

I Thank Thee, Lord: The Voices of Gratitude

A Collection of Gratitude and Redemption

These are the voices of grace — the healed, the forgiven, the restored. Each one met Jesus in their own brokenness and found mercy waiting. May their gratitude lead us to our own songs of thanksgiving.

"Give thanks to the Lord, for He is good; His love endures forever."
Psalm 107:1

"He who has been forgiven much, loves much." Luke 7:47

The Leper's Reflection of Gratitude

I remember the day the world stopped avoiding me.
For years, no one touched me — no handshakes, no hugs,
only the sound of my own voice shouting, *"Unclean!"*

Then I saw Him coming down the road.
We stood far off, as the Law said we must,
and cried out, "Jesus, Master, have mercy on us!"
He didn't back away.
He didn't flinch.
He just said, *"Go, show yourselves to the priests."*

And as we went... we were healed.
The skin that once brought shame became smooth again.
The pain was gone.
Nine kept walking — eager to get home, to prove they were clean.
But I couldn't take another step without turning back.

I ran to Him — the first man I'd touched in years —
and fell at His feet, thanking God aloud.
He looked at me and smiled,
as if this small act of gratitude mattered to Him more than the
miracle itself.

And maybe it did.
Because the healing changed my body,
but the thanksgiving changed my heart.

I will never stop giving thanks —
not just for clean skin,
but for the Savior who saw me when no one else would.

Naaman's Reflection of Gratitude

I was a man used to giving orders, not receiving them.

A commander. A man of rank.

People bowed when I passed —
except this disease that bowed to no one.

Leprosy stripped away more than my skin;
it took my pride, my certainty, my control.

Then a servant girl — a *child* — spoke of a prophet in Israel.
It was a long road to travel on hope that small.

When I finally stood before Elisha's door,
he didn't even come out to meet me.

Just sent a messenger: *"Go wash in the Jordan seven times."*

The Jordan! That muddy little river?

I was furious. I wanted a miracle worthy of a general.

Instead, I was offered obedience.

But when I humbled myself and stepped into that water — once,
twice, seven times —
the disease washed away,
and so did the pride that had ruled my heart.

I came up clean, outside and in.

And I knew — there is no God but the God of Israel.

I thank Him still — not only for healed skin,
but for a heart made new.

I thought I was seeking a cure,
but He gave me something greater: faith.

Peter's Reflection of Gratitude

I was just a fisherman when He found me — rough hands, rougher
heart.

He called me not because I was worthy, but because He saw
something worth shaping.

I argued, stumbled, and even swore I didn't know Him when fear got
the better of me.

Yet after all that... He still looked at me with love.

I will never forget that look — not of anger, but of mercy.
He met me on a shore again, after the cross, when I thought I'd lost
everything.

He cooked breakfast for the man who had denied Him.

And He said only this: *"Do you love Me?"*

How could I not?

Every breath since that morning has been an answer to that
question.

I thank God every day — not for the miracles I saw,
but for the friend I betrayed who still called me brother.

If you've ever failed Him, know this:

He doesn't walk away from broken hearts.

He rebuilds them.

I'm living proof.

The Thief's Reflection of Gratitude

I had nothing left to offer — not time, not good deeds, not even
breath to spare.

I'd wasted my life, hurt people, and earned that cross.

No priest, no sacrifice, no second chance.

Just a dying man beside me... wearing a crown of thorns.

I mocked Him at first.

Then I saw His eyes — not angry, not afraid, just... mercy.

And something broke in me.

All I could whisper was, **"Remember me."**

He turned His head — even while dying —
and said the words that changed eternity:

"Today you will be with Me in paradise."

I brought Him nothing but my sin,

and He gave me a kingdom.

I thank God forever — not for what I did,

but for who He is.

Even on a cross, He found room for one more sinner.

And that sinner was me.

Mary Magdalene's Reflection of Gratitude

I was a woman no one wanted to see — whispered about, shunned,
judged.

Darkness had its grip on me.

But then He spoke my name.

Just my name — and the shadows fled.

He didn't look at me like the others did.

He saw what I could be, not what I had been.

He gave me back my life... and my dignity.

How could I not follow Him?

I watched Him heal the broken, feed the hungry, lift the forgotten.

Then I watched Him die.

My hope died with Him that day — or so I thought.

But on the third morning, in a garden filled with tears,

I heard that same voice again.

