

## March 23—Psalm 38

Lord, do not rebuke me in your anger  
or discipline me in your wrath.  
**Your arrows have pierced me,  
and your hand has come down on  
me.**

Because of your wrath there is no  
health in my body;  
there is no soundness in my bones  
because of my sin.

**My guilt has overwhelmed me  
like a burden too heavy to bear.**

My wounds fester and are loathsome  
because of my sinful folly.

**I am bowed down and brought very  
low;**

**all day long I go about mourning.**

My back is filled with searing pain;  
there is no health in my body.

**I am feeble and utterly crushed;**

**I groan in anguish of heart.**

All my longings lie open before you,  
Lord;

my sighing is not hidden from you.

**My heart pounds, my strength fails  
me;**

**even the light has gone from my  
eyes.**

My friends and companions avoid me  
because of my wounds;

my neighbors stay far away.

**Those who want to kill me set their  
traps,**

**those who would harm me talk of  
my ruin;**

**all day long they scheme and lie.**

I am like the deaf, who cannot hear,  
like the mute, who cannot speak;

**I have become like one who does  
not hear,**

**whose mouth can offer no reply.**

Lord, I wait for you;

you will answer, Lord my God.

**For I said, “Do not let them gloat  
or exalt themselves over me when  
my feet slip.”**

For I am about to fall,

and my pain is ever with me.

**I confess my iniquity;**

**I am troubled by my sin.**

Many have become my enemies  
without cause;

those who hate me without reason  
are numerous.

**Those who repay my good with evil  
lodge accusations against me,  
though I seek only to do what is  
good.**

Lord, do not forsake me;

do not be far from me, my God.

**Come quickly to help me,  
my Lord and my Savior.**

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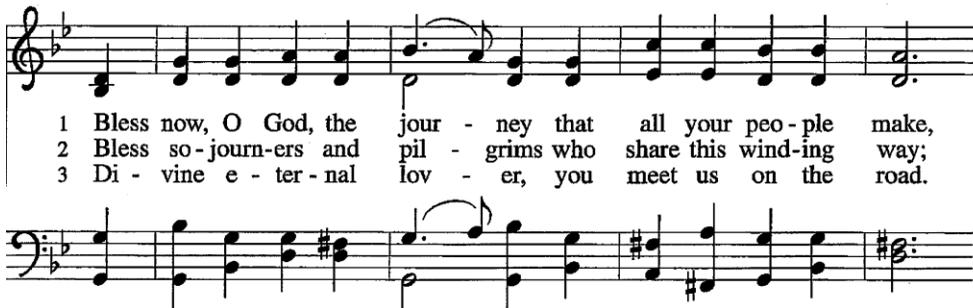
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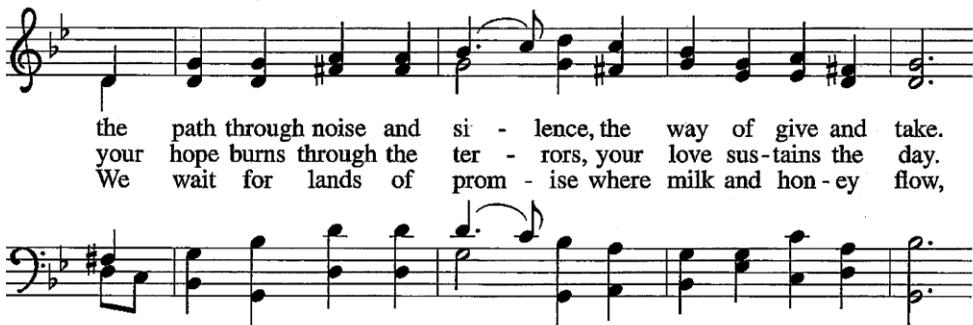
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# Bless Now, O God, the Journey

