

than invoking a spirit of competition with God, other individuals and nations—so much a part of the Hebrew Scripture Psalms—seems clearly a more loving movement toward engendering peace, harmony, and healing in our wounded world.

Yet, let it be understood that *Psalms for Praying: An Invitation to Wholeness* is in no way meant to replace the well-loved, still meaningful, and historically important Psalms of the Hebrew Scripture. May it stand as a companion, a dialogue, if you will, of one age speaking with a later age. May it serve as an invitation to listen to the Voice of Silence that speaks within your own soul.

Excerpts from Psalms
For Praying An Invitation
to Wholeness by Nan C.
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I often take this translation to read to / with patients in hospice - underlining helps me find appropriate psalm for that moment in patient's journey.

Psalm 1

Blessed are those
who walk hand in hand
with goodness,
who stand beside virtue,
who sit in the seat of truth;
For their delight is in the Spirit of Love,
and in Love's heart they dwell
day and night.
They are like trees planted by
streams of water,
that yield fruit in due season,
and their leaves flourish;
And in all that they do, they give life.
The unloving are not so;
they are like dandelions which
the wind blows away.
Turning from the Heart of Love
they will know suffering and pain.
They will be isolated from wisdom;
for Love knows the way of truth,
the way of ignorance will perish.



Set me free, my Beloved!
for with You in my heart
my fears will be transformed
into Love.

Freedom from fear comes through Love;
May the Beloved's blessing reign within
all hearts!



Psalm 4

Answer me when I call, O Beloved of my heart!
You enveloped me in Love when I
was in distress.

Be gracious to me now; hear my prayer.

O friends, how long will my reputation
suffer shame?
How long will you listen to false words
and seek what is less than good?

You know that the Beloved dwells with those
who are filled with love;
and hears when our hearts cry out.
Though you may feel angry,
do not give in to fear;

Commune with the Heart of your heart
as you rest,
and be in silence.
Make peace with your fears,
and trust in Love.

There are many who say,
"Grant us special favors,
O Mighty One!
Bestow upon us your grace that
we may prosper!"
Love has brought more joy to my heart
than they have when their banks
are filled.

In peace will I spend my days and
sleep at night;
For You alone, my Beloved,
take away my fears.



Psalm 5

Give ear to my words, O my Beloved;
give heed to my groaning.
Listen to the sound of my cry,
my Love, Heart of my heart,
for to You do I pray.
O my Beloved, in the morning

"I shall make Myself known in their hearts."

The promises of Love are pure,
like silver refined in a crucible,
like gold purified seven times.
Be our safeguard, O Blessed One,
Stay close by throughout these dark days
where unloving hearts seem to abound.
Come to our aid, O Beloved!



Psalm 13

How long, my Beloved?
Will you forget me forever?
How long will you hide your
face from me?
How long must I bear this pain
in my soul,
and live with sorrow
all the day?
How long will fear rule my life?

Notice my heart and answer me,
O my Beloved;
enlighten me, lest I walk as
one dead to life;

Lest my fears say,
"We have won the day;"
Lest they rejoice in their strength.

As I trust in your steadfast
Love;
my heart will rejoice,
for in You is freedom.
I shall sing to the Beloved,
who has answered my prayers
a thousand fold!
Come, O Beloved, make your home
in my heart.



Psalm 14

The hearts of fools say,
"There is no power in Love."
They are ignorant; they torture
themselves and others;
They walk in utter darkness
calling it light.

Love looks into the heart
of every person,
to see if any act with wisdom,
if any seek to walk with Love.

Psalm 16

Remain ever before me,
O Living Presence,
for in You am I safe.
You are my Beloved; in You
I can do all things.

I look to those who are at one
with You and
learn from them of your ways;
My delight increases each time
I sense your presence
within me!
Songs of praise well up from
my heart!

Love is my chosen food, my cup,
holding me in its power.
Where I have come from,
Where'er I shall go,
Love is my birthright,
my true estate.

I bless the Counselor who guides
my way;
in the night also does my heart
instruct me.
I walk beside the Spirit of Truth;
I celebrate the Light.

