



THANKSGIVING PRAYER

Here we step off the shore  
into deep water.

Here we leave everything that protects us  
to hold hands  
around the table of our Life.

These hands held—the ones on your left and your right—  
are God's investment in you.  
They are wealth beyond measure,  
a deposit to the bank of your heart.

Every year at this dinner  
we make a withdrawal—

We spend freely all our thanksgiving gold on  
family and friends.

Stop, look around you!

Here is your wife or your husband.

There sit your child, your brother or sister.

There are parents, grandparents, aunts and uncles,  
your friends.

Even the Dead, all those Elders who bred us—  
so sit the absent,  
long loved and distant,  
living now dearly in the house of our heart.

Each one round this table  
is Arabia's jeweled treasure—

Whom do we know here, we would trade  
for mere gold?

Some invisible Great Ones came here before us—  
they lit our small candle, they  
gave us this life.

They buried a great treasure, they  
sent us to find it.

May we honor them well and the First One who made us—  
may we each find our brightness,  
our prism of soul.

For we are ourselves the gold of Thanks-Giving,  
and each to the other,  
today at this meal,  
a joy to be spent without restraint!

—RICHARD WEHRMAN

*Richard Wehrman*

