

CLASSIC STATE OF MIND

Hi. I'm Ken Jones, and this is A Classic State of Mind, with a word about ... Keeping It Simple

I get up early, every morning. And most of those mornings, I'm writing something, or thinking about writing something.

TODAY, I had a fantastic opportunity, as I sat at my computer, looking at that blank screen. That cursor just blinked at me, waiting for me to start typing.

I already know, as a writer, that when I'm in that writing mode, I can express my ideas any way I choose. If I'm telling a story about a man riding in a car, I can write big words on that page to describe where he's driving, words like thoroughfare or boulevard or promenade.

Or I can keep it simple and say "He's driving down a road."

I can type idea words about that man, driving down the road that are abstruse and profound. I can say "His perspectives are cogitative, filled with sagacity."

Or I can say, "He's a deep thinker."

I can use words like epicurean or gastronomic to describe how that guy driving down the road feels about food, or I can type a sentence that says, "He's a foodie." I get to choose what I type.

I can say, "Man, the last twenty-four hours for that guy driving down the road have been invigorating, gratifying, and absolutely Promethean in every way."

Or, I can type "He had a good day!" I get to choose.

I think good writing and good living are a lot alike. Every morning, I drive down life's road. I face a blank page of life, another blinking cursor. I can perambulate through the happenings of today, contemplating the quintessence of their significance.

Or, I can walk in faith. The choice is mine.

I can pendulate and vacillate and bifurcate myself into spiritual schizophrenia.

Or, I can trust and serve and believe.

Simple is better. The more profound I try to be — the more ostentatious and ubiquitous my approach to God — the farther I get from the little children Jesus said we need to watch.

Ever notice? Children use short, easy words to talk to God. They pray for stuff like the kitten they lost, or the knee they scraped. They ask honest, innocent questions about things they don't understand. Stuff like, "Why are our tongues wet?" or "How come dogs and cats don't like each other?"

And when they come to a busy street they think is too dangerous for them to cross alone, they reach out in simple faith and take the hand of their dad, — a hand much bigger than their own — and assume, "He must know how to get to the other side of the street safely."

The songwriter got up one morning and sat looking at a blank piece of paper. I can almost picture him leaning back, looking up into the sky and smiling, as a profound thought crossed his mind. He put pen to paper and began the first verse:

"This is the day that the Lord has made; I will rejoice and be glad in it."
Short and simple. Kind of like a blinking cursor on a blank computer screen.

And every day, we get to try it again.

I'm Ken Jones, and this has been "A Classic State of Mind." Thanks for listening. If you'd like a printed copy of today's word, you can download a free copy by visiting our website: [Classic State of Mind.com](http://ClassicStateofMind.com). And if you'd like to contact me personally, my email is kenjones@classicstateofmind.com. I love to hear from you, and thanks again for listening.