

As the sand by the sea, great are Your blessings toward me.

How many grains of sand can you hold in your hand? Can we imagine a number big enough to hold the number of granules on a single beach? I recently enjoyed some time camping and relaxing on the beach. It was beautiful. But the sand literally surrounds you - on the ground, in the air with the wind and inside everything you brought with you.

It is similar with God's blessings. They are too numerous to count and utterly surround me. He shows His love constantly and in [ways](#) I don't always see. My mind can't comprehend them all, sometimes because they are too many to behold and sometimes because they go unnoticed in my haste.

Give me eyes to see, Lord, the blessings You bring. They are as vast as the sand of the sea and my bucket is running over.

Many, O Lord my God, are the wonders You have done, and Your thoughts toward us. There is none to compare with You; If I would declare and speak of them, they would be too numerous to count. Psalm 40:5

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