

A Wonderful Thanksgiving

The leaves are in all their splendor, turning a garish, orange, rust and gold
It's a sight beyond true wonder when my heart can barely hold
Thanksgiving, will it be mild, transformed by an Indian summers day or, one that's
overcast and silently chilled announcing winter's on its way?
So many things to prepare for, family, functions and friends
I work all week, I still have to shop for the turkey and trimmings, and my house is a
mess beyond all end
The day finally arrives, we all gather, around the table will all its delights
Later, sated, stuffed and finally talked out, a tired voice says, "What are the football
stats tonight?"
That's my cue to head to my dreaded kitchen, when suddenly a thought comes my
way
In all the excitement, I've been caught up in, I remembered, I forgot to pray
I panicked, then I thought, well the day's not over, with God surely it's never too late
So I put the dishes, the pots, the pans all aside, they'll just now have to wait
Now, I thank the Lord for all I've been blessed with
And, as I fold my soapy hands, I pray for forgiveness, perseverance, charity and
tolerance for me and my fellow man
I close my eyes and I see the hungry, the sick and suffering, the hurting most alone
Then I thank God, that on this special day, He touched my heart, to hear their silent
moan

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