

Week 18  
118/247

**Transforming Daily**  
**“... *thanksgiving* ...”**  
*Nehemiah 12:40*

One of the most amazing things about the rebuilding of the city wall by Nehemiah is not just that they did it, but that they celebrated the accomplishment with just as much, if not more, enthusiasm. What has always impressed me about this story is the size and numbers of choirs that Nehemiah appointed. Two choirs, not just one, were designed to praise God for His provision and protection to accomplish His will for the city wall to be rebuilt. Read the description of how large the choirs were and where they were located on the walls (v.27-47).

Just after I had been saved and joined the youth group our youth director and his wife took us to Stetson University for a Praise Fest. Now I had no clue what praise was let alone a Praise Fest. I just went because our youth group went and there was going to be a lot of youth from all over the state attending this Praise Fest (translation, girls). However, soon after arrival interest in girls was over shadowed by the sheer volume of attendees. The most overwhelming experience came when we all entered into the convention center. I don't know how many it held, but the hosts of the Praise Fest said there were over 4,000 students.

Now each youth choir there had been given music to preview and rehearse beforehand. Our youth choir sounded good. We knew the music well, but there were only a handful of us, just as it was for most of the youth choirs in attendance. I will never forget the sound of all of those students singing together. The director of the program took the podium, announced the song selection, gave a few minor instructions, and the instruments began. He then cued over 4,000 students to sing. One word to describe the experience, WOW (you can say that backwards)! Unbelievable, I think it even shocked the hosts and the youth directors. They anticipated it to be great, but how amazing. What occurred after the first song was what Max Lucado calls an eternal moment. Everyone, and I mean everyone, couldn't believe what they had heard. For about three-five seconds there was dead silence followed by spontaneous cheering and clapping by the whole conclave.

I know how it made me feel then and how I fell about it 33 years later, and I was just a singer singing to God, can you imagine what God must have felt being the One receiving our praise then and now? With this in mind, do you praise God in song? If you praise Him, do you praise Him without ceasing perhaps with prayers and Scripture reading? Whether in a choir (or two) or as an individual, we don't have to wait for Sunday to offer Him songs of praise and thanksgiving?