

Sunday, September 06, 2015

Life is a Timed Event

I can't remember the year, and I suppose it doesn't even matter. What matters is within a month, I lost two people I loved dearly, a best friend lost her husband, and another friend was nearly killed. All were riding motorcycles. One was my brother who was 19 at the time and I hadn't had contact with him for years because of divorce and the split of a blended family.

What happened to me was that every moment became precious. Filling up with fuel at a gas station began to feel like a waste of precious time, and the wait in a Wal-Mart line made me angry because I thought of what else I could be doing. Everything was a hurry and I began to watch the clock closely, and paid more attention to the setting sun at the end of every day.

I began to feel the need to teach my daughters everything they needed to know in case I wasn't alive tomorrow. I pushed them to be more mature and absorb all of what I felt they needed to know to survive without me. I could see what I was doing, but I still knew being a single parent, it was my responsibility to prepare them before they faced a world without me in it.

What I failed to do, and actually what I wasn't even capable to do at the time, was enjoy those moments. I was in a race against the clock. Life became a timed event.

Katelyn is now a senior and Brooke a sophomore. Life is still a timed event and I am in another race against the clock. This time, to enjoy the moments I have left with them. I accomplished teaching them what I felt I needed them to know if I were to leave this world too soon. I am proud of the young ladies they are and I am quite certain they could carry on without me here and do just fine.

I wonder sometimes if I pushed too hard. Perhaps I did. I also wonder if I have forgotten anything. I am certain I did.

Who knows why we do things as human beings or why our circumstances mold us to be who and what we are. For some, failure is a motivator and others it is a burial ground. My loss of loved ones that year caused me to be in direct competition with the clock on the wall, and grows stronger with the passing of each family and friend. Life is a timed event. I struggle every day to savor the day and ignore the second hand on the clock. My only peace is when I am on the back of a horse and there is no timer. That sounds strange coming from a mom who pushes my girls to be the best they can be. In reflection, I just want them to beat the clock. Outrun it. My job, it seems, is to equip them to win the race when thousandths of a second can make or break you.

Sometimes I wonder if all the saddles and buckles mean anything. They beat the clock. They outran the competition. Will those buckles hang on a wall somewhere in their family home or will they be tucked away in a closet somewhere? It doesn't really matter. The experiences and memories will never leave them and each failure and success has molded them into the daughters I am proud to call mine. Thank God for His blessings and the guidance through our ups and downs in life.

Life is a timed event. Go out and win in it!