

## Reflection on Psalm 17

Father, this trouble that has come to me –  
    this evil –  
is not my doing.  
You know that.  
I am in serious difficulty, and  
    I've done nothing wrong.

The problems circle around me  
like hungry lions,  
    snarling,  
    snapping,  
    threatening,  
    with their red eyes  
        fixed on me.

Lord God,  
    I am helpless.  
    I am defenseless...

...except for this:  
You are still sovereign Lord of all.  
You are still perfect justice.  
You are still unfailing love –  
    absolutely faithful,  
    from forever  
    to forever.  
I am still Your child.  
I lie here in Your arms,  
    looking up,  
    clinging,  
    waiting.

Father, I trust You.  
Do whatever pleases You.

Hymn: [Psalm 17](#)