November 8 **Psalm 22**

[1] My God, my God, why have you forsaken me?
Why are you so far from helping me, from the words of my groaning?
[2] O my God, I cry by day, but you do not answer;
and by night but find no rest.
[3] Yet you are holy,
enthroned on the praises of Israel.
[4] In you our ancestors trusted;
they trusted, and you delivered them.
[5] To you they cried and were saved;
in you they trusted and were not put to shame.
[6] But I am a worm and not human,
scorned by others and despised by the people.
[7] All who see me mock me;
they sneer at me; they shake their heads;
[8] "Commit your cause to the LORD; let him deliver—
let him rescue the one in whom he delights!"

Psalm 77

[1] I cry aloud to God,
aloud to God, that he may hear me.
[2] In the day of my trouble I seek the Lord;
in the night my hand is stretched out without wearying;
my soul refuses to be comforted.
[3] I think of God, and I moan;
I meditate, and my spirit faints. *Selah*
[4] You keep my eyelids from closing;
I am so troubled that I cannot speak.
[5] I consider the days of old
and remember the years of long ago.
[6] I commune with my heart in the night;
I meditate and search my spirit:
[7] "Will the Lord spurn forever
and never again be favorable?
[8] Has his steadfast love ceased forever?
Are his promises at an end for all time?
[9] Has God forgotten to be gracious?
Has he in anger shut up his compassion?" *Selah*
[10] And I say, "It is my grief
that the right hand of the Most High has changed."
[11] I will call to mind the deeds of the LORD;
I will remember your wonders of old.
[12] I will meditate on all your work
and muse on your mighty deeds.

Psalm 88

[1] O LORD, God of my salvation,
at night, when I cry out before you,
[2] let my prayer come before you;
incline your ear to my cry.
[3] For my soul is full of troubles,
and my life draws near to Sheol.
[4] I am counted among those who go down to the Pit;
I am like those who have no help,
[5] like those forsaken among the dead,
like the slain that lie in the grave,
like those whom you remember no more,
for they are cut off from your hand.
[6] You have put me in the depths of the Pit,
in the regions dark and deep.
[7] Your wrath lies heavy upon me,
and you overwhelm me with all your waves. *Selah*
[8] You have caused my companions to shun me;
you have made me a thing of horror to them.
I am shut in so that I cannot escape;
[9] my eye grows dim through sorrow.

Every day I call on you, O LORD;
I spread out my hands to you.
[10] Do you work wonders for the dead?
Do the shades rise up to praise you? *Selah*
[11] Is your steadfast love declared in the grave
or your faithfulness in Abaddon?
[12] Are your wonders known in the darkness
or your saving help in the land of forgetfulness?
[13] But I, O LORD, cry out to you;
in the morning my prayer comes before you.
[14] O LORD, why do you cast me off?
Why do you hide your face from me?
[15] Wretched and close to death from my youth up,
I suffer your terrors; I am desperate.
[16] Your wrath has swept over me;
your dread assaults destroy me.
[17] They surround me like a flood all day long;
from all sides they close in on me.
[18] You have caused friend and neighbor to shun me;
my companions are in darkness.