

For my 89th birthday, a friend sent me this poem:

Was it for this I uttered prayers,
And sobbed and cursed and kicked the stairs,
That now, domestic as a plate,
I should retire at half-past eight?

Edna St. Vincent Millay

I get it! Yes, I have those experiences, too. But, there is much more to life than kicking stairs. So, I have added my own poem:

I seldom prayed that I'd be spared,
But always hoped my life was shared,
And so it has throughout the years,
As I look back, no tears, just cheers!

John Martin Ramsay, April 9, 2019

As a child, my parents held daily “quiet times” in our family. We sat prayerfully together “listening to God.” Then we shared His guidance for the day. As I matured, life intruded and the quiet times were relegated to the wee hours of the morning. Throughout life, I have slowly awakened some mornings aware that I had received guidance. Here is this morning’s guidance:

I do believe in God— although over the years my view has gone from the childish bearded old man with a long white beard into something all encompassing and beyond my comprehension. Whether you share that view or not doesn’t matter because, like it or not, we do all share this one planet. No tears, just cheers!

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