

Time

*by Mike Harris*

I am sure that what I was going to say about "TIME" we all here have heard or experienced in our lifetimes. "A Stitch in Time Saves Nine," "Time and Tide Wait for No Man," and more of the same. So what to write about time that might be interesting? Well, how we viewed or thought about time under stressful circumstances.

When my bride to be was two hours late to the wedding! The whispers and looks I got from those invited to the wedding ceremony. The Rabbi asking every half hour, "Are you sure she is coming?" And in my abiding faith, "Yes, I am sure she is coming." Finally two hours later we did get married, and it lasted sixty years.

When my wife went into labor on "Yom Kippur Eve" and the doctor sent me back from Philadelphia to Egg Harbor and the farm, and at two p.m. "Yom Kippur Day" a Western Union messenger shows up and hands me, in the Synagogue, a telegram: "Mother and son are fine. Congratulations. Dr. Andrusier."

How about when on convoy, an officer, because he cared more for his socializing, exposed his command to a target of opportunity. The ten minute attack by Messerschmitts that cost him his life and that of a number of his command.

How about how long it was between birthdays at age five and how short the same year seems in my nineties.

Let us start with the two-hour delay of the wedding. Please accept the explanation it was a cultural thing. My father-in-law to be felt strongly that his daughter was marrying beneath her social station. He felt that at least a professional or business man not just a working man. He often voiced his concerns and really did not think I was good enough for his daughter. The two hour delay was his last ditch attempt and it failed.

The second incident with my wife in labor on the most holy day in the Jewish religion, I let the doctor, himself a Jew, persuade me that I was absolutely superfluous and would be doing the right thing and helping the most if I was in the synagogue praying!

The third incident during the war when, without thinking, I grabbed the steering wheel of the truck, got out of the straight line of the convoy, put the truck in the ditch off the side of the road, kicked the driver out of the cab and we both hunkered down behind the engine. The whole action took less than a minute, yet in retrospect many times that was a long, long minute.

Then there is the view of time as we pass from childhood to maturity and the closer we come to the inevitable, the faster time seems to move... Enough. I must be coming up on five hundred

words, and this is not supposed to be a novel, just an essay.