

To Be Known By God

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 Lord, through and through;
before and behind 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.

The Life of the Redeemed

For look, I am going to create new heavens and a new earth,
and the past will not be remembered, will no more come to mind.
Rather be joyful, be glad for ever at what I am creating.
For, look! I am creating Jerusalem to be Joy,
and my people in her to be Gladness.
I shall be joyful in Jerusalem, and I shall rejoice in my people.
No more will the sound of weeping be heard there, nor the sound of a wail;
never again will an infant be there who lives only a few days,
nor an old man who does not run his course;
the youngest will die at a hundred years, anything less the sign of a curse.
They will build houses and live in them,
plant vineyards and enjoy their fruit.
They will not toil in vain, nor bear children destined for disaster
For they are the race the Lord has blessed, and so are their children.
Before they call I shall answer: before their prayer ends, I shall have heard.
No hurt, no harm shall be done on all my holy mountain.

Isaiah 65:17-25

For it was you who created my being,
knit me together in my mother's womb;
I thank you for the wonders 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 of my actions,
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,
and lead me in the path of life eternal.

Psalms 139 (138 vulgate)