

# **EXTRA! from the Creek**

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## **the Church at Dyers Creek**

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**Here's a midweek letter from the pastor:**

**January 2, 2008**

**My Dear Church Family,**

There are always the ordinary New Year's resolutions, like dieting to lose weight, re-instituting an exercise program, or reading more and watching television less. But this year I've renewed one that I still like perhaps better than any I've ever made before. I'm continuing to resolve to stop a few moments each day during breakfast to take genuine notice of the sunrise.

Many mornings already over the past seven years I have watched as that great ball of gas and fire edges its way up over the ridge east of our front porch window. Today the sunrise initiated a new day at 7:03. Being winter, it wakes up over the southernmost part of the ridge. But day-by-day it'll move northward – and rise earlier – until the first day of summer, and then it will cycle its way back south with each morning toward the next winter solstice.

Every morning, the sunrise brings new light to a new day. Whether or not the clouds hide the actual rising of the sun, there is nonetheless always light enough to dispel the darkness of the previous night; there is always light enough – regardless of the density of the clouds – to bring at least some degree of warmth and illumination for a brand new day.

With my viewing of each day's sunrise, there is a flood of questions that come to my mind: Who or what will bring me tears today? Who or what will bring me laughter? What sort of challenges will I face? What stripe of adventures will I experience? What class of encounters will I invite? Who might pass from

earthly existence prior to tomorrow's sunrise – and will I survive this day? What could occur today that will be deemed worthy of the future's history books? These very questions and more, much less the answers to them, remind me that I am alive at least for one more day; they remind me that God has renewed even for me another day meant for living.

The circumstances were dire for the prophet Jeremiah as well as for the people of his beloved country. Indeed it seemed as though the sun was setting to rise no more. But perhaps it was as he was catching sight of a sunrise over the Judean hills east of Jerusalem that he recorded these hopeful words in the midst of his dolorous Book of Lamentations: "Because of the Lord's great love we are not consumed, for His compassions never fail. They are new every morning; great is Thy faithfulness."

May we all wake up to the sunrise of God's new day. For every day offers new love, every day offers new grace, every day offers new mercy. Every day offers new life. Let us be sure to live it.

Jeff

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