

Things in Motion....

All things are in motion and nothing is at rest...you cannot go into the same (river) twice.
—Heraclitus (540?-480?)B.C.

WHAT IS IT?

THERE IS some quality in all of us that when we call upon it, we are able to do things that we could not do by applying “will power” alone. It became apparent to me the last time I decided to quit smoking—back in 1992. Like several of my friends, I had tried to quit perhaps four or five times without success; as had those friends. Finally the day came when I felt that I really **wanted** to quit. I was tired of the whole idea of needing a cigarette, of seeing that cigarette as a balm for jangled nerves, a sure-fire way to relieve all my stress, an acceptable substitute for food and the thread that holds humanity together. It was on my grandson's second birthday and the possibility that cigarettes would keep me from seeing that child grow up was a frightening thought. With no fanfare at all, I simply discarded my cigarettes, my lighter, and my ash tray that was handmade from the brass casing of a 75MM artillery shell fired in the Ardennes in WWI. I still have the ashtray, but it no longer holds ashes. It is a relic of an old war, a symbol of the inhumanity of man toward man.

As the days passed, I fully expected to encounter withdrawal symptoms and maybe begin the hourly fight to avoid lighting up. The withdrawal symptoms did not appear and there was no hourly urge to light up—I was amazed at the difference I was experiencing this time compared to every previous time—and I was hard pressed not to discuss my progress with everyone I saw. In time, my co-workers noticed the absence of that cloud of smoke around me and soon it was known throughout the building that I had stopped smoking and had done it cold turkey. That I had done it without the aid of “the patch” or chewing gum or gum drops or some other device was hard for my friends to accept, but for me it was a glorious realization that what had made the difference was simply the **desire** to stop. If you want something bad enough, you'll get it. Often when I have had a yen that never came to fruition I think of breaking my smoking habit and I know that I simply didn't want it bad enough for it to happen.



Here's that grandson who inspired me to give up those cigarettes. He is a senior this year and I am very proud of this young man!

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