

PUT AND TAKE
By Everett M. Christensen

There's something I wonder,
And think of a lot;
Why some are so happy
And others are not.

I've known lots of both kinds,
So, surely, have you;
Maybe the difference
Is in the things that they do.

The sad are complainers,
Of that there's no doubt;
They measure each thing
By what they'll get out.

Of them there is one thing
You surely can bet;
Their only concern
Is what they will get.

As each day passes
They think and they say,
"What's in it for me?"
"What will I get today?"

"What good things will happen?"
"What more will I be?"
"What have I received?"
"What have you done for me?"

But it just doesn't work,
For try as they might;
The things that they seek,
Are just out of sight.

And then there are those
Who seem less concerned,
About their own lot
Than the good deeds they've turned

The word "contribution,"
Is key to this kind.
For each of their days
With kindness is lined.

They always seem "up."
They never are "down."
They have voices of cheer,
There's no place for a frown.

The people who know them
Feel much better, too.
It's because of their way
And the things that they do.

These people don't worry
About what they'll receive;
They're much more concerned
About what they will leave.

And yet it's a sure thing,
A perfect-safe bet.
They cannot give out
As much as they get.

These are the happiest
People you'll see;
As happy as
You and I want to be.

So if you'd be happy
Then make no mistake:
It's far more important
To **PUT** than to **TAKE**.