

WHY are you always in a RUSH?

My life long friend is also my teacher and mentor. It's interesting when you realize a close friend that you enjoy and have fun with is also your teacher and mentor. More amazing, for me, is the fact he's younger than I am, and I thought I was the teacher and the mentor.

Who is this person? He's Cameron, my grandson, age six and one half.

Today, Thursday is my day with him in the summer. We do guy things and have fun. We had played at home, then I was driving him to his golf lesson, and we were going to have lunch first. I said, "We'll get a quick bowl of chowder" as I glanced at the clock.

"Pop, why are you always in a rush?" he asked. He stopped me dead in my tracks. He's right. I am always rushing. He, my teacher and mentor, knows there is no need to rush all the time. He knows how to enjoy life, how to live in the now, and he's trying to teach me. I guess I am not the best student. He has to shock me. His questions do that as well as his penetrating comments.

For today, and hopefully tomorrow, I am not going to rush any more. On time or late won't change my life nor the life of others. Taking the time to enjoy Cameron will make a difference.

The last thing I want to teach Cameron is to rush. It's wrong. He knows it, and I sure don't want to promote something that is wrong. I'll listen to him, and I'll do my best to learn the lesson.

There is no need to be always in a rush. Sure, once in a while we have to rush. Yet, rushing should be the exception, not the rule.

As I write this, he's in his golf lesson. They are not rushing, and I have two hours to myself. No need to rush. It's great. This may well be part

of what life is supposed to be like.

I'm sitting at the golf course, The sun is out and I'm in the shade of an umbrella at a quiet table. The scenery is peaceful, there is a "no cell phone" policy, and it means I am disconnected. It's great. No rush, no interruptions, and I can focus.

So, sitting here, I'm reflecting on Cameron and all he has taught me. WOW. It's amazing. We think we are the teachers. Yet, the kids are. They know how to live, how to be in the NOW, and how to enjoy today. Why are we rushing them? Why are we pushing them? They are trying to teach us, and we are not listening. Or, often, I am not listening.

Yes, many times he had stopped me short, correcting, guiding, and showing me the right way. I'm always surprised. I wish I had his wisdom and view of life. On the other hand, I sure don't want him to learn my bad habits.

Stop, there is no need to rush. What does the item you are rushing for matter in the scheme of life? Will it make a difference? Will you even remember it a week from now. I did not think so.