

A THANKSGIVING RITUAL FROM THE TROVE

The Blessings We *Forget to Count*

Nothing here needs a grand moment. Go slowly, and tick only what is true for you today.

The body that never asked for thanks

- ☐ My heart beat all day, and I never had to ask it to.
- ☐ My lungs took every breath while I was thinking about something else.
- ☐ I got out of bed and walked into my day.
- ☐ My eyes opened this morning and found the light.
- ☐ A cut healed, and I never told it how.

The home we stopped noticing

- ☐ Hot water came when I turned the tap.
- ☐ There is food in the fridge, even on the day I said there was nothing to eat.
- ☐ It rained last night, and I slept through it under my own roof.
- ☐ The lights came on when I touched the switch.
- ☐ I have a bed, and I know which side is mine.

The people, and the small proof of them

- ☐ Someone knows how I take my coffee.
- ☐ The noise in my house is made by people I love.
- ☐ Someone wrote just to ask how I was.
- ☐ Someone who is gone can still make me laugh.
- ☐ My work, even on the days I complain about it, feeds someone.

The hard things that became teachers

- ☐ The door that closed and sent me somewhere better.
- ☐ The person who hurt me, and what I understand now because of it.
- ☐ The loss that showed me what matters.
- ☐ The mistake I will never need to make again.
- ☐ The “no” I was angry about, and am thankful for now.

And one more

- ☐ The blessing only I know: _____

Print it, share it with your family, and read it together at the table.