

A Time for Everything  
01-16-2017 by Harry Zirkelbach  
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Ecclesiastes 3 begins,  
"There is a time for everything,  
and a season for every activity under the heavens."

Then that wonderful twelve recounting, so often a piece of a eulogy.

Today  
a personal recognizing..

A time for childhood,  
Those beginning in moments  
when you are to make no decision  
but enjoy the fruits of life provided by family and friend. Then, sliding into

A time for Schooling,  
carefree hours of being fed intangibles, regurgitating them exactly,  
filing and filing the brain with the lore of elders; this continuing for eight,  
twelve, or in my case 17 years, with no thought except to come back  
tomorrow for more;

then that wonderful day when you know no more formal learning is in a  
room of three walls and a blackboard,  
and you wonder,

Is this the end of my security blanket? Close that door, find,

A time for work;  
begins no matter how resisted in years of military, idleness, travel, wonder.  
And what a time.

Little reflecting on any distant tomorrow,  
learning that today hours are little enough for all the tasks at hand,  
and the changing demands of life complicated by industry, family, society,  
until the a sunny day bursts into your life,

only to learn you are too old,  
and you begin to act it, without the vigor of all those earlier ages.  
But find you are walking with a retinue of friend and acquaintances  
to cheer you as never before.

That's, A time for retirement,  
thrust by age, first from the military at age 60, then Social Security, you  
chose the year,  
though you've changed employment for money  
continue to dabble in charities, helping friend and stranger,  
volunteer editor a Church Newspaper,  
until at 80 you pass that to younger hands;  
and finally a year talking the 2000 Census, a task you began in the town of  
your settlement fifty years earlier, again talking to those wondrous Denver  
people,  
the crossroads of these United States;  
and then at 90, further withdraw, concede your health will not allow  
the pace you expect of yourself in public.

A time for eternity;  
this is not your choice,  
but every dusk hold back that Eternal Silence for another Star and Sun day,  
continue plans for the here and now;  
recite the vow inside that wedding ring, "Thy Will be Done";  
pray that you have been faithful to all you have been allowed to touch,  
that you have followed the admonition in the Our Father  
.... "Forgive Those Who Trespass Againsts Us".

And  
what better ending than the final line of Ecclesiastes, 30.22  
"... So I saw that there is nothing better for a person  
than to enjoy their work  
because that is their lot."

So what better activity this day,  
than lend my ears to the Writers  
of Windsor Gardens.