

# Time enough to love

## Postings by portions

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We take romance out of life everyday. Sometimes its a cross word, a rumor out of place, a line we speak that tends in a lie. It is there, the truth, the romance, the love and the potential for roses growing around us in beauty. But we tend to our desires and forget the potential that we are capable of. A capability that pretty much all of us are capable.

Over the years I've seen some amazing methods of attracting women to the alter to get married. In pretty much most cases they work but in a rare case they backfire and the woman, usually, rejects the overtures of the man and she runs off in tears. And the man is left holding the ring, the expensive 'proof' of his endeavours to capture her love and a foggy brain crying out "What did I do wrong.

It is the nature of love to reciprocate but there has to be someone that we can share that love with. A woman falls for a man for many reasons. Sometimes it is because he will make a good father for her children. Sometimes it is because he will make a good love partner and their time together will be gloriously romantic. Yet a few times love clicks between people and circumstances prevent them from coming together. It could be age, distance or sometimes time.

Time is like a lock and I know that when we think of lock we think of keys. Clocks have keys when they wind down, at least the grandfather versions do but I do speak so much to clocks nor even of locks but I speak rather to the impossibility of romance unreached and it is hard to imagine a tougher portion of love. SO many things pull us away from love. Sometimes its a family member telling you 'they don't meet with our approval' to society saying "That mix will never run" to war, jobs, school and sometimes disability.

Disability is one that I speak of for I know the signs and sighs and sorrows that come with it. I've seen it in my friends who are disabled and I've seen it follow them to death. They long for love

like I do and they search for it with a heart that wings across the earth with a sorrowful flutter because they know that love isn't meant for them. They just pass off the scene and I think there was not time enough for love.

Love carries with it a deep challenge and when you are disabled you don't often run into someone who wants to give more than the 50% they've signed up for. Like a tank of gas they are always filling up 50% and the gas attendant looks at them and says "How can I know what 50% is?" How can we talk about giving 50% and yet its what our marriages demand today. Childish marriages I guess because those type of marriages really do have a 50% chance of failure. "I thought I had a full tank but I ran out of gas and its all his/her fault." And so we go back to the roundtable looking for romance, a little older, maybe a little wiser, still with that silly belief that marriage is 50/50. It doesn't work that way and I know it hurts to hear this but a disabled person can't offer 50% into a marriage. Sure some of us want to try and we might succeed 50% of the time. But we know that marriage is all about giving and when your life revolves around your pain and your suffering and your loneliness it becomes harder to tell others and in that silence there is misunderstanding.

So we who are disabled, and there are probably a few of you reading this, probably like me, don't want to see yourself as such. You look for reasons and ways to make your life 'fit' and avoid circumstances where you simply can't operate. For me they are so many that I get out and walk like a ghost among you because I can't speak and if I stand I fail, and there is nothing you can do to help me except perhaps sit down with me and talk. I can function from point a to b but don't ask me to do anything along the way.

Yet I find it difficult to speak about love and I know that love is the thing that God desires from us more than anything. I do speak of thing for love is something and love is anything and love is everything bound up or loosed from. It is the holding and the keeping and the letting go. It is the boat that floats and the boat that begins to sink, the storm that strikes and the rain that falls. There are things in love yet undiscovered and love is more than a censored song or note or compromise of thought.

If there is time enough for love in my life I want to hold and kiss and cherish. Yet if time is long enough and if I am meant to love then I must find someone who sees beyond the status quo and

the righteous quotes filled with proverbial cliches and broken stanzas. As in "Are you really that sick or are you faking it..." Sure that sounds like a cruel twist of fate and people bring fate with them in their looks and attitudes and marks and makings. Everyone had an opinion but is that word or phrase something new? Something perhaps beyond the echelon of endless echoes and prattles and pralines.

All right so I tend to prattle on. Its because in my heart I try to find words to justify life and try to find some word or phrase or combination of same that will strike the chord and unbind the cord. It isn't my desire to remain on the sick line waiting for old scythe to come by with his black robe. I see that talk from others and I hear them speak words like death, grave, casket, care, home, insurance and so on. Our world has travailed against us with its sin and darkness and reality intrudes upon my fantasy world. Growing up I lived in dreams. I was the kid on the block that practically lived on top of snow in the middle of winter counting stars and learning their names. I wanted to know the names of stars and I wanted to find them. I longed to see their sparkle and I wept at their beauty. Sure there came times when I walked away from the names in order to see the fiery death of a grain of dust sweeping across the expanse of heaven. It swept by in a blaze of glory and color and wishes rose from a hundred children. "First star I see tonight..."

I wept because I found that I was a 47 year old man and the child's heart I carried would not stop wishing, would not stop counting stars and would not stop looking up in hope. I was bound in a broken body that malfunctioned from head to toe and I heard that child speak "I wish, I wish, I wish" over and over and over again to my father in heaven.

And I cried when I was alone because I said let there be love and let there be time enough to love. And I know God heard me and I know that doctors may say that this pain I suffer is my life and the words I speak may keep me going for a year, five, ten. But I struggle and I quake in struggling to speak and shake in my attempts to write or stand. But love is and love will be and love will remain and love will go on even after these words and phrases are forgotten.