

Tuesday, March 11

Psalm 118:1-2, 19-29

God's steadfast love endures

*God's love never quits.* So Peterson turns the words of Psalm 118 into a refrain that never quits from the first verse to the last. *God's love never quits.*

Who to marry? Where to go to school? What job to take? Which groups to join? Why move to this house? How many children to have? Growing up is filled with such questions.

And who provides the answers? The illusion I held from grade school through my second job was, "Me. I do." The drumbeat of self-choice was so loud I convinced myself and those around me that I knew what I was doing, I chose best, I knew all. The bumps along my road of life, the detours that tried to lead me astray, the hiccups in my progress - well, I could take care of them all.

What a fool!

I was thinking this morning about a farmer in northern Afghanistan - to poppy or not? It's a natural question in a world where your brother and brother-in-law, your neighbor and your cousin, your chief and your village idiot all have answered yes and your only choice is now or soon. What does self-choice have to do with it?

That musing got started with Turner Dairy, a high-fluid-milk processor who paid far better prices than other dairies when I was growing up because they turned little of our cows' production into cheese. It took enormous work to get into their system and we hung on for dear life. Our choice? Hardly! It was just there in our environment.

And me too. The people who shepherded me through grade school and challenged me through high school and opened doors for me in college and found me options for a first job and mentored me before I knew that word existed - *God's love never quits*. Thank you, God, for the big-picture people, for the people who saw more in me than I ever imagined, who saw possibilities for me that I could never create, who simply opened doors. Your love never quits.

A Way to Pray – The Prayer Shawl (tallith)

- There are beautiful ways to make one – or use a towel
- Lay it around your shoulders, or over your head
- Start with any corner and finger the individual threads
- As you finger each, remember 1 who opened a door
- Thank God for that door, and that person