

Hard Decisions

by Mike Harris

Something happened this past week that put me in front of a door which I looked at and stood scared. While I made no move, I made no commitment, I turned around and walked away. This called for a family conference, more people than just I were about to become involved and I had no right to force them into a major situation without their input.

On the evening of March third my son and daughter-in-law met with me at my apartment, they were not aware of the reason for this meeting.

Ostensibly it was to install a fresh supply of ink for my printer. Me, I was trying to decide how to approach the real problem, how to gage their reaction to the bombshell I was about to place in the path of their lives.

Previously my son and I discussed the fact that my physical therapist was not scheduling any further sessions. The outcome of our discussion was, "She felt that she could do nothing more for me and now it was up to me from now on." My son spoke to me like a Dutch uncle "Dad, your move. You cannot get stronger without using your muscles. Lying around and not exercising will only lead to a further wasting away of your strength."

My immediate family gathered here and what to do? I did nothing. I said, "Thank you for helping with the printer. Good night." And they went home.

Back to the door, I looked at it, and angrily kicked it open and stepped through. Street training running through my head I spoke to myself, "All that counts is winning." So how to win? A work regimen, exercises that would tighten my flabby muscles, give me back my wasted strength. It was not going to be easy, but wasting away was no alternative, so starting on March fourth, my rehabilitation begins. Wish me luck.