ANIL AGGRAWAL'S
Internet Journal of Book Reviews
A sister journal of AAIJFMT · Anil Aggrawal's Internet Journal of Forensic Medicine and Toxicology

VOL. 9, NO. 1 · JANUARY – JUNE 2010
Downloaded from www.anilaggrawal.com · ISSN 0972-9674 (Online) · https://www.anilaggrawal.com/br/vol_009_no_001/others/editorial.html

GUEST EDITORIAL

HOW TO CITE

Aggrawal A. Editorial: The Mystery Of Time. *Anil Aggrawal's Internet Journal of Book Reviews*. 2010;9(1).

The Mystery Of Time

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I have discovered that with age comes a shift in abilities and focus. Where once I could trust my physical body to do my bidding I am now more inclined to rely on my mind. With my years of child-rearing behind I now have the luxury of discovering my inner self. When I look deep into my eyes in a mirror I can still see the same sense of wonder at life's mysteries I had as a child, and I know that my clock is not winding down, it's merely set at a different pace.

I have seen people on the street whose eyes hold only emptiness. Most of them are far younger than me, yet it is obvious from their expressions they view time as their enemy. I see time as relative. When I was a child a day seemed to go on forever. My next birthday seemed so far away as to be unreachable. I can still recall wanting to be a teenager, yet could not imagine ever reaching thirty. Now, at sixty, I wonder where the years went. Why is it that the older you get the faster time seems

to go by? I've come to the conclusion that this illusion has to do with the fact that as we age we feel most of life's excitement and mysteries are behind us. But this doesn't have to be so.

When my children were grown I began writing for my own enjoyment. I soon discovered I had a vast pool of untapped experiences and imagination I could share with others. While I will never be a William Shakespeare, and may not ever write a bestseller, I have an ability to tell a story I never realized I had. As a by-product of this I have discovered that those precious moments of time I once took for granted need not be wasted. Take for instance the hour (or more) one spends in the waiting room of a doctor's office. While the physical body must remain where it is, the mind is free to wander.

> *...These days I carry a tablet and pen wherever I go, because one never knows when an idea might strike. Time still seems to be on my side. Only a few months ago my first book, "Valley Of The Skookum", appeared on Amazon.com: a feat I could never have accomplished during the fast paced years of my youth...*

One day, as I sat waiting for my over-booked dentist, I had the kernel of an idea for a children's story. I knew if I didn't jot it down it would be lost forever. I searched frantically through my over-sized bag and discovered I had no paper, yet by the time my name was called I had managed to scribble the first draft of the story on the backside of the deposit slips from my checkbook.

These days I carry a tablet and pen wherever I go, because one never knows when an idea might strike. Time still seems to be on my side. Only a few months ago my first book, "Valley Of The Skookum", appeared on Amazon.com: a feat I could never have accomplished during the fast paced years of my youth.

There's a lot to be said for growing older. There will always be a rocking chair by the fire waiting for me, but, for me, that time hasn't come yet.

-Sali Sheppard-Wolford
US

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