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Drinking from the Saucer

In some cultures, it used to be common to drink from the saucer. Sounds messy, but there's some logic to it. Pour a little hot coffee/tea from the cup into the saucer, and it cools to drinkable temperature sooner. Or you might have to drink from the saucer if your cup was filled too full and overflowed, which could be seen as misfortune or an extra blessing, depending on perspective. Think of Psalms 23:5. *You prepare a table before me in the presence of my enemies. You anoint my head with oil, my cup overflows.* If God has prepared the table with gifts from His bounty, then an overflowing cup is definitely a good thing! That's the message of this poem I recently came across: *Drinking from My Saucer* by John Paul Moore, recorded as a song by Michael Combs.

I've never made a fortune and it's probably too late now.
But I don't worry about that much; I'm happy anyhow.
And as I go along life's journey, I'm reaping better than I sowed.
I'm drinking from my saucer, 'cause my cup has overflowed.

I don't have a lot of riches, and sometimes the going's tough.
But I've got loved ones around me, and that makes me rich enough.
I thank God for all his blessings, and the mercies He's bestowed.
I'm drinking from my saucer, 'cause my cup has overflowed.

I remember times when things went wrong, my faith wore somewhat thin.
But all at once the dark clouds broke, and the sun peeped through again.
So, Lord, help me not to gripe about the tough rows that I've hoed.
I'm drinking from my saucer, 'cause my cup has overflowed.

If God gives strength and courage, when the way grows steep and rough.
I'll not ask for other blessings, I'm already blessed enough.
And may I never be too busy, to help another bear his load.
Then I'll keep drinking from my saucer, 'cause my cup has overflowed.

This guy views life, with its inevitable hardships, through a different lens than most. I will never forget a remarkable lady I met years ago in my workplace. She had lost her husband, lost various body parts to three kinds of cancer, and had a medication list as long as your arm. And yet she positively glowed, telling me, "I'm so blessed!" Her cup absolutely overflowed with an inner joy, not because she had no problems, but because she understood that they did not compare to the abundant riches found in God. May we too have eyes to see that our cups are overflowing.

S. Johnson