

Ted Loder, "My Words Can't Carry All the Praise" *Guerillas of Grace*, p. 133:

Glorious God,

How curious

and what a confession

that we should set aside one day a year

and call it Thanksgiving.

I smile at the presumption,

and hope that you smile, too.

But the truth is

Holy Friend

that my words can't carry all the praise

I want them to,

or that they should,

no matter how many trips they make.

So this day,

all is praise and thanks

for all my days,

I breathe and it is your breath that fills me.

I look and it is your light by which I see.

I move and it is your energy moving in me.

I listen and even the stones speak of you.

I touch and you are between finger and skin.

I think and the thoughts are but sparks

from the fire of your truth. . . .

I laugh and it is the rustle of your passing.

I weep and your Spirit broods over me.

O Glorious One. . .

for my life,

for those through whom I came to be,

for friends through whom I hear and see . . .

and for the One who brought a kingdom to me,

I pause to praise and [say]. . .

Thank you!