

Everyday Thanksgiving

Even though I clutch my blanket and growl when the alarm rings, thank You, Lord, 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, Lord, I can see. Many are blind.

Even though I huddle in my bed and put off rising, thank You Lord, 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, tempers are short and my children are so loud, thank You, Lord, for my family. There are many who are lonely.

Even though our breakfast table never looks like the pictures in magazines and the menu is at times unbalanced, thank You, Lord, for the food we have. There are many who are hungry.

Even though the routine of my job is often monotonous, thank You, Lord, for the opportunity to work. There are many that 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, Lord, for life.

Author unknown.