



*When my heart feels worn down,
I bring it to God.*

Psalm 102

A prayer of an afflicted person who has grown weak and pours out a lament before the Lord.

Hear my prayer, Lord;
let my cry for help come to you.
² Do not hide your face from me
when I am in distress.
Turn your ear to me;
when I call, answer me quickly.
³ For my days vanish like smoke;
my bones burn like glowing embers.
⁴ My heart is blighted and withered like grass;
I forget to eat my food.
⁵ In my distress I groan aloud
and am reduced to skin and bones.
¹² But you, Lord, sit enthroned forever;
your renown endures through all generations.
¹⁷ He will respond to the prayer of the destitute;
he will not despise their plea.