

February 2005 '59 & '60 Class reunion

A collection of views upstream.

Looking back upstream is an expected and reasonable indulgence at a reunion. From the shallows of retirement we remember ripples we've made; those times when our efforts actually made a difference, maybe even saved someone. It's not all been hard slog though. We smile as we remember the trout we tickled and caught – and sometimes married. For better and worse. If love lasts it's as lucky as you can get.

Then our smile fades as we remember the ripples we should've made and didn't. The times we put a toe in the water, chickened out and withdrew. The times we hesitated as we sat on the bank and missed the boat as it shot past. The other times when we leapt in out of our depth and floundered.

We leave these to dwell on later in some wakeful early hour.

Occasionally, and these are the times you'll read about, we fought the current and won and reached calm water where we floated in the sun, satisfied and smug, under blue skies. Maybe these times, like the fisherman's fish, improve in retrospect. Fair enough. Everyone needs rose-coloured specs.

Because inevitably, shit happens. These memories we keep to ourself.

At our age (and we can't kid anyone about that) the view downstream isn't the greatest, with the turbulent waters of the the river mouth round the bend and the black sea of oblivion beyond. There's talk of eternity. But an eternity of what? Oblivion is a safer bet.

Pity we can't ask the latest over the brink—Peter, John, Dick. They'd have a pithy comment or two.

Enough of that. Tomorrow is soon enough to look downstream.

Too busy today.