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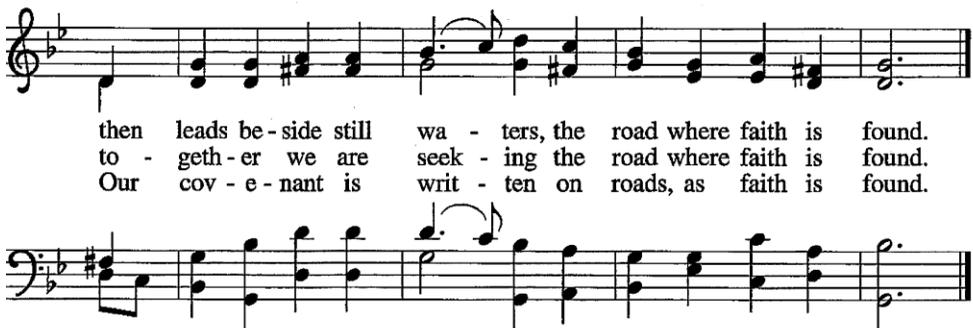
1 Bless now, O God, the jour - ney that all your peo - ple make,  
2 Bless so - journ - ers and pil - grims who share this wind - ing way;  
3 Di - vine e - ter - nal lov - er, you meet us on the road.



the path through noise and si - lence, the way of give and take.  
your hope burns through the ter - rors, your love sus - tains the day.  
We wait for lands of prom - ise where milk and hon - ey flow,



The trail is found in des - ert and winds the moun - tain round,  
We yearn for ho - ly free - dom while of - ten we are bound;  
but wait - ing not for plac - es, you meet us all a - round.



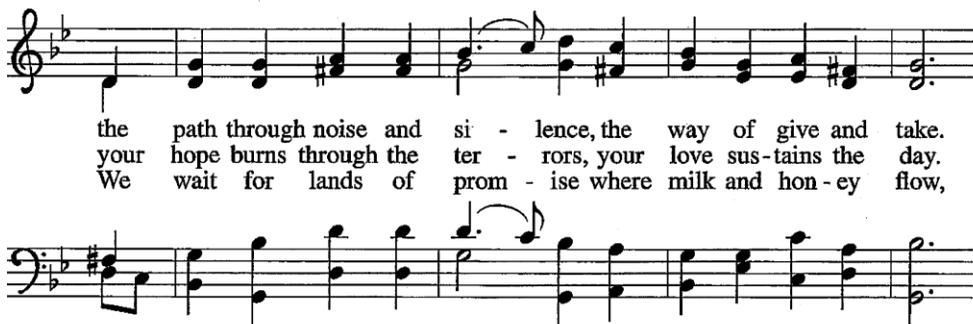
then leads be - side still wa - ters, the road where faith is found.  
to - geth - er we are seek - ing the road where faith is found.  
Our cov - e - nant is writ - ten on roads, as faith is found.

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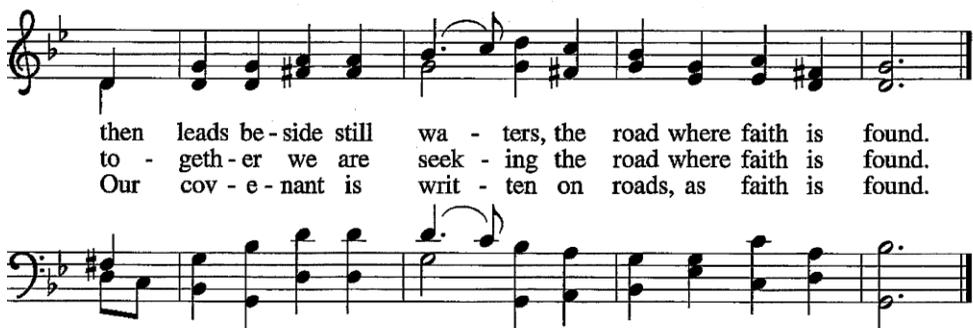
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