

My Bucket List
By Dennis Knight

The idea of making a list of things to do before you die is not new, but now it has a name and the notion becomes more popular as we all gain ground on the inevitable. My bucket list is typical; a mix of things I would like to do and places I would like to see.

This spring I am going to New Orleans, Savannah, Charleston, and Asheville. I will drive the Blue Ridge Parkway, and I might even see the Shenandoah Valley. My future plans include Banff and Vancouver. Someday, maybe not too distant, I will kiss the Blarney Stone.

There is a book waiting in my bucket. It's down deep, but it's there. It will probably be a collection of essays and meanderings not much different or of any more import than this, but if I can put a cover on it, I will call it a book.

There are some things, however, that I should just give up on. I will never be a switchboard operator, nor have I hope of becoming an elevator operator. Any chance to be a copy boy at a big newspaper in the metropolis has dried up, and there are no more typesetters at the newspaper. When was the last time you heard, "Call for Philip Morris", and what the heck was that guy's job anyway?

It's too late to go to Constantinople, Leningrad, Persia, Siam or Ceylon. Formosa and Rhodesia are no longer on the map. Saigon would have been interesting, but as Ho Chi Minh City, not so much. I missed New Amsterdam by more than four centuries and Idlewild Airport by five decades. I've seen their successors, New York City and JFK airport, but it's not the same.

I will continue drawing from my bucket until I have kicked it, but the list will never be cleared because I keep finding new places to go and new things to do. They say getting there is half the fun, and the venture is more important than the achievement, but dreaming it up is even more fun.

On reflection, I should probably scratch traveling to Oz, or for that matter, becoming the Wizard of Oz. It's ironic, because I am just reaching that age of silver and girth where I would make a very wonderful wizard. Are you listening, Hollywood?