Psalm 139 Daniel E. Hoffman, DMin , STS

 2 Epiphany, 2021

1O Lord, you have searched me and known me.

2You know when I sit down and when I rise up; you discern my thoughts from far away.

**3You search out my path and my lying down, and are acquainted with all my ways.**

**4Even before a word is on my tongue, O Lord, you know it completely.**

5You hem me in, behind and before, and lay your hand upon me.

6Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is so high that I cannot attain it.

**13For it was you who formed my inward parts; you knit me together in my mother’s womb.**

**14I praise you, for I am fearfully and wonderfully made. Wonderful are your works; that I know very well.**

15My frame was not hidden from you, when I was being made in secret, intricately woven in the depths of the earth.

16Your eyes beheld my unformed substance. In your book were written all the days that were formed for me, when none of them as yet existed.

**17How weighty to me are your thoughts, O God! How vast is the sum of them!**

**18I try to count them—they are more than the sand; I come to the end—I am still with you.**

19O that you would kill the wicked, O God, and that the bloodthirsty would depart from me—

20those who speak of you maliciously, and lift themselves up against you for evil!

**21Do I not hate those who hate you, O Lord? And do I not loathe those who rise up against you? 22I hate them with perfect hatred; I count them my enemies.**

23Search me, O God, and know my heart; test me and know my thoughts.

24See if there is any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.

How excellent, O Lord, have Your thoughts been toward us, in that You made us after Your image. And when we were lost in sin, You sent Your Son to redeem us, and granted Your Spirit to renew us unto righteousness and true holiness. Thanks be to Your mercy, now and forever. AMEN

“The 139th psalm is a psalm of thanks that praises God that He has provided for them so wonderfully and still reigns in all His works, words, and thoughts. Whether the psalmist stands, walks, sleeps, or wakes – yes even in his mother’s womb, before he was made – God has been with him as long as he lives.

It is as if the psalmist should say: Every human ability or power – how we live, what we do, speak, think, wherever and whenever, from where we come and to where we should go – it is all clearly God’s work and art. When then do the abominable ungodly do, those who do not believe this but want to make themselves pious through their vexatious work? They want to have done what they do and then want to receive worship, honor, and glory from God on account of it. But they do not create so much as one word by themselves, indeed cannot create one thought by their own power. Moreover, they do not understand what they do, how they are created, how they live, speak, and think. Because all that we are and do are God’s work and powers, how can they consider it to be their own noble work to make themselves godly, praise their free will, and deliver themselves from sin, and death? Such people cannot rightly speak about God and His work. Protect us from this, O God, and bless my heart so that I may remain in the true way that stands forever.” Martin Luther