



Give thanks to the Lord

For everything there is a season, and a time for every matter under heaven... it is God's gift that all should eat and drink and take pleasure in all their toil. I know that whatever God does endures forever; nothing can be added to it, nor anything taken from it; God has done this, so that all should stand in awe before him. That which is, already has been, that which is to be, already is; and God seeks out what has gone by. Ecclesiastes 3:1,13-15

A new season is beginning. Already in the great outdoors the sounds have changed. The song bird's choir has left us for a time, commencing a tour to sing in other climes. Leaves gently float to the ground in what seems like the dance of an angel. One whimsically takes another look ... are they leaves ... or are they butterflies?

Chores done, standing in the back field at dusk, with a setting sun ... the light cast across the landscape, the canopies of trees and vegetation transforming in colour, with a breathtaking magnificence.

For me, there is a bit of sadness with the changing of the seasons. As a child it would excite me, the opportunity to rake and play in leaves. Winter brought with it skating, tobogganing and playing out of doors in the fresh snow.

Now, at this age it reminds me of time - time passing. I want to hold onto time and to live more fully in it. I want to savour moments in time. I want to be less busy so that I can stop - be still - spend time with God.

There is so much still to learn. I want to see what God is showing me, teaching me or trying to tell me. Or maybe I would just like to stop long enough, to bask in the incredible love of God. To spend some significant time there.

Have you ever wondered at all what you may have missed or not noticed because you were too busy? Or, when you were too distracted? So many of us today drug our minds into numbness with the television - hours of our life disappear - watching pretend lives, or other people living their lives, on our tv screen. We never get that time back.

I don't know about you, but one way I would like to spend time is holding onto my family, and enjoying the gift of them in the quietness of a Sabbath rest as God commanded us. My family, like any other today, is busy. We are always busy. Everyone is so busy. We are a culture of busyness for the sake of it.

On one particularly busy Sunday, after a full week I came home from church tired. So much to do, but no energy left to do it, so I succumbed to the idea of a nap. (One needs

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sound awoke me. I got up having *recognized* that particular clunk sound. I'd heard it before. A bird had hit my window.

I went outside to investigate. And there lying beneath my bedroom window was the most beautiful blue bird I had ever seen. The coloring and detailing of its cloak of feathers was magnificent. This particular species of bird I have been told is almost extinct.

As I gently lifted it up, I noticed it was stunned but nothing was broken. I cradled it ever so carefully in my hands all the while marvelling at how strong it was. I could feel the power and strength in its little body. It was surprising that such a little thing would give off such a strong energy. I still can't believe how I was able to feel that.

I went and sat on a big rock beside some trees knowing that I must hold it, otherwise, if left alone the shock of the impact could kill it. It sat contentedly in my open-cupped hands, looking up at me with its head crooked, and together we watched each other and waited.

As I waited, I drank in the beauty God had created in this beautiful bird – the intricate work of its feathers, its little beak and brown eyes. I watched him watching me. I don't know what he was thinking. I just know that together we had a moment, on a Sunday afternoon, when my own life energy felt so drained ... I held this little bird with so much power in its little body and I marvelled at our Creator. Eventually he flew off into a tree nearby, and watched me from his perch above. It was like he was checking to make sure I got the message, before he flew off with his friends.

I realized holding that little bird he had so much more going for him on that day in his freedom, than I had in my exhausted toil. He may belong to a species on the extinction list, but my time too is limited. How I spend it is so important. How we all spend it, and on what, is so important. I thank God for the gift of that message. Sometimes, we get so busy God comes and knocks on our window to get our attention.

I want to close with some words from Jesus,

"Therefore I tell you, do not worry about your life, what you will eat, or about your body, what you will wear. For life is more than food, and the body more than clothing. Consider the ravens: they neither sow nor reap, they have neither storehouse nor barn, and yet God feeds them. Of how much more value are you than the birds! And can any of you by worrying add a single hour to your span of life? If then you are not able to do so small a thing as that, why do you worry about the rest? ... Instead, strive for His kingdom, and these things will be given to you.
Luke 12:22,

I pray that this Thanksgiving we can all stop our toiling, our busyness and just bask in God's love, thanking Him for the gift of our life and our life together with Him, His son our Lord Jesus Christ, and the wisdom He sends to us daily through the Holy Spirit... sometimes in the form of little beautiful birds.

God's love and blessings,



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