

The Prime of Life...

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In some senses he felt he was in the prime of his life, Yes, he was 60. Yes, his mind wasn't as quick at picking up new ideas. It was true that he didn't seek new concepts out with the drive and passion of a younger self. There was, however, a *clarity of heart* that was there; not always, but often enough to be a significant part of his life.

There were deep and difficult drivers that still lurked in his mind. At times they rose to the surface and played an overly significant role in his behaviour, but generally he had starved out those ways of being. It had left him more *lean of heart*.

He had once written a song about traveling light - carrying less and thus being able to sing that freedom song that so many long for. Slowly, and only in certain sections of his life, and even then with some inconsistency, he had been changed. He did travel lighter. He had laid down burdens that were not his to carry. He sang that *freedom song*.

His voice was not the clearest, nor his mind the sharpest, but increasingly his heart was more open. There was now space in this heart for things that he had previously thought he couldn't deal with. The extraneous had reduced in focus and there was more space. In fact, his heart was surprisingly big. Its capacity seemed to have increased over the years.

So, yes, at 60 he felt in his prime. Despite the body not doing as well as it had done in years gone by and his will and drive being more subdued, he felt alive and well.

The question was: How to spend this *primeness*?

What should this leaner heart be filled with? Which direction should these experienced feet take him? What should fill his eyes?

Over the years tears had begun to fill his eyes. Often.

Sometimes predictably, sometimes flooding in from seemingly nowhere.

He welcomed them.

They released his heart.

They cleansed him from within.

They expressed in liquid form what words alone cannot.

Love

Compassion

Care

Tenderness

Kindness