TIME â?? IT HAS A LIFE OF ITS OWN

Description

Strangely, for many, my next sentence would sound a bit odd. â??I feel guilty when Iâ??m wasting my time. Or rather anyone who takes me for granted and attempts to steal away my timeâ?•. Yes, I feel awkward when Iâ??m dragged and get struck in social gatherings. Where Iâ??m invited and people make me wait. And when Iâ??m left alone and I had nothing else to do. When I was asked to wait: at once I felt uncomfortable. Surely, when I get a hint that my time getting drained away like water in a tub. I wouldnâ??t stand helplessly seeing my wealth of time being wasted.

Wasting time, when I sniff it, I go to the nearest gate from the scene. And would rather select to sit in my cozy reading room and carry out something worthwhile, which is good for me. My leisure time is my exclusive domain. I donâ??t mind being stingy using it to my selfishly right causes. Like my reading, my writing, my planning, my empty hours of daydreaming. I would consider myself stubborn enjoying every moment of it. That I wouldnâ??t mind announcing, a bit loftily â??Iâ??m the undisputed lord of my kingdom of timeâ?•

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When someone attempts to crash into my time I become altogether a different person. I may appear calm outside but would be seething inside. A tense feeling starts showing on my face as if I had lost my wallet with a good amount of money in it. Or someone is terribly sick and I donâ??t know how to respond to the situation. I feel quite upset when an unannounced guest or unplanned agenda invades into my fund of time and wastefully misspend it. Iâ??m aware that it sounds a bit peculiar. You have to remember Iâ??m speaking about qualms of my legitimate time getting tossed away. I have a self-appointed responsibility to account it every day.

When I say itâ??s my time and propose that Iâ??m miserly about it. Itâ??s indeed my space and my ethos. And nothing offends me less when it comes if someone assaults my eagerness to be timely. My everyday victory comes from spending every minute I move forward in a progressive attempt I choose. Iâ??m well aware that if I fritter away those minutes instead, Iâ??m hurting my chances of gaining anything worthwhile.

The value of time had become more critical to me when I passed through tough periods. It has helped me to pull out reasonably well from bad weathered situations. I invested more time in a rational way to solve my problems. My soberness had never allowed me to misuse my time to grieve about my past episodes. I strongly believed my solutions are in front of me and the only way to move closer to them was to understand the value of time in terms of minutes. And work around them.

WHEN I GOT INTRODUCED TO THE VALUE OF TIME

Way back in â??86-87, when Iâ??m in my early years of marriage with Mani. Both of us celebrated our three-year-old daughter, Neelima. I just got myself introduced to my fatherâ??s project, Kennedy High School. It slowly gained in popularity, perhaps, because of his academic qualifications. He was a Doctorate in Physics and had a brief stint in the USA. Those were times when English medium schools were slowly finding acceptance among the semi-urban demography of our town â?? Vijayawada. It is

located down in the Southern Indian state of Andhra Pradesh.

The school started growing fast and fat. Fast in the number of students joined in large numbers and fat financially. Fame may be due to the name Kennedy was catchy or my fatherâ??s academically attractive demeanor.

Money, more often, brews quick enemies faster than the comforts it can buy. After a few anonymous letters and complaints by some local ill-motivated had one day saw two income-tax officials in our school. After all the negotiations and discussions I was to accompany them for an inquiry. I was to help them to meet a few parents to inquire about the fees paid, and other relevant payment details. The whole process took about fifteen days to contact around hundred parents.

It happened at this juncture trying to solve the tensions of tax issues. The two officers, both of them in their forties, were with me for more than six hours a day for fifteen days. Helpfully, they are a friendly lot. It was they who have introduced me to the preeminent definitions of hard work and dedication. I was twenty-six then. And how a sense if reliability can invite favorable results.

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The essence they taught me by example stuck deep into my psyche. It was the appreciation of a sense of timeliness and reliability. They have literally explained it to me in course of fifteen days of our joint task. â??Anyone who learns and understands the value of time and invests it diligently is bound to achieve anything worthwhile in his lifeâ?•. A practical formula I have learned from them. A rightful approach I have adopted since then. Subsequently, this became my attitudinal armor with which I have battled for my space and peace. When I had to face and deal with many ravages I came across. And combating the timeline of my,â??get-up-and-goâ?? attitude.

THE INSULTS I MET WHEN Iâ??M PUNCTUAL

I got teased, I got scoffed at, and I was treated as a laughingstock. I was mockingly asked, â??Why do you come on time, wait, until I finish my work, you should have called me before you started outâ?•. These were some blunt reactions from a few of my friends, and some good acquaintances. My mistake was Iâ??m honest about timekeeping â?? for me and for them.

I witnessed in a few people the sheer arrogance involved in making people wait for them. Even though, the appointed time was kept up. Shockingly, I had observed in many instances that a person on the lowest rung of the financial order would be treated in a manner that his time is of least value. Therefore, he is dealt with least respect.

