

## What Counts

It isn't the money you're making,  
It isn't the clothes you wear,  
And it isn't the skill of your good right hand which makes folks really care.  
It's the smile on your face and  
The light of your eye and the burdens that you bear.

Most any old man can tell you, most any old man at all,  
Who has lived through all sorts of weather, winter and summer and fall,  
That riches and fame are shadows that dance on the garden wall.

It's how do you live and neighbor, how do you work and play,  
It's how do you say 'good morning' to the people along the way,  
And it's how do you face your troubles whenever your skies are gray.

It's you, from the dawn to nighttime; you when the day is fair,  
You when the storm is raging - how do you face despair?  
It is you that the world discovers, whatever the clothes you wear.

You to the end of the journey,  
kindly and brave and true,  
The best and the worst of you gleaming in all that you say and do,  
And the thing that counts isn't money,  
or glory, or power, but YOU!

Edgar Albert Guest (1861-1952)