Thus my heart is glad, and my soul
rejoices;

I shall not be afraid,
nor fall into the pit of despair;
In Love's presence there is fullness
of joy.

You are my Beloved; in You
will I live!



Psalm 17

Listen to my heart, O Love Divine;
hear the cry within me!
Heed my prayer from lips that
would utter truth!
For in You do I seek justice!
Be Thou my eyes that I may
see with clarity.

If You try my heart,
if You visit me by night,
if You test me, You will
discover
I desire only to draw closer
to You.

I look at the injustice and the
oppression
that dwell in your land;

Generations to come will sing to
your glory
In gratitude and joy for your
saving power.
For You put fears to flight, that
love and justice might reign.

All praise be yours, O Wondrous One!
forever will I sing and honor
your saving grace.



Psalm 22

O my Beloved, why have You
forsaken me?

Why are You so far, abandoning me
as I groan in misery?

O my Beloved, I cry by day, but
You do not answer;
and by night, but find no rest.

Yet You are holy, praised
through all generations.
In You our parents trusted;
they trusted, and You did come
to their aid.
To You they cried, and were heard;

in You they trusted, and
were not disappointed.

But I seem as nothing, hardly alive;
scorned and despised by many.
Those who see me make fun
at my expense,
they ridicule and gossip
among themselves;
“Commit yourself to the Most High;
let Love deliver you,
you who delight in the Most High!”

Yet, You are the One who took me
from the womb;
You kept me safe upon my
mother’s breasts.
Upon You I was cast from my birth,
and ever since my mother bore me,
You have been my strength.
Come close to me, for trouble is near
and there is none to help.

Many, like bulls, surround me,
they come at me with great force.
With fire in their eyes
and bellowing roars,
they charge at me.

I am poured out like water,
and all my bones are weak;
my heart is like wax,
melting within my breast;

My strength is broken as a
shard of pottery,
and my mouth is dry;
You have laid me in the dust
of death.

Yes, boars are round about me;
a company of evildoers encircle me;
they have pierced my hands and feet—
I can count all my bones—
they stare and gloat over me
awaiting my demise;
They divide my belongings among
them,
avariciously casting lots.

But You, O Beloved, be not far off!
You, who are my help, hasten to
my aid!

Free my soul from this agony,
my life from the power of
the boar!

Save me from the mouth of
the lion,
my afflicted soul from the
horns of the bull!

I will tell of your Name to
all I meet,
in the midst of assemblies
I will praise You;
You, who are in wonder of the Mystery,
give praise!

For our loving Creator does not turn
away from the afflicted,
And does not hide from them;

But their cries are heard,
their prayers rise up to heaven.

To You, O Beloved, I lift up my voice
in the great congregation;
for You promise to remain with
those whose love is steadfast.

The hungry shall eat and be
satisfied;

Those who seek You shall sing praises!
Your Heart our dwelling place forever!

All the ends of the earth shall
remember

and turn to Love's way;
And all the families of the nations
shall bow down with grateful
hearts.

For power and authority belong to
the Most High,
who rules over the nations.

Yes, to the Most High shall all the
proud of the earth be humbled;
before the Creator shall all bow
who go down to the dust,
and who cannot sustain their lives.

Posterity shall know and serve Love,
telling of the One who abides in all
to the coming generations,

And proclaiming deliverance to a
people yet unborn
that the Most High dwells among us.



For I would choose the path
of wholeness;
Fulfill your promise and be gracious
to me.
Then, standing with equanimity in
heaven's company,
I shall ever bless You,
O Beloved of my heart.



Psalm 27

Reassurance

Love is my light and
my salvation,
whom shall I fear?
Love is the strength of
my life,
Of whom shall I be afraid?

When fears assail me,
rising up to accuse me,
Each one in turn shall be seen
in Love's light.
Though a multitude of demons
rise up within me,
my heart shall not fear.
Though doubts and guilt do battle,
yet shall I remain confident.

