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PERSPECTIVE

Last Sunday on Father's Day my 11 eleven year old son and I decided to escape the busyness of motorcycle weekend around Laconia and so we headed north on motorcycle. It was a great day for a ride. Even though I have lived in New Hampshire for over 30 I have never stopped at the Indian Head Resort in Lincoln to climb their observation tower – We decided it was time to play tourist and off we went. We climbed the tower, enjoyed the views, took the requisite photos and then we went back to the bike to gear up in preparation for heading out. That's when things got interesting in a hurry!

I had locked our helmets to the crash bar at the front of the bike and was kneeling down fighting with the goofy little lock that held them on when Joshy yelled and I looked up just in time to get an up close and personal view of a truck's bumper and trailer hitch before it hit me and the bike. At this point our ride didn't feel so great.

Much to the chagrin of my family, I always park in the middle of no-where thinking the exercise of walking can't hurt and I want to reduce the likelihood of parking lot accidents. True to form Joshy and I parked in the middle of this great expanse of parking lot not realizing that our bike must exude some kind of magnetic attraction to someone who decided to park where it would put us squarely in his blind spot!

A family in a very large duel cab pickup truck had decided to back up without looking and without having paid any attention to the bike that they had just walked by in order to get to their rig. Fortunately the damage to our bike and to me was minor and limited to not much more than a busted light, messed up kick

stand and bruised elbow. All this turned into a little life lesson for Joshy for what to do when everything seems to be going wrong. Fortunately he was not at all traumatized at having watched his father almost become smushed between bike and truck.

My older friends all know that events in life all fall into one of four categories: Those that are not important and are not urgent (checking for lint in the pocket of a coat you no longer wear), There are those that are not important but are urgent (using a coupon that is about to expire), There are those that are important but not urgent (writing that thank you note) and there are those things that are both important and urgent such as getting medical attention when you are injured. The older we get, the better we get at realizing that not everything that happens to us is both important and urgent as many younger type people do! Older people tend to have a much clearer idea of what is really important – and what is not important.

With our little incident the important factor was whether or not anyone was seriously hurt – and with no serious injury the incident stops becoming important and all things considered – it stops being urgent. The bike can be fixed and while all that involves some inconvenience and aggravation – it is hardly the end of the world.

I wasn't nearly so philosophical at the moment of impact! But in telling this story to my older friends everyone of them shared the same perspective: As long as Joshy and I were OK, then everything else will be OK. Their perspective has been fine tuned by lifetimes that have seen far greater loss than a bike getting banged up. They know that something that can be fixed is not something to worry about. It is those things that we cannot fix that cause us the greatest amount of worry.

And so it is that while I am not at all happy that the accident happened – I am happy that it was no worse than it was. All I have to do now is to learn how to be patient while waiting for the repairs.

Age Well!

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