

## TIME by Fred M Rhodes

Time presents a conundrum: how can it be both in short supply and in surplus?

The answer is obvious to us old people. Unless the planet Earth changes its rotational speed, we know we have only a small amount of time left on that same planet, while at the same time the days are long and the nights even longer.

A wise man once told me: "Time is the essence of life. If you waste my time, you waste my life."

I do not have the right to waste the time of others, but I have a monopoly right to waste my own time and thereby waste my life, which does not seem like the right thing to do.

So the answer is simple: fill up whatever amount of time you have left wisely; wear yourself out by making the days full and the nights will refresh you by sound sleep.

Balderdash. It doesn't work that way. Not easily, anyway.

The new rules are hard to accept. First, my sweet girl won't be able to participate in whatever I choose to do, not even vicariously. I can't share our old experiences together, or my new ones, because that monster disease has captured and imprisoned her, and blocked her ability to comprehend. So who does one recruit to accompany oneself on new adventures? Friends and family have their own agendas. Strangers are difficult to convert into friends, although it happens, but it takes a lot of that scarce commodity – time. And it is impossible to make a new friend that can truly replace my best friend captured by that monster.

The new rules say "Break away from your routine, reach out, don't be afraid." Okay, I get it. But I don't see myself in Lululemon clothes learning yoga. How about joining a church, or at least attending one? Can't find one where their doctrine, always rigid, aligns with my own version of the Great Creator. Hanging out on a barstool has its own perils I'm not willing to tackle.

So, I'll reach out for new contacts, those nearby and those in cyberland. God gave me a brain in a mostly-functioning body and expects me to use them, so I'll work on it. And when my efforts don't yield immediate results, I know there are family and long-time friends, and my canine buddy Gus, there for a backstop.

That is the best I can do to manage the shortage, and decrease the surplus, of time.