One thing have I asked of Love,
that I shall ever seek:
That I might dwell in the
Heart of Love
all the days of my life,
To behold the Beauty of my Beloved,
and to know Love's Plan.

For I shall hide in Love's heart
in the day of trouble,
As in a tent in the desert,
Away from the noise of my fears.
And I shall rise above
my struggles, my pain,
Shouting blessings of gratitude
in Love's Heart
And singing melodies of praise
to my Beloved.

Hear, O my Beloved,
when I cry aloud,
be gracious and answer me!
You have said, "Seek my face."
My heart responds,
"Your face, my Beloved, do I seek;
hide not your face from me."

Do not turn from me,
You who have been my refuge.
Enfold me in your strong arms,
O Blessed One.
Though my father and mother
may not understand me,
You, my Beloved, know me and love me.

Teach me to be love,
as You are Love;
Lead me through each fear;
Hold my hand as I walk through
valleys of doubt each day,
That I may know your peace.

I believe that I shall know the
Realm of Heaven,
of Love, here on Earth!
Wait for the Beloved,
be strong with courage
of the heart;
Yes! Wait for the Beloved of
your heart!



Psalm 28

Heart of my heart, I call to You;
You hear my cry and support me.
Should You remain silent in me,
I walk as in a desert waste.
You heed the voice of my humble request
when I call your holy Name,
when I lift my hands,
O Holy One,
to acknowledge your power and glory.

Protect me from those who love
You not,
those who delight in their own law,
Whose words become meaningless
by the deeds of their hearts.
In your justice, they will reap
the harvest of iniquity;
In your mercy, they will receive
a reward worthy of their acts.
For they, who remain separated
from your love, O Beloved,
Will miss the joy of your
saving grace,
the peace of your companioning
Presence.

Blessed are You, Heart of my heart!
for You heed the cry of my spirit.
You are my strength and my protection;
into your hands I commend my soul.
My heart leaps as You come to my aid,
and my lament becomes
a song of exultation,
a shout of praise to You,
O my Comforter!

Remember well, O my friends,
The Spirit of Truth becomes known
to all who are receptive to Love,
giving strength and shelter.
Mercy and justice are our birthright—
Let us call on the Giver of Life
to guide our feet into the
way of peace,

Psalm 32

forgiveness

Blessed is each one whose wrongdoings
have been forgiven,
whose shame has been forgotten.
Blessed is each one in whom Love Divine
finds a home,
and whose spirit radiates truth.

When I acknowledged not my shortcomings,
I became ill through all my defenses.
And day and night, guilt weighed heavy
in my heart;
My spirit became dry as desert bones.

I admitted my faults to the Most High,
and I made known my regret;
I cried out, "Forgive me, O Comforter,
for those times I have sinned in
my thoughts, my words,
and my deeds;"
And the Beloved created a clean heart
within me.

Therefore, let everyone who is sincere
give thanks to the Beloved;
For whenever we feel overwhelmed
by fear,
we shall be embraced by Love.
Dwelling in the heart of the Beloved,
we are free from distress,
free to live creatively.

O my Beloved, you are my guide and
my teacher;
Be watchful of me, give me your
counsel.
I pray for the gifts of inner peace
and wisdom,
For the gift of reverence for life.

Many are the heartaches of those
separated from Love;
Steadfast love abides with those
who surrender their lives into
the hands of the Beloved.
Be glad and rejoice, all you
who walk along the path of truth!
And shout for joy, all you upright
of heart!



Psalm 33

Rejoice in the Beloved, O you holy ones!
Praise is a grace of the loving.
Praise the Beloved with strings and reeds,
Give praise with dance and leaps;
sing a new song, and
shout with joyful heart!

Psalm 46

The Beloved is our refuge and our strength,
a loving Presence in times of trouble.

Therefore we will not fear though
the earth should change,
though the mountains shake in the
heart of the sea;

Though its waters roar and foam,
though the mountains tremble
with its tumult.

There is a river whose streams
make glad the Holy City,
the holy habitation of the Most High.

The Beloved is in the midst of it,
it shall not be moved;

Our loving Creator is an
ever-present help.

