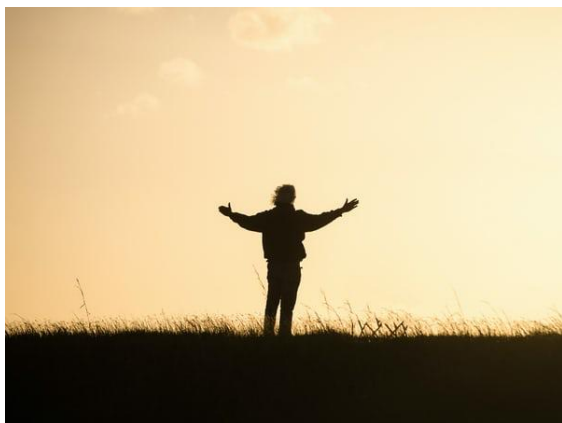


Gratitude

by Dr. Imani Woody Macko

Frequently, I am caught without prompting with the spirit of gratitude. Often it is after I have grumbled about being too tired from work, too tired to cook, the minor leak in the roof, the clothes that need washing, needing new tires for the SUV, brakes for the car, and the never-ending payment of bills.

Invariably, something makes me realize that I am blessed and highly favored. My life, I am reminded, could have taken a completely different turn. Faced with the some of the choices I have made, I am reminded (again) . . . except for Grace, go I.



I live in a neighborhood where I am a leader in the community; where they love and respect my life as a Black, lesbian older woman. My wife and I still like each other and share more than 20 wonderfully loving years together, ten years legally. I have loving relationships among my son and my daughter-in-law, my grands, and my chosen family.

The mortgage is paid (we have a house) the utilities are paid (there is light and we are warm), the car insurance is paid (we have vehicles), there is food that we like in the refrigerator and cabinets (we are not hungry). If I want, I can order an occasional meal, and shop online. I have good access to healthcare, work that sustains me, and a God I believe in.

During this season of Lent I am reminded over and over that God loves me. I am grateful for the fulfillment of my needs (and wants) because it affirms the love and care of God to me - freely given. I am blessed and highly favored.