

Life Through an Hourglass

The sweet days of early childhood glow in our memories
Nights with monsters under the bed and days that last
We think that we will live forever and yearn to be big
And we wait with the impatience of youth for time to pass.

Life is Barbie dolls, playing dress up, and endless tea parties
It's stick ball, playing with superheroes, and Lone Ranger
The first days of school and the first painful case of puppy love
We eagerly anticipate a life beyond in a world filled with danger.

The turbulent teens arrive with raging hormones and attitude
Our intelligence instantly increases as that of our parents declines
With one foot firmly planted in childhood and one in adulthood
We become aware of sand through the hourglass and passage of time.

High school graduation, college, and marriage pass with a blur
A sacred union with the love of our life produces a new life to love
Our focus shifts to life's treadmill of career and material things
As we chase the American dream, and we forget our God above.

Our journey continues through the inevitable ups and downs of life
The sand flows through the hourglass and the first gray hairs appear
We experience the unbridled joy of the first child of our first child
And we begin to realize that life is about more than money and career.

Joints ache, hair lines slowly recede, and waist lines expand
Our grandchildren become the most important part of our lives
We strive to recapture our youth and avoid looking our real age
As we may be left to a life alone due to a spousal divorce or demise.

Priorities shift to our health, bucket list, and pursuit of happiness
We learn to cope with life's many unforeseen challenges and strife
Our spiritual life and getting into heaven become more important
We begin to consider our personal legacy at the end of our life.

Sand flows with increasing urgency on its journey through the hourglass
For the first time we contemplate the time when we might enter the light
We ask ourselves "What would I do differently or change in my life?"
And we conclude that we wouldn't change a thing – even if we might.