

Other People's Hands

Every morning, I wake up in a house I didn't build. I eat a breakfast of food I didn't grow, put on clothes I didn't make, sewn from fabric I didn't weave.

Later, I get into in a car I didn't assemble, running on fuel I didn't produce, to buy items I didn't stock in a store I didn't open or close.

Returning home, I drive on roads I didn't pave, made safe by stoplights I didn't install and lane stripes I didn't paint.

If, along the way, I should have an accident or emergency, there are "first-responders" always standing by -- *whose sole purpose* every day is to come and rescue me -- and take me to a place where I will be cared for and healed.

The fact that I may have money to exchange for all these goods and services I receive does not detract from a simple and basic fact: much of the life I call my own is made possible by the hard work of other people on whom I am completely dependent and without whom, I could scarcely shelter, feed or clothe myself.

Thus humbled, I am once again grateful today... for all the work performed on my behalf -- day in and day out -- by other people's hands.

So: thank you to the builders who constructed my home 54 years ago, so I could live in it today.

Thank you to the farmers, to the people who work at the canned goods factory and the ones who drive the trucks to the market. Thanks to those who work all night stocking shelves and sweeping aisles.

Thank you to the firemen and EMT's who sit calmly playing cards while waiting for alarms to go off.

Thank you to the woman at the 7-11 who puts in long hours waiting, in case I need a quart of milk, but always greets me with a smile.

It is such a long list, so many people I will never see, supporting me -- providing for my welfare.

But today, at least, I'll do my best to appreciate this life of mine, made possible only through the good graces of other's people's hands.

Michael Powers
May 5, 2018