

Take Time

(excerpted from Denis Waitley's 'Safari to the Soul')

When we were five years old, one year represented twenty percent of our total lives. At fifty, a year represents two percent, or one-fiftieth, of our life experience.

No wonder it took so long for holidays to arrive when we were in primary school—and little wonder also that after age fifty, when a year represents such a small portion of the time we've already spent, it goes by in a seeming blink of an eye. It's a little like a videotape speeding up as it rewinds and accelerating almost wildly near the end of the reel. So goes your remaining time as it dwindles down.



Take time to hear a robin's song each morning
Take time to smell the roses as you go
Before you leave, please say 'I love you'
To the ones you know
Take time out for a sunset
And its afterglow

Take time to climb a tree with kids this summer
Explore each country back-road you can find
And take a moment now and then
To build a castle in the sand
Take time to hike that mountain
When you can

Take time to play, your work can live
without you
Give up the urgent for the afternoon
And take a loved one by the hand
And slowly gaze at that full moon
Don't let this minute pass you
For the years go by too soon

And make each day 'safari' day
Before this moment slips away
Take time to live.

Denis Waitley