

A Royal Petition for Vindication by Salvation from Death

Psalm 6

A psalm of David.

- 1 **I AM**, stop in your anger rebuking me;
and stop in your wrath disciplining me.
- 2 Be gracious to me, **I AM**, for I am *fainting away*;
heal me, **I AM**, for *my bones tremble* in fright;
- 3 and my soul is *exceedingly dismayed*.
And as for you, **I AM**, how long?
- 4 Turn, **I AM**; deliver me;
Rescue me for the sake of your *unfailing love*.
- 5 For none proclaim your name in the land of the dead.
[lit. there is no remembrance of you in death]
Who gives praise to you in the Grave?
- 6 I am worn out from my sobbing;
I cause my bed every night to float.
I dissolve my couch with my tears.
- 7 My eyes waste away from vexation;
They fail *because of all my foes*.
- 8 Get away from me, all you who do evil,
for **I AM** has heard *my weeping*.
- 9 **I AM** has heard *my petition*;
I AM accepts *my prayer*.
- 10 All my enemies will be ashamed and *exceedingly dismayed*;
they will turn and suddenly be put to shame.¹

I. Meditation #1: Acknowledging that God disciplines those he loves

- A. "When he commits iniquity, I will discipline him with the rod of men" (2 Sam 7:14; Heb 12:7-12). Do you acknowledge his discipline?
- B. "How long," implies that God's discipline has *limits*: "...but my steadfast love will not depart from him." (2 Sam 7:15)

II. Meditation #2: Truths to stir God to save

- A. *Enough is enough!* The discipline has gone beyond its desired end. The blows of God's chastening rod have gone on so long and been so severe that the king has lost his ability to rule (vv. 2-3).
- B. *God's glory*: God displays his glory by his grace and unfailing love to his covenant partner by rescuing his chosen king from the grave and receiving public praise. David appeals to God's covenant name "I AM" 8 times in the psalm.
- C. *God's compassion and vindication over his enemies*: God takes note of every detail of his son's unspeakable grief resulting, not from the initial discipline, but from the malicious abuse heaped upon him from his enemies, who taunt him that he is under God's curse, justifying their reason to reject him as king.
- D. Do you plead your case for deliverance to God with spiritual fervency and rational arguments?

III. Meditation #3: Confidence of being heard!

- A. *Confidence born*: As death takes God's anointed king into its decisive grip and he gives voice to pain, his heart grasps the eternal verity: God hears and accepts his prayer.
- B. *Confidence applied*: Revitalized, he routs by faith the horde of assailants taunting him: "Get away from me," he shouts, while assuring the faithful that the routed evildoers will be put to shame.
- C. Have you experienced such confidence before circumstances changed?

¹Translation and outline adapted from Bruce K. Waltke and James M. Houston & Erica Moore, *The Psalms as Christian Lament: A Historical Commentary* (Grand Rapids: Eerdmans, 2014), 51-54.

Entering into the King's Suffering and Faith

Like Psalms 3–5 the king pours out his lament; this time for a sickness so severe and so long that he totters on the brink of the grave. He intuitively by faith that his providential sickness is the rod in God's hand to correct him: "the golden rod that enriches us by its blows" (Spurgeon). His enemies interpret it as God's curse that validates their rejection of him as I AM's chosen king. David implicitly admits his guilt by asking God to stop disciplining him *in his anger*, and pleads God's discipline not exceed the measure of loving correction. Should God's royal slave die, virtue will be crucified. He prays publicly and passionately, for it is unthinkable to him that "I AM"...

- ❖ would not show compassion;
- ❖ would not extend his sublime glories to his chosen king;
- ❖ would not save him, obscuring his glory;
- ❖ would be implacable to his tears;
- ❖ would vindicate evil doers in their rejection of God's king;
- ❖ and would cast a mill-stone around the necks of his trusting people.²

Entering into Jesus' Suffering and Faith

Therefore...let us run with endurance the race that is set before us, looking to Jesus, the founder and perfecter of our faith, who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross, despising the shame, and is seated at the right hand of the throne of God. Consider him who endured from sinners such hostility against himself, so that you may not grow weary or fainthearted. In your struggle against sin you have not yet resisted to the point of shedding your blood. (Heb 12:1-4)

O Sacred Head, Now Wounded

O sacred Head, now wounded, with grief and shame weighed down,
Now scornfully surrounded with thorns, Thine only crown;
O sacred Head, what glory, what bliss till now was Thine!
Yet, though despised and gory, I joy to call Thee mine.

What Thou, my Lord, hast suffered, was all for sinners' gain;
Mine, mine was the transgression, but Thine the deadly pain.
Lo, here I fall, my Savior! 'Tis I deserve Thy place;
Look on me with Thy favor, vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

A Master at Work upon his Masterwork

A Master at work on his masterwork
servant swooning face down in grief
upon the anvil of God's fiery hot chastening rod,
submitting until there is nothing left to give,
every ounce of strength drained dry,
his brain naught, his body shot,

silent and powerless to carry out his holy orders...

until the onslaught of terrorizing taunts
attack the foundation stone of the Master's holy love
infuse the servant with fiery fervency
to plead his case for an act of grace
and reverse the fortunes of the poor and powerful

In a mere 78* words arranged
in 4 perfectly balanced and symmetrical strophes

24 words

15 words

15 words

24 words

and his covenant name "I AM" laced (8 times) throughout
our poet architects a ziggurat for the dying
a Jacob's ladder with solid steps to ascend
out the clutches of the ghoulish grave
unto solid ground where no request or tear is forgotten

Apparently the poem can be no less beautiful than the poet,
both are masterworks by a master worker,
but I wonder...

did the poem shape the poet too?

rabbi morganescu

*78 is the numerical value of YHWH 26 x 3, the number of perfection.

²Waltke *The Psalms as Christian Lament*, 52.