

Man's most significant predator in this life is time. We have all witnessed the ravages of time with loved ones, and to some degree with ourselves. And they continue.

In my most memorable marathon, I was able to run the last 3.2 miles in 21 minutes. Today I'm able to run a 5K from start to finish in 24-26 minutes depending on the course, the weather, and me. But my time confirms "Father Time's" effects on the aging runner. And so it is.

The marathon season is in the fall of each year. Many prepare for them at this time. I used to taper for marathons. Now I taper for 5Ks, 10Ks, any race that is current, and ones I can sustain.

In my mind's eye, I stare at the number 69 ... a birthday soon to be "celebrated" in my own local theater. But birthday celebrations are really of no consequence. All numbers are limitations. I have three ages ... a calendar age, a physiological age, and an emotional age. A race time no more defines me than the age I currently race with, or the bib number that I wear.

How we define our spiritual nature by the color of the wind, the sound of the wind, and the pace of the wind may be of more consequence now than all the physical realities of the day.

Aging is surely a process; and some of us do it better than others. But it is not a contest. Ask yourself the same questions at different ages in your life, and watch the answers change.

October recognizes the seasonal changes with Halloween, then Thanksgiving and Christmas. The turn of the New Year marks aging for all of us ... new beginnings, new challenges, especially for the "aging".

It can't be measured by speed or wrinkles, but only through love and wisdom can we truly understand the mystery of it all.

May the wind be always at your back.

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