



SUNDAY, DECEMBER 12

PSALM 148:1-2, 13

Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord from the heavens;
praise him in the heights!
Praise him, all his angels; praise him, all his host!
Let them praise the name of the Lord, for his name alone is exalted; his glory is above earth and heaven.

As we read this Psalm, I'm imagining our voices joining with generations before us, all creation, and the cloud of witnesses, who have and continue to sing songs of praise. I can hear a large chorus with different parts coming in and out of focus. Maybe it sounds like a round, maybe there's beautiful harmony, maybe some of the parts are really loud and full of energy, maybe others are singing quietly, reverently. I imagine it sounds like something between a cacophony of noises and a harmonious symphony.

When I imagine the songs of praises this way, I'm encouraged. I think it would be difficult, if not impossible, to keep the song of praise going just by myself, especially when I don't always feel like praising God. Sometimes, I'd rather sing a song than a lament. Or not sing at all, and hold space for silence. I'm continuing to learn that praising God is not mutually exclusive, meaning it doesn't have to be the only song I'm singing. We can: Praise and grieve. Praise and lament. Praise and ponder. And in this season of advent, may we continue to praise and wait.

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