

Every morning, I follow roughly the same routine. My eyes open a minute or two before the alarm goes off somewhere between 5:00am and 6:00am depending on how lazy I felt the night before. My hand reaches down from the bed onto the floor where my cell is connected to the charger plugged into the nearest socket. I turn the alarm off before it rings and get out of bed.

Sometimes I stand starry eyed for a moment or two while my mind and body struggle with each other- heart is usually asleep at this point so it stays out of the fight. My mind wins, as it mostly does, and I trudge to the washroom. I use the toilet, brush my teeth and take a quick shower. On alternate days, I shampoo my hair. Once done, I turn the shower off and stand in the tub drying myself with the towel. I comb my hair before leaving the washroom.

Once back in the room, I put on my undergarments and then my pants. I always wear a white tee underneath my dress shirt. Tucking the shirt inside my pants, I put on my belt and then my socks. I button my cuffs before putting on my trench. I put my iPad back into my leather bag, place my wallet into the back pocket, keys in my hand and turn the cell-phone wifi off. Once downstairs, I slip on my shoes, grab a glass of milk and head out.

Yet another day to be grateful for.

In between the above acts, even though my mind buzzes with the chores and tasks and mental deadlines, I cannot help but thank God for all that he has done for me and even though I pride myself on using words well, I have failed repeatedly in being able to pen my thankfulness to God. Perhaps somethings are meant to be pondered and not necessarily write on paper.