

Words of Reflection: Thanksgiving

We bow our heads. We give thanks: For the bounty before us, however modest.

FOR THOSE WHO TOILED IN FIELD AND KITCHEN TO BRING US THIS MEAL.

For sun and rain, soil and seed, the faithful harvest.

FOR THE COMPANY THAT SHARES OUR TABLE; FOR THE LOVED ONES MISSING BUT STILL WITH US.

For all the generations who brought us to this day.

WE CAN GRUMBLE IF WE LIKE. WE CAN FOCUS ON FAMILY SQUABBLES, NUMB OUT ON FOOD AND FOOTBALL, GET CRAZY OVER TRAFFIC.

Or we can praise our gifts:

WATER AT THE TURN OF A FAUCET.

A roof between us and the cold night.

A WALK IN THE MEADOW UNDER SPARKLING HEAVENS.

The healing power of a tender touch.

OUR ELDERS, WHOSE HEIRLOOM IS WISDOM.

The children who give us a window to eternity.

OUR DAILY BREAD.

We can worship the gods of getting and spending. We can mistake amusement for joy, complacency for peace, cynicism for truth. But today we are thankful for:

THE CORD CONNECTING US TO THE NEEDY.

The visit of conscience allowing us to right our wrongs.

THE GENEROUS SOULS WHO GIVE TO THE GREATER GOOD.

Those who protect us from harm.

THE WHISPER OF PEACE IN THE WORLD AND IN OUR OWN LIVES.

Do we live like the walking dead? Do we forget life's possibilities, our capacity for wonder? **NOT TODAY. WE STAND IN AWE BEFORE: THE THUNDER AND LIGHTNING OF PASSION.**

The private dream of words and music.

THE CLEANSING SWEEP OF LAUGHTER AND TEARS.

The enduring comfort of friendship.

THE UNBREAKABLE BONDS OF FAMILY LOVE.

Forgiveness.

DAYS AND YEARS ROLL ON, ONE TO ANOTHER, AND WE WONDER, WHERE DID THE TIME GO?

But when we know our blessings, each moment is eternal. And so we say grace for our miracles:

THE FOUR SEASONS TEACHING US TO NUMBER OUR DAYS.

Love that is stronger than death.

THE PROMISE OF A NEW MORNING WHEN THE LONELY ARE EMBRACED, THE SICK HEALED, THE TORTURED SET FREE.

The sanctuary of memory.

THE BREATH OF OUR CREATOR, PULSING THROUGH THIS ROOM AND THROUGH ALL OF US EVERYWHERE.

Strange how entitlement brings us emptiness, but gratitude fills our cup. Savor each breath and blessing.

REMEMBER THE TIME YOU LAUGHED SO HARD, JUMPED SO HIGH, HELD SO TIGHT.

Remember the hour when you watched the scarlet sky fold to night.

REMEMBER THE HOLY MOMENT WHEN YOU TOUCHED THE TINY FINGERS OF BIRTH.

Thanks to all who have come before us for showing us the way.

WE SEE YOU IN ALL WE LOVE. AND TO EVERYONE UNDER THE BOW OF THIS GRACE, A SWEET THANKSGIVING.

~ Mike Levine (1952 – 2007)