

# ONE DAY AT A TIME

## AWAKENING

CROCUS LADIES AWAKE TO SING, “GET UP, GET UP, IT’S TIME FOR SPRING.” THE DAFFODILS HAVE JUST BEGUN TO FEEL THE EARLY WARMTH OF SUN. THE ROBIN ARRIVES TO HUNT THE WORM, SCRATCHING AROUND ON YONDER BERM, WHILE REDBIRDS FLY AND LOOK FOR TWIGS, A NEST TO BUILD IN THE TREE OF FIGS. “AWAKE, AWAKE,” THE EARLY BLOOMS SING TO ALL THE SLEEPING SIGNS OF SPRING. “GET OUT OF BED AND GROW ANEW; LET COLORS BURST & LEAVES RENEW.

LANDSCAPE IS A WORK OF THE MIND. ITS SCENERY IS BUILT UP AS MUCH FROM STRATA OF MEMORY AS FROM LAYERS OF ROCK. RIGHT???

## TOGETHER WE CAN

THERE IS AN OLD STORY ABOUT A BLIND MAN AND A CRIPPLED MAN WHO STUMBLED INTO EACH OTHER IN A FOREST. THEY WERE BOTH LOST, AND THEY STRUCK UP A CONVERSATION, SHARING THEIR SAD STORIES. THE BLIND MAN SAID, “I CANNOT SEE TO FIND MY WAY OUT.” THE CRIPPLED MAN NODDED AND RESPONDED, “I CANNOT GET UP TO WALK OUT.” AS THEY SAT THERE SADLY TALKING THE CRIPPLED MAN CRIED OUT, “I’VE GOT IT! YOU HOIST ME UP ONTO YOUR SHOULDERS AND I WILL TELL YOU WHERE TO WALK.” TOGETHER THEY FOUND THEIR WAY OUT OF THE FOREST.

“THE EYE CANNOT SAY TO THE HAND, I DON’T NEED YOU!” AND THE HEAD CANNOT SAY TO THE FEET, ‘I DON’T NEED YOU!’... IF ONE PART SUFFERS, EVERY PART SUFFERS WITH IT; IF ONE PART IS HONORED, EVERY PART REJOICES WITH IT. ALL OF US ARE LIKE THE TWO MEN IN THE FOREST. WE NEED HELP FROM TIME TO TIME. THE PRESSURES OF THE WORLD, THE DISCOURAGEMENTS OF LIFE, AND THE SIN THAT ENTANGLES GET US DOWN. WE STRUGGLE TO FIND OUR WAY BACK TO THE LIGHT—BACK TO THE RIGHT WAY. WE NEED HELP! **THAT’S WHY GOD GIVES US A CHURCH FAMILY. EACH OF US HAS A GIFT TO SHARE. EACH OF US CAN OFFER AN ENCOURAGING WORD TO A DISCOURAGED OR STRUGGLING MEMBER. EACH OF US CAN LIVE OUR FAITH AS A WITNESS TO THE WORLD. I CAN’T DO BY MYSELF. YOU CAN’T DO IT BY YOURSELF. BUT, TOGETHER, WE CAN MAKE A DIFFERENCE, YES?**