

November 8, 2020 Thirty-Second Sunday in Ordinary Time (Year A)
Dayenu

Psalm 78:1-7

¹ Give ear, O my people, to my teaching;
incline your ears to the words of my mouth.

² I will open my mouth in a parable;
I will utter dark sayings from of old,

³ things that we have heard and known,
that our ancestors have told us.

⁴ We will not hide them from their children;
we will tell to the coming generation
the glorious deeds of the Lord, and his might,
and the wonders that he has done.

⁵ He established a decree in Jacob,
and appointed a law in Israel,
which he commanded our ancestors
to teach to their children;

⁶ that the next generation might know them,
the children yet unborn,
and rise up and tell them to their children,

⁷ so that they should set their hope in God,
and not forget the works of God,
but keep his commandments;

It is a common tradition during Passover to sing a song recounting the deeds of God that led to freeing the slaves from Egypt and God's subsequent benevolence. The refrain Dayenu, meaning "it would have been enough" is repeated after recounting each act of God. While we have joined the stream of Jewish history as Christians our origin stories differ. While we cannot appropriate the ancestral events we can certainly embrace the God who acted five thousand years ago to bring a people to the crossroads of the world where their encounters with God became common knowledge.

Would it have been enough for us if God only brought the Hebrew people out of Egypt? Each step of that journey and the events that released them from slavery, molded them into a nation: gave them the law, the land and the temple, were necessary

November 8, 2020 Thirty-Second Sunday in Ordinary Time (Year A)
Dayenu

to achieve the greater purpose; a purpose that included you and me. This is a record of what God did for a chosen people that includes thanksgiving for each step.

In a culture that urges us to want more it seems almost traitorous to say, "enough." I characterize family holidays of bygone days as, "if enough is enough; more is even better." Many of us seem to be afraid to settle into the silence and rest from our busy much doing because we fear it will not be enough. Now that many of those celebrations are past and the people are gone I really feel it would have been enough if we just sat together, visiting and opening stories rather than packages. There is a poem embedded in a satirical book by Kurt Vonnegut, **Cat's Cradle**. Coming across it unexpectedly in the middle of a cynical assessment of what human's get up to made the poem memorable for the sincere feeling it conveys,

 "God made mud.
 God got lonesome.
 So God said to some of the mud, "Sit up!"
 "See all I've made," said God, "the hills, the sea, the
 sky, the stars."
And I was some of the mud that got to sit up and look
 around.
 Lucky me, lucky mud.
I, mud, sat up and saw what a nice job God had done.
 Nice going, God.
Nobody but you could have done it, God! I certainly
 couldn't have.
 I feel very unimportant compared to You.
 The only way I can feel the least bit important is to
 think of all the mud that didn't even get to sit up and
 look around.
 I got so much, and most mud got so little.
 Thank you for the honor!
Now mud lies down again and goes to sleep.
 What memories for mud to have!
What interesting other kinds of sitting-up mud I met!

November 8, 2020 Thirty-Second Sunday in Ordinary Time (Year A)
Dayenu

I loved everything I saw!
Good night.
I will go to heaven now.
I can hardly wait...
To find out for certain what my life's purpose was...
And who was in my circle...
And all the good things our circle did for you.
Amen."

PRAYER: Lord our God, in Jesus Christ you have taught us that love is the fulfilling of the law. Send your Holy Spirit upon us, and pour into our hearts that most excellent gift of love, that we may love you with our whole being, and our neighbors as ourselves; through Jesus Christ our Lord, who lives and reigns with you in unity with the Holy Spirit, one God, now and forever. Amen.