



Thank God for dirty dishes,  
They have a tale to tell.  
While others may go hungry,  
We're eating very well.

With home, health, and happiness,  
I shouldn't want to fuss.  
By this stack of evidence,  
God's been very good to us.

*\*this anonymous poem hung on a plaque beside my grandmother's sink as I was growing up. I spent hours washing dishes while reading this poem. I hope it sinks into your heart as it has into mine. I typed this from memory.*

*HumilityandDoxology*