RATINGS

God gives to each, one special gift
And oftentimes two or three.
To few grants evern four or five,
Such as the case may be.

Whatever’s needed to be done,
There’s someone born to do it.
‘Tis how the talent’s spread around.
Let’s take a look into it:

One man courts nature, tends the fields,
Another braves the sky.
A sailor lad will trim the sails;
The merchant sell and buy.

There’s one to play a needle, and
The lawmen scheme and deal.
Some carve wood and some chip stone;
Still others fashion steel.

And there’s the artist born to sing,
Paint, play, or to recite;
One bound to caper, mime, or dance,
And many prone to write.

(Continued)
The doctor mends the body, and
The preacher guards the soul.
The teacher trains the eager mind
And thus is served the whole.

But straight on down the line, my friend
(The list is far from ended),
Each man's important in his place.
That's how it was intended.

So give scant thought to who's the best
Or poorest of the lot.
Take this advice: To meet the test
Just make the most of what you've got!

January 1, 1977
(Remembering Edgar Guest)