

When It's Gone.

Of course, "when it's gone" doesn't usually happen all at once. It's a slow process that many of us don't even know is happening at first. I know I didn't. Some of the injuries to my body were serious, but I believed they were only temporary setbacks, and given time, just like every other injury I had ever had, they all would heal. Giving each injury time to heal was all I had ever done, so I just went about my daily life expecting nothing different. Of course, the caveat to me giving my injuries time to heal was that I lived alone for vast stretches of my life. And often, I lived miles from other people. Living alone means you're your cook, shopper, cleaner, and driver, and there's not much time for healing.

What changed over time was that some of the injuries didn't or couldn't heal completely, and I reinjured some, exacerbating the pain. Intermittent hip pain that had me limping occasionally became permanent, so the limp became part of me and who I had become. Shoulder pain and hand pains, a foot that got broken a few times, and words like arthritis, bone fragments, and spurs began being used by doctors, nurses, and radiologists.

I often smile at the increasingly dilapidated physical state I am deteriorating into. I needed several serious conversations with myself and to adjust my activities to compensate for the physical wear and tear my body could no longer tolerate. And, to be honest, they worked.

Time works for me, but that same time works against me. There is a time coming when I'll be out of time. When it's gone, so will I be gone. Until then, I'm asking my body to be as strong and agile as possible, and I'll do my part to facilitate that end. Nagging pains are formidable foes. Happiness helps relieve pains, so I administer large helpings to myself each day.

Written by Peter Skeels © 9-4-2024