STOP, LOOK AND LIVE

Description

One embarrassing question Iâ??m assaulted with when Iâ??m in a social gathering, â??Arenâ??t you bored living alone. How you spend your timeâ?•? Their concern based upon the assumption that, â??Life may not be too good for me to live alone, and that too at the age of fifty-seven.â?• The context of my friendsâ?? prying was that â??I was all by myself after my wifeâ??s death eighteen months ago.â?•

I want to tell them loudly, proudly, clearly that my loneliness never damaged my spirit. The zest in me for all the healthy habits I have mustered didnâ??t dry up. Iâ??m vigilant that â??grey-haired clumsinessâ?? could never embrace me in the near future.

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I wake up every day with a spirit of an adventurer. My mornings are filled with excitement, as I overzealously check that my day starts with favorite commitments and activities. I make sure that each action has to contribute to my staying fit â?? mentally and physically. My readings are encouraging, my writings satisfactory. And no negative thoughts should blow cold winds upon my pursuits. I stubbornly chant for myself every minute, â??I shouldnâ??t lose the thrill and cheer of living.â?•

I know that itâ??s my attitude I assemble every day in the mornings that decide. That am I as hysterical as a young man should be, or as clumsy as â??have one foot in the graveâ?• status. Itâ??s in my mornings as soon I wake up I resolve, â??Iâ??m seeking my most productive day. Iâ??ll do everything that is within my control. I meet my daily plans. And at the end of the day, I must taste a smile on my face. And later render deep rest to my mental machineâ?• This is my definition of the romance of living. The way I decided I must live. For me itâ??s helpful, itâ??s fresh every day. And Iâ??m aware that my lonely soul required high doses of inspiring happiness.

Never had I allowed the insanity of busyness to influence my daily â??work to doâ?•. I donâ??t belong to the kind who impatiently waits at the traffic signals. If you observe keenly, you see everyone so tensed up, popping their eyes at the red light. Revving up their accelerators. If you plan to measure the level of craziness and hastiness of humans. The best place would be at traffic lights at any crossroads.

Comfortable behind my steering, I close my eyes and say to myself â??Donâ??t let this craziness, this edginess enter into my dayâ??s work.â?•

I donâ??t know, but I never rate myself as a busy person. The word often misused and misunderstood by many. The rushers whom I meet at the signal intersection seemed preoccupied themselves in a perpetual â??on the goâ?? mode.

â??Iâ??m busy right now, Iâ??m crowded with appointments,â?• the reply I get from many of my friends always puzzled me. I know most of them personally who are physically active, but their creative productiveness was very low. I detach myself with a sigh, â??how they define their business is their prerogative; Iâ??m happy that they are not dragging me into their empty busy schedules.â?•

At the end of the day I hear from the same people, â??Iâ??m tired, Iâ??m confused, and I donâ??t know why Iâ??m rushing.â?• None of them left with any energy to say, Iâ??m happyâ?•. Most of their conversations filled with words like, â??waste of time, a useless meeting, senseless arguments and I have no leisure,â?• And they call it living and leading a busy life.

â??Iâ??m not busyâ?? attitude had helped me becoming more capable of appreciating the subtle values of life. That involved intricate demands of family matters. Iâ??m never in a hurry. Iâ??m willing to give time whenever my friends demand it. The clock on the mantle never threatened me to run along with it. Every day I supervised myself what I wanted to be. And I did what I deem healthy for my body and soul. â??I wouldnâ??t allow the temporary urgencies to rob my lifeâ??s usefulness and leisureliness.â?•I preached this as my daily mantra.

A year ago one of my friends died in a freak accident. He was traveling in a train past midnight. He was tired and slept and missed the station he must get off. Suddenly he awoke and realized he was past his destination. Panicked he jumped out of the train as it slowed down while passing through a station. His head got a hit, and he died instantly.

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Perhaps, terrified that he may fail to catch the meeting or skip his responsibilities. Or worried about the evasion of duty. At that moment he panicked and perhaps not balanced enough to stay calm and let it go. Or he didnâ??t take the situation simply fair enough to let off easy. In a weak sense of hastiness, he threw caution to winds. Regretfully, he paid with his life.

