

LOST IN THE STORM OF TIME

October 7, 2003

I have an old friend who once told me long ago he does not waste a moment of his time. I believe it, based on my communications with him over a long period of time. I long ago endorsed his philosophy and have striven to do the same with my time. The fact is at my age it has far more import than when I first adopted it.

Having already traveled the same path in the pages of this paper, I was somewhat hesitant about taking it again. I find myself being drawn inexorably back due to my present circumstances. It's one of my favorite times of the year and my time is compromised by duty and for lack of a better work, selfish pleasures. William Carlos Williams' line "time is a storm in which we are all lost" speaks directly to me at this time

The leaves, lawn, house, garage, boats, motors and countless other pieces of equipment are some, but not all of my duty obligations. Since they are boring and little more than impediments to the true and welcome demands of my time, I will dispense with any further talk of them. I trust most of you feel the same way about your obligations that for most of us take precedence over the other calls for our time.

Top priority for my time and one that transcends everything else is my grandchildren. To that end I try to devise ways to involve them in the time I spend in both the obligations in life and the time spent in the pursuit of self-gratification. My five grandsons are all younger than the three granddaughters. The grandsons range in age from four to 16. Needless to say, the girls have moved far beyond my sphere of influence and my interests and they have agendas of their own.

My immediate regard is finding time to sight in my rifles before the impending deer season. All five boys naturally are interested in witnessing and examining the results. They eagerly collect the empty brass.

I find as many excuses as possible to involve them in my pursuits. School, of course, limits opportunities to do so. When Tecwyn, who seems to show the most interest in outdoor sports, was struggling with homework I figured out a way to spur him on. I promised to take him bear hunting after school as soon as he finished his homework. It got him back on track in short order.

I planned my day so that when he finished his work we walked in on the nearby trails and I explained the finer points of bear and other hunting, at the same time demonstrating and talking about gun safety. Tree and plant identification filled in the rest of the time. Needless to say, our chances of ever seeing a bear were nil, but we both enjoyed ourselves.

Oldest grandson David, who turned 16 this past year, got his hunting license and I am looking forward to helping him get his first buck this fall, then showing him how to dress it out properly. Unlike the girls when they reached his stage in life, he and I are just starting to reach a closer bond.

My Mom and Dad both gave up long before they each reached my stage in life and I vowed not to let myself go down that path. Instead I took the advice of my old friend mentioned earlier and have expanded my interests to the point where time has become the storm W. C. Williams labeled as such.

I am revisiting my earlier observations on the ramifications vested on us by time. One reason for doing so is to try to help seniors who may have fallen into the same trap

my parents did. It's never too late to recoup what we all had a surplus of in our younger days.

The other side of the coin is the earlier one begins the more their life is enriched. I have been trying to impress this on my grandsons at their early age.

On the way fishing one day with the Williams brothers, Forrest and Tecwyn, I talked with them about the importance of keeping a diary. Forrest, the older of the two, had heeded my advice much earlier.

We had good day fishing and Forrest was elated with his success. He informed me it was his best day ever and was going in his diary. A while later I relayed what he said to his mother. Oh boy, she said, he put it in his diary and you should read it.

“Grampa swore when he dropped one of my fish overboard.”