

A Thanksgiving Poem

Each day's a day for gratitude,
For what God's grace has meant,
For all that we've been given,
For blessings He has sent.

We remember well His Presence,
His willingness to share,
His ongoing abundance,
His *love* that's everywhere.

We know this *love* sustains us,
Gives meaning, through and through,
Provides the forward movement,
Heals, redeems, makes new.

Giving and receiving,
Two action words to heed,
This is what God calls for,
Let's answer every need.

We'll know just what to do, there,
Let's turn within this day,
Let's ask His *love* to lead us,
Show us His perfect way.

Let's be *love's golden chalice*,
God constantly refills,
We pour this *love* to others,
Fulfilling what God wills.

We know that in our Oneness,
No one's left out, apart,
We move as One together,
One beating of God's heart.

This means your joy is my joy,
Your sorrow's mine to bear,
We live and move together,
In everything, we share.

We give thanks for all God's blessings,
This day and every day.
Mindful of His meaning,
His *love* that leads the way.

In closing of this poem, dear,
My thanks I give to you,
For listening to My words there,
And sharing what is true.

