

On Thanksgiving Day

*Across the street, a church bell rings,
A clarion sound that is wafted high
Over the tree tops and to the sky,
And the dying echo, a paean sings!*

*In giving thanks on this special day,
Think first of taken-for-granted joy
That Man cannot create or destroy --
The eternal hills and the sun's warm ray!*

*Far above marks of materials gain,
Are the simple things like a friend's warm smile,
The love and trust in the eyes of a child,
The first snowfall, and life-giving rain.*

*When we can be grateful, come what may,
Of wars and death, and man-made strife,
And rejoice in the worthwhile things in life --
Every day of the year is Thanksgiving Day!*



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Triangle Publishing Company, Dallas, Texas.