

Thanksgiving Eve meditation on Psalm 126
November 21, 2007

“We were like those who dream.”

Who are the dreamers among us today? You know, the people who catch a vision of a different world, one that is much more like the original intention for our Creation, the one called “Good” in every way by its Creator.

Martin Luther King, Jr. comes to mind, of course. His famous speech, “I Have a Dream,” has been a rich watershed of vision and hope for the way the world can be, if we will work toward it and let the world be that way. “I have a dream that someday my children will be judged not by the color of their skin but by the content of their character. I have a dream!” His stirring words have given hope and endurance to so many who reach for their own dreams in this world of boundaries and artificially imposed limitations.

The psalmist records the wonder and awe and joy of exiles returning from the chains and house arrest of Babylon to see once again their own land, their longed for home. “We were like those who dream.” They were giddy with the reality of their dreams now made real before their very eyes. An ephemeral wish, usually gone like the early dew of the morning, had not gone this time. It was real. This dream had been fulfilled!

We have a lot of dreams. I’m sure you have some that come to mind right away. God has dreams, too, dreams that are to be actualized as the goal of God’s work in our midst. Martin Luther King’s dream of people being judged by the content of their character has a way to go before being realized, however. In the same way, many of God’s dreams are yet to be realized. They are far from reality at the present time.

Does this mean that God’s dreams will never come true? Of course not. Verse 6 of our psalm says, “Those who go out weeping, bearing the seed for sowing, shall come home with shouts of joy, carrying their sheaves.” We’re not talking about good farming practices here. This is a wonderfully pictorial way to say God’s people suffer. God’s people understand heartache and horror. They may go out weeping. **HOWEVER**, and this is a big however, they bear seeds of God’s dreams, and they shall see those seeds grow to fruition and harvest. They will see a day when they can shout for joy over their God given dreams becoming real.

Sometimes we don’t get to see these dreams come to reality in our earthly lifetime. Sometimes we can only bear the seed of God’s hopeful dreams for sowing. But the dreams are not empty or dead. Just like a seed, there is a germ of a life force within our seeds of God’s hopeful dreams. The dreams are ready to burst forth in our midst. Our charge is to carry them, plant them, nurture them, and pass them on to the next generation.

Someday differences between nations will be settled by peaceful means. This is a living dream!

Someday hungry people will have the resources to provide for themselves and their families. This is a hope-filled, God-given dream!

Someday housing and adequate shelter and a sure foothold of education will be not just a mere dream for children presently living in old cars or cardboard boxes, or in violent households, hounded by nightmares and terror. This is a dream that needs to become reality now, and God hears the cries of those little ones who are afraid even to dream for fear that they will once again be set up for dashed hopes.

Do you live as if you carry the seeds of God's dreams? Or do you live as one who doesn't know the seeds are given to us to bear? Are you of the mind that there is no life to the dreams in our midst? Whether you know it or not, you are called to bring the beginnings of God's dreams – the seeds of hope – into reality. You. Yes, little old you. Right there in your hands are placed God's seeds of hope, so that the great dreams of God's justice and peace will dwell on earth.

Give thanks to God and shout for joy! There are dreams unfolding in your midst. Amen.