

I Thank You, Lord, for Each New Day



She is a young woman in great grief, a freshman in college who has found it much too hard to return for the second semester. Her father has just been killed in a hunting accident. And with her sister just a little older than she and her mother, she is gasping for air and trying to make some sense of such a senseless tragedy.

After a very long time of wrestling all the way to her toes with the issues of God and suffering up close and personal, she began to breathe the fresh air of God's faithfulness, even when it doesn't make sense.

She gave to me a little blank journal she called a "Blessing Book." In it she had beautifully written the words of the old hymn, "Count your many blessings, name them one by one. Count your many blessings see what God hath done." This young woman is beginning to see that God gives grace and strength beyond measure, and tucks blessings everywhere for us to find as we journey toward healing.

Whatever the reason that drives us to counting our blessings, let's do it. Let's each get us a "blessing book" and name it whatever we would like. From time to time, let's get that blessing book down and begin writing. Let's not finish it though - for his compassions never fail, indeed they are new every morning.

Let's sit with our blessing books in sunshine and rain, in the fall resplendent with autumn colors, in the nighttime of an enormous full moon, in the noontime of a summer storm, beside a crackling fire, on a rock outcropping overlooking a meadow surrounded with forest, at the ocean listening to the crashing waves. Let's sit with our blessing books when our hearts are broken and when our hearts are singing.

This is my Father's world. I am my Father's child.

"I thank you, Lord, for all these simple things," says the hymn writer.
And so must we.

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