Many of whom I know, someone like my friend they filled their lives with a mass of details. A bulk of schedules. A collection of meetings. They turned themselves into mere machines. Most converted themselves into slaves of lifeâ??s machinery.

Good hard work may be a boon for many of us. If you considered the fatal panic of my friendâ??s in the name of work. The ultimate result was not worthy of his lifeâ??s effort. Itâ??s not only to him but for his family members. What is good the manner you work hard and succeed and if you canâ??t enjoy life in the process? I see many of my friends circling themselves round and round in a conundrum of busyness and lost in the drudgery of trails and tasks.

I wish to clarify one significant value of our lives. I consider me as one living example. I can say proudly, strongly, forcefully that Iâ??m able to withstand the cruelest blows in my life. Itâ??s because when I was as young as thirty, I started to realize. The supreme values of living are as important as we becoming fanatics in our work demands. Though Iâ??m a hard-pressed teacher, administrator I cut a space for myself along with my wife to spiritual things like music, literature, nature and many social activities.

We didnâ??t take a separate path of opportunity for enjoying them and absorbing them into our living habits. We had merged them with our school work. These fine arts had become inclusive elements in the realm of our school culture. It mattered less whatever the tension caused by the severity of academic pressures. Allowing time for me and my teachers and students to enjoy the finer aspects of music and arts made them livelier. It made the tedium of work more tolerable. Everyone understood when I said to them in many of my seminars, â??This is the life. Take time to live itâ?•. Thus arts, music, and leisure became a part of my lifestyle.

Adjusting to death of my father when Iâ??m thirty didnâ??t create much a psychological havoc. Then Iâ??m young, bright with courage, dynamic with ideas and a lovely wife beside me. And Iâ??m blessed with two charming kids. Whatever the hardships bowled at me I could easily confront them.

Today Iâ??m confronted with an unusual topsy-turvydom. Iâ??m fifty-seven, and sudden death of my wife had put me in a quaint borderline world. Iâ??m neither too old to call myself a retiree nor young enough to plunge into inventive ventures actively. In either way, Iâ??m frozen on tracks of my wayfaring adventurism.

â??Do I regret what Iâ??m going throughâ?•? Not a bit of it. Iâ??m not allowing my past to ruin my state of living. Iâ??m applying my habits along to live my life in my delightful terms.

I have good friends; I have good books to read. I have a lovely place to live; Iâ??m at all times surrounded by stirring music and rhythmic melodies. Iâ??m a man who knows how to live in relaxingly inventive ways. And I never complained that I had lost interest in investing myself in fruitful plans.

I believed that romance in my life never lost its sheen and sparkle. So long as Iâ??m surrounded by books and the hours, I spend in introspective writing. As long as I go out to spend a few hours every Sunday enjoying nature, standing behind my camera. This was how I designed to keep my days always fresh and interesting. Next year I would be fifty-nine, and I proudly believe Iâ??m best in my years â?? the years that have brought out the very best out of me.

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Looking back, I can sum up my lifeâ??s philosophy like this. â??I have chosen from many possibilities before me to create the best school. That was my only goal. For twenty-five years I have worked patiently, giving the best I could give. Even though, Iâ??m young, confused and afraid. Every moment Iâ??m with my goal, and I loved every bit of it. It means to me sticking to my purpose through thousand storms and fires within and as well as from without. I tried, experimented, struggled, failed, and fooled. But they all, in the end, held high before me to learn the lofty cultured lessons.

Carrying behind such rich experiences and memories for the past twenty-five years has gifted me with the best of living practices. I passionately contend that they are a part of my daily affairs.

Itâ??s true that Iâ??m sitting with loneliness today. Rather, I see this as one more opportunity to get to understand a new me. And to learn how strong Iâ??m.

Today I see myself, after all these years. That Iâ??m emotionally and psychologically, creatively tanned and refined and ready. Iâ??m in my working mode every minute, quite consciously, creating a vibrant and meaningful life for me.

Category

1. Uncategorized

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