



A Time to Stir



By Eleanor Rodgerson, MD

THE FISH IN THE BACKYARD POOL are swimming a little, not merely hovering. The water is warming and stimulating them. Young ones are venturing out from the waving shrubbery.

The goldfinches at their feeder are greedier than ever, their feathers turning bright yellow. Seasonal changes are evident. Spring is here.

There is more news of our universe and our small part of it. We are told that, perhaps in time, our exploding universe will split open and reveal more universes away out there. Then what happens to us? What will we be doing? Will we even be living? The future is too much to comprehend for most of us, understanding impossible. Why do we exist at all?

Why do we worry? Why fuss over life's regulations, like the wording of its rules, the rewards of good actions, the punishment of bad? Looking at the big picture, is it worth the effort?

But, we are here and might as well make the most of our heritage, our growth, our environment. Now our DNA can trace us back 60,000 years. Something pushes us to be better physically and morally, to reach out toward perfection, to accomplish what has never been accomplished. Why is that?

It is too overwhelming to think about universes for long when we are unable yet to leave our small earth, to investigate and inhabit other planets, let alone picture other universes.

What is the meaning of animal life, the fishes, the birds, the human beings? Why care for them all? In desperation, we seek help and comfort in the "How to" books, in the philosophers, in religious offerings, in government control, anything to point a way.

Still, there is satisfaction in enjoying our earth as it is, in keeping it livable, in appreciating the complexities of its history. Questioning its future is too frightening and is best left to the passage of time and unforeseen development - and those who want to investigate the concept of heaven, paradise, God's care. Perhaps catastrophes are part of a change that moves us closer to other universes.

The seasons shift from winter to spring. Nothing we do will alter them. The fishes and birds adapt and so do we. Enjoy! Leave the questions to those brains and attention deficit geniuses, like Einstein, that we read about.

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