

Roads

Each morning he woke (which took about an hour, reading the news on his computer, drinking coffee, taking his morning pills.) Then, settled, he'd ponder what to do that day. Every day he had to decide which fork in the road to chose. Right or left, into the sunshine or darkness.

Clarence had roads yet to travel, stars to yet see, seas to swim, skies to fly—so much to be done before his sun set into darkness forever, so much to laugh about, tomorrows to smile for. He was 88. Every day was a treasure. He went to sleep looking forward to waking tomorrow. Every new day was a new step forward—even limping and using a cane. There were roads still to travel.

Clarence did not have a bucket list—bad luck. There were classic films he had never seen—somehow he thought after finally seeing them he would not wake the next morning. Life was shaky enough without tempting it. Every road has curves, sink holes, detours.

He could not sit on the couch. He had to push himself up, up into the world, into life. Walking roads as long as he could, never stepping behind. Living in the past was a waste.