

Time and the Art of Aging

by Bob Taylor

Time is a child of Mother Nature and attitude is the architect of aging. In the beginning, time takes each of us by the hand and leads us through this marvelous maze called life. Time never lets go until the end of life as we know it, then everything stops except time and it marches on without us.

Time is relentless in its pursuit of eternity. It is the father of aging, the terminal illness of which we are all victims. Our attitudes - yours and mine - toward this illness can make its ravages much easier to live with.

Time sees no difference in black or white, rich or poor, male or female. It treats everyone alike and is not a renewable resource.

When time is gone, it is gone forever - and so are we. When we learn to keep track of time, it tells us we are growing older, never younger.

Time is Mother Nature's way of keeping everything from happening at once. Someone brighter than I made that brilliant observation, but I know not who.

The rhythm of time makes beautiful music possible. When our time - yours and mine - comes to a halt, the music stops, the dance is over and everything stops, except time.

The march of time continues without us. May the time of your life go on until the end of time. May time treat you kindly and infect you with a love and enthusiasm for living life - because life is good.