

# "The Station"

*Tucked away in our subconscious is an idyllic vision. We are travelling by train, out the windows, we drink in the passing scenes of children waving at a crossing, cattle grazing on a distant hillside, row upon row of corn and wheat, flatlands and valleys, mountains and rolling hillsides and city skylines. But uppermost in our minds is the final destination. On a certain day, we will pull into the station. Bands will be playing and flags waving. Once we get there, our dreams will come true and the pieces of our lives will fit together like a completed jigsaw puzzle. Restlessly we pace the aisles, damning the minutes - waiting, waiting, waiting for the station. "When we reach the station, that will be it!" We cry. "When I'm 18." "When I buy a new 450sl Mercedes Benz!" "When I put the last kid through college." "When I have paid off the mortgage!" "When I get a promotion." "When I reach retirement, I shall live happily ever after!" Sooner or*

*later, we realize there is no station, no one place to arrive.*

*The true joy of life is the trip.*

*The station is only a dream. It constantly outdistances us.*

*"Relish the moment" is a good motto. It isn't the burdens of today that drive men mad. It is the regrets over yesterday and the fear of tomorrow. Regret and fear are twin thieves who rob us of today. Regret is reality, after the facts. So stop pacing the aisles and counting the miles. Instead, climb more mountains, eat more ice cream, go barefoot more often, swim more rivers, watch more sunsets, laugh more, cry less. Life must be lived as we go along. The **STATION** will come soon enough.*

by Robert J. Hastings