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That Final Hour

Frank Zahn

Yesterday, he was twenty-three, and time was like a horse that wouldn't break into a gallop no matter how many times he yelled, "Gitty up!" Today, he is seventy-three, and there is no stopping that horse from racing to the barn.

Although still very much alive, more so mentally than physically, and although still gifted with a sense of humor about life and whatever might come afterward, he finds in himself of late an uneasiness that is most disturbing.

He recalls past relationships, reconsiders steps not taken, and wonders if the final hour of his life will be one of despair that ends with a whimper of regret or one of peace that ends with anticipation of joys beyond the senses and reunion with those remembered.

He fears the former is more likely with each recollection. Of course, he prays for the latter but realizes it wouldn't hurt for him to do what he can in the time remaining to tilt the scales a bit more in his favor.