

This Elusive Construct Called Time

by Liz Gibbons

I wonder when I first became aware of time. I suppose it was gradual, at least until I had to go to school. Then it was impressed upon me that I had to get to school by a certain time. My friends and I walked to school which was about a mile from my home. Somehow I don't recall feeling anxious about getting there on time. We nearly always arrived in plenty of time

In my youth I looked forward to certain holidays, birthdays, and other special events. Time seemed to move so slowly when I was looking forward in anticipation to a particular day. Now I find that time plays around with my memory. My brother will mention something from our childhood, and I have no recollection of it. Is he imagining? Or have I merely forgotten?

On some days, time is the thing I want most. I want more time to accomplish a task or to enjoy an activity. I wish time was not so elusive. Why can't I store some in a closet and bring it out another day when I need it? I can't go to a store and buy more time.

Einstein said time and space are illusions. It is a program encoded into the Universe that appears to be real. Whoever decided to divide our day into hours, and then into minutes and seconds did a number on us. It makes us focus too much on clock time and be a slave to it. What's the time? I don't have time. Time is running out. Where has the time gone? How time flies. Will we get there in time? Now in my later years I resonate with something Dr. Seuss wrote "How did it get so late so soon?"

We are told life is eternal. Spiritual teachers tell us that there is no past and no future. There is only now. But wait a minute. There is the zigzag International Date Line in the Pacific Ocean. Depending on what direction you cross it, you are in tomorrow or yesterday. Time is so darn confusing. I give up. Whatever you do, just have the time of your life.