

***“What lies behind us and what lies before us are tiny matters compared to what lies within us.”*** ~ Henry David Thoreau

In today's culture it's really hard to predict what lies before us ... But we can reflect on what lies behind us and where it may lead. The operative word that bespeaks the culture of my childhood and adolescent days is “simplicity.” Today I see youngsters with their cell phones and i-pods, and I simply don't relate to that or understand where it may be taking us.

The school yard where I played, and the world in which I lived, looked very big. But today that same school yard appears very small, as does the world of 2010. “Back then” there seemed to be a singularity of purpose. Right was right and wrong was wrong. And if it's wrong, we'll fix it to make it right. We avoided ambiguity.

The world today is full of ambiguity, as I see it. It's difficult to understand all of the compelling issues of our times and somewhat confusing to hear all of the debates about a single issue. Who are the good guys, and who are the bad guys? “Back then” we knew with no uncertainty ... “Hi ho, Silver!”

Sometime in the '70s I decided to call myself a runner ... not really understanding the gift I had come upon. But it seemed like a perfect antidote to the world of complexity. And anyone who becomes a runner recognizes the special feeling of the act itself.

Initially it starts as a fitness program, or for personal mental health. Eventually we discover the spiritual and meditative nature of the act and what it brings into our life. So we keep on running and recognize that we have discovered a gift, both physical and spiritual.

Growing older we understand how and why there are no guarantees. The world is as it is ... violent ... beautiful ... and all too often, difficult to comprehend. So we take the issues to the road in this simple act of renewal and understand that we have discovered something very special ... something we wish to continue as long as it is physically possible.

The “back then” days are gone forever. The world of childhood and adolescence is replaced with issues begging for solutions. But in the runner's world . . . ***There is no finish line.***

And may the wind be always at your back. **Happy Thanksgiving!**

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