

Many years ago, when I spent a summer delivering Chinese takeaways, I went to a man's house to deliver his dinner. He was standing in the doorway as I pulled up and I called his name to make sure I was at the correct house. "George Gibson?", I said. "What's left of him", he replied.

I knew George, from years previous, because we lived next door to his son. The frail figure who stood in front of me was indeed a shadow of the large, square-chested man from my childhood.

My father is a lot more frail now. He's a shadow of his former self and it pains me greatly to see him sitting in an armchair with no motivation to do anything. Every conversation is laboured and we often go over the same talking points from our previous conversation. He's really thin now, which I suppose is a good thing on account of his diabetes, but it has robbed him of the zest he used to have.

This is life, unfortunate as it is. We are all on a slow slide down a slippery slope into the unknown of the world that is after. Perspective is needed. We shouldn't let little things, which seems like big things in the prime of our lives, to warp our perspective and rob ourselves of the joys of this time, because it will pass and with it hope, opportunity and potential.