

AND IF I COULD...

I THINK I WOULD...

Adapted by

Campbell M Gold

Inspired by

Nadine Stair

(An 85-year-old Kentucky lady)

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As I look back upon life's path... and if I could do it over, I'd make more mistakes, and I'd relax.
I'd limber up, and I'd be sillier, and crazier than I've been this time around.
I'd take few things seriously, and I'd laugh more, and cry less.
I'd not concern myself about what other people thought of me, for I'd accept myself as I am.
Yes... that's the key... I'd unconditionally accept ME.
I'd climb more mountains, swim more rivers,
and I'd help the sun to rise, and I'd help the sun to set each and every day.

I'd eat more ice-cream and less vegetables.
I'd have more picnics, and less television.
I'd feel only sadness, and not depression.
Yes, I'd be concerned, but not be anxious.
I'd be annoyed, but not feel anger.
I'd regret my mistakes, but I'd feel no guilt about them.

I'd tell more people that I loved them, and I'd hug my family and my friends.
I'd forgive others for their humanness, and I'd hold no grudges.
I'd play with more children, and listen more carefully to the elderly - those travellers who have trodden the path that I have yet to tread.
I'd go after that which I wanted - without believing that I needed it.
I'd enter the orchard of the universe and pick the apples of my own choosing.
I'd place less value on money, power, and the acceptance, approval, recognition by others.

You see, I've been one of those people who have lived cautiously, sensibly, and sanely - hour after hour, day after day, and year after year.
Oh yes, I've had my moments, and if I could do it over, I'd have more of 'em.
In fact, I'd have nothing else - just moments.
One moment after another.. with each moment being a complete lifetime in the now.
I'd not live years ahead of each day, and my future would be the wonderful existence of now.

Yes, I've been one of those people who never goes anywhere without a medical fund, a pension fund, and comprehensive insurance.
I also never went anywhere without a thermometer, a hot-water bottle, a raincoat, a snake-bite kit, and of course - a parachute.
If I could do it over, I'd do things, go places, and travel lighter.
I'd plant more seeds, and express my feelings without shyness, or fear.
For, after all, am I not unique?

I'd go barefoot earlier in spring, and stay, with my toes in the grass, until later in autumn.
I'd play truant more, and I'd not get such good marks - except by accident.
I'd ride more merry-go-rounds, and have more excitement.
I'd pick more flowers, and enjoy more weeds.

And more than anything else, I'd smile... and why would I smile more?
Because... because I'd be living free, and I'd be expanding my existence.

And... oh yes... I'd pick more daisies...

Yes... that's what I'd do if I could do it over again...

(Inspired by Nadine Stair, "*I'd Pick More Daisies*", an 85-year-old Kentucky lady)

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