

Reboot your column

Terry, the editor, emailed me to ask, “Would you like to resurrect Travelling Companions?” “Travelling Companions” was a regular column I wrote for Gulf Pine Catholic for many years. Did I want to resurrect it? My first thoughts, now that I am gainfully retired, was, why would I want to commit to another deadline. I retired from deadlines, appointments, drop-ins, meetings, submitting reports and even surprise encounters. Enjoying being my own boss, doing what I wanted or avoiding what I didn’t want to do, became more appealing. So, why complicate things by adding a deadline to produce, even if one still felt productive.

So should I or shouldn’t resurrect “Travelling Companions?” After all, there was only one resurrection in history that was successful and that happened at Easter.

I needed some time to ponder if I wanted to make that commitment. I do my most productive pondering and reflection early in the morning. My morning begins before six thirty when I roll back the covers as well as the sleep cobwebs to begin the day. Following breakfast, it is off for my daily morning walk. This morning, I was greeted with dense fog. Maybe, it was an omen not to commit to resurrection but, over the horizon, the sun began to break through reminding me that as I continued to walk and ponder, the answer might become clearer.

This little country road that I journey daily had inspired me to write my first two recent fables. Maybe, inspiration and answer might greet me again. As I walked along the road, new born lambs and their mothers called out to each other in solidarity and security. I marvelled at the orchestrated melody of blended voices that greeted me. Nature showcased itself in all its beauty, simplicity and even mystery. Yes, it is springtime, I thought. It is a time of resurrection, of new life, of new beginnings. Yes, one can always begin again. So does life and nature.

I continue to walk on through the fog when I hear a voice from the cloud say: “One kilometre. Pace. Twelve minutes and thirty-nine seconds.” Mrs. Apple is informing me how long it took me to walk my first of four kilometres. I thought of how we have become so dependent on technology to guide, motivate and organize ourselves. At the same time, I began to marvel at the non-technological genius of communication between mother and daughter or son, sheep and lambs.

I press on, only to be serenaded by various birds calling out to each other. I try to decipher which bird is answering another. Then, I hear some bird trying to sing in the choir but really should be in the audience.

I pass by a field of five horses that are anxiously trying to tug at a roll of hay that is just out of their reach. They look toward me for help. I reach a nearby fork and push some hay closer. They nod their approval with some horse sense and I move on.

Soon, it is time to return home as the fog begins to disappear and the sunshine fills its vacuum. Terry’s question still persists as my steps quicken and home moves closer.

As I reflect on this morning’s walk, I am surrounded by new life, by new beginnings, by a new springtime, by a new resurrection, by a new daily Easter.

So, what is my answer to Terry’s question? Oh, Yes! There is an answer. To be continued!