PRAISE

Thanksgiving

One, Two, Three

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One, Two, Three

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=aZjWYgq9QfM

> *My flesh and my heart may fail, but God is the strength of my heart and my portion forever.*
>
> PSALM 73:26

Sunday afternoon, I sat beside a crackling, warm fire and began to doze off while the movie playing hummed softly in the background.

The gentle twinkle of my fall decorations caught my eye as the trees outside my window began bending beneath the approaching storm, threatening snow.

I pondered the many rushed workdays when I would have given anything for a moment like this—quiet, warm and peaceful. And yet, even in the peacefulness, I struggled.

Out another window, the bright red, white and blue flag flew strongly in the wind, bringing a comforting sense of security to my warm and safe Montana home. I was grateful. Slowly, thankfulness began to outweigh the personal struggles of my morning.

Then the phone rang. The voice on the other end sounded hoarse and harsh.

We know the words of Psalm 73:26: “My flesh and my heart may fail, but God is the strength of my heart and my portion forever.”

Earlier that day, I had been caught off guard when a friend at church gave me a side hug. I quickly realized my balance was off because of a back condition, and I nearly fell over.

Funny? Yes.

Alarming? Absolutely!

Oh my! Struggles. We all seem to have them.

And the voice on the phone was struggling, too. My cousin Eileen had bronchitis. “Let’s talk later in the week when I feel better,” she said. As I hung up, I realized how easily we can become focused on what is wrong, what hurts, what is difficult or what we wish were different.

That thought sent me chasing a song by Seph Schlueter called Counting My Blessings.

Seph, an emerging artist whose life was transformed by Jesus, wants others to experience that same transformation. His enthusiastic song reminds us that there is no end to the blessings we have to count:

“One, two, three, up to infinity… I’d run out of numbers before I could thank You for everything.”

What a beautiful reminder.

Our lives are filled with challenges—big ones, little ones and sometimes even funny ones. But when we pause long enough to look back over our lives, we can see something greater than the struggles.

We can see God.

We can see His faithfulness in places we once thought were impossible. We can see His provision when we didn't know how things would work out. We can see His comfort in moments when our hearts were breaking. And sometimes, we can even look back and laugh at the things that once frightened us.

The evidence of God's goodness can become overwhelming—in the very best way. Our struggles may be real, but so are His blessings.

This Sunday before Thanksgiving, perhaps the best thing we can do is stop counting everything that is wrong and start counting everything God has done.

One.

Two.

Three.

And before long, we may discover there are far more blessings than numbers can count. What if, today, instead of counting your struggles, you began counting your blessings?

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