

“Look, Uncle!”, she exclaimed in her high-pitched tone of voice. Look! It’s the mountains! And look it’s the moon!. I’m sure you all know exactly what a 3-year-old sounds like when they get excited about anything. It’s this wonderful combustion of awe, wonder, and being generally overwhelmed by whatever it is that is occupied their attention. The mountains and the moon were what our 3-year-old niece had decided should be the cause for her unbridled joy. Over the next few days Matthew and I took turns holding her as she took in the mountains, the snow, the moon, airplanes, and whatever else happened to up, up, and away. Every time I read Psalm 8 I think back to those moments with her and to be honest, I am a little jealous. It seems as

we grow older and the things that once had us in trembling awe no longer mesmerize us like they once did. Now when I see a mountain my fear of heights kicks in and I immediately want to run in the opposite direction. Not our little one though, she wanted to take it all in.

We presume that David wrote our psalm this morning but if we are being honest, we aren't really sure. I think there is good cause to assume that he did. To fully understand the impact of this psalm we need to do some quick situating.

Psalm eight is booked marked by 2 sets of psalms. The psalms preceding psalm eight invite us into the world of David when he was weak and powerless. We have recorded here David's lament and cries out to God, all in hopes of restoring

him as king. If we look at the psalms succeeding Psalm 8 David now has companions to join him in his parade of horribles. They, like David, have been victims of oppression and principalities that seek to destroy them. They, like David, are weak. Nevertheless, this motley crew of weaklings in the eyes of their oppressors are the ones that will rule and lead.

Then we get to Psalm 8 that is smack dab in the middle of these two sections. The Psalmist starts out by declaring the majesty and glory of God's name. A name that fills the ether with fullness, goodness, and life. The psalmist thinks this point is so important for us to grasp that they end the psalm with the exact same phrase, "How majestic is your name

in all the earth.” Can you see the irony? David and his companions aren’t necessarily experiencing God’s power and majesty. They are alone, afraid, defeated. I would suspect even a little upset with God. Then we get to the next verse in the Psalm and this is where things get really good. The psalmist pens:

2 Out of the mouths of infants and children *

your majesty is praised above the heavens.

3 You have set up a stronghold against your adversaries, *

to quell the enemy and the avenger.

The keyword here is a stronghold. It seems that the psalmist is saying that God has set up a stronghold to defeat the enemy, the avenger, those who would oppress and occupy out of the goo-goos, gah-gah's of infants and children. That the praises and wonders of such powerless and defenseless beings set up a fortress. That in weakness there seems to be a strength. To bring this point home even further, the writer then journeys back to the start of creation. They take us back to Genesis one. In the vastness of the created order God created humankind out of primordial elements. Elements that are subject to decay and rot. Elements that leave us vulnerable and weak. And like in Genesis, the psalm writer affirms, I think in awe and wonder at the spectacle of

creation here on this earth, that God saw fit to put us, weak and vulnerable, in charge of all creation. To be stewards of the vastness of our temporal reality. One Jewish Rabbi is so struck by this he interprets these verses as questions from the angels to God. The Rabbi thinks that even the angels are dumbstruck by the fact that God put us lowly weak creatures in charge of creation, that God has crowned us with glory and honor, even as we are lower than the angels and other celestial bodies. It is without doubt, whether it is lowly humans, bouncing babies, or those who are mostly shunned by the world around them, God chooses to rule through the weak.

You see this psalm isn't just about the majestic beauty of creation, it is about

God's nature. God chooses those who seem to have the least amount of influence to be the ones to break through the oppressive and powerful walls of this world. This psalm is a reminder to those who have been shunned and pushed aside by the world. This psalm is for the Haitian refugees at our border yearning to breathe a breath free from oppression. This psalm is for our trans siblings who yearn to be loved and accepted as a child of God. This psalm is for the teenage girl who has been told that her voice doesn't matter, that her safety isn't a priority. This psalm is for those for our Black, Asian, Hispanic, and Latinx, among so many others who live in a society where systemic racism is a constant companion. This is a psalm for the weak.

If you are still skeptical, in a few moments we will take part in the Great Thanksgiving. A holy sacrifice was instituted by a poor peasant named Jesus, who was born of a woman in a small, small village. He wasn't what anyone had in mind when the word Messiah came up in conversation. He wasn't a mighty warrior descending into the land on a chariot, no. He was an outsider from Nazareth. He would go on to serve those who society casted to it's out edges. A band of misfits and seemingly no ones followed him, even to his execution. And after three days God took the one the world killed, burried and raised him up. Raised up the one who came to serve and show us the power of weakness. So come. Come to this table

with the awe and wonder of a child
looking at mountains or the moon, come
and see how the majesty of God tastes in
simple wheat and wine.