

"COME TO THINK OF IT..."

By Dr. Hoyt W. Allen, Jr.

Someone once said, "Come to Think Of It, I am thankful...":

For the terrible sound of the alarm that goes off in the early morning hours, because it means that I have another day to live.

For the smell of bacon and burnt toast, because it means I have the sense of smell.

For the rushing out to my place of employment, because this means I am fortunate enough to have a job to earn a living.

For Sunday's mediocre sermon, because this reminds me that our church is blessed to have a Minister, as many do not.

For a lawn that needs cut, sweeper that needs run, and roof that needs fixing, because it means I have a house.

For the teenager who is not doing homework, but is watching TV, because that means he is at home and not running the streets.

For the large pile of laundry and ironing, because it means I have clothes to wear.

For the taxes that I must pay, because it means that I am employed and not on disability or on welfare.

For the cleaning up which needs done after a party which I have hosted, because it means that I have friends.

For the clothes that fit a little tight, because it means I have plenty to eat and health enough to eat.

For all the grumbling I hear about the government, because it means that we are permitted freedom of speech.

For the car payment that must be made and the same car that must be taken to the shop to repair the "miss", because that means I am blessed with a means of transportation

For the brownish water coming out of the faucet today, as this is a reminder that I am blessed with a constant water supply.

For the person in church who sings off key, because it means that I have hearing, as many do not.

For aches and pains, because this means I have a nervous system capable of sending me messages.

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