



LIFE IS TOO SHORT

Abalinx Peter Adamis 19 April 2016

I have always thought that life has a purpose in this universe we call our world. But what is our purpose other than to live and day like any micro-organism struggling to survive.

Recently a dear friend of mine (No names mentioned) in response to a foolish remark made by another member of this honourable society, that no one person has a monopoly on good health. For one day we are on top of the world and the next we are struggling to remain alive. How true those words are, I must say. Words of wisdom to be listened to by only those who have ears.

When we are young we believe we are invincible and when we reach a reasonable age where we can see we have wisdom, life deals us another card which brings us back to a level playing field. The foolish remark was made by someone who had made millions in life and yet was truly an empty vessel, devoid of any self-esteem, emotional maturity and lacking in manners. I for one felt truly sorry for him but forgave him for his indiscretions. I wonder do we forgive those who do us wrong?

I believe after experiencing some difficult years and overcoming the challenges, I am of the opinion that my purpose in life now, is to record in writing the lives of those with whom I have met in life and to those in my current circuit whether they have passed on or not is immaterial to me. I can hazard a guess that those I write about will not be forgotten and that others may also take a page out of their experiences.

I have been fortunate to have been surrounded throughout life by good people and to be managed by the best of the best. This learning throughout life is not being wasted as I am firm believer in setting an example and to pay tribute to those who mentored me and provided me with the skills and knowledge to overcome whatever I was faced with. To all those members of society, I salute you as it has been an honour to be your pupil.

This brief article may be somewhat odd for someone who is 66 years old to be expressing himself in this manner, but what the hec, what has one to lose but his life. I certainly am not going to lose any sleep over some fool who gets into their head to criticise me for my beliefs and/or morals. I always joke that when I am on my death bed I am going to smoke dope, drink, and party and be merry and while all this is going on ring the local constabulary and tell them to lock me up. Obviously one hopes that when we get to that stage we have achieved everything we wanted to achieve in life. The ignominy of being locked is but another experience. Such is life.

Life is far too short and I am merely expressing how I feel after being given a clean bill of health and now the onus is on me to get stronger and return back to being my old self. An ordinary Aussie bloke.



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