The nations may be at war,
countries left in ruins,
yet is the Voice of the Almighty
heard,

melting hearts of stone.

The Beloved is with us,
the infinite Heart of Love.

Come, behold the works of the Beloved,
how love does reign even in
humanity's desolation.

For the Beloved makes wars to cease,
breaking through the barriers of fear,
shattering the greedy and oppressors,
refining hearts of iron!

"Be still and know that I am Love.

I am exalted among the nations,

I am exalted in the earth!"

The One who knows all hearts
is with us;

The Beloved is our refuge and our strength.



Psalm 47

Clap your hands, all peoples!
Acclaim the Creator with loud songs
of joy!

For the Beloved of our hearts
is mighty,
the Most High over all the
earth.

Love invites the people to
co-creation,
the nations to peace.

Love is our birthright,
our heritage,
to be shared with all.

Let Love rise up to shouts
of acclamation;
join in the cosmic celebration!

to come
that this is the Beloved,
our hope for ever and ever.
Yea, the Blessed One will be with us
for ever.



Psalm 49

Hear this, all peoples!
Give ear, all inhabitants of the
earth,
both low and high,
rich and poor together!
My mouth shall speak wisdom!
the meditation of my heart
shall be understanding.

I will incline my ear to the Word;
I will solve my problems
* through the whispers
of the Heart's voice.

Why should I give up in times of
trouble,
when the stubbornness of my fears
surround me,
Fears that give birth to greed
and lead to exploitation?

Truly I cannot save myself,
or offer a haven of peace to
another,
When my home is like a hornet's nest,
a hive of restless fears.
Turning to you, O Guiding Spirit,
is my strength and support,
a stronghold in times of trouble.

Yes, even the wise are not immune
to fear;
yet, unlike the ignorant, the wise
face their fears with resolve.
Not running away, nor projecting them
onto others,
They trace them to the source,
rooting them out as weeds
from a rose garden.
Thus, they do not trust in the riches
of the world,
but in the Treasure hidden
in the heart.

Others are arrogant in their ignorance,
proud of their own counsel.
Like sheep led to slaughter,
their fears compel them to
walk in darkness,
Guiding them onto unholy paths,
into webs of intrigue,
where despair and destruction
make their home.
Yet does the Spirit of Truth abide within,
veiled by bulwarks of pain.

Be not afraid to discover the Treasure
 within,
 to seek the gold hidden in
 the garden of your heart.
For inasmuch as you root out
 each fear,
 will truth and peace and joy
 become your riches.
You will live in the realm of Love
 becoming a light,
 a beneficial presence in the world.
Future generations will be blessed,
 the bonds of ignorance
 broken forever.
O Spirit of Truth, You are our strength
 and our guiding light,
Leading us to the eternal Treasure,
 the Heart of our heart.



Psalm 50

The Beloved, through the energy of Love,
 brought forth the world.
From the rising to the setting sun,
 Love radiates out to all the nations
 perfect in beauty.
The Beloved has come and will not
 keep silence;
for Divine Love is a consuming Fire,
 calling forth heaven and earth
 to the judgment of all peoples:

“Gather around, my loyal friends,
 all who by repentance and recompense
 follow the Inner Way.”
The universe forever proclaims justice,
And, the Beloved’s Indwelling Presence
 guides those who hear with
 their hearts.

“Listen, all people, and I shall speak;
 I will bear witness against you,
 O nations:
As Divine Presence, Eternal Flame of Love,
Shall I not find fault with what
 you call holy,
 these offerings of greed and war
 that are before Me always?
Your lies and deceitful ways,
 your greed for power and wealth
 are spawned by darkness;
Have you forgotten that we are to be
 One in Love and Truth,
 that all of life is Sacred Gift?
I know every creature, every plant,
 every mineral;
I know you—your every need
 and your fears;
The Earth and all that is in it
 belongs to the Whole, to be
 tended by all in co-operation
 with Love.
Shall I accept your proud and
 boasting hearts,
 the oppression, the injustices
 brought about