

Meditation On Today

Now is the watchword of the wise. Now is on the banner of the prudent.

Cherish our today and prize it well, or it will forever be swallowed into the past unused.

Use today well, for who can promise we will have a tomorrow.

We live today – that is enough to warrant our total care.

Leave the past to our Loving Redeemer and entrust the future to our ever existing Friend.

Yesterday died last night and all our thoughts and deeds are the harvest of that day that will be judged.

Last night we laid down as in a shroud in darkness and death-like slumber.

The trumpet of the morning woke us to a resurrection of a new day.

Fear lest folly gives us cause to mourn the passing of this new day in our lives, for today is the seed-corn of all our tomorrows.

Today is the golden chance to produce the fruits of love, gratefulness and temperance.

Yield today to the Master Potter's Hands to be moulded into something that will gladden many hearts for many tomorrows.

Don't leave today's "clay" idly in the sun an unused lump to harden into the worthless dust from which it is formed.

We can find no other place or time other than where we are today.

We have no other food nor store but our daily bread to consume today.

Today in the voyage of our life over the darkened sea of life we need to use the compass and chart provided by the One Who created us to steer a safe course to avoid the rocks of despair and regret.

Stand boldly by the tiller of our life guided by the Pole Star and be safe.

Leaving the tiller but a moment could cause the rudder to swing off course and wreck our today on sunken rocks, or swing it about in the whirlpools of this hectic life leaving us heading in the wrong direction.

The crisis of our destiny is worked out today.

The spirits of good and bad cluster in this thickly-peopled world.

The parasites of doubt and fear may take a hold on our soul.

Our life is a tower, with a staircase of many daily steps that crumble successively behind us as we toil towards our eternal destiny.

There is no going back, the past is an abyss.

There is no stopping, the present is perishing as we live it.

We ever exist on the precarious foothold of today.

Our cares are all today.

Our joys are all today.

In fact, our life is what it is today.