

When Giving Is All We Have

Written by Alberto Ríos
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*One river gives
Its journey to the next.*

We give because someone gave to us.
We give because nobody gave to us.
We give because giving has changed us.
We give because giving could have changed us.
We have been better for it,
We have been wounded by it—
Giving has many faces: It is loud and quiet,
Big, though small, diamond in wood-nails.
Its story is old, the plot worn and the pages too,
But we read this book, anyway, over and again:
Giving is, first and every time, hand to hand,
Mine to yours, yours to mine.
You gave me blue and I gave you yellow.
Together we are simple green. You gave me
What you did not have, and I gave you
What I had to give—together, we made
Something greater from the difference.



请让我感谢

作者_____。

感恩节这天，

请让我感谢_____，

因为_____。

请让我感谢_____，

因为_____。

请让我感谢_____，

因为_____。

请让我感谢_____，

因为_____。

请让我感谢_____，

因为_____。

生命中有许许多多要感谢！

我的心跳动着，那是它在说：

“我是一颗感恩的心！”

