

For normal days. Morning-reading work deadlines computer hassles egos and personalities housework laundry cleaning picking-up budget-keeping bill-paying children worrying worrying worrying traffic licensed drivers who shouldn't be car trouble headaches back pains needing reading glasses age creeping up praying praying praying…. The routine. Ordinary days.

Because I know all too well what the other days, the not-so-normal days, can be like.

> Normal day, let me be aware of the treasure you are. Let me learn from you, love you, bless you before you depart. Let me not pass you by in quest of some rare and perfect tomorrow. Let me hold you while I may, for it may not always be so. One day I shall dig my nails into the earth, or bury my face in the pillow, or stretch myself taut, or raise my hands to the sky and want, more than all the world, your return. *~Mary Jean Iron*

~ Hem your blessings with thankfulness so they don't unravel.

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