

A New Year Wish

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The sun is just rising on the morning of another day, the first day of a new year. What can I wish that this day, this year, may bring to me?

Nothing that shall make the world or others poorer, nothing at the expense of other men; but just those few things which in their coming do not stop with me, but touch me rather, as they pass and gather strength.

A few friends who understand me, and yet remain my friends.

A work to do which has real value without which the world would feel the poorer.

A return for such work small enough not to tax unduly anyone who pays.

A mind unafraid to travel, even though the trail be not blazed.

An understanding heart.

A sight of the eternal hills and unresting sea, and of something beautiful the hand of man has made.

A sense of humor and the power to laugh.

A little leisure with nothing to do.

A few moments of quiet, silent meditation. The sense of the presence of God.

And the patience to wait for the coming of those things, with the wisdom to know them when they come.