

**Thank You**  
**Thanksgiving Sunday, 2020**  
**Rev. Sarah Campbell**

Last week at this time I was at a rustic cabin in the woods and I wrote this Thanksgiving meditation. You may hear in it an echo from a few years back. I invite to you to just relax and imagine...and remember that in the particular is the universal...

Thank you fire that warms us for three days in this little cabin in the woods. Our only source of warmth, you make this retreat possible and you draw our attention away from the world for a spell and into your captivating flames of calm and beauty.

Thank you big old furry black dog sitting next to me by the fire, your smell too calms me, so does touching you, as you sit close and receive my love and somehow keep my heart soft.

Thank you red pump that brings up water, even when the earth is frozen, covered in snow.

Thank you out house with your great view.

Thank you forest and cattails and sumac and big rocks.

Thank you blaze orange caps and vests that keep us safe as the hunters hunt for deer, this most excellent of local foods.

Thank you path that lures us out into the windy cold for a long hike past cabins empty now, but full of memories... up and over fallen trees... sometimes at the edge of the bank that plunges down to the rocky shore where the wind savagely blows the waves against the big rocks...

Thank you words like savagely that spark the mind...

Thank you trees, pine and birch and maple and oak, standing upright and strong, giving us strength and oxygen, or fallen, and sawn and split and put into fire, giving us warmth.

Thank you memories in this place of my father who built this cabin for his family when ministers didn't have their own homes, memories of my father carrying water up from the dock in huge pails, or smoking a pipe and reading D.H. Lawrence on the porch, or pushing me on a swing strung between two big trees when I was 3; my father who is sleeping a lot now as he waits eagerly for his release from this world; my father who says to me over the phone with a very weak voice: "Oh good Sarah. You're going to the cabin. You need that."

Thank you good fathers....

Thank you hospice workers who make my father feel good as he is dying...

Thank you wind.

Thank you stars.

Thank you wild geese flying overhead and honking with joy.

Thank you butter nut squash soup in the ceramic bowls on the oak table in the candle light. Thank you warm colors and beauty to look at and to taste. And thank you big blond butternut squashes as you pulled me away from my computer into the yard every day to watch you grow... your leaves and stems spreading wildly, savagely across my little yard... and how you blessed a totally inexperienced gardener with awe at the miracle of you even in such hard times...

Thank you novels Homeland Elegies and What are you going through that soften the heart and makes one wonder and really care about our small town, greater Minnesota neighbors with Trump signs still standing in their yards.

Thank you Dr. Anthony Fauci and other scientists so steadfast in your knowledge, your advice, and your care for the people of the world.

Thank you vaccines.

Thank you medical personnel.

Thank you wind turbine blade being driven who knows where across greater Minnesota small highways on giant trucks, and engineers and workers who designed and made you, you huge blade flowing right by us and in *front* of those signs Enbridge planted along the highway.

Thank you wise and courageous Governor Whitmer who said no to Enbridge in your state of Michigan. How you hasten the inevitable move to clean energy jobs and fortify our resolve in our beloved state to do the same.

Thank you technology, little smart phone with a little juice left, to call our little grand daughter and show her around the little cabin she already loves filled with candle light and the dusk filled sky over the lake and hearing her say “wuv wu nonna and grandpa”, almost as good as the hug we haven’t had for 8 months...

Thank you laughter and funny nonsense banter

Thank you mythic place from whence the north wind blows, where I will go when I die...

Thank you metaphor that feels so true and calms any death anxiety...

Thank you darkness. Thank you cabin that offers sanctuary from all things artificial, especially lights, and holds us tenderly in the lengthening soulful darkness of winter...

Thank you darkness. Thank you stars.

Thank you words like thank you... words that speak to a truth that shapes a way of perceiving life that wakes us up to the marvelous “more” that connects us to the source of all that we are thankful for that is the remedy for despair...

Thank you.

Amen.