

Measuring Time

As the song goes, “How do you measure a year?”

Do you even need to?

For me, it’s the moments that matter, that I want to absorb.

The moment when I can hug my daughter, sighing into her warmth,

Or laugh heartily with a long-time friend,

Or pause with brimming tears of gratitude from an expected kindness,

Or catch a glimpse of the moonlight or a star twinkling in late evening’s indigo,

Or spy a heron slowly, painstakingly, and silently stalking its late afternoon meal,

Or capture a teardrop of dew on a petal’s blush.

For me, these moments matter.

I absorb them.

They are when God and I know each other best.

By Susan BCPhilips

