

If I had to live my life over again, I'd try to make more mistakes next time. I'd try not to be so damn perfect.

I'd relax more, I'd limber up, I'd be sillier than I've been on this trip. In fact, I know very few things that I would take quite so seriously.

I'd be crazier, and I'd certainly be less hygienic. I've had too many hang-ups about personal hygiene.

I'd take more chances, I'd take more trips, I'd climb more mountains, I'd swim more rivers, and I'd watch more sunsets.

I'd burn more gasoline.

I'd eat more ice cream and fewer beans. I wouldn't deny myself as I have in the past.

I'd have more actual troubles and fewer imaginary ones. Ninety percent of what I worried about didn't happen anyway.

You see, I was one of those people who lived prophylactically and sanely and sensibly, hour after hour and day after day. Oh, that doesn't mean I didn't have my moments, but

if I had it all over to do, I'd have more of those moments. In fact, I'd try to have nothing but wonderful moments, side by side. Life really is a wonderful series of Nows.

I've been one of those people who never went anywhere without a thermometer, a hot water bottle, a gargle, a raincoat, and a parachute. If I had it to do all over again, I'd travel lighter next time.

If I had my life to live over again, I'd start barefoot earlier in the spring, and I'd stay that way later in the fall. I'd play hookey a lot more. I'd ride more merry-go-rounds, I'd smell more flowers, I'd hug more children.

I'd tell more people that I love them.

If I had my life to live over again...

But, you see, I don't.

*Dr. Leo Buscaglia (1924-1998),
paraphrasing something he read in the
Journal of Humanistic Psychology. The
item was written by an 85-year-old
who had just learned he was going to die.*

