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

Nothing that shall make the world of others poorer, nothing at the expense of others; 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 unbelting sea, and of something beautiful the individual hand 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 these things, with the wisdom to know them when they come.