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## LIKE SANDS THROUGH THE HOURGLASS

**T**he daytime soaps are not typically credited with any profound truths. One exception may be the prelude to every episode of the icon soap “Days of our Lives” broadcast by NBC since 1965. As a boomer born in 1964, I recall that gigantic hourglass televised by our cherry cabinet furniture TV. Then came the baritone voice professing ... “Like sands through the hour-glass, so are the days of our lives.” Perhaps the only profound words ever written for TV’s pop-culture, without knowledge otherwise, I wager this prelude is the most valuable part of the show.

The New Year’s Day symbols remind us that our days, weeks and years are passing. This year my grandmother moved into our home. We’ve been blessed. My children call her “Great-grandma”, as do I. Everyday she shares stories of wisdom and perspective from 91 years of a well-lived life. We love her stories of dearly loved ones: her husband, three brothers, mother and father, and

dozens of friends who are all only memories of the ones gone ahead from this life. I’m grateful Great-grandma is with us to share her life’s lessons.

Great-grandma has made a huge impression on us. She inspired what my children think is an odd Christmas gift to our family. Imagine their faces when this years “big” present was a clock; a key-wound, Tambour-style, cherry-wood, mantel clock. Its wonderful Westminster chime marks the passing of every quarter hour. I’m a fanatic, even when its chime wakes me at midnight, I smile.

The clock has become a symbol of all I love, time with my wife, time with my children, and the like. Today I choked back tears realizing that no matter who we are, time will always be somehow less than expected. Thus, when we opened our new Christmas clock I gave a family speech. A long boring one that only a daddy can give. I waxed on about how our new clock is on the mantel to remind our family to cherish every moment of every day. Moments silently slip into history. Moments where we could have embraced a loved one, spoke a kind word, or lifted the spirits of a tired friend. Too soon the door closes on an opportunity. For reasons of circumstances, accident or illness a door can snap shut and forever lock. While I stand firm on the New Testament promises of the next life, I have become more aware, with my new clock, of the need to act when life’s doors of opportunity open. So for 2010, a happy healthy idea is to get a family clock, and place it where it will remind you how our time together is precious.

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