

AND THE QUESTION IS ---

By Dick Senior
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Once a person of high esteem and of uncommon expertise in the literary field, and many other talents, asked some of us at a meeting, if any of us had a question. Well, that hit me like a ton of bricks!

Now I could put this into quite a few different views. As I pondered this "question," I let my mind wander, as I was sitting in the cool of evening, with a "tall boy" in my hand. I wondered where I would eventually wind up in the hereafter. With all the information that we are now gathering, they tell us about the universe: all of the new solar systems, stars, black holes, and other planets. With this new technology and information, it boggles the mind.

I wonder, where will I go? They say there are thousands of universes waiting to be discovered. We are still trying to discover where we came from and perhaps, where we might go. As I sit here I visualized myself leaving this place on earth and starting a new journey. Where will I go? Who will I meet?

Questions – Questions – Questions –

The biggest question right now is, can I leave the box? Surely with all the technology that we have acquired, I can somehow escape into a new world and start a new journey. To lie in mold and shrivel up is a waste of humanity. But how many lives do I have?

Another question! As I look back into time, was I a cat in another life? I think I have used up three of my lives already here on earth! There is one in my school years, one in my married and work years, and another in my retired years. Perhaps I have many more to go.

As I sit here and let my mind wander, I wonder if I have opened a Pandora box and let out all the demons that are in the back of my mind. I will never be able to get them back into the box if I let this go on.

I must be firm and not let this happen. I will not let the box tempt me and the evil that is therein must stay there.

If I can escape, where will go? Who will I meet? Will I recognize them? Will they be of different shapes? Will I be able to communicate with them? Will I be able to find the ne with the love that was mine on earth, and does she wait for me? If not will I be a vagabond and roam the universe with no particular place to go?

Will the birds sing the same song that I love so well? Will their bright feathers flash in the morning sun? Will the horses that I know so well be the same? Perhaps they will. Will they have a horn in the middle of their head like the ones that Noah couldn't get into the Ark?

How far can I go? Going on another journey is like turning the page in time. I do not embrace it, as I have too many memories. They still linger, and I can't let them go. But the pages of time must go on. As I turn the next one, the answer to the question has to be on the next page.

And so --- the new journey beckons.