

## Therapy (2015)

Houston Hodges, for Writer's Corner, WLRH Radio Huntsville, AL USA

I've been getting some physical therapy, at the senior residence Pat and I have taken as our abode. My antique back and creaky old hips are not in the mood for hula-dancing these days. So my doc recommended that I go to the therapy suite, here. Yep a therapy suite, a whole set of rooms, full of machines that resemble a medieval torture chamber, and a whole team of determined young women, with strong suggestions: "Push!" "Pull!" "Again!" "Three more times!"

I've learned some lessons from these exertions, which are not exactly in the instruction manual. The first is that I'm not as bad off as I'd imagined. As I look around the room I see people who limp, and wheel their chairs, and wield canes, or crutches, or walkers. Some are talkers, some totally silent. These are the people that the world forgets, whose only commonality is that they've outlived their normal span of years.

The second lesson may be more important. It is that one landmark of life is aspiration... striving... the call to get better and to survive.

I think we share this with the aardvarks and the zebras, the worms and the bad eagles. We want to live, thank you, and to make it until tomorrow. You see it when you want to swat a mosquito: you'd better be quick, or she'll survive, and bite you on another day!

It is this drive, this call, this commitment, that we share with everything that lives. It takes a tip of the hat or a lump in the throat to realize it, to resonate with that 20th century saint, Albert Schweitzer, and his thoughts about "reverence for life..." all of it, even mine.

Even yours.