

# THE GRATEFUL SOUL

*If one of the goals of life is a satisfied mind (some would call this personal peace) then a grateful heart, mind, and soul are worth the quest to find them. Psalm 107 (the Message) holds some grateful keys!*

*What do you see?*

Oh, thank GOD—he's so good! His love never runs out.  
All of you set free by GOD, tell the world! Tell how he freed you from oppression,  
Then rounded you up from all over the place, from the four winds, from the seven seas.

Some of you **wandered** for years in the desert, looking but not finding a good place to live,  
Half-starved and parched with thirst, staggering and stumbling, on the brink of exhaustion.  
Then, in your desperate condition, you called out to GOD. He got you out in the nick of time;  
He put your feet on a wonderful road that took you straight to a good place to live.  
So thank GOD for his marvelous love, for his miracle mercy to the children he loves.  
He poured great draughts of water down parched throats; the starved and hungry got plenty to eat.

Some of you were **locked** in a dark cell, cruelly confined behind bars,  
Punished for defying God's Word, for turning your back on the High God's counsel—  
A hard sentence, and your hearts so heavy, and not a soul in sight to help.  
Then you called out to GOD in your desperate condition; he got you out in the nick of time.  
He led you out of your dark, dark cell, broke open the jail and led you out.  
So thank GOD for his marvelous love, for his miracle mercy to the children he loves;  
He shattered the heavy jailhouse doors, he snapped the prison bars like matchsticks!

Some of you were **sick** because you'd lived a bad life, your bodies feeling the effects of your sin;  
You couldn't stand the sight of food, so miserable you thought you'd be better off dead.  
Then you called out to GOD in your desperate condition; he got you out in the nick of time.  
He spoke the word that healed you, that pulled you back from the brink of death.  
So thank GOD for his marvelous love, for his miracle mercy to the children he loves;  
Offer thanksgiving sacrifices, tell the world what he's done—sing it out!

Some of you **set sail** in big ships; you put to sea to **do business** in faraway ports.  
Out at sea you saw GOD in action, saw his breathtaking ways with the ocean:  
With a word he called up the wind - an ocean storm, towering waves!  
You shot high in the sky, then the bottom dropped out; your hearts were stuck in your throats.  
You were spun like a top, you reeled like a drunk, you didn't know which end was up.  
Then you called out to GOD in your desperate condition; He got you out in the nick of time.  
He quieted the wind down to a whisper, put a muzzle on all the big waves.  
And you were so glad when the storm died down, and he led you safely back to harbor.  
So thank GOD for his marvelous love, for his miracle mercy to the children he loves.  
Lift high your praises when the people assemble, shout Hallelujah when the elders meet!

(paragraph excluded here for brevity)

*Good people see this and are glad; bad people are speechless, stopped in their tracks.  
If you are really wise, you'll think this over— it's time you **appreciated** GOD'S **deep love**.*