

Investing in Investigating  
Ps.100:4, “Enter into His gates with...”  
(the map to the gates are with the thankful... find them)

Thanksgiving is a tough day for me. It rips open my chest to reveal an expecting hand and presuming heart. Ouch. I really have not known poverty. I cannot tell the stories of my mother and father who lived in and through the Depression and WW2, fearful of the hardness of life or worse the nearness of death. My life has been as sweet and succulent as it has been secure and stable.

I watch the simple desires of men and women who do not have much but are just as thankful as if they had plenty. Thanksgiving is a spirit not a condition. A spirit of thanksgiving does not express itself because of a certain level of prosperity. It is housed within a humble heartiness that is both blind and bountiful at the same time. Only a humble person is truly thankful because pride presumes and so shames.

Have you every asked yourself why are we so filled with abundance when the world knows nothing of it? I have and the only worthwhile answer is God. He has poured out to us that which can drown us. Blessings can blight. If the heart is not often brought back to the true need to give, emptiness rapes the soul regardless of the prosperity.

On the side, I think too often that Thanksgiving is forgotten at Christmas. I believe that these two days are inseparable. “Christ-giving” is predicated on Thanksgiving. And usually the poorer the gift-giver, the deeper the desire to delight dwells. Funny how that is. When a person has been touched at some time in his life with true undeniable need, he will never forget, if he is worth his while in character, the true undeniable need to give. Pure giving and past needs have a connection of which I am not sure I know.

Thanksgiving dies when the surprise of receiving turns to anticipation of maybes leading to expectation of delights and ends in the demand for desires. It is a soft curve but a predictable one. Being around men and women of thanksgiving cools the heat of expectation and returns it to a simple joy. How I love to invest time to investigate a heart. There is no worthier allotment. Be a wise investor.

*I encourage you on this day of Thanksgiving, invest!  
You will be richer for the joy of it and develop into what you investigate.*