



Idleness is a  
sort of suicide.

The place was Kymulga Mill (you have seen a couple photos from here), the time was three weeks ago. What you are looking at are the blades of a fan that have not moved for a very long time and a spider has decided to call this home.

If we were looking at a normal fan, we would be unable to see any detail in the blades of the fan because they would be moving so quickly in a circular motion. I inquired about the fan and was surprised to find out that it indeed was operational. But because there are so few people who visit the mill, it is never used.

What was intended to create a nice breeze and produce a more comfortable atmosphere, has been reduced to providing shelter for arachnids, (predatory invertebrate animals with two body segments, eight legs, no chewing mouth parts and no wings . . . I describe these creatures like this because some people hate the word spiders).

I got to wondering if there were any areas of my life in the same condition; inactive, Idle and motionless. Are my hands moving to help others? Are my feet active in service? Do my words bring a refreshing breeze to those around me? Am I using my gifts and talents or are they motionless? All around us there should be movement which creates a more comfortable atmosphere.

So, what's the atmosphere like around you? Stuffy? Or pleasant? Is there movement around you or are the spiders checking you out?

**Something to think about:**

- There are hazards in anything one does, but there are greater hazards in doing nothing.
- Iron rusts from disuse, stagnant water loses its purity and in cold weather becomes frozen; even so inaction saps the vigor of the mind. - LEONARDO DA VINCI
- I am only one, but I am one. I cannot do everything, but I can do something; I will not refuse to do the something that I can do. - *—Edward Everett Hale*
- Successful people are failures who keep getting up, moving on, reaching out, and trying again.

Your breeze loving buddy  
Rickey Moore