

# Simplicity

I'm sorry for kids who only have tricycles, bicycles, horses, elephants, goldfish, three-room playhouses, fire engines, wind-up dragons and things like that – if they don't have a rock for a friend...I mean a special rock that you find yourself and keep as long as you can – maybe forever.

*Byrd Baylor, Everybody Needs a Rock, 1974*

Now my [list of the money we earn in a year] says *four million and sixty thousand dollars*– and we haven't even started counting actual cash. To tell the truth, the cash part doesn't seem to matter anymore. I suggest it shouldn't even be on a list of our kind of riches.

*Byrd Baylor, The Table Where Rich People Sit, 1994*

I am grateful for what I am and have. My thanksgiving is perpetual. It is surprising how contented one can be with nothing definite-only a sense of existence. My breath is sweet to me. O how I laugh when I think of my vague indefinite riches. No run on my bank can drain it, for my wealth is not possession but enjoyment. If the day and the night are such that you greet them with joy and life emits a fragrance like flowers and sweet-scented herbs-is more elastic, starry, and immortal-that is your success.

*Henry David Thoreau*

How many toys are enough? Do I have enough or too many or too few??

What is most important in my life? Do I have time for those important things or are there too many other things crowding them out?

How does what I eat, what I wear, what I own, what I do affect people in my class at school? On the other side of the world?