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Recognizing enough

By Evelyn M. Bingham
SUN COLUMNIST & POET

Do *you* recognize when you have enough? How can you tell? What, is *enough*?
Enough, is defined as: To attain, achieve, attained as much or as many as necessary, desirable, or tolerable, to the required degree or amount, fully, just adequately, tolerably, fairly, sufficient, as much as needed, equal to what is required.

We all desire *or* want to attain *things*, or to acquire items because they are the latest gadgets on the market, or the most recent technology available. I recently heard that there was a new TV, available in Korea and China, which exceeds 100 inches and costs *Thousands* of dollars. I wonder how many people here in America are drooling at the thought *and* chance of one day owning one.

Acquisitions, don't necessarily happen as a result of *need*, certain overly extravagant items, are strictly ego based, and are meant to stroke, and soothe the ego of individuals suffering from *lack* in some area of their personal lives, competition in business, or a larger than life persona!

Many times when people grow up poor, they dream of ways to escape the poverty they find themselves a part of, but never escaping the poverty of the mind. Too often their methods of escape are counterproductive and they end up in *worst* condition than they were at first. Unfortunately, *enough*, never seems to apply to self improvement or bettering one's life condition. Rarely does a person spend the time to work on themselves and their physical, mental, and spiritual health, those things that *bring* them peace and satisfaction. *Excuses* have become our way out of dealing with things we'd rather ignore.

Instead of dealing with self, they opt for the showy, bling, bling things which are not lasting, but which provide that instant gratification when viewed externally by others. While this fictitious game playing is momentary, it makes you feel, and appear to be, *all that*, when in actuality, you *are*, and *have* within you, that very satisfaction and peace which you seek, so stop game playing, it all begins and ends with your state of mind.

People would be blessed and empowered to realize that their education, employment training and their cultural exposure are some *keys to success* and are *avenues* leading to the *Highway of Enough*, as they perceive it and will be reached governed by the *entrances* and *exits* they choose to take!

Likewise, those who are born into affluence, have a similar problem with what is *enough*, since rarely is money an issue, it is often used indiscriminately, especially by those who are young or are less mature. Those people of affluence who have actually had to work hard for, and who have prepared themselves from an educational standpoint , are much more discerning of how their monies are spent, shared and saved. Their endowments, investments, and donations provide for an estate for family *enough's*, *far* into the future!

Bottom line, the recognition of your, *enough*, is when you have reached a certain *satisfaction* and *peace of mind* that whatever you have, is *ENOUGH*!! And remain grateful!!

Acquisitions

By Evelyn M. Bingham

What good is it to acquire *Things*
Just to get, to have and to hold
For acquisitions, will be *so unimportant*
If you are blessed enough to grow old!

Oh, there is one exception, let me please clarify
The acquisition of love, pure and simple
Is the ONLY possession that you can take
When it's time for you to die.

Use your acquisitions wisely, don't selfishly hoard or
hide them, or place them in a drawer
But use them to share, for others to enjoy
Why not openly find ways to use and dispense them
Let your ingenuity, be your employ.

Things, are to be appreciated
But being materialistic, should be worn so very loosely
But through your willingness to give, others benefit greatly
And your generosity, will return to you profusely!

When giving of your *Things,* to others
Don't judge the recipients worth to you
But pass on to others, a share of your wealth
Because it's the right thing to do!

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The year Wanda left

By Evangelist Barbara Colbert
SUN COLUMNIST

Youthfulness: greenness, tender years, springtime, a period of early existence, early in time, a time when one is compelled by energy, will, and innocence. Who can foresee what roads the youth will travel while young and all so restless? Perhaps paths of fiery endeavors and mind-boggling challenges, or trails bumpy and ragged, embedded with pitfalls, thickets and sinkholes. The philosophy of the youthful mind is that the ends will justify the means; and such brazen motivation can only be justified by, youthfulness.

When we are young, there's nothing we can't do. The sun rises and sets all about us. We have the world at our fingertips. King Solomon, even with all wisdom, restless and insatiable with youthful desires, embarked on a quest to find the "meaning of life". Yet, as the years progressed, he came to find that it was all in vain. He found that the zeal of youthfulness could indeed lead to a road of perdition, and the native sadly finding himself sinking into a cesspool of sorrows and regrets. As was for her. The year she left, she was all so young, headstrong and foolish. Youthful desires fueled by an unyielding lust for life, the fires of youthfulness raged unquenchable and destructive. In this condition, youthfulness was blind with no peripheral vision. While the instant motives may have been of some credibility, there was no consideration for repercussions or consequences. In her youthful naivety, like Solomon, she'd resolved that life could be conquered by search and seizure. So she left without a thought for the tomorrows that would come after tomorrow, leaving her traveling companions behind charred and scarred as smoldering embers.

Solomon grew older and wiser, but only after negotiating countless roads of trial and error. Though he was the wisest man on earth, Solomon yet embraced a lifestyle embroiled in excessive self-indulgence and gratification; catastrophic by-products of youthfulness unrestrained, uncontained. Howbeit, in his seasoned years, Solomon came to realize that all that one does in the scheme of things was mere "vanity", and despite all his wealth and notability, his fate was the same as the common man's - from the dust he came, to the dust he would return.

The year she left was followed by decades of roads traveled, some high - some low. Like Solomon, she'd gathered many treasures along the way, and made an equivalent amount of errors. As youthfulness gradually faded, wisdom settled in. She felt the pangs of decisions and roads taken in youthful anxiety, and deep in her heart she sorely understood more of Solomon's words ". . . what is to be has already been; And God requires an account of what is past." There was nothing left to do about it all but rest in His divine grace and mercy. Again, Solomon ". . . God has set the world in their heart, so they cannot know or find out the work that God maketh from the beginning to the end." What we did not know in our youthfulness, God yet knew then, He yet knows now, and He yet knows for tomorrow.

So we must be encouraged when counting failures and regrets. God makes allowances for youthful calamities. It's best to decide that the "year" we "left" was the year we embarked on the arduous journey from youthfulness to wholeness. When we took life by the tail, rolled with the punches, and by God's grace, landed on our feet. Then, count it all joy and let King Solomon conclude the matter with "…there is nothing new under the sun. Everything else is vanity."

The Light

By Darryl Cheatham

In an abyss of darkness, you are two pieces of flint striking.
You are sparking a need within the nutrition to feed within
No materialistic gimmicks. All natural and factual
A warm and welcoming light so needed for an old salty sea dog sailing through thick fog
Low visibility. You have the special ability
To truly see for me.

My dear, I play the part of the deer in headlights
In awe with a dropped jaw
A moth to an untamed flame
I felt like this way before I knew your name

Once I saw it, it wasn't hard to call it gone...
Like hardcore alcoholics so blinding yet simulating all senses.
Once ridiculed. Thought to be miniscule.
With the warmth and energy of ten suns your rays amaze
The reason to stay and not run astray
Together, forever till black turns gray
Memories never burn away
You have my full attention. I will never turn away.