



**Life Group Leaders Huddle
and Potluck Faspa – October
2nd at 4:00 pm**

Introduction to the Psalms

AEMMC Life Groups



Psalms. 42

A white-tailed deer drinks
from the creek;
I want to drink God,
deep draughts of God.
I'm thirsty for God-alive.
I wonder, "Will I ever make it—
arrive and drink in God's presence?"
I'm on a diet of tears—
tears for breakfast, tears for supper.
All day long
people knock at my door,
Pestering,
"Where is this God of yours?"
These are the things I go over and over,
emptying out the pockets of my life.
I was always at the head of the worshiping
crowd,
right out in front,
Leading them all,
eager to arrive and worship,
Shouting praises, singing thanksgiving—
celebrating, all of us, God's feast!
Why are you down in the dumps, dear soul?
Why are you crying the blues?
Fix my eyes on God—
soon I'll be praising again.
He puts a smile on my face.
He's my God.

Read and Discuss

Read the Psalm together out loud. Have one person read v 1-6, and another read 7-11.

Discuss:

What is the psalmist really longing for? The worship service? The fellowship with other believers? An intimate meeting with God himself?

What causes such a longing for God?
(Job 19:27; Ps. 119:131; Joel 1:20)

Read Matthew 7:6 and 1 Peter 2:19-21 and discuss when it is true persecution and when it is our own fault if people ridicule our faith.

Compare Psalm 42:6 with Matthew 26:36-39 and discuss how to handle times of deep distress in our lives.

Share Stories:

Share with each other how you have experienced God in the past? Be specific, did you hear a voice? Did you see things? How did that experience shape your relationship with God? Do you still have those experiences regularly?

Have you ever experienced long periods of time when God seemed to be distant? How have you dealt with those times in your life?

PRAY Together

Ask if someone in your group is currently experiencing a time of “drought” in their relationship with God. If so, how can you support each other and help get through it?

When my soul is in the dumps, I rehearse
everything I know of you,
From Jordan depths to Hermon heights,
including Mount Mizar.
Chaos calls to chaos,
to the tune of whitewater rapids.
Your breaking surf, your thundering breakers
crash and crush me.
Then God promises to love me all day,
sing songs all through the night!
My life is God's prayer.
Sometimes I ask God, my rock-solid God,
“Why did you let me down?
Why am I walking around in tears,
harassed by enemies?”
They're out for the kill, these
tormentors with their obscenities,
Taunting day after day,
“Where is this God of yours?”
Why are you down in the dumps, dear soul?
Why are you crying the blues?
Fix my eyes on God—
soon I'll be praising again.
He puts a smile on my face.
He's my God.