

SALLY

Dear Bowzie,

Thank you for writing me. I know it's ill-timed that I'm writing you just as you're getting out. There are things you should know. Before you get back. I went to church the other night. Wednesday night bible study. They let Mother Cassie Becton lead because she said she had a Word on her heart and the Lord had told her that the word was for somebody in the building. Her Word brought tears to my eyes, but I do believe that Word is for you. She say when each of her boys came of age, she take 'em to Old Hickory Lake. Then say, "Pick a rock." And none of them know why, but she just tell 'em, "Pick a rock, boy." And they did. And she say, "That's your rock. You put it in your pocket and take it with you everywhere you go. Don't never let it loose. Never. And whenever you mad you stepped in a puddle or whenever something don't go your way, you grab that stone and thank God. Think of one thing to be grateful for. Because no matter if the whole world turn it's back on you and don't nothing go your way, there's always something to be grateful for." Bowzie, sometime it don't look like there's much at all to be grateful for, I know. I know, I know, I truly know. Sometime that rock get so heavy in your pocket 'cause you can't figure out what to be grateful for. Sometime it get so heavy. It's so heavy. It's so heavy. But pick it up. Pick it up anyhow. Hold it 'till you figure it out. We will figure it out...