

Hands Touching Hands

(Continued from page 10)

I blinked, that's all, and major life events came and went. Like the couple on the bench I need to reach out and catch Jean's hand and together we might slow things down a little. Our granddaughter will take driver's education this summer. Driver's ed . . . how did that happen? Even Oscar, our granddog, is behaving like an adult. I'm not ready to grow up, much less grow old.

So far this sounds pretty whiny. Woe is me for getting old. I just got a new hip to go with the relatively new knee. I've worn glasses since I was twelve years old. I've got a few teeth that are fake, and just last year I joined the league of hearing aid users. But why am I complaining? These are all really good things. If I had an extra \$6 million, maybe I could become a truly new and improved creature, like Steve Austin did in 1973. I know you watched along with millions of other people as the astronaut was reconstituted with bionic parts by some obscure government office named OSI. But wait, six million bucks in 1973 is probably a little more now when inflation is factored. In fact, using the miracle of Google, I found that Major Austin's enhancements in today's market would fetch a sweet \$32,332,567.57, plus tip. I might have to use some of the bank line account to pay the tab.

Just to catch you up, according to the 1973 TV series featuring Lee Majors as Steve Austin, an American astronaut was the victim of an experiment gone awry. The resulting explosion (not a meth lab explosion as some non-believers suggested in 1973) left one of his limbs in Kansas, another in New Orleans, a third in Maui and an eye orbiting the Earth. Not to worry, those OSI guys got together and attached some prostheses that were far superior to his home grown parts and inserted a bionic eye with super human powers. Although he was not issued a colorful cape, he apparently was challenged to go forth and rid society of evil. He became the protector of U.S. secrets and kept at bay all the bad guys who would challenge our way of life.

Austin had the ability to see things heretofore visible only to the Hubble telescope. He could squeeze coal into diamonds. Oops, that was the other guy in the blue tights and with a big red S on his shirt. And get this, Austin could run at a

speed in excess of 60 miles per hour. I try to imagine what it would feel like to be running somewhere at 60 MPH, and suddenly realize that I don't remember where I was headed. This little memory lapse happens often as I shuffle into the next room at less than warp speed, and it is very unsettling.

A few pieces of titanium and some audio electronics don't qualify me for a cape, and for this I am truly thankful. First of all, I'm sure I would spill something on it in the first 10 minutes. More importantly, though, I prefer to sleep a little later these days and the work schedule for a super hero would interfere with that practice. The creators of "The Six Million Dollar Man" realized pretty quickly that the handsome astronaut needed a romantic interest just like Adam, who had been lost without Eve to point him to the apples. So, in 1976 we were treated to another unfortunate disaster and given "The Bionic Woman," featuring Lindsay Wagner. Like Steve Austin, she could do lots of cool things and helped to make the world a safer place.

I am blessed with a bionic partner who can leap tall buildings and can walk for miles and miles at rapid speeds. She can hear things I haven't even said yet, and she challenges me to reach harder when I think I can't do more. She reminds me that there is yet much for us to do. Doctor Seuss, in *Oh! The Places You'll Go*, reminds us that life's a great balancing act, but we must keep trying. He said: "So . . . / Be your name Buxbaum or Bixby or Bray / Or Mordecai Ali Van Allen O'Shea, / You're off to Great Places! / Today is your day! / Your mountain is waiting. / So . . . get on your way!"

There was a day and a time when my fingers were more nimble and they could urge some pleasant sounds from an acoustic guitar. I drifted back to that time recently when I heard one of my old favorites from 1964. The song was made popular by the New Christy Minstrels and was titled "Today." Perhaps you remember it too, and maybe you even played and sang these words: "Today, while the blossom still clings to the vine / I'll taste your strawberries, I'll drink your sweet wine / A million tomorrows shall all pass away / 'Ere I forget all the joys that are mine today."

Maybe I would be wise to stop worrying about how fast things are passing by and just reach out and grab on. The mountain is still waiting.

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mayorjones@townofpks.com

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Larry Corsello – 247-0262 – elected in 2013 – admin@townofpks.com
Clark Edwards – 726-7429 – (Mayor pro tempore) elected in 2015 – admin@townofpks.com
Fred Fulcher – 808-2569 – elected in 2013 – admin@townofpks.com
Ted Goetzinger – 422-9879 – elected in 2015 – admin@townofpks.com

TOWN OFFICIALS

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