

Gratitude

God, thank you for this sink of dirty dishes; we have plenty of food to eat. Thank you for this pile of dirty, stinky laundry; we have plenty of nice clothes to wear. And I would like to thank you, God, for those unmade beds; they were so warm and comfortable last night. I know that many have no bed. My thanks to you, God, for this bathroom, complete with all the splattered mess, soggy, grimy towels and dirty lavatory; they are so convenient. Thank you for this finger-smudged refrigerator that needs defrosting so badly; it has served us faithfully for many years. It is full of cold drinks and enough leftovers for two or three meals. Thank you, Lord, for this oven that absolutely must be cleaned today; it has baked so many things over the years. The whole family is grateful for that tall grass that needs mowing, the lawn that needs raking; we all enjoy the yard. Thank you, God, even for that slamming screen door. My kids are healthy and able to run and play.



God, the presence of all these chores awaiting me says You have richly blessed my family. I shall do them cheerfully and I shall do them gratefully. Anyone can count the number of seeds in an apple, but only God knows the number of apples in a seed. Even though I clutch my blanket and growl when the alarm rings, Thank you, God, that I can hear. There are many who are deaf. Even though I keep my eyes closed against the morning light as long as possible, Thank you, God, that I can see. Many are blind. Even though I huddle in my bed and put off rising, thank you, God that I have the strength to rise. There are many who are bedridden. Even though the first hour of my day is hectic, when socks are lost, toast is burned and tempers are short, my children are so loud,

Thank you, God, for my family.



There are many who are lonely. Even though our breakfast table never looks like the pictures magazines and the menu is at times not balanced, Thank you, God, for the food we have. There are many who are hungry. Even though the routine of my job is often monotonous, Thank you, God, for the opportunity to work. There are many who have no job. Even though I grumble and bemoan my fate from day to day and wish my circumstances were not so modest, Thank you, God, for life.

Author Unknown

