



252: An Unconventional Gratitude

Gratitude, you are welcome here today. I admit I've been standoffish. Doubting you can make much difference, but you help me number my days and see the gifts and notice the small things. Gratitude, you are welcome here today.

Compassion, you are welcome here today. I confess, I used to think you were too soft. I wanted you, but shamed myself for needing you. But you allow me to breathe again. You soften my gaze. Compassion, you are welcome here today.

Grief, you are welcome here today. I'll admit I don't like the sound of you and it's taken me a while to know and name your many faces, but you are my witness, my necessary companion, my expression of hidden losses that need to be expressed. Grief, you are welcome here today.

Hope, you are welcome here today. I confess, more than once, I've rolled my eyes in your general direction; built walls to protect myself against the light. But you are relentless in your pursuit. You must know how vital you are for our survival. So hope, you are welcome here today.

Mystery, you are welcome here today. I'll tell you the truth, I prefer certainty. I'm sure you hear that a lot, but your vibe is growing on me: the way you invite me deeper, hold my curiosities and don't talk much. Mystery, you are welcome here today.

God, you are welcome here today. I confess sometimes that line has brought anxiety, indifference, suspicion, or hesitation. Other times, it's brought comfort and equanimity. But as the God I've come to know, you embody gratitude, compassion, grief, hope, and mystery. God, you are welcome here today. Amen.