

LET OUR THANKSGIVING BE THANKSGIVING

Eph. 5:14-21.

Nov 26-39 - Columbus

"We are all entitled to the wealth of the grateful ~~man~~

We have to be shocked, shaken up, and jarred in order to be aroused to the genius of gratitude..."Awake thou that sleepest and arise from the dead.....giving thanks always for all things unto God and the Father in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ."

We are prone to have just a day for Thanksgiving...or two days when we have that good juicy turkey, cranberries, and a real good time. I am not voting against the turkey nor any of the trimmings. But just that is not enough to pay even the debts to our Colonial forefathers....Let our Thanksgiving be Thanksgiving. *Two angels went to earth - one to gather petitions - the other to keep them. I got all the best every - I put many thanks to keepers*

In 1623 there was a great drought in the midst of our pilgrim fathers..they went into a season of fasting and prayer.. While they were yet in that attitude a fine rain fell...They at once turned their prayers of asking into hymns of Thanksgiving. *Robert Louis Stevenson and "Road of Gratitude" by Samson*

In these days and in THIS country we should overflow with gratitude for the bountiful table spread before us, by nature...for a providence that gives to us the life of spring the growing of the summer, the harvesting of the autumn, and the white restfulness of the winter. *a country we hoarded*

Some one has said, "Art teaches us to see...teaches us what to see...and teaches to see more than we see."

Teaches us to see....teaches us to see what some just look at...the vigor of the morning, the opening bud, fading leaf etc.

Teaches us what to see....the selective vision...in conglomeration to see the enobling.

Teaches us to see more than we see...that is to say..beyond that which is visible to the naked eye we see with that inner eye of the spirit. *Here indeed we have come first*

Back behind every shower of blessing see God and give thanks to Him...when the total of blessings have come to some people they gripe rather than give thanks...never satisfied. A farmer made a bumper crop and a neighbor said, "Well with that bumper crop you do not have anything complain about do you?" "Well I don't know" said the farmer, "For a yield like this is pesky hard on the land."

Let our Thanksgiving Be Thanksgiving

A second factor in our thanksgiving is the human factor. We will not be deeply grateful if we do not properly appraise our human relationships. There are three paths leading to the center of our enchanting human world:

1. The road named "YESTERDAY"...Some one has calculated that life is seven eights memory. The present is momentary, the future is unborn, and the past is there...No one of us has a past that is unsoiled...perhaps... but each one has much in his past to be grateful for...in his Yesterdays. Our yesterdays transfigure and enlarge our human world when we reflect on our household faces.

- a. Father was poor but essence of integrity.
- b. Mother after father died became a heroine.
- c. Sister who early went away to that other land
- d. Little child who went away before it knew any sin
- e. A brother who climbed with you to manhood...maybe you still have him...then be thankful.

2. The road today...be grateful for things coming to you moment by moment

3. The road TOMORROW....This leads up to think beyond what we can see....immortality...Jesus centered...In heaven wherever that is...It may be very close...as some one has suggested...just in another room.....Let us notice the words of Dr. Robert Freeman..

No not cold beneath the grasses
not close-walled within the tomb
Rather in our Father's mansion
Living in another room.

Living like the man who loves me
Like my child with cheeks abloom
Out of sight at desk or school book
Busy in another room

Nearer than my son whom fortune
Becons where the strange lands loom
Just behind the hanging curtain
Serving in another room

Shall I doubt my Father's mercy?
Shall I think of death as doom?
Or the stepping over the threshold
To a bigger brighter room?

Shall I blame my Father's wisdom?
Shall I sit enswathed in gloom
When I know my loves are happy
Waiting in the other room?

Let our thanksgiving be thanksgiving
"Giving thanks for all things always in-
to God and the Father in the name
of our Lord and Saviour Jesus
Christ -

Amen

The hymn "Count your blessings" is a good one
 too many people count their misfortunes - The good
 woman whose 1st room was by a busy street
 then moved to back room, and a squalid part of
 town.

Ill - Boy lay on operating table - surgeon and
 fellow students stood by - The surgeon said,
 "young man if you have anything to say
 say it now because they will be
 the last words you will ever speak,
 (He had had cancer of the tongue)

all stood breathless to see what
 his last words would be - There
 was silence - The boy looked all
 around at each person - a deep
 solemnity was on the face of
 each one as they waited his
 words - His face began to brighten
 and he said, "Thank you for
Jesus"

