



Imagine

Reflect upon your present blessings of which every man has many; not on your past misfortunes of which all men have some.

Another photo from my trip to Aderholt Mill near Jacksonville, Alabama. This lake was directly behind the Mill and almost covered by the mist rising from the water. It was about 6:30 in the morning and the air was very still. The only thing that was moving was the vapor as it slowly danced across the face of the water. The light took on a magical and dreamy feel as it was filtered through the trees and the fog.

It was one of those times when I could have stood there and watched this graceful waltz and listened to the tranquil silence for a long time. While I was enjoying this gorgeous scene my mind started to wander. I began to think about how privileged I am. And as I began to count my blessings, all the many things and wonderful people that make my life so rich, I knew I would always remember this beautiful place. Because in the reflections on the water I could see something other than the trees and the flowers. I could see the faces of my children and the smiles of friends. In the motion of the mist I could feel the touch of loved ones and family. In the sound of the stream I could hear loving voices from my past and present.

Today, shut your eyes and look into the reflecting pool of your mind. What things do you have to be thankful for? Are there people in your life who need to feel your touch, hear your voice or see your smile? Come on, what are you waiting for? Tell them. Show them. Do you know what is better than getting a blessing? Being a blessing. Don't believe me? Try it. Because, I love to say, "I told you so."

Something to think about:

- ❖ The world is a looking-glass and gives back to every man the reflection of his own face. Frown at it, and it in turn will look sourly at you; laugh at it, and with it, and it is a jolly, kind companion.

- ❖ When we reflect on the meaning of love, we see that it is to the heart what the summer is to the farmer's year. It brings to harvest all the loveliest flowers of the soul.

- ❖ So much has been given to me, I have no time to ponder over that which has been denied. - HELEN KELLER

Still Counting

Rickey Moore