

TIME
by Anne Sloan

Did you ever take time to wonder just what is time? It's free. Most times, everyone has all of it that they need. Sometimes we say we don't have enough time. There's always enough time. I am the one who does not measure it properly. Where does time come from and where does it go? We certainly can't see it or feel it or hear it. It's so elusive that it gets away from us and we don't even realize it's gone. There is bedtime and dinner time and all kinds of times. We decide at what time we will do certain things and time is always there. If I don't use my time, can somebody else have it? If so, would they know it was my time? Sometimes I say "I'm going to take the time to do that right now." Where do I take it from and how long can I keep it? How many things have I put off until someday when I have the time? We are often told we have just so much time to accomplish things. There is just so much time in a day and we have an allotted time here on earth. Who measures that time? How do we decide it's time to go or time to stay a while? It would be difficult to remember how many times I've wished there were time for this or that. The time is always there. The fault lies with me, not time.

There's a song about putting time in a bottle. Just think how wonderful that would be. I would find the biggest bottle ever and fill it to the top. I would close it and cap it fast and tight so as not to lose one minute. Whenever I thought "I don't have time right now." I would stop and think, "Why not? Go get the time bottle and take out enough time to accomplish whatever you need to do." I might use the time to drop a real handwritten note to a friend I've neglected. There would be a little extra time to meet someone for lunch. Maybe there would be time to sit and read a book or read to a grandchild. Time is always there. All I have to do is take it.

Thinking about time leads to thoughts of eternity. Considering a time that has no end can be disconcerting. Whatever we might think about time doesn't seem to matter. Time goes on with or without us. It moves without stopping and doesn't concern itself with people, places or things. Eventually, it will run out for me but until then I'll use every bit of it that I'm given.

I don't always use my time
As wisely as I should.
I'd go back and try over
If only I really could.

But tempis really does fugit
And there's no turning around.
So now I'll try to do better
With that extra time I found.

Thank God for the time He gives me.
For all time past and to come.
If you should ever need more time,
Perhaps I can give you some.