

## Everyday Things

Snugly I was sleeping in my wintry wrap,  
Until the beams of sunlight gave way,  
And danced back and forth over my eyes.

The ice once framing the windows of night,  
Now trickled down in melted streams,  
Making shallow pools at the bottom of each pane.

The morning glow mockingly tempted me  
To escape my humble and warm cocoon.  
"It's time to wake and begin a new day."

But after moving the layers just one small inch,  
The chill in the air struck and sought to overtake me.  
I retreated beneath the warmth for one moment more.

The soft, steady hum of the heater could be heard,  
And the aroma of coffee awakened my senses.  
I courageously placed one foot on the floor.

I reached for my sweater, a fisherman's knit,  
And quickly pulled on my warm, woolen socks.  
I was adorned for my morning cup of Joe.

What would I do on this crisp, yet lovely morning?  
I am free to choose whatever I wish.  
The thought blanketed my soul with comfort.

The idea of knowing so much could be done,  
Or choosing to do nothing at all,  
Sent a shiver up my spine, that made me giggle.

I'm feeling so very blessed, you see.  
I have everything I need, and more, and I'm grateful.  
I pray these 'everyday things' will always keep me warm.

Can you count the blessings in a regular day?  
Too numerous would be my guess.  
The thought of the Father's love, gives me chills.