

JANUARY MORNING WATCH



As we begin 2019 we realize that we have an entire blank book to fill. 365 days -- Where do we start? (Let's start at the very beginning!) Since this is meant for campers and staff of CAMP, I am going back to the very beginning of CAMP. In those days Reverend Selvey wrote all the Morning Watches. It is interesting to me that in so many of his morning watches he included the poem "Drop a Pebble in the Water". Thinking about it, I believe he felt that CAMP was indeed that pebble for him. (Not just a splash, but circles going on and on to who knows where!)

Reverend Selvey's dropped pebble has indeed gone on and on even extending beyond his physical life here with us. As we begin our new year, let's honor his memory as we again read "Drop a Pebble in the Water", and realize that that pebble can be either a positive force in the world or a negative one, depending on the pebbles that we drop daily. Kind words and positive actions will produce even more positive reactions as those circles go on and on, and likewise - an unkind word and negative actions will cause ultimate chaos in the world as those circles multiply. Today WE HAVE A CHOICE!

Drop a Pebble in the Water by James William Foley

Drop a pebble in the water — jes' a splash an' it is gone,

But th's half a hundred ripples circlin' on, an' on, an' on,

Spreadin', spreadin' from the center, flowin' on out to the sea,

An' th' ain't no way o' tellin' where th' end is goin' to be.

Drop a pebble in the water — in a minute ye forget,

But th's little waves a-flowin' an' th's ripples circlin' yet;

All th' ripples flowin', flowin', to a mighty wave hev grown,

An' ye've disturbed a mighty river — jes' by droppin' in a stone.

Drop an unkind word or careless — in a minute it is gone,

But th's half a hundred ripples circlin' on, an' on, an' on.

Th' keep spreadin', spreadin', spreadin' from th' center as th' go,

An' th' ain't no way to stop 'em, once ye've started 'em to flow.

Drop an unkind word or careless — in a minute ye forget,

But th's little waves a-flowin' an' th's ripples circlin' yet;

An' perhaps in some sad heart a mighty wave of tears ye've stirred,

An' disturbed a life 'et's happy when ye dropped an unkind word.

Drop a word o' cheer an' kindness — jes' a flash an' it is gone,

But th's half a hundred ripples circlin' on, an' on, an' on,

Bearin' hope an' joy an' comfort on each splashin', dashin' wave,

Till ye wouldn't b'lieve the volume o' th' one kind word ye gave.

Drop a word o' cheer an' kindness — in a minute ye forget,

But th's gladness still a-swellin' an' th's joy a-circlin' yet;

An' ye've rolled a wave of comfort whose sweet music can be heard

Over miles an' miles o' water — jes' by droppin' a kind word.