

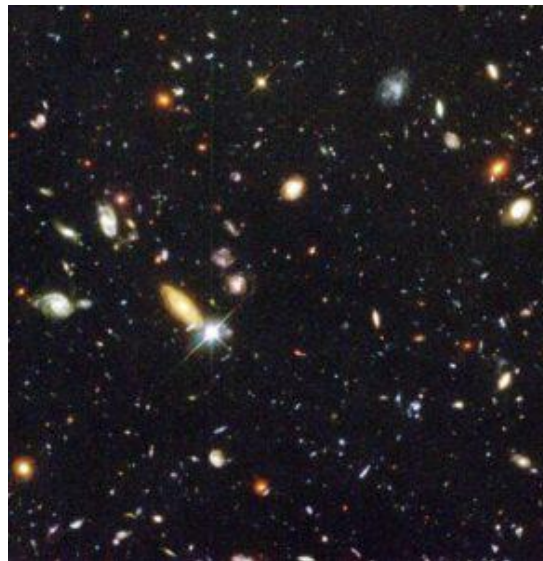
“God of Great and Small”

May 31, 2026

First Christian Church

Scripture Text: Psalm 8

The setting of Psalm 8 is not hard to imagine. The psalmist looks up on a clear night and is overcome with awe. The moon and the stars and the vastness of space were more than he could comprehend. He begins to count the stars but quickly realizes they are beyond counting. The dark sky just seemed to go on forever. As he looked up, he tried to imagine the God that was big enough to make the heavens. Now, on the one hand, the Psalmist probably saw more than we do when we look into the night sky. Light pollution was not a thing back then. Streetlights, house lights, car lights; they all have a radiant effect that makes it just bright enough around here, that we cannot see the dimmer, small stars that the psalmist saw. He could see the cloud-like blur that we call the Milky Way. Something we can only see if we get miles away from the nearest light source. On the other hand, we can now see way more than the psalmist ever dreamed. Thanks to things like the Hubble Space Telescope which orbits the earth above all the light pollution and is 40,000 times more sensitive to light than the human eye, we now know our Milky Way galaxy contains like a billion stars. To me, a billion is an incomprehensible number. It is just too big to get my head around. Then I came across this picture.



Instead of pointing the Hubble telescope at a star or a planet, they pointed it at a dark spot – a spot that looked completely black. They pointed the mighty telescope where there was nothing and left it there with camera lens wide open for an extended time so it could pick up even the faintest amount of light. What you are seeing are not stars, but galaxies. Each one containing perhaps a billion stars with their solar systems. And that is one small blank spot. There are at least billions of galaxies that have a billion stars in each one, with most of those stars being bigger than our sun. What the psalmist didn't see is perhaps more awe inspiring than what he did. And yet God is the One who created it all. God called it all into order. I can't get my head

around a billion. Trying to imagine God who called a billion, billion stars and solar systems into being blows my mind wide open.

But for the Psalmist, that is just the prelude. What really got him, what really overwhelmed him, was the fact that a God that big, could and would still care about him. Among the billions of galaxies with a billion stars in each one, “what are humans that You are mindful of them, mortals that You care for them?” asks verse 4. And of the 8 billion people on earth, who am I that You would care for me, want to hear from me, want to dwell inside me? Some people look upon the vastness of space with its billions of billions of stars and start to feel small, insignificant, thinking “In the midst of all this, I am nothing. What I do and say doesn’t matter. I don’t matter.” But the psalmist is from the people whose crops thrived when all the fields around them were eaten by locust and beaten down by hail in Egypt. These are the people who crossed the Red Sea on dry land and ate manna in the wilderness. These are the people who heard God’s voice on Mt. Sinai, received the Lord’s commandments, and became a people. These are the people who watched the walls of Jericho fall, watched a giant drop from a shepherd’s stone, and watched the unstoppable Assyrian war machine have them completely surrounded, then turn around and go home. The God of Israel not only knows these little, insignificant people exist, but cares for them, fights for them, makes a way for them when there is no way. The psalmist knows God knows them, which inspires more awe than the vastness of the night sky. How a God that big, still knows me.

Yet God didn’t just know us, God doesn’t just care for us; God crowns us. Verse 5, “Yet you have made humans a little lower than God and crowned them with glory and honor. You have given them dominion over the works of Your hands.” God crowns us with the glory and honor of having dominion, of ruling over this earth that God has made. And we know it is true because we do it. With the exception of mosquitoes, we have eliminated predators above or equal to us on the food chain. We have domesticated animals and genetically modified plants like corn and potatoes. We have turned lakes and rivers which used to be obstacles into highways of commerce and unpassable mountains into recreation havens. We have claimed dominion over God’s creation. But have we done it with our crowns of glory and honor intact? The psalmist was moved from sitting in a sense of awe to give God glory and honor because the God of the universe cared for insignificant little him.

Amy sat next to Jane in band. They both played clarinet, but Jane lived in a much bigger world, in that Jane’s dad was in the military and she had to leave her elementary school and go live in Germany before returning for middle school. She had some amazing experiences abroad but also learned what it was like to be the new girl in school who knew nobody and had no friends. So Jane had a mission. She was going to notice people. She noticed the new kid in school and not only greeted them, but invited them to sit at her table for lunch. She noticed the kid in band who sat alone, next to the wall, and excused herself from her friends to go sit with them.

She made room next to her on the church pew for the elementary school boy who was smitten with her. And whenever one from her group would start to lose patience with a newcomer's habits and antics, Jane would remind them to cut the new person some slack. They were still trying to figure out how things work here. And every once in a while, if you looked really close, you could see her crown of glory and honor showing. Because the one who lived in the stars remembered, noticed, and cared for the little one, the insignificant one, the lonely one.

The psalmist stood in awe of the creator of the heavens and the earth but was driven to praise and worship when he realized that same God noticed, cared for, fought for little, insignificant him. May the reality of how big and yet how close our God is inspire us, those made in God's image, chips off the old block, to let our crowns show.

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