I at once get irritated when Iâ??m forced to wait. Though I had arrived with the due appointment and proper agenda to discuss. My irritation peaks when I find the discussion on hand was kept aside abruptly to take a call on the phone. The chat may go on for a minute or more than that. It hurts me to assume, a bit annoyingly, â??Do you think, the call is more important than the person in front of you. â??Yes, it isâ?? that is the indirect message I get.â?• I feel Iâ??m ashamed.

These are the most brazen sort of attitudes, many a time, I bumped upon. Several of them upped their status by scornfully unbothered about the sanity of their time. And some displayed sheer disregard, for the stand of promptness presented by many like me. I hurtfully saw this take place every day. Notably, for me, in the course of many business affairs, and social engagements. When I was prompt to any occasion, embarrassingly, I found myself all alone surrounded by rolls of profitable time.

WHAT I HAVE GAINED HONOURING TIME

I maintained a view that working mindfully to stay punctual to any occasion was evident in the hurriedness in the walk. The manner and the way Iâ??m hyper to catch an appointment. For me, this routine of mental outlook speaks out a lot about the attitude and character of a person.

Obeying my own firm resolve, to be in good time, I would hit the road well in advance. Assuming it was my responsibility to see that whoever, on the other end was not made to wait. I run, rush until I reached on dot. I have done it in spite of traffic hurdles, the last minute blocking irritations. My â??perfect-timingâ?? urge in me was ever consistent. No matter what sort of an event: small or big. I upheld my vow that honoring the time of other people remained all too important, to me.

With all the perspiring hurry when I arrived without delay. I unfailingly found, on almost all occasions, Iâ??m the only one around who showed up, a tad too early. Quickly, not brooding much, I opened a book: a habitual back-up and made myself comfortable. And I sat down to do what I loved most-reading.

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Participating in many such unavoidable and upsetting programmes I would be careful enough that their â??coming lateâ?? attitude doesnâ??t hurt me. Thoughtfully, I followed a practice to carry my own comforting devices. To make sure I donâ??t fall prey to other flocksâ?? disregard that might damage my self-respect.

Speaking about the perception of time, I frequently overhear a hackneyed statement. â??You are wasting your timeâ?•. The word â??wastingâ?? was so loosely used. Mostly this misconception was claimed by many men â?? big and small, by educated and naive characters.

Wisely analyzed and honestly, we donâ??t waste our time. But in a sense, in truth, it is our days which are wasted. This is how I look at the elusiveness of time. For me honoring the time always remained integral and partnered like a valuable, progressive, workable tool. If I found that I disowned the value of it, ignored its presence. It meant to me that it was my primed days that flew away empty, meaningless, and valueless.

In my case, I accepted the inherent advantages of valuing time differently. I believed that my aspirations of todayâ??sâ?? and tomorrowsâ?? can be realized because of it. I sincerely recognized that every hour that flew by me every day had something to speak silently. That it appeared before us with an inbuilt valuableness and purpose. This twinkling spells of time â??unitsâ?? had a magical power to peel off any laziness. Itâ??s like they would punch me often with an â??urgencyâ?? knock. This is truly the clocking mechanism I have built inside me for over three decades. This daily prompts; enduring ticks is what it takes to work with innumerable advantages once we know how to tame time.How it had fired me up, not to neglect and snub the rewarding possibilities every surging minute promised.

This is my perception of time. How it helps me every minute. To brighten me, to buoy me up and stay zestful. Iâ??m the creative sum of all the minutes I count and take advantage of them â?? every day.

As the universal saying predicted, â??time changes everythingâ?•. What I have recognized, dissecting my experiences â?? good and bad. It is untrue that time changes anyone or anything if we can wait for it.

Let me replay it again and again. The cryptic truth of â??value if timeâ?? is it never transforms anyone. Itâ??s we who have to transform. We have to shift candidly our conduct. Striving, changing, within the tight, limited, universal allotment of time within which we are bound to live with.

Itâ??s our volatile choices that decide, on any given day. The answers to, â??Am I amply enjoying the day servicing every minute to fulfill my priorities. My valuable preferences, my space with my family members. My social obligations, my professional urgencies, my personal desires. And how Iâ??m accommodating these demands every day with the time reserved for meâ?•. I put to test my staunch caliber. To see if my day to day challenges are properly calibrated. And next proceed to work around the minutes till I arrived with satisfaction at the finish line â?? the end of a day.

For this to happen without any â??I letting down myselfâ?? feeling to swamp me. I designed my space and time excluding all the interfering fringe temptations. This choice of functioning is my specialty discipline. This plan assists my work for my satisfaction and happiness and at the end of the day. It offered me a steady feeling, â??Iâ??m what I want to be with all my efforts and all my timeâ?•. This is the self-actualization exam I write for myself. Every day.

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Itâ??s up to me to strive hard and come out with top notch marks. Or sit idle and get depressed with low average achievement. The choice is mine, the reach is mine, and happiness is mine. I sailed along with my effort and belief to make the difference in my life with the only bounty Iâ??m presented each and every day: a jackpot â?? the time. And worked with a promise: â??Create the best you can â?? for yourselfâ?•.

Category

1. Uncategorized

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