

## The Considered Confessions of a Senior Sloth

By Irv Sternberg

There was a time when the pace of my activity might be likened to a strong whirlwind, furious and determined, leaving an indelible mark wherever it blew. Alas, those days have disappeared. Now an objective observer would likely describe my movements as less than an energetic sprinter and more like a weary old mare moseying down a country road. Oh, I still have moments when I am inspired to quicken my pace but I usually wait until that feeling passes. My *modus operandi* these days is: Why do something today when it can just as easily be done tomorrow?

Memories die hard. I can vividly recall times past when my work day began before I had departed my bed. My brain was already working feverishly on tasks to be completed that day.

Even as I shaved, showered and brushed my teeth, the demanding To Do list was flashing like a bright neon sign in my mind, impatiently reminding me of the tasks I had failed to complete yesterday and lecturing me on the need to complete them today, preferably this morning, not this afternoon when they might possibly, Heaven Forefend, become a *mañana* project. There was never enough time in the day to complete all the tasks I'd largely assigned myself.

And then there were the telephone calls to be answered or initiated, the meetings to attend, the spontaneous visits from unexpected colleagues to chat about the weather and other pressing matters and, of course, the late afternoon new assignment from the boss which carried an urgency not unlike a woman's delivery of a baby. *It couldn't be postponed.*

It was on days like this when I assumed the *whirlwind* mode only to discover that the day's list of tasks exceeded the amount of time it would take to complete them. The result: *what I didn't complete today absolutely had to be completed tomorrow – and not in the afternoon mind you.*

So in the past, the whirlwind routine subsided only when my head nestled on my pillow, only to awaken abruptly with the first rays of the sun slanting into the bedroom, following me into the bathroom where it accompanied me on my routine for the remainder of the day.

Things are different now that I'm retired. I arrange my days as I like. I do only the tasks that give me joy, aside from the usual household drudgery which is necessary for survival. My greatest satisfaction comes from time spent with loved ones and good friends. I enjoy being that weary old mare moseying down a country road.