

A reading from the book of PSALMS

LORD, you have probed me,
you know me:
you know when I sit and stand;
you understand my thoughts from afar.

You sift through my travels and my rest;
with all my ways you are familiar.

Even before a word is on my tongue,
LORD, you know it all.

Behind and before you encircle me
and rest your hand upon me.

Such knowledge is too wonderful for me,
far too lofty for me to reach.

You formed my inmost being;
you knit me in my mother's womb
I praise you, because I am wonderfully made;
wonderful are your works!

My very self you know.

My bones are not hidden from you,
when I was being made in secret,
fashioned in the depths of the earth.

Your eyes saw me unformed;
in your book all are written down;
my days were shaped, before one came to be.

How precious to me are your designs, O God;
how vast the sum of them!

The Word of The Lord