

Let's Be Real

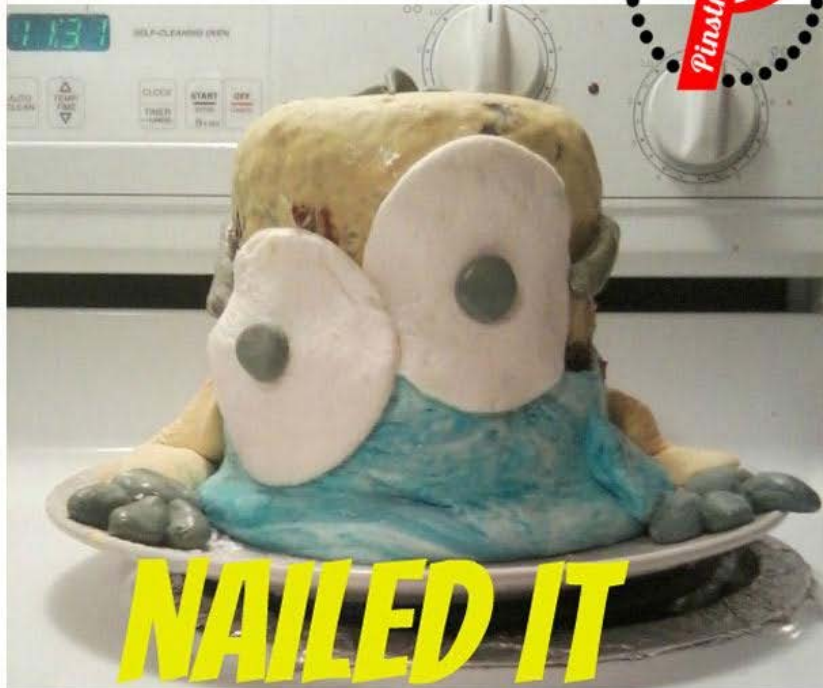
Psalm 142

**RUBBER DUCKY
CUPCAKES**



NAILED IT





NAILED IT

*Prayer isn't always nice and neat,
it's often messy (just like our lives).*

I cry aloud to the LORD; I lift up my voice to the LORD for mercy. I pour out my complaint before him; before him I tell my trouble. When my spirit grows faint within me, it is you who know my way.

In the path where I walk men have hidden a snare for me. Look to my right and see; no one is concerned for me. I have no refuge; no one cares for my life. I cry to you, O LORD; I say, “You are my refuge, my portion in the land of the living.”

Listen to my cry, for I am in desperate need; rescue me from those who pursue me, for they are too strong for me. Set me free from my prison, that I may praise your name. Then the righteous will gather about me because of your goodness to me.

(Psalm 142)

“We have sung the happy songs in church, prayed the happy prayers, and told ourselves to always be thankful, at the expense of silencing the grief left unresolved in our hearts.”

(Esther Fleece – “No More Faking Fine”)

Look Inside

Look Up

Look Forward

Let's Be Real

Psalm 142