

A PSALM FOR THANKSGIVING MORNING

by Pastor Bert

O Lord,
Everyone's conscious of the environment:
whales, spotted owls, salmon streams, old growth forests
living together with mankind
one vast eco-system
in need of harmony
oneness.

But this Thanksgiving morning
the earth's unity finds an expression
never imagined by environmental pundits.
Today, as I lift my conscious, understanding voice
in thanksgiving to Thee
Creator, Sustainer of all things
I join dumb beasts
mountains, forests, streams
unified for a moment
in the praise
for which we were designed
Master Designer.

I exalt you this morning
in harmony with
the proud Rhode Island Red
who outside my window
daily proclaims your glory
with the coming dawn.

As your image-bearer
I delight to reflect your face this day
along with a billion dewdrops
now frozen into tiny mirrors
reflecting the dazzling glory
of your beauty.

With pen in hand I scribble on my pad
lines of thanksgiving
musings on how you have carried me along
and in doing so
I join the mindless slug
who daily records your Providence
on my sidewalk.

With conscious faith
I delight this morning to realize
as the hymn-writer said
“hangs my helpless soul on Thee”
Dear Lover of my soul.

But looking to the vast blue heavens
I see that cirrus clouds
always delight
to hang on nothing
but the breath of your Word.
With them I rest
giving thanks
for such secure helplessness.

Sitting at my piano
mustered the strength of arms and fingers
I demand more sound
desperately trying to match the power
with which Baker
robed in the brilliance of snow,
majestically
silently
shouts, “Glory!”
enhanced by the delicate obbligato of rising steam.
Alas, I cannot compete.

But today, I join the symphony
in harmony with all the earth
not in New Age cacophony
but according to Creator’s score
at the stroke of Redeemer’s baton
making Thanksgiving melody
to You,
Worthy Lord.

Thanksgiving 1993