

## **Psalm 102**

Poetry, unlike prose does not follow a singular path.  
Poetry harnesses lateral thought, memory, feelings and visions.  
Prose is like walking, one foot before the other.  
Poetry is like flying, diving, swooping, careening.  
Prose requires a linear plot.  
Poetry ventures far and near.

Psalm 102 is a poetic masterpiece.

It blends styles, such as the agony of lament, the song of praise, messianic hope,

And the depth of wisdom.

And, as is the nature of all psalms, it is meant to be sung.

It is a lesson in prayer.

And what is prayer?

It is speaking with, walking alongside and living with God himself.

So come and read with your heart the message of this song.

### **Prescript**

This is a part of Scripture. Never leave out the reading of the prescript.

This is where the psalm begins, but it is not where it ends.

### **The Lament (v.1-13)**

v.1-2 : Even in suffering a person who cries out to God.

What do we tend to do when we are in pain or frustrated and suffering?

There is no health and wealth gospel here.

Loving God does not make your life bulletproof.

True Spirituality is lived in midst of suffering, no devoid of it.

It is in suffering you reveal what you really believe.

v.3-11: Pain, depression, listlessness, opposition, loneliness, isolation, alienation  
despair, abandonment, worthlessness, meaninglessness.

There is hardly a feeling that is not expressed here.

This is lament.

We would do well to learn to be so real in our image driven world.

### **Hope (v.12-17)**

In light of devastation one word is repeated again and again: "will"

Future Tense.

Isn't that what we are all afraid of?

That our past or present suffering both personal and universal will never end?

What will we eat, what shall we wear, where will we live, what shall I do,

Who should I marry, how should I live, what about my family, my children,  
my children's children? What about my tomorrow, my next week, my next  
year?

Our past or present pains strangle our present and our future.

Take away a person's hope and you will have destroyed them.

In light of all that is bad, the psalmist clings to hope.  
In fact the singular final hope is this: He will respond to the prayer... plea.  
In other words, "He will answer me. Even me."

### **Glory (v.18-22)**

It doesn't end here.  
There is a declaration of redemption here.  
A legacy remains – proof of God.  
Written in our blood and tears.  
That there is hope for one who feel hopeless.  
That God hears, that God answers and that God saves.  
It isn't just about me or us.  
It is about the glory and power of God revealed in jars of clay.  
When our dirty, broken and frail lives shine, others will see.  
Do not hide your lament.  
He will give you beauty for ashes, a song for your cry of mourning.  
You will be a wonder to yourself and all who stand in awe of what God  
Has done, is doing and will do.

### **Legacy (v. 23-28)**

One day all this will be gone.  
You and I will be gone from this place.  
This will be left for those who come after us.  
This will be left to our children and our children's children.  
But there will be one who remains unchanged.  
Ever present in this place.  
For the generation to come that hurts for all the sins of their past.  
God is present.

Invitation to lament.