**A PRAYER from Psalm 39 adapted and personalized for Baptist spiritual workers**

**PSALM 39 A CALL TO ANALIZE AND REDEEM THE TIME**

(Personalize this prayer by adding your name in each of the blank spaces)

**Psa 39:1** As a young Baptist church planter I said, "I**, - - -** , will be careful about what I do and how I will plant my church, and will not let my tongue make me sin; I will not say anything while evil reviling MEN are near."

Psa 39:2 I kept quiet, not saying a word, not even about anything good! But my inward agony about these MEN’s eternal destiny only grew worse,

Psa 39:3 and I was overcome with anxiety about their soul. The more I thought about these MEN being in hell, the more troubled I became; I could not keep from asking:

Psa 39:4 " LORD, how long will I, **- - -** , live? When will I, **- - -,** die? Tell me how soon my life will end and I will stand before your Throne Jesus."

Psa 39:5 How short you have made my life to produce eternal fruit! In your sight my lifetime of saving souls seems nothing. Indeed every living MAN & woman is no more than a puff of wind,

Psa 39:6 no more than a shadow. All we do is for nothing; we gather wealth – a house – a car – the latest electronic gadgets, but don't know who will get it.

Psa 39:7 What, then, can I**, - - -,** hope for except to glorify you my Radiant Lord? I**, - - -** , put my soul and my hope for salvation and eternal life in you my powerful and victorious Lord Jesus.

Psa 39:8 Save me from all my sins of ugly independence, and don't let fools make fun of me.

Psa 39:9 I**, - - -,** will keep quiet and not gripe, I will not say a word of complaint, for you are the one who made me suffer like this in spiritual agony and defeat.

Psa 39:10 Don't rebuke me any more! I am about to die from your blows.

Psa 39:11 You punish our independent spirit by your rebukes, and like a moth you destroy what we falsely love. Indeed we are no more than a puff of wind!

Psa 39:12 Hear my prayer, my gracious LORD of mercy, and listen to my cry; come to my aid and deliver me when I weep. Like all my ancestors I**, - - -** , am only your guest to bring you honor and glory and spiritual fruit for a little while.

Psa 39:13 Restore me, **- - -** , and leave me alone so that I may enjoy *YOU* before I go away and am no more able to shine here for you .