

# TWIN PEAKS

Number 6, Published for AAPA  
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## AGE AND SPEED

**I**S IT TRUE that the younger we are, the slower time passes, and the older we are, the faster it dashes? For me it's true with few exceptions. Also, isn't it true that when you are meeting a deadline or if you're late for an appointment, time speeds up relentlessly? What's the answer to problems with time management? There is **no** answer to these kinds of time problems—they seem to be part and parcel of living in today's world. I have read a variety of books which purport to teach anyone how to manage time so that the day flows past at an even and unruffled pace; sort of like the creeks I knew in my younger days—a steady current despite obstacles that appeared now and then. What seems to happen to me when I follow directions, set up a schedule, plan ahead and work my plan is that unexpected things begin to occur. For example, I arrive at my doctor's office ten minutes before my appointed time only to sit impatiently while the remainder of my daily schedule goes to pot because the doctor had an emergency to attend to. "Allow yourself time for unexpected delays" does not work for me; if I tried to make that allowance, I would get very little accomplished in a day. With the workings of these unforgiving time laws coupled with Murphy's Law, we are hard pressed to keep our lives moving forward. The problem, or at least part of the problem, lies in the fact that we cannot control the time and space allocated to another person, and so when our own time and space is dependent on the workings of someone else, we risk the inevitable mis-match. Is there a way to succeed in our planned efforts despite the hazards of time and Murphy's Law?

Maybe one way would be to apply a little "multi-tasking" whenever possible. I know, for instance, that certain members of my family will always be late for any meeting; also, I know that my family doctor will always keep me waiting for at least twenty minutes. If I plan carefully, I will have at least twenty minutes of idle time for doctor's appointments and thirty minutes for meetings with any of my children. A visit to my barber is a waste of forty-five minutes on average. Getting a prescription filled at any drugstore will require thirty minutes of wait time. Another great way to find extra time is to make an 800 number telephone call to any government agency. If I took the newspaper, a pad and pen, a favorite book and perhaps a magazine along with me from place to place I could easily stay current on the day's news, write a long-due letter to Aunt Martha, finish the book I'm reading and keep up with my favorite hobby all on someone else's time. But Murphy's Law will probably work to defeat me. If I set goals of using all

wasted time, then Murphy's Law will intervene to ensure that all appointments are kept on time and there is no wait for any services. That may be the key: **planning** to use extra time will guarantee that there is no extra time to use! Is this logic or what? #

## TRADING VEGETABLES

*By*  
**Delores J. Miller**

**I**T IS SEPTEMBER in Wisconsin now. Early spring in May, most Wisconsinites think about planting a garden. Even if it is too cold. But bravely we muster on, looking at seeds and plants; spade and shovel over the dirt, some even have a fancy rototiller.

Peas, carrots, cucumbers, beans and even a few potato plants; exotic eggplant and a few other strange and fascinating vegetables, Zucchini and sweet corn—lettuce to be eating with cream over cooked potatoes. Oh, so good!

Always, always, tomato plants; yellow and red cherry, Italian and the big beefsteak. Depending on the weather, frost, and hungry rabbits, we Wisconsin people plant twice as much as we are able to eat, so come along the end of August and September, the garden produces—tomatoes and cucumbers in abundance!

Granted tomato sandwiches are good, and there are just so many things one can make from cucumbers. The best is cucumbers and cream and vinegar and sugar over cooked potatoes fresh from the garden.

So the trading and pawning begins. Because everyone has an abundance, one has to sneak a bag of tomatoes onto their back porches—some is welcomed. All taste different, from the type of soil, fertilizer used; cow, chicken, and horse manure, sunshine. They make the rounds, sometimes coming back to the original growers.

While in the grocery store produce department, look at who buys cucumbers and tomatoes; it means they have no friends who will foist the good-tasting, garden-fresh vegetables on them. They are the ones too lazy to plant their own garden, to thrust excess on neighbors and friends.

Want a nice bag of tomatoes and/or cucumbers? #



All your strength is in your union,  
All your danger is in discord;  
Therefore be at peace henceforward,  
And as brothers live together.

--Henry Wadsworth Longfellow  
*The Song of Hiawatha*