

## Breakfast

One of the nice things about living down south is the ease with which one can engage even total strangers in conversation about the spiritual side of life. I don't mean proselytizing and I will say I haven't had anyone try that on me since I've lived here. But someone might easily tell me in candid conversation how prayer has helped them or someone in their family. Or if a person mentions their granddaughter is about to have a tricky surgery, one can offer that she will be remembered in your prayers, said much easier than if the conversation took place in most venues up north. Offering to pray for someone is as easy and unsurprising as saying Merry Christmas down here. (Never say "Happy Holidays." It offends most people in the South.)

For the past year or so I've been meeting early Wednesday mornings with a group of men who value a spiritual perspective in their daily lives. There are possibly fifteen of us and at each informal breakfast we'll assemble maybe 7 or 8 around two or three tables pushed together in the back corner of a K&W cafeteria at the north end of Myrtle Beach. Most of us are retirees, some of us are churched, none of us care too much about religion per se.

We're from all over the country. Many are southerners. Maybe a quarter of us are from the north ... Maine, New York, Ohio, etc. All of us were wondering a

couple of weeks ago what has happened to America.

Now, it's true old guys always worry about such things, but don't forget we were considered a valuable resource in earlier times when elders and their opinions were held in greater esteem.

I would say we reached two points of consensus: 1. what's happening does not seem good, and 2. it's going to continue whether we like it or not.

As to what one could do about it:

1. If a person sees an opportunity to join with others and work against the complete secularization of the country, that may be an avenue to follow. 2. Don't be surprised if the effort does little good. But by the way, a lack of success is no reason to NOT join the effort.

About the time the sweet lady who carries a pot of coffee around the restaurant had filled up our "go" cups for the ride out, it came to me we were doing exactly what people of like minds have done for centuries ... meet together in small groups, keep the light shining in our midst and ask a blessing for ourselves and loved ones, as well as guidance for the way we live our lives. We shouldn't worry too much over what the rest of the world is doing.

Our little group's opinions may not fare well against the billions of dollars lined up in Washington and Hollywood in opposition to our way of life, but something tells me there are a lot more of us than some people think. And if not, I won't worry about that either.

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**The Windswept Press**  
**Murrells Inlet, South Carolina**

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