

Time Well Spent

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In a full sense, every moment of life past has been well spent; it is gone; no matter how effective or beneficial to the individual, or mankind. Each has taken pitter-patter steps to arrive arrive here.

Time, well spent or not, related directly, sometimes indirectly, into their history of time.

Windsor Writers gather weekly, conjure tales containing pieces of their travel through their allotted hours. Come 09:00 Monday, testimony that each foresee this hour will be well spent, another small jewel on the piece of the total fabric of each life.

The following is the selected times of a life well spent. In fact each recitation was completed in the minds of one couple, often with the aid of a VW rented Bus, from an owner in a nearby hut.

The most expensive, memorable, was in the Bus that got stuck in the sands of the west base of the **Great Pyramid of Giza**. In haste to begin these journeys, the driver carelessly left the paved roadway, hired a dozen Bedouin to help get the 4 wheels back on solid ground. That caused buckets of sand being dumped into the bus; before the vehicle was returned, the engine was destroyed. It lasted many years shorter than the 4600 years attributed to this oldest of all Wonders, still exiting today.

In the following lines, we didn't so much visit the sights, as return where they stood, the remaining six have been destroyed by nature.

While in Egypt we visit the **Lighthouse of Alexandria**. As shipping was essential to the Egyptians, Pharos built this Lighthouse, 449 ft tall, only 30 feet shorter than the Pyramid at Giza, the Statue of Liberty one-third as tall.. For Navigation, a mirror atop for day; a furnace fire burning nights.

The wife cuts her foot on a piece of glass in those sands;
guide opines, surely this was a piece of the mirror.

A wonder of the modern world, story telling.

They sail to Greece, visit the **Statue of Zeus at Olympia**. Destroyed in 262; no remnant is visible today; except, the Greeks never wasted a piece of marble, and there exists structures all over the area that surely were a part of Zeus. Greeks, dependent on tourism, claim this is the greatest of the Ancient Wonders; the wife doubts.

Modern world maybe; her pocket was picked here, twice.

After a rest they fly to Mosul, Iraq, before the current unrest, look for the **Hanging Gardens of Babylon**. Yes, they stood next to the Tower of Babel. The locals were kind (to one another, hostile). They define every possible location for this wonder. Not enjoyable as vacation, but big on their list of wonders. Who stole their luggage?

Scoot back to the **Statue of Rhodes**, factually a part of Greece. Wonderful Harbor. Difficult to imagine a statue over the harbor entrance, one foot on each side. But artist sketches available everywhere, alleged proof.

Boy, was he tall.

We leave, enter Turkey, journey to **Ephesus** the site of the fabled **Temple of Artemus**. Gone. Models show it was huge. Remnants of dozens of temples, some intact. Best sight we would visit. Peaceful. Sunny climate, hospitable locals. Camera big these days.

Then the short travel to the **Masoleum at Halicarnassus** Turkey, final visit. A disappointment. There is no recognizable remnant of this wonder. And the guides here have little to show except scattered rocks, said to be part of this wonder. They wonder.

Still, in their minds, see each Wonders as they existed.

Love every minute of those revisits.

Repeat periodically;
time well spent.