

Random Thoughts on a Cold October Day ...

When Alvin Toffler wrote his classic, Future Shock, he referred to a concept he called “the death of permanence,” which is too much change in too short a period of time. He was literally proclaiming the end of an era of simplicity. The 60s gave credence and supported the concept. It may have been long overdue.

I grew up in the 40s and 50s where, from a child’s eye, the world was either black or white ... no real gray areas ... a simpler time ... less complex than today, of course. But the 60s challenged everyone, even the great church which would allow for changes in its liturgy ... changes that history would prove not that great. They tinkered with the recipe which led to more confusion.

I wasn’t prepared for the world of the 21st century. It truly is “future shock.” Sources of information have become tokens of misinformation. Today we receive volumes of toxic information ... news that you can do nothing with except lament the times and sufferings. At least we’re informed ~ but to a point of being shell-shocked by it all.

Post traumatic stress disorder can be the result of just living in this current age. It is truly “the best of times and the worst of times.” We seem to have everything and yet we have nothing. Life has become easy for us ... and easy is not always good. Some say we have lost our moral compass.

I’m running in a race alongside a “teenie-bopper” who is listening to his I-pod music. It’s the new thing. People wear these things all the time, even for running. And I’m struck with the thought that I don’t have one, and why not? But the answer comes quickly.

The race itself is my music ... from the opening stanza as the runners arrive and the quiet banter before the gun cracks the morning silence ... the stanza of the mile splits ... and the stanza of the “sprint” to the finish. And then the echo of the race itself that swallows me up for the rest of the day.

It was a long time ago ~ runners without head sets or I-pods ~ the death of permanence.

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