



Here is the second critter from my adventure Saturday near Piedmont, Alabama. As I walked down the dead end road, I would stop and just look into the flowers. As I did, I saw many different kinds of Insects and creepy-crawlies enjoying the flora. Bumble bees, honey bees, butterflies, spiders, etc. I got lucky catching this honey bee about to land on this flower.

The dance of the honey bee is fascinating to watch. The Bees travel from flower to flower, collecting nectar (later converted to honey) and pollen grains (Bee protein). The pollen collects on the hind legs, and as the bee flies from flower to flower, some of the pollen grains are transferred onto other flowers, thus pollinating them.

There is a wondrous give and take in the dance of the honey bee. For the bee a flower is source of its life. And to the flower a bee is an angel of love. And to both, bee and flower, the giving and the receiving is a necessity and an thrill. The honey bee has a great life. While he is punching the clock (performing his daily responsibilities), he gathers sweet things as he goes. They stick to him as he goes from flower to flower.

We are like the honey bee. As we go through our daily responsibilities things stick to us. At the end of the day, what have you collected? Is it positive or negative? When you empty your basket at the end of the day is it full of complaints, criticisms and discord? Or do you find the good things of friendship, love and laughter? The choice is up to us. We get to choose what sticks to us and what we share with others. So, let us start gathering and giving out the good things of life. What have we got to lose?

Something to think about:

- ❖ Gather the crumbs of happiness, and they will make you a loaf of contentment.
- ❖ May we never let the things we can't have, or don't have, or shouldn't have, spoil our enjoyment of the things we do have and can have. As we value our happiness let us not forget it, for one of the greatest lessons in life is learning to be happy without the things we cannot or should not have.
- ❖ You say that this world to you seems drained of its sweets! I don't know what you call sweet. Honey and the honeycomb, roses and violets, are yet in the earth... The sun and moon yet reign in heaven, and the stars keep up their pretty twinkling's. Meats and drinks, sweet sights and sweet smells, a country walk, spring and autumn, all a sweetness by turns. Good humor and good nature, friends at home that love you, and friends abroad that miss you — you possess all these things, and more innumerable, and these are all sweet things. You may extract honey from everything.

Your sticky buddy

Rickey Moore