

I MISS THE OLD DAYS

This will probably be the shortest Journal entry up to date.

I miss the old days. When I was a younger man, we didn't have to look at our cellphones because nobody had them. People actually talked to each other and we communicated one on one and in groups; and everyone participated.

When I was younger, we read books, yes, real books that we held in our hands. The smell of a new book was exciting and any eye strain was because we were lying in bed reading and our eyes were tired from the day's activities, not the glow of a screen.

When I was younger, we didn't have to worry about people talking on their phones while driving or sending/reading texts while taking their eyes off of the road. Our biggest concern was where we dropped the French fry, and it was no worry because we'd find it later.

When I was younger, we looked for information in a library, using encyclopedia's, dictionaries, atlas' and other reference books. And, we had to look for these books using a card file that showed what section our book was in. I miss the Dewey Decimal System.

If we were on the road and remembered that we forgot to tell a loved one something, we pulled over to something called a phone booth and deposited a coin to make a call; and, if we didn't have any money we could charge it to the person we were calling and most time they accepted. We could even make free calls by making person-to-person calls and if you wanted to know if someone was home that person just told the operator that "John's not here" and we knew that John was home and we kept our dime.

When I was younger, if we got lost, we didn't use our Garmin or Cell phone. We stopped at a store or a gas station and asked for directions and 9 out of 10 times it was accurate.

Yes, I do like technology. I like looking things up at the speed of light and pumping out hundreds of pages for people to read, and I do like that my book comes in electronic form. I do use my Garmin from time to time, but it isn't always right. I use my cell phone and I do text (both not when driving) and I'm on the computer quite a bit.

I don't think however that the new ways are necessarily better. When I see groups of teens standing around all texting and not talking, that is wrong. When people carry around cell phones and won't answer them, but will text you back in a moment's notice, there's something wrong. When I see fathers and mothers texting and talking and ignoring their children, that bothers me. When I see couples in a restaurant, and each is looking at their phone and they're not communicating, there's something wrong.

Although it would make life very hard, sometimes I wish that there would be some sort of electronic pulse that would wipe out electronics. We'd go back to simpler days when cars ran on carburetors, and we'd have hard line phone service restored quickly. We might have to talk at dinner and ask about each other's day afterward. Dads and moms might come home and have family time instead of releasing each person to their electronic device. Parents would parent and not use the TV and computer as an electronic nanny. People would learn how to make clothes and shoes again and how to plant gardens for food. Society might start to flourish again and Big Brother wouldn't have tabs on where we are all the time.

Oh, and Christians might start preaching the Gospel of Yeshua again, instead of arguing about gray areas of doctrine that don't really matter. Preachers would have to stand on soap boxes again instead of having their images flashed on large LED screens and congregants wouldn't just bring their Bible to church, they would actually crack it open. We would appreciate the light of day and know what real darkness is all about. Oh, and we'd see the stars again; yes, they are still there.

My dad used to say, "The old way is the good way." and in many ways that is true. In their day there was less heart disease, less stress related diseases and doctors didn't keep you alive beyond your years. If you lived long it was a gift of God and if you died young, "well, that happened sometimes." Americans have turned into spoiled brats that get everything when they want it, and we're the biggest complainers when things go wrong. The things that the young people complain about was no big thing to my generation and the things that I complained about my folks saw as trivial.

We accept too much today, always afraid that we'll be called judgmental or insensitive. In our day, sensitive people were put through hardships until they became hardened and if anyone complained that their feelings were hurt, they were labeled as wusses. If bullies picked on us, we got together and beat up the bullies. Neighborhoods took care of criminals and child molesters feared NOT going to prison because they were taken care of by the fathers in the

neighborhood. People took care of each other when I was young. You could count on your friends to be there through thick and thin and they didn't shy away when they saw that they might suffer because of standing with you.

When I was young, if you stood out asking for money, you were called a bum, a vagrant or worse and you were given a chance to change or run out of town. Children could play up to and after dark and we all came home without fearing abduction. Children respected their parents and elders and if we didn't, we got it with a strong hand, a switch or a belt. We didn't sass adults and there was always a neighbor who knew our parents and would "inform" on us.

No, I would not trade my childhood for all of the fancy cars, computers, mansions and anything that this modern society offers. I realize those days are gone and over, but I have the memories. I only wish that my kids and grandkids could experience what we experienced, and that they would realize that all of the conveniences that they have today are really tools of slavery that keep them from the freedom of fellowship and happiness.