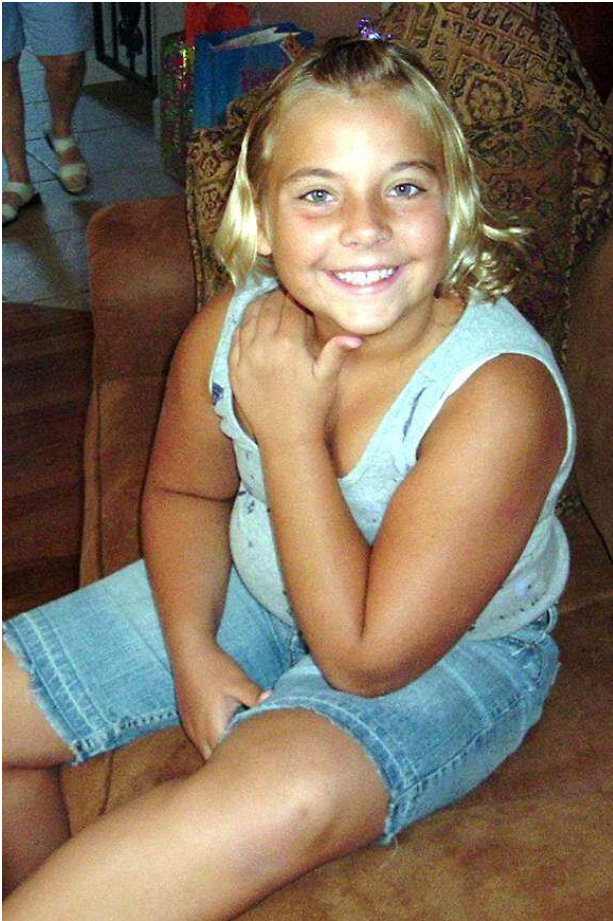


THINGS IN MOTION...

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

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Just Turned Ten and Ready For School

THE CURTAIN RISES AGAIN

Never in my younger years did I anticipate the joys that have befallen me in recent days—and with the promise of more delights to come! Aristophanes puts it magically in this quotation: “*Old men are twice children.*” How true and how timely today as in ancient Greece.

With the coming of September and the glut of school bound traffic filling our streets again, old men like me (who never lost the excitement that attended a new school year) are swamped by nostalgia and once again we wallow like pigs in a mud puddle, re-living our childhood. I make no apology for that; I love it and hope that I am always such a child again when summer ends and a new school year begins.

This young lady is my granddaughter who is now a fifth-grader. Her name is Courtney and she has been my best buddy for ten years. I will not be driving her to school this year—she will ride her new bike. Another example to prove that nothing remains the same; all things change. The blessings of longevity hopefully include the wisdom to understand that life is most meaningful when it progresses in natural rhythms; stagnation is essentially death. Being a witness to the hustle that has accompanied the return to school every year is refreshing—even to those valiant, dedicated crossing guards, who may be of such vintage that their feet betray an uncertainty, however willing to serve.

Schools of today are vastly different from the ones where I learned my multiplication tables. I do think that the age of computers has stripped our young people of basic skills in areas of math and that far too many of them never learn to solve problems the old fashioned way—sans computers. Nevertheless, youngsters like Courtney learn quicker and their knowledge extends over a much wider range of subjects than did mine at their age. While our population continues to grow and our education systems continue to struggle, our teachers still rise to the challenge and we owe them our on-going support.

Now, put aside the problems and setbacks—let the spirit of the season wrap you in fond recollection of younger days spent in those sacred halls of ivy. Hear again the hallway chatter and feel the hush of anticipation on the first day of a new class—there’s nothing like it, is there? As I go back to my school days, I realize that as much as has changed over the years, there is still the same old thrill of comradeship and of learning—and everything new is old again.