



Pass the Salt



"You are the salt of the earth." Matthew 5:13

My grandmother was quite a cook;
She baked, sautéed, and fried.
Her recipes, a well-worn book
With pages bent inside.
She knew just how to season food
With spices, pepper, salt.
She made each meal with gratitude
And never saw a fault.

But always near that book so battered
Was one of value more,
With pages torn and used and tattered,
That signs of handling wore.
That was her Bible, used each day,
Her recipe for life,
Her guide for worship and to pray,
Her answer for all strife.

That book taught her all that she needed
To add spice to her soul;
As she God's Word savored and heeded:
To do God's will her goal.
The "salt" she sprinkled every time
Was faith securely grounded;
The hills of doubt she learned to climb
With trust in God unbounded.

She could accept the trials she faced
With steady hope and peace,
For she had tasted God's sweet grace
And anger could release.
That saintly woman taught me well:
My Lord to praise, exalt,
Believe, rejoice, the Good News tell,
And always pass the salt. Patt Miller