



From Where I Sit . . .

“O Give Thanks To The Lord”

Psalms 105:1 (KJV) O give thanks unto the LORD; call upon his name: make known his deeds among the people.

There are so many reasons for us to stop at this particular time and reflect on all the good things that God has blessed us with. With so much negative in the news every day, it's easy to lose sight of reasons to rejoice. The Psalmist repeatedly reminds us to be a thankful people to the Lord. Sometimes it only takes the little things to bring our minds back into focus as to just how blessed we really are. We spoke in a lesson on Sunday about the beauty of a little child's prayer. They are thankful for all the little things in life that really matter. Enjoy this poem from an unknown author:

The park bench was deserted as I sat down to read
 Beneath the long, straggly branches of an old willow tree.
Disillusioned by life with good reason to frown,
 For the world was intent on dragging me down.
And if that weren't enough to ruin my day,
 A young boy out of breath approached me, all tired from play.
He stood right before me with his head tilted down
 And said with great excitement, "Look what I found!"
In his hand was a flower, and what a pitiful sight,
 With its petals all worn---not enough rain, or too little light.
Wanting him to take his dead flower and go off to play,
 I faked a small smile and then shifted away.
But instead of retreating he sat next to my side
 And placed the flower to his nose and declared with overacted surprise,
"It sure smells pretty and it's beautiful, too.
 That's why I picked it; here, it's for you."
The weed before me was dying or dead.
 Not vibrant of colors, orange, yellow or red.
But I knew I must take it, or he might never leave.
 So I reached for the flower, and replied, "Just what I need."
But instead of him placing the flower in my hand,
 He held it mid-air without reason or plan.
It was then that I noticed for the very first time
 That weed-toting boy could not see: he was blind.
I heard my voice quiver, tears shone like the sun
 As I thanked him for picking the very best one.
You're welcome," he smiled, and then ran off to play,
 Unaware of the impact he'd had on my day.
I sat there and wondered how he managed to see
 A self-pitying woman beneath an old willow tree.
How did he know of my self-indulged plight?
 Perhaps from his heart, he'd been blessed with true sight.
Through the eyes of a blind child, at last I could see
 The problem was not with the world; the problem was me.
And for all of those times I myself had been blind,
 I vowed to see the beauty in life, and appreciate every second that's mine.
And then I held that wilted flower up to my nose
 And breathed in the fragrance of a beautiful rose
And smiled as I watched that young boy, another weed in his hand...
 About to change the life of an unsuspecting old man.

. . . . Terry Broome