



## Bounty

Dear Lord,

I remember reading about an immigrant who came from an impoverished country. She was overwhelmed the first time she was taken to the supermarket.

When she first entered the store, she heard background music accompanied by the occasional squeak of the cart. She looked in awe at all the good things for sale. The bright

orange carrots, the verdant green lettuce, the yellow onions peeking through their brown mesh bags filled her with delight. The wide variety of canned goods and the fresh red meat were all waiting to be taken home.

Alas, she realized this bounty was only available to those who had the money to buy them.

How different is your bounty, Lord; You offer all your priceless gifts free of charge. You give us love, joy, and peace, and even your very self. You only ask that we love you, trust you, and come to you with all our needs.

Why do you want us to ask you for our needs? You know them even before we do. Isn't it because you want us to realize it is you who have fulfilled them?

Then we will have the peace of knowing we are loved and cared for.

Thank you, Lord.