CONTENTMENT

“How sweet an emotion is possession! What charm is inherent to ownership! What a foundation for vanity, even for the greater quality of self-respect, lies in a little property. I fell to thinking of the excellent wording of the books in which land is called “real property” or “real estate.” Money we may possess, in goods or chattles, but they give no such impression of mineness as the feeling that one’s feet rest upon soil that is his; that part of the deep earth is his with all the water upon it, all birds or insects that fly in the air above it, all trees, shrubs, flowers and grass that grow upon it, all houses, barns and fences—all his. As I strode along that afternoon I fed upon possession. I rolled the sweet morsel of ownership under my tongue. I can understand why the miser enjoys the very physical contact of his gold. Every sense I possessed, sight, hearing, smell, touch, fed upon the new joy.”

David Grayson—Adventures in Contentment.