Psalm 74

You walked off and left us, and never looked back.
   God, how could you do that?
We’re your very own sheep;
   how can you stomp off in anger?
2-3 Refresh your memory of us—you bought us a long time ago.
   Your most precious tribe—you paid a good price for us!
   Your very own Mount Zion—you actually lived here once!
Come and visit the site of disaster,
   see how they’ve wrecked the sanctuary.
4-8 While your people were at worship, your enemies barged in,
   brawling and scrawling graffiti.
They set fire to the porch;
   axes swinging, they chopped up the woodwork,
Beat down the doors with sledgehammers,
   then split them into kindling.
They burned your holy place to the ground,
   violated the place of worship.
They said to themselves, “We’ll wipe them all out,”
   and burned down all the places of worship.
9-17 There’s not a sign or symbol of God in sight,
   nor anyone to speak in his name,
   no one who knows what’s going on.
How long, God, will barbarians blaspheme,
   enemies curse and get by with it?
Why don’t you do something? How long are you going
   to sit there with your hands folded in your lap?
God is my King from the very start;
   he works salvation in the womb of the earth.
With one blow you split the sea in two,
   you made mincemeat of the dragon Tannin.
You lopped off the heads of Leviathan,
   then served them up in a stew for the animals.
With your finger you opened up springs and creeks,
   and dried up the wild floodwaters.
You own the day, you own the night;
you put stars and sun in place.
You laid out the four corners of earth,
    shaped the seasons of summer and winter.
18-21 Mark and remember, God, all the enemy
taunts, each idiot desecration.
Don’t throw your lambs to the wolves;
    after all we’ve been through, don’t forget us.
Remember your promises;
    the city is in darkness, the countryside violent.
Don’t leave the victims to rot in the street;
    make them a choir that sings your praises.
22-23 On your feet, O God—
    stand up for yourself!
Do you hear what they’re saying about you,
    all the vile obscenities?
Don’t tune out their malicious filth,
    the brawling invective that never lets up.
Psalm 46

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in time of trouble. Therefore we will not fear, though the earth give way and the mountains fall into the heart of the sea.

There is a river whose streams make glad the city of our God, the Holy Place where the Most High dwells. God is with her, she will not fail: God will meet her needs at break of day.

The Lord almighty is with us: the God of Jacob is our fortress.

Be Still and know that I am God.