

God of Great Grace

We turn our thoughts this day to the words of ancient Psalmists
who were able to find you in the midst of all of life's
great diversity

In times of great joy, they celebrated with shouts of praise
In the midst of life's deep disappointments and heartaches,
they wrote songs of lament and dirge
and they sang your praise
In the trials of life, with anxiety and fear rising around them
they shared their doubts
and they sang your praise
When death and defeat were imminent
they prayed for hope against hope
and they sang your praise

This day, God of Great Grace
With our own eyes open to the strange extremes of this life
life and death
success and failure
what was and what could have been

With our eyes open to the complex reality which is the mix
in which we live our lives

Let us join in that song of praise,
even as we give thanks for the life of Peggy Mincey

For in her years, surely she knew the experience of the Psalmists
joy and celebration
disappointment and heartache
anxiety and fear
defeat and death
Yet in a quiet way
that may not have been clear to all around her

she clung to a quiet faith

In this strange and complex world which is our home
Some lead lives that read like fairy-tales
and others struggle with demons
some seen, some unseen

Wherever we find ourselves in that spectrum, O God
teach us the tenacious courage of quiet faith
that, like the Psalmists of old,
we might be honest about our reality
raising hands in praise
or fists to the sky in indignant rage
yet in all times, giving thanks
in a faith that hopes, always
in a hope that loves, unconditionally
in a love that is our best thanksgiving.

For the life of Peggy Mincey
and the goodness that she leaves
woven in the thread of life's complex tapestry
a goodness to be found
in friends who were touched by her
and by a family who carry on the very best
of all she could possibly have been

For that goodness,
quiet,
complicated...

We give you thanks.

Amen.

