

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.

*HEAD'EM UP,
MOVE'EM OUT!*

DAILY high temperatures are approaching the mid-eighties, new leaves are popping out on trees and shrubbery and brown grass is rapidly turning green. Birds are loudly marking their territory, squirrels are frolicking and even the shy bunnies are appearing quietly under the hedges and among the azaleas. Spring has crept northward in Florida and the snowbirds are as busy as raintree bugs, *preparing to head north!*



A large number of retirees and semi-retirees own homes in the South as well as the North, and these folks habitually spend the coldest part of winter in the warmer climate of Florida and other southern states. Some permanent residents tend to deride these winter visitors as they do some migratory birds, but there's no denying that local economies are enhanced by their patronage, and friends as well as many merchants welcome them enthusiastically each fall.

In the retirement community where I live, a percentage of the residents are snowbirds, and while we enjoy them as participants in various clubs and group activities from November to April, we know that with the coming of warm weather in the spring, they will be leaving us for at least six months. Some of us envy their lifestyle; others are too satisfied to care.

Sometimes I wonder if the tendency of our snowbirds to live in different parts of the country ultimately derives from the nomads of antiquity. For whatever the reason they seem to have a kind of need that a change in environment fills for them. I personally do not find fault with such a lifestyle, and within my own family a lesser but related tendency led my sister and brother-in-law to vacation in Daytona Beach, FL for a week in the spring and another in the fall for almost twenty years. As you might imagine, they made a group of friends who regularly were anxious to meet again every spring and fall to enjoy a week of fun at the beach. Admittedly, I am sad to see good friends go away in spring, but glad to welcome them back in the fall. For all the good cheer we exchange, however, at our time in life we know that any "farewell" could be the last, which behooves us to cherish those we love and to make the most of the time we can spend together. So to all my snowbird pals I say "Be safe, be well, and be back!"



"Strange, isn't it? Each man's life touches so many other lives, and when he isn't around he leaves an awful hole, doesn't he?"

--*It's a Wonderful Life*, Goodrich and Hackett

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