

DAY THIRTEEN

MY DAY BEGINS

Do you remember how,
when you were a small child,
you would take an abandoned carton
or a fistful of sand
and turn it into a castle?

Inevitably, it seemed,
someone would knock it over.
Your heart would be broken.

But now we understand that those things
that were so earthshaking
when we were children
were in the end not all that important.
Our world did not end when our castles fell.

Yet here we are,
still frantic and anxious
about the frail castles of our adult years.

They too will fall
and it will not matter that much
in the light of eternity.

But it takes a while
to gain this perspective.

We can spend our days
running in circles,
obsessed by a thousand things,
convinced that each one of them
is all-important to our happiness.

Or we can stop for a moment
and think of eternity.

Then we see how very unimportant
are the thousand concerns
that clutter our minds
and preoccupy our souls.

How little they matter!

ALL THROUGH THE DAY

What really matters?

MY DAY IS ENDING

With gratitude

Thank you for all the gifts of this day,
for letting me end this day
remembering

that however frantic and anxious
I might have been
about the frail castles of my life,
in the light of eternity,
they do not matter.

With an offering

I offer you the silence of this night.
Take the abandoned cartons
and bits of sand
out of which
I still build my castles
and make of these frail dreams,
these scattered, hurried moments
of my day,
something that will last
through eternity.

And with a prayer for . . .