



# NUMBERING OUR DAYS

# PSALM 90

A landscape photograph of a river winding through a valley at sunset, with mountains in the background. The sky is a warm orange and yellow, and the mountains are silhouetted against the light. The river reflects the light and winds through the valley.

"The sad and stately music of this great psalm befits the dirge of a world. How artificial and poor, beside its restrained emotion and majestic simplicity, do even the most deeply felt strains of other poets on the same theme sound! It preaches man's mortality in immortal words."


-Alexander MacLaren



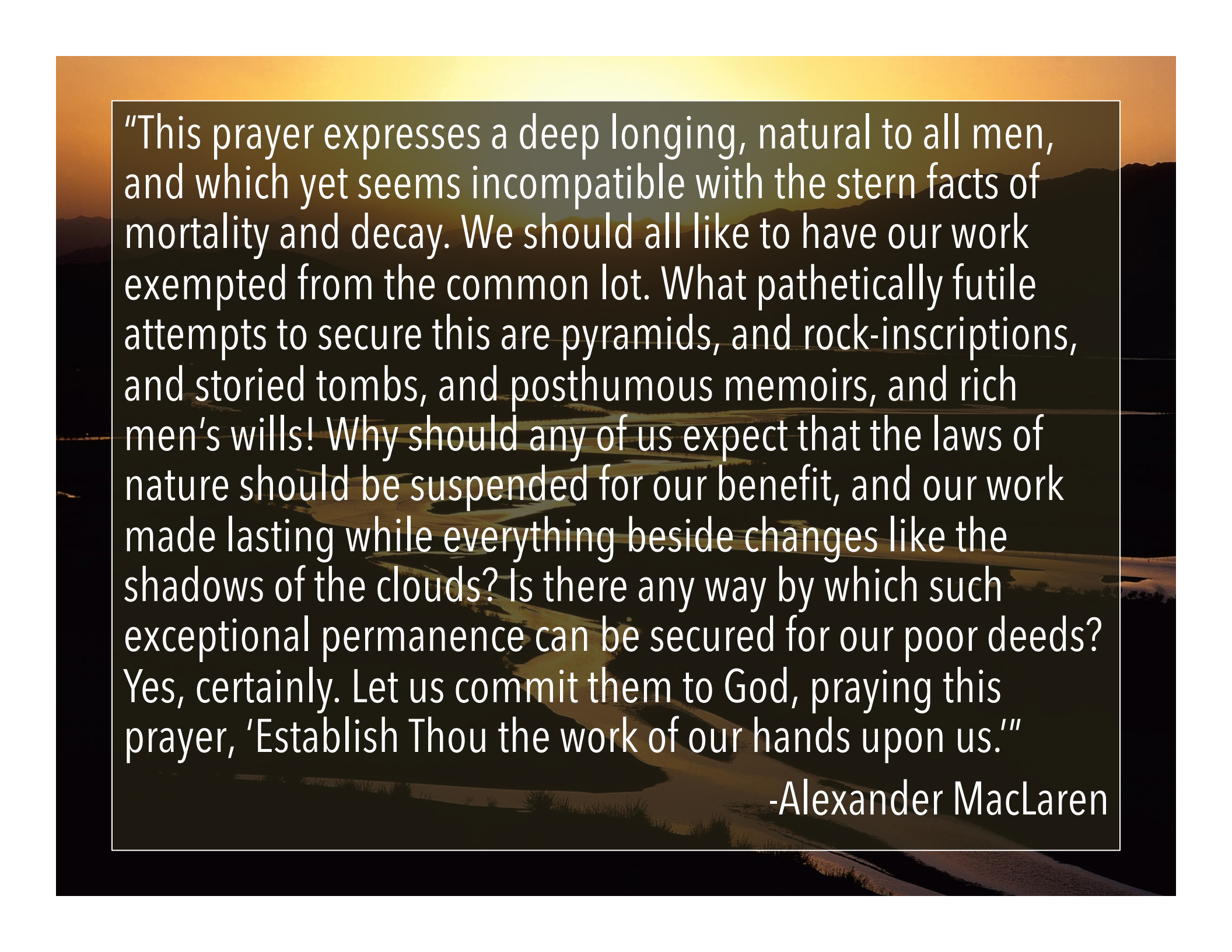
God is the true abode of  
man in his transitoriness

A landscape photograph showing a wide, winding river or delta system in the foreground and middle ground. The water reflects the bright, low sun, which is positioned centrally in the upper half of the frame. The sky is a deep orange and yellow. In the background, there are dark, silhouetted mountain ranges. A large, semi-transparent dark rectangle with a thin white border is overlaid on the lower half of the image, containing white text.

Our sin and God's wrath  
explain life's brevity

A landscape photograph of a winding river at sunset or sunrise. The sun is low on the horizon, casting a warm, golden glow across the sky and reflecting off the water. The river flows through a dark, silhouetted landscape, with mountains visible in the background. A semi-transparent dark rectangle is overlaid on the image, containing the text "Only God can redeem us from our own futility" in white serif font.

Only God can redeem us  
from our own futility

The background of the image is a landscape photograph. It shows a wide, winding river or path that curves through a valley. In the distance, there are dark, silhouetted mountains against a bright, hazy sky where the sun is either rising or setting, creating a warm, golden glow. The overall scene is peaceful and contemplative, matching the reflective nature of the text.

"This prayer expresses a deep longing, natural to all men, and which yet seems incompatible with the stern facts of mortality and decay. We should all like to have our work exempted from the common lot. What pathetically futile attempts to secure this are pyramids, and rock-inscriptions, and storied tombs, and posthumous memoirs, and rich men's wills! Why should any of us expect that the laws of nature should be suspended for our benefit, and our work made lasting while everything beside changes like the shadows of the clouds? Is there any way by which such exceptional permanence can be secured for our poor deeds? Yes, certainly. Let us commit them to God, praying this prayer, 'Establish Thou the work of our hands upon us.'"

-Alexander MacLaren