

## PSALMS

*By Verna Kwiatkowski*

### PSALM 1

I will boast about You, O Lord,  
certain that I will never wish I could take back my words.

No superlatives that I could find would be too great  
to describe You, my Lord.  
In fact, human language is deficient – so limited! – when it comes  
to describing You, the One who transcends language.

I'm so glad You can hear and appreciate *heart* language,  
all the yearnings and groanings that reach You  
in "words" that cannot be spoken.  
You understand the language of love!

It seems so inadequate – so simple – to say to You the following,  
but You know and hear the emotions that accompany these words:

O, my Lord, Faithful and True,  
always faithful and true,  
I love You!

(March 4, 1994)

### PSALM 2

More than forty years have passed, Lord, since you suddenly  
revealed Yourself to me and made me Your child!  
I was open-mouthed with wonder and joy at that moment,  
and I still am today.

I look back over four decades and testify  
that You have never failed. You are the same –  
yesterday, today, and forever –  
my Solid Rock Foundation.

Why would people choose to build on sand  
when they could build their lives on You?

Thank You, Lord, for being my Stability.

(March 4, 1994)

### PSALM 3 (Trees)

What season was it when you created trees, Lord?

Was it winter time, when everything is exposed –  
Trunks, branches, limbs  
thick and thin,  
Every twig visible  
and beautiful?

Or was it spring time, when trees are full of promise –  
Buds swelling, sap flowing,  
changing daily,  
Blooming, fragrant  
and beautiful?

Maybe it was summer time, when trees are full of leaves –  
Green – so many shades of green!  
Some with fruit, some with nuts,  
All with shade  
and beautiful.

Perhaps it was autumn, when leaves change their color –  
First a tinge, then breathtaking beauty.  
Such variety!  
Leaves preparing to die  
and beautiful.

Lord, you designed the trees  
so we could use them  
creatively.  
We could cut them down, trim the wood  
And make 'most anything, bad or good.  
Houses, furniture,  
paper to write upon –  
Why, we could even make some beams  
and form a cross  
to hang you on.

Thank you, Lord, for dying on a tree –  
for hanging there – willingly –  
for me.  
Creator, Lover,  
God and King –  
Redeemer, Friend,  
my Everything –  
Lord, you are beautiful!

(March 28, 1997)

#### PSALM 4

The well is deep, Lord – so very, very deep!  
And the water tastes so good!  
It is clear and cool;  
how it quenches my thirst!  
The well will never, never run dry.  
It's source is you, Lord;  
how could it possibly die?

(March 31, 1985; edited November, 1998)

#### PSALM 5

In my heart, Lord, I'm down on my knees,  
bowing in reverence before you.  
Your love amazes my soul!  
O, Lord, my God, I adore you.

In my heart, Lord, I'm wearing no shoes,  
for I'm standing on holy ground  
willing to do your will!  
May your glory be known all around.

(Based on Exodus 3:1-6 and Joshua 5:13-15)  
(November, 1998)