

# A Time To Think About Yourself

---

Thinking about yourself can be scary if you do it really honestly. We can live for a long time pretending that we are what we would wish to be. So basic questions can be somewhat upsetting. For instance, *am I at peace with myself?* is a disturbing question. *Am I sure I know myself?* is another.

Not many of us would deny that we have a facade or shell between ourselves and others. *How ready am I to share my real self? Is the real me acceptable to others? How anxious is this area for me?*

The church teaches that God made every one of us by a personal, loving act of free choice. If this is true, I am an Act of God. *Does this mean anything to me? Do I do justice to my relationship with God? Does it excite me or do I find it dreary or difficult?*

Spend a little time thinking about your past. Are you at peace with it? Does it sometimes disturb you with memories of unfinished business?

The future is a great unknown reality; but we do have ways of trying to relate to it. What things do you *assume* will be true in the future? Do you have *hopes* that are precious to you? Do you have *fantasies* that are unlikely to be realized? Do you have *fears* that trouble you? Are you pretty vague about the future, or realistic? You may like to use this Psalm as a meditative prayer.

## Psalm 139

O Lord, you search me and you know me,  
you know my resting and my rising;  
you discern my purpose from afar.  
You mark when I walk or lie down,  
all my ways lie open to you.

Before ever a word is on my tongue,  
you know it, O Lord, through and through;  
Behind and before you besiege me,  
your hand ever laid upon me;  
too wonderful for me, this knowledge,  
too high, beyond my reach.

O where can I go from your Spirit,  
or where can I flee from your face?  
If I climb the heavens, you are there,  
if I lie in the grave, you are there.

If I take the wings of the dawn,  
and dwell at the sea's furthest end,  
even there your hand would lead me,  
your right hand would hold me fast.

If I say: *Let the darkness hide me,*  
*and the light around me be night,*  
even darkness is not dark for you,  
and the night is as clear as the day.

For it was you who created my being,  
knit me together in my mother's womb;  
I thank you for the wonder of my being,  
for the wonders of all your creation.

Already you knew my soul,  
my body held no secret from you,  
when I was being fashioned in secret,

and moulded in the depths of the earth.

Your eyes saw all my actions,  
they were all of them written in your book;  
every one of my days was decreed,  
before one of them came into being.

To me, how mysterious your thoughts,  
the sum of them not to be numbered;  
If I count them, they are more than the  
sand:  
to finish, I must be eternal, like you.

O search me God, and know my heart:  
O test me, and know my thoughts;  
see that I follow not the wrong path,  
but lead me in the path of life eternal.