

# Gratitude Journal

I'm grateful for a summer's day, I'm grateful for my bed,  
And I love those little butterflies that fly inside my head.  
I'm grateful for a smiling face, I'm glad I can smile back,  
And I love life's banana skins that land me on my back!

I'm grateful for my turgid past, the journey our lives give us,  
I pass on some immortality for those no longer with us.  
I am grateful I am in the bush, far from the madding crowd,  
Where folk have time to say g'day, and nothing's really loud.

I'm grateful for a cup of tea, and a rug upon my knees,  
I sometimes have wild fantasies I own a dog without fleas.  
I'm grateful for my family, I'm grateful for my friends,  
The ties that bind us hold me up when I get the mental bends.

I'm grateful for our footy fans, their passionate lack of grace,  
I'm even grateful for Collingwood for they too have their place.  
I'm grateful the game goes on when I'm absent from the field.  
For now, I'll live life from the sidelines, and let ambition yield

Because I'm grateful, I no longer seek reward or status,  
Or fancy house or car, pursuit of which can sometimes break us,  
I'm not grateful for material things, I don't need them to thrive,  
But acts of love and kindness lift me, I'm just grateful, I'm alive.

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