

THE AMAZING JOURNEY OF LIFE

There is a magic ball called 'the womb'
At four months, the kicking starts,
That heralds something is there
Who's there? Asked the mother
But no reply except another kick
Kicks, Kicks and avalanche of kicks

The anxiety and expectation starts,
Who's there...? Male or female gender?
Who cares, but mummy wants to know.
With excitement, smiles and delights
She surrenders to await the judgement day
When face to face the kicking 'thing' becomes a person.

At nine months, the countdown starts,
And rolls into days, hours, minutes and seconds.
Then mother's joy seemed deemed
With excruciating pains called Labour.

Labour of Love!
The agony and ecstasy,
Many mums undergo and some vow
Never again!

Hooray, Hooray, Hooray! Cried the baby at last,
A new arrival and addition into a beautiful world
A flicker of smiles, laughter and delight
Envelops the infant baby's mother.
And cheers, drinks, dance, joy and gladness everywhere
Cried the baby's father.
The infant baby is you or me.

The amazing journey of life has begun
Day one, day two, three and four
He's many hours old already.
Showered with love and care,
He sucks mother's breast.
Soon, he learns to feed, laugh, crawl and walk
With the help of mum and dad.
He grows from innocent babe to infant
Those Jesus likes to meet, touch and bless.

Submerged in love & care
The grandson from baby, toddler, infant and teenager
Becomes real.
But youth crowns all and life begins again & again.
At 18th birthday, he celebrates and launches
Into youth with a bang
But that's the beginning of things to come
For law recognises his arrival.

Youth is not a time of life...
It's a state of mind, temper of the will,
A quality of the imagination,
A vigour of the emotions.
The summer of life, the radiation on living
And freshness of the deep spring of life.

Soon he embraced 19 and time began to fly
At supersonic speed he arrives at 21
And so he becomes a man raring to go.
The world sighs and awaits his contributions
Married or single...
He's never heard again
As he battles with trials, failures & successes
Bitten black and blue with life's tormenting hammer.
He arrives at 40!
Hooray, life begins again!

He gathers those life's paraphernalia
Left behind and soon raced to 50!
It's a consolidation time
Time to put on record
He visited this wonderful world
And made his mark
All the rest are left to history.

As quick as a fox,
He raced into 60.
Reflects on his conquests and achievements
Gathers old photographs, with never-fading memories
The loves and romances and conquests
Brings memories back to rejuvenate his soul.
In a twinkle of an eye, he's 65!

Sixty Five already...???
But don't mention the magic words 'pension' and 'retirement'

He tries to wave all behind
But time waits for nobody.
Among his family and friends,
He becomes a precious gem, a moderator, pacifist,
Trusted counsellor, reference librarian, soldier of life and a rock of
Gibraltar.
And last but not the least, assumes a befitting little 'grandpa'.

Retire at 60, or 65, "no not me" he says.
Five years between 65 and 70,
Can make or unmake a man
Though old age is only in one's mind
But every additional year becomes a bonus.
Some crawl, learn to walk and feed again at 70.
Paying the price of bitter, hash
And uneventful struggles of life
Especially unrequited loves and romances
OR loves and romances denied.
It's better to have loved and lost, than not loved at all.

"Easy does it" whispers the nurse
As he shuffles to keep body and soul together at 80.
It's not the end, for life equally begins at 80.
It's all dreams, dreams and dreams!
Reflections, Reflections, Reflections!
For some, the struggles continue until 100.
A time to hand over the baton of life
To the next of Kin.
And await the reincarnation day.
He has done his best,
He can't set the clock back
No matter one's success and failures
It's great to have a part in this theatre of life.
What a life, what a world
It's all a dream and THE AMAZING JOURNEY OF LIFE.

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