by the way, that is OUTSIDE himself. This isn’t “his” truth, someone else’s truth, or “a” truth. It is THE TRUTH.

## oratio

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

Dad,

I like this model of prayer! I enjoy Jesus’ model as well, but that feels like a new follower’s prayer compared to this. I think there’s a place for both. In this model, I ask; pour out my guts for awhile; then turn my thoughts to who you are. I don’t come before you arrogantly, but humble. I don’t come before you to manipulate or get something from you, but instead, I’m honest. And most importantly, I don’t end my prayer focused on me, but rather on you - because you are always good, always right, always true. Then I shut up and just listen in your presence. I allow you to speak into and over me. I become your son and I am content with trusting you.

## contemplatio

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