

Time on Saturday Morning

Saturday mornings have become one of the best times of the week for me. When I was a kid my mother (who worked outside the home during the week) would travel to the grocery store and leave a list of chores for my sister and I to do while she was gone. Generally my sister and I would fool around, eating cereal, occasionally tormenting our little brother (who had no chores) and we would watch cartoons. In those days there was no Cartoon Network and the most violent cartoon was Wyllie Coyote and the Road Runner. My mom would beep the horn to alert us that she was home, one of us would turn off the TV and turn on the vacuum cleaner while the other went to help with the groceries. Today my mom is in heaven and my brother and sister are both in Michigan handling their own Saturday mornings.

In Florida, time has very blurred distinctions. We are not entirely demarcated into seasons. In Yankeetown it is either very hot, very cold or perfect. Because so many of my friends and relatives (including my husband) are retired and I am not, I find Saturday morning a special day-off-from-work-and-usual-routine-day. I still get up before 5:30 even though my neighbor and I do not walk on the weekends. I still make the toast and coffee for my husband so he can leave the house for his men's prayer breakfast by 6:30. But once he is out the door I have choices: go back to sleep until 9 or 10, read, or start MY chores. This morning I had had enough sleep and began by reading some of my favorite thinkers who write their thoughts to me. One of these is Denis Haack from Ransom Fellowship and another is Nancy Kennedy from the Citrus County Chronicle. The reason I like to read them is because they remind me of God's grace and I do not need to feel guilty about wasting time on a Saturday morning.

So far today (it is presently 8:45 am) I have taken the trash to the curb, started the laundry, dishwasher, read my Bible, devotions, the newspaper and Critique. I feel sufficiently at peace to enjoy whatever the LORD has in store today: perhaps writing a June blog! Some Saturdays are already planned; I may be out of town or doing a training or under a deadline and need these few additional "free" hours to organize, plan, prepare or make phone calls and answer emails. My life continues to move on, as the oldest child in the Family Circus says to his younger siblings "Know what? Today is yesterday's tomorrow and its tomorrow's yesterday." Reading the comics is essential if one is to have a philosophy

in life.

Time management has never been a strong personality suit in my 60 years but it has been a learned discipline in the nursing field as well as academics. If I sit at the computer on Saturday mornings, time will flee like the life of a fruit fly. If I work with my hands, listen to music, produce a product or pray for a friend am I more justified in how I use these hours than if I sleep in? My friends Denis Hack and Nancy Kennedy believe that I am justified even while I sleep. I like that.

I am a profound procrastinator. That is one reason you have not read my New York Times best seller yet. However, as a play therapist I realize that my days and hours and minutes of my job are most importantly spent at the bidding of a 3 to 10 year old in the playroom. Their session may be 45 to 60 minutes but while their time is in my space (our space) I am wholly and completely theirs. It is kind like the difference in my two grandmothers. One grandmother was always doing chores. In her space one should be helping, working. When I arrived at my other grandmother's home, she would stop what she was doing and greet me with a smile, a hug and a kiss. We would plant ourselves on the porch swing or at the kitchen table and we would read or talk or make doll clothes or eat sugar cookies. That grandmother caused me to believe that I was lovable. Not lovable because of what I did or how I behaved but because I was. Being "fully present" or the neuroscience term "mindful" is the antidote to procrastination. Time and space. All we have. God given as is life. Already it is 9:30am.