



## 214: Psalm 22

My God, my God why have you left me all alone? Why are you so far from saving me? So far from my anguished groans? My God, I cry out during the day, but you don't answer. Even at nighttime, I don't stop. You are the holy one enthroned. You are Israel's praise. Our ancestors trusted you. They trusted you and you rescued them. They cried out to you and they were saved. They trusted you and they weren't ashamed. But I'm just a worm, less than human insulted by one person, despised by another. All who see me make fun of me. They gape, shaking their heads.

He committed himself to the Lord. So let God rescue him. Let God deliver him because God likes him so much. But you are the one who pulled me from the womb, placing me safely at my mother's breasts. I was thrown on you from birth. You've been my God since I was in my mother's womb. Please don't be far from me because trouble is near and there's no one to help. Many bulls surround me, mighty bulls from Bashan encircle me. They open their mouths at me like a lion ripping and roaring. I'm poured out like water. All my bones have fallen apart. My heart is like wax, it melts inside me.

My strength is dried up like a piece of broken pottery. My tongue sticks to the roof of my mouth. You've set me down in the dirt of death. Dogs surround me, a pack of evil people circle me like a lion. Oh my poor hands and feet. I can count all my bones. Meanwhile, they just stare at me, watching me. They divvy up my garments among themselves. They cast lots for my clothing. But you Lord, don't be far away. You are my strength. Come quick and help me.

Deliver me from the sword. Deliver my life from the power of the dog. Save me from the mouth of a lion, from the horns of the wild oxen you have answered me. I will declare your name to my brothers and sisters. I will praise you in the very center of the congregation. All of you who revere the Lord, praise him. All of you who are Jacob's descendants, honor him. All of you who are Israel's offspring, stand in awe of him because he didn't despise or detest the suffering of the one who suffered. He didn't hide his face from me. No, he listened when I cried out to him for help.

I offer praise in the great congregation because of you. I will fulfill my promises in the presence of those who honor God. Let all those who are suffering eat and be full. Let all who seek the Lord, praise him. I pray your hearts live forever. Every part of the Earth will remember and come back to the Lord. Every family among all the nations will worship you because the right to rule belongs to the Lord. He rules all nations. Indeed, all the Earth's powerful will worship him. All who are descending to the dust will kneel before him. My being also lives for him. Future descendants will serve him. Generations to come will be told about my Lord. They will proclaim God's righteousness to those not yet born, telling them what God has done. Psalm 22.

This is the word of the Lord. Thanks be to God.