

# On Gratitude

By Sharon Nauta Steele

*In a certain village, on a certain day,  
ten lepers stood far off  
and lifted up their voices unto Christ:  
“Have mercy on us, Master, please,  
take our infirmities away.”*

*And it was done. According to the grace  
of the Savior, Father’s Son,  
they showed themselves unto the priest  
and were cleansed.*

*And one of them, on finding he was whole,  
paused moments on a grassy knoll,  
turned his back  
upon the path he would have trod,  
and fell upon his face in praise of God.*

*But of the other nine, no word of thanks  
escaped their tongues;  
no hymns of praise were sung.  
Too busy in their haste  
to get on with their lives—  
to publish joyous tidings  
to their children and their wives—  
perhaps without intending to be rude,  
they overlooked the sacrament of thanks  
and lost the sacred blessing bought  
by showing gratitude.*

*Oh, that I might  
from this parable be taught  
and practice well the part  
of living with an ever-grateful heart.*

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