

The way to gain happiness is to throw out from oneself like a spider in all directions an adhesive web of love, and to catch in it all that comes.



Sunday Afternoon, I went on a walk along an old country fence row. Just walking in the cool of the afternoon, looking for nothing in particular; When along came a spider. (I will call him Sid) Sid, the spider fascinated me for several reasons:

1. His Color. You cannot see it in this photo, but he perfectly matched the color of the leaves around him. You could hardly see him at all because he was naturally camouflaged.
2. Sid's Hairy Legs. Perfectly suited for something I am sure.
3. He was Fearless and Arrogant. Nothing I could do seemed to bother him. I asked him nicely to "come out and get your picture made", but Sid said, "No thanks". I encouraged him a little more forcefully, still nothing. And just as I predicted, something bad was going to happen to Sid if he did not come out and play. . . his house fell to the ground. (It must have been the wind, we are not sure...)

Even though I do not particularly like spiders, I had to admire Sid. He won my respect. He met someone completely different than himself, (Well, somewhat different, anyway) and made a friend. Many times as we walk around the fences in our lives, we come across

people who are “Different”, and never take the time to really get to know them. We might be surprised how much we have in common with people of different color, or hairy legs, or even bad attitudes. Who knows, maybe their house just fell to the ground and what we think is a “Bad Attitude” is simply a heavy burden they are carrying.

Today's task if you choose to accept it is, make a new friend or give somebody you have written off as having a “Bad Attitude” a second chance. Who knows, you just might find somebody as memorial as Sid. Give it a try, what have you got to lose?

Something to think about:

If I had known what trouble you were bearing;
What griefs were in the silence of your face;
I would have been more gentle and more caring,
And tried to give you gladness for a space.
MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

A friend is:

a push when you've stopped
a word when you're lonely
a guide when you're searching
a smile when you're sad
a song when you're glad.

Strange that I did not know him then,
That friend of mine.
I did not even show him then
One friendly sign . . .
I would have rid the earth of him
Once, in my pride.
I never knew the worth of him
Until he died.
EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON (1869–1935)

If you were another person, would you like to be a friend of yours?