

Nothing without Him – A Thanksgiving Meditation

I am the vine, ye are the branches: he that abideth in me, and I in him, the same brengh forth much fruit: for without me ye can do nothing. – John 15:5

Gratefulness often escapes us because of our spiritual complacency and naturally self-absorbed disposition. The inevitable biproducts of sinful man's belief that he is more than he really is fester in the heart and on the tongue of all of Adam's children. We love ourselves greatly and we think that everyone and everything ought to concur with that inward perception. Thus, when things don't go our way, we feel slighted. When this happens repeatedly across a broad swath of our interactions in this cursed world during the years of our lives, we begin to foster a bitter spirit and voice our dissatisfaction in murmuring and complaint. We are large in our own eyes, and we don't like being treated by men and nature as Lilliputian.

The fact is, however, is that we are indeed very small. We control extraordinarily little and what we do control we often bungle, either in part or in entirety. Coming to this conclusion helps us spiritually. We must enter the Kingdom of Heaven as little children – small in our own eyes with an understanding that we know little and control even less. If we could keep this perspective consistently throughout our redeemed pilgrimage, we would be spiritual giants. But we don't. Our Lord knew this about us and reminded us of our continuous need to abide in Him in order to keep on the proper trajectory. "For without me, ye can do nothing."

It is so true. We are nothing without our Christ. He is the sum total of any and all good that we are and do. He is our refuge and our strength. He is our help and our rescue. He is our Redeemer and our Friend. Without Him, we would be hell-bound rebels. Without Him, we would be yet in our sins and trespasses. Without Him, all we would know of practical righteousness would yet be filthy rags. In Him we have found all the fullness of the Godhead bodily. In Him we are accepted in the Beloved. In Him we possess joy unspeakable and full of glory. His Spirit has been vouchsafed to our hearts, teaching us to pray and to cry Abba, Father. His Word is our oasis in this dry and thirsty land, where no water is. He is our peace that passes understanding. He is the anchor for our souls in the fiercest of tempests. He is our life – life full and satisfying, life eternal, life abundant and free. It is no wonder we will cast our crowns one day before Him and cry, "Worthy is the Lamb."

Our Savior has been more than good to us. Let us offer Him resounding thanks and praise, for He has transformed our nothing into something we would or could never have imagined possible.

Happy Thanksgiving.

-- D. Murcek