

Time We Live In

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by Tom Peters

This time....this time we live in...do you believe it? What happened to the future? The Jetson's, Star Trek...human evolution! To us in our seventies...we're like 'who knew' ...who knew it would be like this? Oh yeah, the pandemic movie 'Contagious' or whatever the hell it was, the one with Dustin Hoffman. When I watched it, I may have been stoned and thought it was not the sequel to "the Graduate" I dreamed of.

The day to day consumption of particular events and what it feels like... Take World War Two, no, make it the Civil War, more appropriate. It must be a little like during the Civil War, everyone was faced with time appropriate 'duties', 'thoughts', 'opinions', 'gripes', 'complaints',....whatever. BUT if nobody within your immediate family and neighbors was seriously hurt or died....life just...went on. NO hospitals to visit, funerals...none of that...just ordinary days.

Since retiring and removing the complicated mix of fulfillment and stress a career or job brings on...it's my 'duty' now to relax, take it easy.

Though 'this time' feels a bit over stimulating and 'busy', it only contains brief moments of irritation.

A flow, an earned flow has visited different parts of my day. A flow I've been cultivating for decades. A flow ...granted from finally being conscious of my debilitating self-judgment. That poor weak self from any given age that didn't fit in or wasn't getting what he wanted chatters in my brain and always seems to find something wrong 'me'! I am one with my inner dialogue at times and more sensitive to the poor, previous me and call him out! Leave me...the seven-two me alone...shut the fuck up! See, it's easy, then go about your day....

Most days I wake early, writing like I am today, scrolling as fast as possible through Apple News, La Times and Facebook on my iPad until my body and mind say 'move on'. Alternating between either a long walk on the beach or 9 holes of golf, some household chores, a brunch around 10 or 11, twenty minutes laying on the bed, a 12-lap swim in the pool. Then, the magical moment in the sun....remember, it's exactly like when I was 15, at the quarry with friends. After diving in the refreshing water on a hot summer day, jump out then lay on a blanket and let the sun dry you off. Water beaded on everyone's tan skin from Coppertone oil. Precious moments revisited in the middle of my day. The warmth of

the sun like how an infant feels swaddled in blankets. The warmth gives hope for the remainder of the day. Hope for an ordinary day just like when we were young.

I tend to accept the retirement gift of a nap after my moments in the sun. I awake an hour later refreshed and ready to cook dinner with my wife, Jo An or daughter, Ellie. After dinner I watch a recorded LPGA golf tournament and worry about Jo An driving Ellie thru Topanga canyon and back. A sunset ritual Ellie needs a couple of times per week to enjoy her 'flow' or peak experience she needs to cope with adolescence in a time such as we find ourselves. Jo An, the loving mother, though tired from her day, makes the hour long drive. And I worry until our loud garage door opens and I know they're home, safe and an end to an ordinary day. I smile and pretend to sleep when Jo An comes in and says good night.