

11.2.25 *Miracles Everywhere* – “Shifting Wonder”

Text: Psalm 77:11–14 (NRSVUE) All Saints Sunday / Holy Communion

This morning we begin a new series called “Miracles Everywhere.”

It’s about opening our eyes—really opening them—
to the ways God is at work all around us.

Sometimes those miracles are loud and dramatic;
sometimes they whisper quietly in the corners of our lives.

Either way, the truth is the same: God is still moving.

Throughout November, we’ll journey through four themes—
Shifting Wonder, Unbelievable, Courage, and Tangible Grace.

Each week, we’ll look for the fingerprints of God—
miracles that change us when we choose to see them.

And today, as we begin this new series,
it’s also All Saints Sunday—a day of deep remembering.

We’ve already named those who have gone before us this year,
those saints who showed us God’s love and helped shape our faith.

Their lives are part of the evidence that miracles really do surround us.

Our Scripture reading today comes from the heart of Psalm 77:11–14,
literally right smack in the middle of it.

The psalmist writes:

“I will call to mind the deeds of the Lord;
I will remember your wonders of old.

I will meditate on all your work, and muse on your mighty deeds.

Your way, O God, is holy. What god is so great as our God?

You are the God who works wonders;
you have displayed your might among the people.”

This is the Word of God for the people of God. Thanks be to God.

I think it's important to note that Psalm 77 begins with lament—

“I cry aloud to God... and he does not hear me.”

The psalmist is in anguish. But something shifts halfway thru the psalm.

The writer doesn't deny the pain; instead, they *choose to remember*.

In vs 11-12: I will call to mind...I will remember...

I will meditate... I will muse.”

Those are deliberate verbs in 2 short vv—spiritual practices of *attention*.

To “remember” in Hebrew thought isn't just nostalgia—

it's bringing the past into the present so it can shape us again.

This is a psalm about perspective.

When we choose to remember what God has done,

our view of what God *is doing* begins to change.

In the case of the psalmist, shifting from despair to wonder.

Now the Hebrew word for “wonder” is *pala* —

meaning *something beyond human ability,*

or something that evokes awe or is extraordinary, miraculous.

The psalmist says, “*I will call to mind the deeds of the Lord.*

I will remember your wonders of old.”

When life feels uncertain, when the world feels heavy,

remembering is holy work.

All Saints Sunday is that kind of holy remembering.

We name the saints of our lives—those who loved us, challenged us, taught us, and revealed Christ's compassion.

Some were public saints; others were quiet, faithful ones

whose prayers and steady love changed everything for us.

When we remember them, we're not just recalling the past.

We're opening our eyes to the truth that God was—and *still is*—

at work through ordinary people like them.

Their love still ripples outward in this community & in their families.

They are part of the great cloud of witnesses cheering us on—
and reminding us that God’s wonders never cease. Amen?

But memory alone isn’t enough. The psalmist moves from remembering
to *recognizing*—from looking back to looking around. Vs 14 says:
“You are the God who works wonders.” (note the use of present tense)

Sometimes God’s miracles are spectacular—like the parting of the sea,
or the raising of the dead, or turning water into wine.

But more often, God’s wonders are quiet, hidden, & deeply personal.

This year, I experienced one of those quiet miracles
in the middle of something very painful.

My father—who had been estranged from me for over fifty years—
passed away.

He had chosen not to stay connected throughout my life,
and when I received the news,
I felt an ache that was part grief, part anger, and part finality.
There would never be a chance for reconciliation.

And yet, as I sat with that loss, I began to see a *shifting wonder*.
I realized that throughout my life, God had surrounded me
with so many fathers—men of faith and kindness and love—
who helped me find my way.

- ~My Uncle Bill, who showed steady love and encouragement.
- ~Mr. Beltle, my ninth-grade English teacher and Sunday School teacher,
who helped me find my voice.
- ~My best friend’s dad, Mr. Edwards, who made me feel like
one of his own daughters.
- ~My first pastor, Rev. Walt Quigg, who believed in me...
when I couldn’t believe in myself.

~My seminary professor, Rev. Walt Dickhaut, who nurtured my call

into ministry.

~And my mentor and friend, Rev. John Janka, who has been
a guiding light in ministry.

One by one, God surrounded me with grace I hadn't even recognized
as a miracle.

That's what shifting from despair to wonder looks like—
seeing God's fingerprints in the very places we thought were only pain.

Each one was a gift of grace—a tangible reminder that *God,*
who works wonders, never stopped working in my life.

The absence I carried was real,
but so was the abundance God poured in its place.

For whatever reason, my dad couldn't be a father,
despite all my prayers and wishing and hoping...
Instead I was blessed with 6 dads who helped me become
something more...something greater.

It just took a while for me to shift my perspective,
and see God's mighty works on my behalf.

That's what shifting wonder looks like. It's the moment we realize
the miracle may not look like what we expected, or prayed for,
but it's there...always there—wonder and miracles—
quietly unfolding, shaping us, surrounding us with grace.

You are the God who works wonders—
you have displayed your might over and over and over again.

Friends, maybe your miracle isn't what you expected either.
Maybe it's hidden in small acts of love, or the steady faith of a friend,
or the kindness that met you right when you needed it.

God's miracles are not limited to the spectacular;
they are woven through the ordinary.
What's cool about today's scripture

is that we're given even more to think about.

In verse 13, once the psalmist remembers and recognizes the wonder of God's works, the response is gratitude and trust.

"Your way, O God, is holy. What god is so great as our God?"

Friends, faith is not just belief—it's participation.

When we see God's wonders, we're invited to join in.

That's what our *Miracles Everywhere* series is about this whole month—remembering that our giving, our serving, our praying are ways we participate in God's miracles.

When we give generously of time, talent and treasure,
we create the conditions for God's grace to move through us
and through this church.

This is why in a few moments, we'll come to this communion table—the table of remembrance and wonder.

Here we remember the greatest miracle of all: the love of Christ,
broken and poured out for us. At this table, heaven and earth meet.

We are surrounded by saints—
all those who've gone before us and those who sit beside us now.
Here, memory becomes presence, & wonder becomes real & tangible.

******Oh friends, when we remember, we rediscover.

When we notice, we give thanks.

When we give thanks, our wonder shifts—
and we begin to see that miracles really are everywhere.

So today, as we remember the saints and share the bread and cup,
may our hearts shift from what's missing to what's miraculous.

May we sense the love of God that always surrounds us,

the saints who still cheer for us,
and the Christ who still feeds and forgives us.

Thanks be to God—the God who works wonders still. Amen & amen.