

“Acknowledge that the Lord is God! He made us, and we are his. We are his people, the sheep of his pasture. Enter his gates with thanksgiving; go into his courts with praise. Give thanks to him and praise his name. For the Lord is good. His unfailing love continues forever, and his faithfulness continues to each generation.” Psalms 100:3-5 NLT

lectio // Psalm 100

What an amazing reminder and an admonishment for everyday. God is God. Consequently, I am not. And, neither are you. Hallelujah! We are his. We have been bought with a price, Paul says to the churches in Corinth, we are not our own. However, this ownership by God is clearly defined in relationship not in punishment or forced labor. Especially, when we read we are HIS sheep of HIS pasture. Sheep, as I understand them (which I don't) are among the simplest, innocent creatures in the animal kingdom. And, they are not known for their quick wit or smart, self-protective ways. Yet, the Psalmist declares, God is always and STILL good. And, if I may change the reading a little, believed to extend HIS faithfulness to each generation. I need that, we need that, the generations that follow certainly need that. God is faithful. Thank God for this alone. In a world where promises are cheap and widely distributed, rarely kept - God keeps his word.

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Dad,

I don't know how many times I can be thankful that I don't and we (corporately as a country, culture or cause) don't run the world affairs - you do! It's sadly ironic that anyone one of us thinks we can FIX the problems of our globe, our ways, our sin. We are BENT and BROKEN. I'd say we need a savior from ourselves but that is what you've already provided. Jesus is perfect, yet when God lived among us, in that perfection, we - WE didn't like it at all. So we killed him. And you did not "allow" that to happen - you planned it. You planned to be murdered in cold blood completely innocent and in perfection. And, we are still not satisfied with that level of love, that level of relationship. We still want more of us, not you. We are a cycle of tragedy. Help us, please.

contemplatio

rest in the presence of God, allowing the words revealed to take root