

Dear Heavenly Father,

Praise

“I will extol you, my God and King, and bless your name forever and ever. The LORD is good to all, and his mercy is over all that he has made. The LORD is righteous in all his ways and kind in all his works. My mouth will speak the praise of the LORD, and let all flesh bless his holy name forever and ever” (Ps 145:1, 9, 17, 21). Praise the Lord!

Today in Your Word

Today you shared with me the last of David’s psalms. Psalm 145 is an alphabet of praise. It is the last Davidic psalm in the Psalter and the last of his acrostic psalms (cf. Ps 9, 10, 25, 34, 37, 145). In this psalm, David sings the praises of the King: your greatness is beyond all measure (v. 3), you have done mighty acts (v. 4), the glorious splendor of your majesty is worthy of meditation (v. 5), you are good and righteous (v. 7), you are kind, merciful, patient, loving, and compassionate (vv. 8–9), your Kingdom will never end (v. 13), you provide for my daily needs (vv. 15–16), you are righteous and kind in all your ways (v. 17), you are near to all who call on you (v. 18), you fulfill the desire of those who fear you (v. 19), and you hear my cry and rescue me from my distress (vv. 19–20). I can’t help but be caught up and borne along by David’s exuberance for your glory. You are the King of kings and Lord of lords! You are the well-spring of wisdom and the doorway of deliverance. Your promise never fails, your light never falters, your goodness never ceases, your mercy never ends, your love never weakens, your Word never changes, your patience never tires, and your peace never fades! Hallelujah!

Reflection

David wisely recognized the benefit of being corrected by a fellow believer: “Let a righteous man strike me—it is a kindness; let him rebuke me—it is oil for my head; let my head not refuse it” (Ps 141:5). Do I welcome the criticism of godly men and take the rebuke of a friend with a humble spirit?

Request

Father, “Let me hear in the morning of your steadfast love, for in you I trust. Make me know the way I should go, for to you I lift up my soul. Deliver me from my enemies, O LORD! I have fled to you for refuge. Teach me to do your will, for you are my God! Let your good Spirit lead me on level ground! (Ps 143:8–10).

Thanksgiving

Thank you for condescending to consider me, a mere breath, a passing shadow. You stretched out your hand from on high and delivered me from the chains of sin. May all glory and honor and majesty be to you, my Rock and my Redeemer!

In Jesus’ name, Amen.

Suggested Hymn: “[Oh, for a Thousand Tongues to Sing](#)” – Charles Wesley.

Meditation Verse: Psalm 145:18.