

A Testimonial Heart of Thanksgiving

When the month of November rises from the fading remnants of summer,
Like a sun peaking over ominous hills,
I feel the spirit of Thanksgiving seep through the cracks of time and enter my mind.
I settle my worries and fill my heart with gratitude,
So that I will not forget the true meaning of Thanksgiving.
For me, the most important part of this season
Is the cultivation of a testimonial heart of appreciation,
Glowing with praise for all of God's beautiful creations.

I miss how the summer sunlight cascaded from the heavens and splashed on my face,
Making my skin tingle with warmth.
However, I am thankful for the resilience of the new November sun.
Even when it is hidden behind the clouds and its luminous rays are blocked,
It leaves behind a vibrant legacy.
The pink and yellow streaks of a sunrise
Stain the smoky gray backdrop of the sky
Like an artist paints a canvas.

Thank you, Lord, for giving me the power to create light within myself,
Especially when life feels dark and the sun doesn't shine.
The colors of compassion, as bright as the autumn leaves,
Filter through my heart and flow into the hearts of others,
Brightening their achromatic day.
I leave behind a legacy of resilience,
Just like the November sun that never truly goes astray.

Although the November fog may make the path unclear,
The trees still know how to shoot upwards,
Their branches grazing the delicate clouds.
I am grateful for the constant pillars, the towering trees in my life.
My mom, for example, has a radiant smile that is as warm as a fire.
Kind words spring forth from her mind to her mouth like a fountain.
Her consistent faith and gratitude for the joys in her life,
Lift me above the uncertainties and inspire me to look up towards a clearer future.

The stillness of Thanksgiving invites me to
Forget about the excess noise and focus on the notes of nature.
Lord, thank you for the haunting whistling of the wind that echoes my pain,

The exuberant twittering of birds that commend my every victory,
And the steady falling of leaves that encourages me
To keep marching towards my destiny.
I am grateful this Thanksgiving for the November sun within me, the tall trees in my life,
And the natural symphony of solace that supports me every day.