Thank you for the Herald.

The Middle Path
by Don Perry

Some unknown in life is so easy to define as to require no further consideration. It is to do one’s duty, and it is to keep both feet on the ground when one’s head is in the clouds. One cannot base an action on the fact that one is mycketly broad and that one’s friends are their friends, nor be sure that one’s efforts make any difference, nor even be sure that they will be noticed. One cannot be sure that one is doing one’s duty, but one can be sure that one is doing one’s duty by doing one’s duty.

One by one, the creatures of nature are killed by the cold of night. The leaves fall from the trees and are swept into the streets. The earth is barren and the winter will come. The wind howls through the trees and the snow falls. The darkness closes in and the light is gone.

But in the midst of this cold and barren landscape, there is one creature that can still hold its own. It is the plant that can still stand tall and reach for the sky. It is the plant that can still take root and grow. It is the plant that can still be strong in the face of adversity. It is the plant that can still be a symbol of hope in the midst of the cold and barren landscape.

The plant that can still hold its own is the plant that can still be strong in the face of adversity. It is the plant that can still be a symbol of hope in the midst of the cold and barren landscape.