

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.

FIRSTS

HOW OFTEN are we privileged to experience the first of anything? Not often, you think—but stop and think again. We tend to discount the “firsts” that apply only to ourselves, yet those “firsts” are the ones which hold true personal meanings for each of us. Consider, for example: the first day that we can recognize a change of seasons; the bright, crisp day when a new world is suddenly beginning to shrug off the dreary end of a cold and miserable winter and green is beginning to tint the trees and shrubbery—isn’t the promise of that first recognizable spring day wonderful to experience and to share with those around us? And how much fun is it to welcome the first day of summer and all that it unfolds for us; days of picnics, fun in the parks and on the roads with a chance for new vistas and growing up with family and friends. Is there anything more invigorating than the first chill morning of autumn, when new colors appear in the landscape and the hot summer days give way to mellow, then cool and finally cold days with frosty mornings and huge yellow moons that enchant the night

and lend added vigor to our every step; when magic seems to permeate the air we breathe and our spirits are almost as visible as our breath in the chilled air. The first day of winter, cold, crackling with ice and snow and newly white trees that give a stark contrast to the leafless arms of their neighbors—and set the stage for holidays dear to all. How dreary is the life of one who cannot revel in all these “firsts” that come as surely as the sunrise and cost no more than the use of one’s senses.

Other “firsts” give lasting joy—the first kiss, when life takes on new thrills; the first child, with its peek at immortality; that child’s first day at school; the first recital; and all the other “firsts” that come with life are all precious and unique to each of us, for each assigns his own values and qualities to events in his life. None of us are without “firsts”, however much we may fail to embrace them. The secret may be in our willingness to live—to be alive rather than to simply exist. I hope you recognize your next “first.”



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