

Editors Note: The poems of Pastor Ted Loder have accompanied us on many Transforming Center retreats, guiding us into moments of quiet reflection. During this Thanksgiving season, we offer you this prayer from *Guerrillas of Grace* to guide you in a moment of quiet gratitude for all of God's good gifts.

My Words Can't Carry All the Praise

By Ted Loder

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 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 weep and your Spirit broods over me.

I long and it is the tug of your kingdom.

Oh Glorious One,

for this curious day,

for the impulses that have designated it,

for the gifts that grace it,

for the gladness that accompanies it,

for my life,

for those through whom I came to be,

for friends through whom I hear and see

greater worlds than I otherwise would.

for all the doors of words and music and worship

through which I pass to larger worlds,

and for the One who brought a kingdom to me

I pause to praise and thank you

with this one more trip of words

which leaves too much uncarried,

but not unfelt,

unlived,

unloved.

THANK YOU!

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