

WALKING WITH HOPE AND GRATITUDE IN YOUR HEART

By John F. Hall

Walter D. Winkle wrote a poem called, "Thinking." These are his words: "If you think you are beaten, you are; if you think you dare not, you don't. If you'd like to win, but you think you can't, it is almost a cinch you won't. If you think you'll lose, you've lost; for out in this world we find that; success begins with a fellow's will, it's all in the state of mind. If you think you're outclassed, you are; you've got to be sure of yourself before you can ever win the prize. Life's battles don't always go to the stronger or fastest man; but sooner or later the man who wins is the man who thinks he can."



In my stories, I like to quote scripture. In Romans, Chapter 15, Verse 13, are these words: "May the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing, so that you may abound in hope by the power of the Holy Spirit. I don't know who wrote the following prayer of gratitude: "Lord, for every opportunity to walk in Your light, and to change a life, I thank You. For all the different ways You renew my faith, never giving up on me, I thank You. For every reminder that I am unique, here for a reason, I thank You. For uplifting me through the joy of gratitude and connection, I thank You, Lord, now and forever. Amen."

All of us have so many things to be grateful for. Dorothy Deitz wrote the poem, "Be Grateful." These are her words: "The day began foggy and gray, I woke up sad and blue. But just before the day began, I had a talk with You. This is the day the Lord hath made, be grateful for what it brings: like peace, and love and friendship, and all these simple things. Be grateful for a gracious Lord who watches through the night. Who is always there when breaks the first daylight. No matter if cloud may pass, the sun will venture through. A brand new world will open up, as God is there with you. Be grateful!"

John Whittier wrote the poem, "Don't Quit." These are his words: "When things go wrong as they sometimes will, when the road you're trudging seems all up hill, when funds are low and debts are high and you want to smile, but you have to sigh, when care is pressing you down a bit, but if you must, but don't you quit. Life is strange with its twists and turns as every one of us some times learns and many a failure comes about when he might have won had he struck it out; don't give up though the pace seems slow-you may succeed with another blow. Success is failure turned inside out-the silver tint of the clouds of doubt and you never can tell just how close you are, it may be near when it seems so far; so stick to the fight when you're hardest hit. It's when things seem worse, that you must not quit."

It seems that the older I get, the slower I get. I'm getting more forgetful, day by day. I try to make some good use of my time by writing my stories. I try to be a constant source of hope to my family and to my friends. I hope that my life mattered in the scheme of things. I have taken what Christ

has given me, and I tried to make it better. I've been blessed. In 1990, a song called, "Only Here For a Little While," was written by Richard Leigh and Waylord Holyfield. These are some of their lyrics: "Gonna hold who needs holdin'. Mend what needs mendin'. Walk what needs walkin', though it means an extra mile. Pray what needs prayin'. Say what needs sayin'. Cause we're only here for a little while. Today I stood singin' sons and saying amen. Saying goodbye to an old friend who seemed so young. He spent his whole life workin' hard to chase a dollar. Putting off until tomorrow the things he should have done. Made me start thinking "What the hurry, why the runnin'?" I don't like what I'm becoming, gonna change my style, take my time and not take it all for granted." Let me love like I'll never see tomorrow. Treat each day as though it's borrowed, like it's precious as a child. Whoa, take my hand, let us reach out to each other. Cause we're only here for a little while...".

I will end this story, with a song called, "You'll Never Walk Alone." The song was written by Oscar Hammerstein II and Richard Rodgers, in 1945. That is the same year that I was born. These are their lyrics: "When you walk through a storm, hold your head up high, and don't be afraid of the dark. At the end of a storm there's a golden sky and the sweet silver song of a lark. Walk on, walk on, with hope in your heart, and you'll never walk alone. Walk on, walk on, with hope in your heart, and you'll never walk alone. You'll never walk alone."

John F. Hall

*Read other stories by John F. Hall and others at:

<http://www.ajlambert.com>