

SUNRISE, SUNSET

30 OCTOBER 2017, by Harry Zirkelbach
Stars and Sun date 34955

Sunrise Sunset, Sunrise Sunset. It is the measure of time by early mankind. Count each as a unit a blessing, the beginning and the end of what all eventually agreed should be called a day, that measurement of life.

Then that day when those who cared for their flocks of sheep, had to stay with them during the dark ours, to protect sheep from the wolf and other animal who found the sheep defenseless, an easy prey, a decent meal.

These night-time individuals began to expand the minds of their tribe who retired with the setting sun. They described the dots of night and its moving world, the differences in intensity of the light source, those that appeared exactly every night as did the sun, and that smaller gathering that moved differently; what could that mean? And in time, they began to plot this nightly map for others to understand the mystery of countless nightly dots that hinted as being replicas of their sun which hid from everyone all nights.

With refinement, man began to count the days from birth as a year, and then measured himself against others by age. It became necessary to determine when each would no longer be cared for by the tribe, but become a contributor to the common good. The child, moved to adulthood, from fun loving, to a caring creature and its responsibilities. Repeated over and over, to this very day, with many refinements.

In the tribe of which I am a part, one measure of time is Monday morning, here in the Aspen Room, with like minded residents, taking turns to consume 60 minutes in greetings, then reading to one another, departing, completing routines until the proper Sunrise-Sunset intervals. Bring us back to what we have chosen to do one hour of every seven Sunrises-Sunsets, almost endlessly.

My friends enjoy this day you chosen to be repeat every seventh Sunrise.