

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.

A JOB WELL DONE

ADMITTEDLY, it may not be my proper place to speak for AAPA in this matter, but I certainly can speak for *myself* in expressing great appreciation to Bill Venrick for his ten years of effort on behalf of the membership. The hours that he has devoted to “spreading the word” among us speaks volumes about his devotion to the organization and to amateur journalism. We may have eventually shared pertinent information, but because of Bill’s “Alert” notices, we who use computers were kept informed of member news—and in a timely manner!

Thanks, Bill! In the coming months and years I hope to continue reading your essays as well as those of your wife, Jean, and your friends. It is good to know that Jean’s health continues to improve under your tender, loving care—your opportunity for good works continues to grow, and from one who has occasionally “been there; done that” this may well be your finest hour.

So, from your Leesburg, FL connection, I salute you and wish you well in all of your future endeavors inside and outside AAPA.

Hugh Singleton

The consciousness of a duty performed gives us music at midnight.

George Herbert (1593-1633)

WE MIGHT AS WELL FACE IT ...

WHEN WE stand before the bathroom mirror and contemplate the strange little “barnacles” that are appearing here and there on our persons, any dreams that we might have entertained of losing our excess fat, filling out the lines and creases in our skin and pumping up the sagging muscles that we displayed so proudly as a young adult are more easily recognized every day for what they are—only dreams. Maybe it’s time for a reality check!

I have a marvelous friend in Kentucky—in the “wilds of Kentucky” as he puts it. This good friend is a lard-belly just as I am, and both of us have been around the block—and occasionally around the bend, too—but my friend looks at life with a great deal more realism than do I. He has taught me to look at my idealistic opinions in a different way, for which I am grateful. I really would not want to stand quivering before my bathroom mirror at the age of 90, still believing that my hand is sufficiently steady to complete my shave without a single nick; never more. Thanks to my pal, I keep a supply of tissue, antiseptic, and bandages at hand and may slice the same “barnacle” for days on end.

We might as well acknowledge that our ancient body is going to remain just that and make the best of it; after all, “If it walks like a duck, etc., etc., etc.,” (It’s a duck).



Number 44, Summer 2008
Published for AAPA by
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Leesburg, FL 34748