

**Mid-week Meditation**  
**October 7, 2020**  
**Rev. Mark McLennan**  
**New St. James Presbyterian Church**

Someone I read this week reminded me – before it was a noun, thanksgiving was a verb.

I love turkey or ham dinners, with all the accoutrements, but:

In these days, and months, when so many have lost so much, I believe we must continue to recall those many people, things, and situations for which we should be thankful.

This year we have been thanking front line workers, teachers, first responders, medical people – a lot – and rightfully so.

But after a few weeks of lockdown, as was pondering the state of affairs, I realized something:

I am also thankful for the people who keep fresh clean water running through my taps, and my toilets flushing, and my HVAC system working, and power running through my house.

I am thankful for my life, and all that is part of it – people, communities, amenities, gifts - blessings beyond counting and imagining.

Frederick Buechner, one of my favourite writer/theologians, wrote:

*We listen to the evening news with its usual recital of shabbiness and horror, and God, if we believe in him at all, seems remote and powerless, a child's dream.*

*But there are other times--often the most unexpected, unlikely times--when strong as life itself comes the sense that there is a holiness deeper than shabbiness and horror and at the very heart of darkness a light unutterable.*

*Is it only the unpredictable fluctuations of the human spirit that we have to thank?*

*We must each of us answer for ourselves, remember for ourselves, preach to ourselves our own sermons.*

*But "Remember the wonderful works," sings King David, because if we remember deeply and truly, he says - we will know whom to thank,*

*and in that room of thanksgiving and remembering there is peace.*