

## A Sense of Wonder

As a child I loved hopping in the car with the folks to run errands or go for a trip. Looking out the window was a sight to behold. There were cafes and restaurants, stores and businesses that we didn't have in our neighborhood or in our town even!

I'd drive the folks crazy; what's that? Wonder what they do? Wonder what they sell? Wonder what kind of food they have?

Traveling was an adventure. We'd pull over at different restaurants and pour over the menu. Wonder what you think a burger or meatloaf, even spaghetti, is going to taste like? The menu read the same, but it was always an adventure so see what would come out of the kitchen.

When we'd visit people in their homes, their "stuff" was different than our stuff. Where did you get that? What is that? The answer was usually the same, but still different. A little shop downtown or we found this store next to a restaurant we stopped at on our way to visit Grandpa.

Gifts. For the season gift or just because gifts. Often there'd be a little something I'd be fascinated with and the visitor would just give it to me. I can get another when I get home. They couldn't get it here in our town, but it was available in their town.

I used to love to shop for presents for people to be mailed for their birthdays. I could usually be fairly sure they wouldn't be able to find this exact thing in their town or at their store. They'd be excited to have something unique. When I got presents, I'd never find the exact thing on the shelf in my local stores. It was a wonder.

Now days, everything is the same. For the restaurants, it seems to have all started with McDonalds. We'd go to our closest McDonalds for a treat now and then. After a long drive, if we saw a McDonalds, we'd get all excited because it was familiar. Sometimes we'd stop, sometimes we wouldn't.

Recently I was on a long drive, thinking I was in the middle of nowhere. There were all the chain restaurants we have near my house!

Someone sent me a present. I found it on the shelf at Robinsons May. Or, was it Target? Pier 1? It's all the same. Care for a burger?

Anonymous

## HOLE IN THE SKY

There's a hole in the sky  
Wind rushing by  
Nothing

In my minds eye  
The wind rushing by  
Something

The grace and the ease  
Of a soft gentle breeze  
Dancing

The cool ocean air  
Ruffling her hair  
Enchanting

The storm off the sea  
Heading towards me  
Warning

The birds on her bough  
Where are they now?  
Somewhere

The earth and the sky  
The wind, my minds eye  
Forever.

Anonymous

There doesn't seem to be room for me in my life anymore. When I was small, I was full of myself so you think I'd be use to it. But, my life is small now; so small that little ole me just doesn't fit anymore.

Potential. Promise. Opportunity. Hope. Enthusiasm. Optimism. These are the things that carried me for years, lifting my big ole blundering self across chasms of impossibility and improbability. There was a time when I entered a room before I walked through the door. I really don't know quite how to explain it.

There was room for me in my life then...and my life was smaller than it is now, really.

I hadn't any history. Ok, head full of book learning, but no personal history. I fit well when the back yard was my kingdom and going to the store was an adventure! You'd think when my imaginings were greater than my reality things would have fit a bit tight, but it wasn't like that.

My mind wanders. Nothing new about that; I have always been a daydreamer. But for some reason it takes one or two passes re-enter. It could be because there is no one here to call out my name or rap a measuring stick across my desk. My wife could bring me back with a glance. Usually a sigh would do it if I was really far gone, but somehow no matter where I was off to I could sense "the look" she'd give me when I wasn't paying attention. To this day I still couldn't tell you where I'd go!

It doesn't seem right that potential would take up less space than experience. There were so many more possible outcomes than the ones I actually ended up with. I'd hazard to guess it is a five to one ratio in space; experience to possibility. My mind would be reeling with a dozen different possible outcomes; oh I was full of myself! Thinking on my feet, trying to figure it out, scheming, wheeling, dealing, trying out the best things to do.

My life is full. I have heard that said for as long as I can remember. It takes on a whole new meaning, now that there doesn't seem to be any room for me in my life anymore...

anonymous

## Taking It with Me

As I travel the paths of this life  
I will keep a look out for the intangible  
Keeping my mind's eye shutter at the ready  
Forever capturing the beauty of nature  
And the simple goodness of children  
The pure contentment of sleeping puppies  
I will take mental notes  
Recording the detail of color  
And the emotional sensation  
And store them  
For later  
I will spend time with old people  
And learn how not to be when I am old  
I will spend time with young people  
And learn how to be childlike  
I will register the minor miracles of this world  
And keep with me forever the pleasures  
I will pay attention to detail  
And record it  
I will be a good friend  
A good parent  
A good partner  
A good person  
And communicate with my heart  
And listen with my soul  
And remember with my being  
I'm taking it with me