

Don't Blink—Life is an Adventure

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Kenny Chesney's "Don't Blink" music video (<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=p4ySSg4QG8g>) begins with television news coverage of a man celebrating his 102nd birthday. Reflecting on his years, he says, "Today, by golly, life goes like a bullet—too fast!"

About two months ago, I wrote a column entitled "There's a Little Boy (or Girl) in You." (I'll provide a copy if you'll contact me.) My little boy is alive and well and is somewhat unpredictable. He shows himself at surprising times and in surprising ways.

Some of my readers are distant from central Georgia. They may not be aware of how the Warner Robins all-star team's winning the International Little League World Series has galvanized the attention of folks in our area.

I was glued to ESPN every time those youngsters were on television a couple of months ago. My wife wondered why I would get misty-eyed watching kids playing a game of baseball.

As a youth, I played on several all-star teams. Watching the enthusiasm of those young players, I recalled my experiences as though they occurred just--FIFTY YEARS AGO!?!? Fifty years? How could fifty years have passed since I hit that clutch triple in the final inning?

Kenny Chesney sings, "Don't blink—life goes faster than you think!" Until recently, "sixty" is the age at which I considered "old" to begin. Now that I've been there for several weeks, I'm adjusting my measuring stick!

I've been thinking a lot about my Dad the past couple of months. He left this world not long ago. He was ready to go. My Dad is in a better place.

I know I'm like my Dad in many ways. Yet I've made some intentional choices to live my life differently from him. Reflecting on what my Dad wanted and what he actually generated in life has influenced my outlook and behaviors.

"When your hour glass runs out of sand, you can't flip it over and start again. Take every breath God gives you for what it's worth."

At age 80, our friend Margery Zerko traveled with my wife and me to western North Carolina. The three of us stood on the roadside overlooking the 4' falls on the Nantahala River, watching the never-ending flow of rafters. My wife knew what I was thinking! We've canoed that river many times, and we both longed to enjoy the thrill again.

Neither of us mentioned it, though, because we didn't want to leave Margery alone for half a day. We put the thought out of our minds. Somehow over dinner, however, Margery let it slip that she had always wanted to go whitewater rafting, but had never found the opportunity. Shocked, my wife and I looked at each other. We quickly agreed with Margery that the next day we'd fulfill her desire.

One of my favorite photographs is the three of us rafting over that class III rapid. With boiling water all around, Margery is concentrating on the moment, my wife is watching Margery, and I'm keeping us headed in the right direction.

When we returned Margery to her north Georgia home, her friends would not believe she had done such a thing! The few who accepted her story considered her two Perry friends to be absolutely irresponsible. Yet ask any of the three of us to describe our experience, and we won't shut up!

Life is an adventure! Give thanks! I chose to deviate this week from my normal focus on leadership development. I dedicate this article to my deceased Dad and to our very alive friend Margery Zerko! They, and Kenny Chesney, remind us that the "years go faster than we think!"

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