**Make Time for Wednesdays**

**Sunday isn't the only day of rest.**

**Wednesdays used to be like every other day of the week: busy. Get four kids ready for school then head to my job as a substitute teacher. Come home, cook dinner, wash dishes, coax the kids through their homework and put them to bed. Everything was done in a hurry.**

**Then my father-in-law, Dick, was forced to give up his driver's license due to failing eyesight. Could anyone help him with his errands? If I shuffled my schedule around, I could give him a hand on Wednesdays.**

**I picked him up and took him to Mass, glad to start the day off with prayer. We went to a coffee shop and ordered breakfast. I'd forgotten how nice it was to linger over a second cup of coffee. We drove to the mall and stopped by the pharmacy to pick up his prescriptions. He didn't walk fast and I had to watch out for anything he might trip over.**

**"I'm sorry this takes so long," he said.**

**"Don't be," I said. "I like this pace." I discovered I needed the time as much as he did. For one day a week, "hurry up" was not part of my vocabulary. Dick and I talked, laughed and listened. And I learned to be grateful for things I'd take for granted.**

**Dick passed away, but Wednesdays didn't. Sometimes I take a Thursday morning with an older friend, sometimes a Monday afternoon. But whatever day it is, it's a slow-down break in a hurry-up world to remind me of what really matters. That's what Wednesdays -- or any day -- should be for.**

**\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\***

***(Diane Bausom of Conway, Arkansas, taken from the February, 2005 issue of Guideposts magazine, on page 39)***