

November Poem

“Thanksgiving”

Perhaps we have not counted

Our blessings one by one;

Perhaps we have not bothered

Remembering whence they come;

And maybe we have taken

For granted all the things

The good Lord has created,

And by His hand He brings.

The autumn hills all glorious,

A golden field of grain,

A sunset’s dazzling splendor,

The Milky Way’s great plain,

The starry sky’s sublimity,

The ocean’s mighty power,

The wonder of creation in

The petal of a flower.

If we’ve failed to clearly show,

By word or act or deed,

A thankful heart unto Him

Who fills our daily need,

May we show our gratitude

Today—and count the sum

Of all the blessings that we have

And name them one by one.