



August 23 - The Things We've Handed Down by Marc Cohn

In both the First reading and the Gospel text, we hear about a starting point of something. In the Isaiah text it all starts with Abraham and Sarah and builds throughout the generations and becoming nations. In the Gospel reading, Jesus is Simon Peter speaks a confession and Jesus declares his The Peter, or Rock, upon which the church will be built.

Many generations of church have grown since. Some of the features of the modern church still have that strong rock-like zeal and faith. Other parts have weathered over the years. Some churches have picked up his temper, while others have not. None of the generations have ever gotten it perfect. We all have our strengths and flaws and pass on traits to the next generation. All the while, God remains faithful, like a parent watching their child grow up.

This song speaks of that tension as Marc Cohn writes about a child yet to be born. It speaks of the questions yet unanswered, and the hope of getting at least some things right for the next generation to pass along.

The Things We've Handed Down – Marc Cohn

I don't know much about you – I don't know who you are
We've been doing fine without you, but we could only go so far
I don't know why you chose us, were you watching from above?
Is there someone there who knows us, said we'd give you all our love

Will you laugh just like your mother? Will you sigh like your old man?
Will some things skip a generation like I've heard they often can?
Are you a poet or a dancer? A devil or a clown?
Or a strange new combination of the things we've handed down?

I wonder what you'll look like. Will your hair fall down in curls?
Will you be a mama's boy, or daddy's little girl?
Will you be a sad reminder of what's been lost along the way?
Maybe you can help me find her in the things you do and say.
And these things that we have given you are not so easily found
Oh, but you can thank us later for the things we've handed down.

You may not always be so grateful for the way that you were made
Maybe some feature of your father's that you'd gladly sell or trade
And one day you may look at us and say that you were cursed
But over time that line has been extremely well rehearsed
By our fathers and their fathers in some old and distant town
From places no one here remembers come the things we've handed down.