

SEIZE THE MOMENT

Anonymous

Too many people put off something that brings them joy just because they haven't thought about it, don't have it on their schedule, didn't know it was coming or are too rigid to depart from their routine.

I got to thinking one day about all those people on the Titanic who passed up dessert at dinner that fateful night in an effort to cut back.

From then on, I've tried to be a little more flexible.

How many people out there will eat at home because their spouse didn't suggest going out to dinner until after something had been thawed?

How often have your kids dropped in to talk and sat in silence while you watched 'Jeopardy' on television?

I cannot count the times I called my sister and said, "How about going to lunch in a half hour?" She would gas up and stammer, "I can't. I have clothes on the line. My hair is dirty. I wish I had known yesterday, I had a late breakfast, It looks like rain" And my personal favorite: "It's Monday."

She died a few years ago. We never did have lunch together.

Because Americans cram so much into their lives, we tend to schedule our headaches.

We live on a sparse diet of promises we make to ourselves when all the conditions are perfect! We'll go back and visit the grandparents when we get our kid toilet-trained. We'll entertain when we replace the livingroom carpet. We'll go on a second honeymoon when we get our kids out of college.

Life has a way of accelerating as we get older. The days get shorter, and the list of promises to our self gets longer. One morning, we awaken, and all we have to show for our lives is a litany of "I'm going to," "I plan on," and "Someday, when things are settled down a bit."

When anyone calls my 'seize the moment' friend, they are open to adventure and are available for trips. They keep an open mind on new ideas. Their enthusiasm for life is contagious.

You talk with them for five minutes, and you're ready to trade your bad feet for a pair of Roller blades and skip an elevator for a bun gee cord.

My lips have not touched ice cream in 10 years. I love ice cream. It's just that I might as well apply it directly to my stomach with a spatula and eliminate the digestive process.

The other day, I stopped the car and bought a triple-decker ice cream. If my car had hit an iceberg on the way home, I would have died happy.

Now, go on and have a nice day. Do something you want to — not something on your “Should Do” list.

If you were going to die soon and had only one phone call you could make, who would you call, and what would you say? Why are you waiting?

Have you ever watched kids playing on a merry-go-round or listened to the rain lapping on the ground? Ever followed a butterfly’s erratic flight or just gazed at the sunset into the fading night?

Do you run through each day on the fly? When you ask “How are you?” Do you hear the reply? When the day is done, do you lie in your bed with the next 100 chores running through your head?

Ever told a child, “We’ll do it tomorrow,” and, in your haste, not see his sorrow?

Ever lost touch? Let a good friendship die? Just call to say, “Hi”?

When you worry and hurry through your day, it is like an unopened gift thrown away. Life need not be a race. Take it slower.

Hear the music before the song is over. “Life may not be the party we hoped for but while we are here we might as well dance!”

St. Augustine said, “Time is a 3-fold present: the present as we experience it, the past as a present memory, and the future as a present expectation.”

