

# The Irony of Time

By Jason W. Triplett

It used to kill me to watch tv at my grandparents house when I was a kid. They only had two channels and the good shows didn't come on until after the news and "[Hee Haw](#)" were over. Hee Haw I could stand, but the news was absolute boredom for my elementary schooler's mind. I used to think: *"Why are these old people speaking toward the tv camera as though we are in the same room? And why do my old people (Grandma and Grandpa) sit so quietly, attentively, listening to what the other old guy is saying? What do I care if a people group from another country is at war with yet another country? It doesn't matter to me if the weather's going to be bad or good tomorrow; I'm going outside to play either way."*

So I sat, aching inside, waiting for this absolute frustration to finally be over. *"The news is thirty minutes!?"* I would think, *"what is sooooo important to take a whole thirty minutes of my life?"* No matter how I complained or thought I was experiencing physical pain in waiting for the news to end, I could not beg or barter for the time to pass faster. In fact it seemed to slow down.

Fast-forward 25 years. High School, College, Marriage, College, Kids, College, Work, Bills, etc... Time is ironic isn't it?

Now that I can appreciate more the moments spent sitting taking in information, watching the news or engaging in conversation, time seems so much less tangible. All I had was time when I was younger. Now it seems that we have to "TNT" a section of our schedule to make time for things that are way less trivial than what we spent time doing when we were younger. Busy, busy, busy... My alarm goes off around 5:30am; oodles earlier than when I was 16, and at the end of the day I can honestly say I don't want to go to sleep because I cannot give up the day. My suspicion is that the saying "youth is wasted on the young" has something to do with older people's understanding of time and appreciation along with physical vitality.

The irony is that while I was younger and had time to give to complaining about the audacity of the news creeping into my tv evening, I didn't appreciate the time I had to burn. Now that I know the ticks of the clock represent a second less I have in my life, I feel remorse for opportunities missed both today and when I didn't have a clue what "my time on earth" meant.

The scripture tells us, *"Be very careful, then, how you live—not as unwise but as wise, making the most of every opportunity, because the days are evil."* While this might not be the correct context of this verse, it reminds me that time spent well is life well lived. Or maybe put more simply, the irony of time is the less you have the more you appreciate it. And keep in mind that at this time, I am only 36.