"Mary."

And suddenly, the world was alive again.

I thank God every day that I was the first to see the risen Lord —

not a ruler, not a priest, not a saint,

but a woman once lost in darkness,

now found in His light.

He changed everything with a single word: my name.

Bartimaeus' Reflection of Gratitude

I sat by the roadside every day, hearing footsteps but seeing nothing.
The world passed by in color I could only imagine.
But one day, another sound came — voices saying, **"Jesus of
Nazareth is passing by."**

Something in me leapt.
I shouted, "Son of David, have mercy on me!"
They told me to be quiet.
But when you've lived in darkness long enough,
you learn that silence is not your friend.

So I cried louder — and He stopped.
The crowd moved, but He stood still for me.
"What do you want Me to do for you?" He asked.
"Rabbi, I want to see."

And I did — not just with my eyes,
but with my heart.

I thank Him for hearing my cry above the noise,
for stopping when others passed by.
Once I sat by the road begging.
Now I walk that road following Him.

Job's Reflection of Gratitude

I have seen both the mountain and the ash heap.
Once I was surrounded by laughter,
then by silence and loss.

When everything I loved was gone,
I tore my robe, fell to the ground — and worshiped.
Not because I understood,
but because I still believed.

I demanded answers and found none.
But I found something greater:
the presence of the One who holds the answers.

He spoke out of the whirlwind,
and I covered my mouth.
The questions faded; awe remained.

I thank God, not for the pain,
but for what pain revealed —
that faith is not about having everything explained,
but about knowing the One who never leaves.

I once knew of Him by hearing.
Now my eyes have seen Him.

The Prodigal Son's Reflection of Gratitude

I thought freedom was found far from my father's house.
I traded love for laughter,
inheritance for indulgence,
and ended up feeding pigs that ate better than I did.

When I came to my senses,
I rehearsed a speech about being unworthy.
But before I could finish it,
my father was already running —
arms wide, tears falling,
calling me *son.*

I thank the Lord for fathers who forgive
and for grace that meets you on the road home.
I left with pride and returned with nothing —
and that was enough for him to celebrate.

The Woman with the Issue of Blood

For twelve long years, I lived behind the word *unclean.*
Doctors took my money; time took my strength.
People stepped aside when I passed.

Then one day I heard His name — Jesus.
Hope stirred where despair had lived.
I reached through the crowd and touched the edge of His robe.
Power moved, and so did shame.

He turned and looked at me — not my sickness, me.
“Daughter,” He called me.
No one had said that word to me in years.

I thank Him not only for the healing,
but for the name He gave me when the world had taken mine.
I came trembling; I left whole.

John's Reflection of Gratitude

I was just a boy when He called me — full of fire, full of pride.
He called my brother and me *‘‘Sons of Thunder.’’*
And yet, through all my noise, He heard my heart.

I leaned on His shoulder the night He broke the bread.
I heard His heartbeat — steady, even as betrayal crept into the room.
At the cross, when others ran, I stayed — not out of courage,
but because I couldn't bear to leave the One who loved me most.

He looked down through the pain and gave me one last gift:
His mother.
‘‘Behold your mother,’’ He said — even in death, still giving.

And three days later, I ran faster than I'd ever run — because the
tomb was empty.
I saw His folded grave clothes, and I knew... love had conquered
everything.

I thank God every day that I was called *‘‘the disciple whom Jesus
loved.’’*
Not because I was special,
but because His love makes all of us so.

Every word I've written since is a single truth wrapped in many
pages:
God is love.
And I am forever grateful to have seen it up close.

Closing Prayer of The Voices of Grace

Lord Jesus,

We thank You for calling us — not because we are worthy,
but because You are merciful.
We thank You for every heart You have made new.
For the leper who returned to praise You,
for Naaman who found humility before healing,
for Peter who was rebuilt after failure,
and for the thief who found paradise in his last breath.

We thank You for Mary, who heard You call her name in the garden,
for Bartimaeus, who refused to be silenced,
for Job, who clung to You even in loss,
for the prodigal, who discovered grace on the road home,
for the woman who touched Your robe and found herself whole,
and for John, who leaned on Your heart and saw that love conquers
all.

Teach us, Lord, to give thanks not only when the storm is over,
but while it still rages, knowing You are near.

We thank You, Lord —
not only for what You give, but for who You are.

In Jesus holy name,
Amen.